SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

10 CENTS

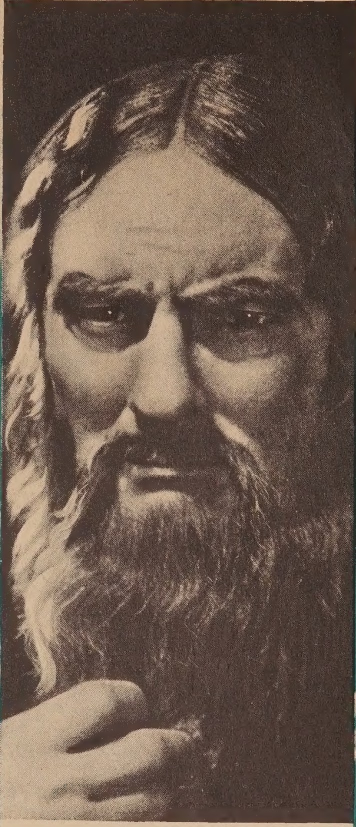
JANUARY

Miriam Hopkins

An Unknown Chapter in CLARA BOW'S LIFE

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

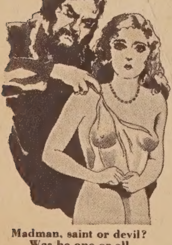
ETHEL **JOHN**



LIONEL

BARRYMORE

The Royal Family of the American Show World



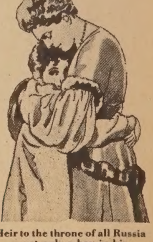
Madman, saint or devil?
Was he one or all
of these?

You hear it everywhere...whispers from the West gather like a storm... underground reports travel across the breadth of America...ONE OF THE GREATEST PICTURES OF ALL TIME IS COMING! The vast resources of M-G-M, the money, the talent, the genius of the most celebrated producing company on earth are focused on the creation of a mighty entertainment.

RASPUTIN

***with* RALPH MORGAN • DIANA WYNWARD**

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky • Screen Play by Charles MacArthur



Heir to the throne of all Russia
—yet only a boy in his
mother's arms!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH!

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Primps For Hours Before a Party —*Ignores Her Teeth and Gums and she has* "**pink tooth brush**"!

Those hours of "primping" haven't been wasted! But if the young lady would look as closely at her teeth as *other* people do—she'd take better care both of her teeth and her gums.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush indicates that your gums are too tender—that they bleed easily. This condition may lead not only to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but to dingy, grayish teeth—so that some day you may think twice before you smile!

Ipana and Massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

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Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow morning. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method regularly and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child. "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

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SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

Vol. IX JANUARY
No. 6 1933

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CAPT. ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor and General Manager
JACK SMALLEY, Managing Editor
CARL A. SCHROEDER, Assistant Editor
MARCELLA BURKE, Western Editor

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NEXT MONTH
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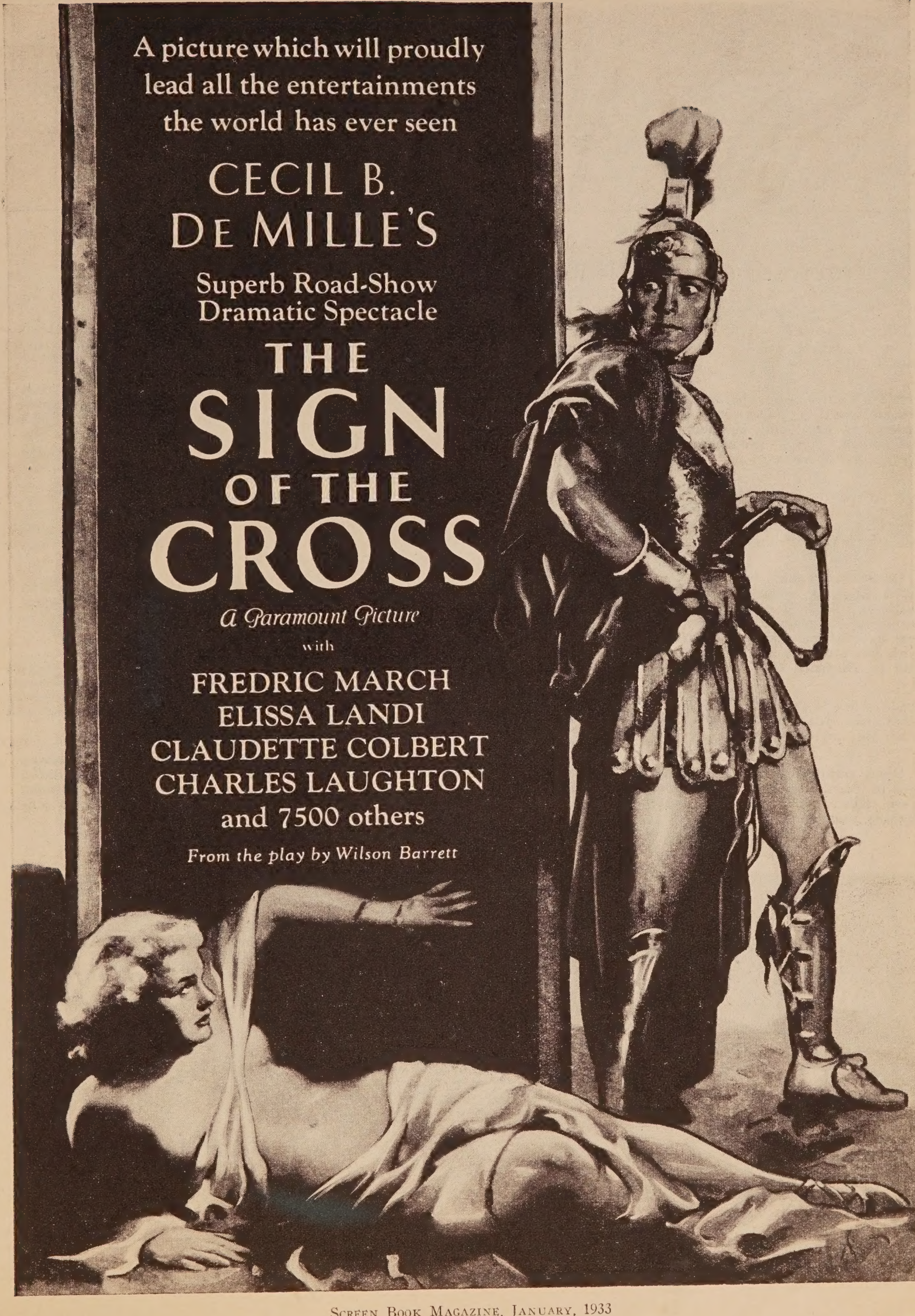


A picture which will proudly
lead all the entertainments
the world has ever seen

CECIL B.
DE MILLE'S

Superb Road-Show
Dramatic Spectacle

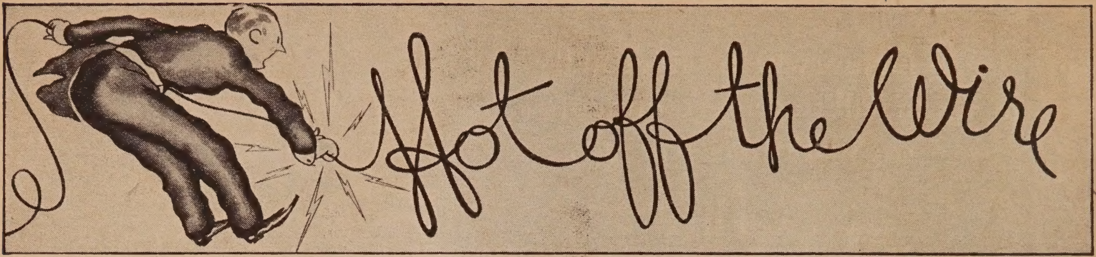
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

A Paramount Picture

with

FREDRIC MARCH
ELISSA LANDI
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CHARLES LAUGHTON
and 7500 others

From the play by Wilson Barrett



Interesting, Last Minute News of Hollywood Personalities

ZaSu Pitts, stricken with a serious illness while working at the studio recently, is still in the hospital.

Ethel Barrymore, because of trouble with her eyes, has been ordered to work only six hours a day which delays production of *Rasputin* still more.

Mae West, while seated in a limousine in front of her house, was accosted by a gunman and forced to surrender $16,000 in jewels to him.

Genevieve Tobin has returned from England, where she had a featured rôle in Gloria Swanson's production, *Perfect Understanding*, and signed a five-year-term contract with Fox studios. Her first picture will be *Pleasure Cruise*.

Lupe Velez is now the legal mother of her niece, Joan del Valle, four-year old tot just arrived from Mexico.

Upon completion of the leading rôle in *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, Nils Asther plans a two-months vacation.

Charles Laughton has a trip to England and a play on the London stage scheduled when he finishes *The Island of Lost Souls for Paramount.*

Tom Mix is in the hospital as the result of an accident causing three broken ribs and other painful injuries when his horse, Tony, stumbled and fell on him while they were working in Tom's current picture.

Elissa Landi is back after a little jaunt into Canada to seek re-entry into the United States.

Billie Dove, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, will soon be about. Bette Davis is also recuperating nicely from a similar operation.

Harold Lloyd's father, J. Darsie Lloyd, and Helen Marshall, actress, were quietly wed in Hollywood. Son Harold, globe-trotting again, could not be present for the ceremony.

Katharine Hepburn, Anita Louise and Dorothy Wilson so far have been cast for the picturization of the famous novel, *Little Women*, which will get under way soon.

Mrs. Richard Bennett and Chico Marx's daughter were rushed to the hospital on the same day for an appendectomy.

Carole Lombard is the latest screen rebel to take a walkout—and the strange part of it is she walked out of a James Cagney picture. Mary Brian was substituted in the rôle.

Minna Gombell is vacationing in New York for a few weeks after following a strenuous picture program in Hollywood. Mary Boland is also spending a holiday there.

Bela Lugosi of *Dracula* and *White Zombie* fame plans to overshadow all his previous thrillers in *The Whispering Shadow*.

Zita Johann, in spite of her success on the screen, has given it up in favor of the stage and returns to Broadway upon completion of *The Mummy* with Boris Karloff.

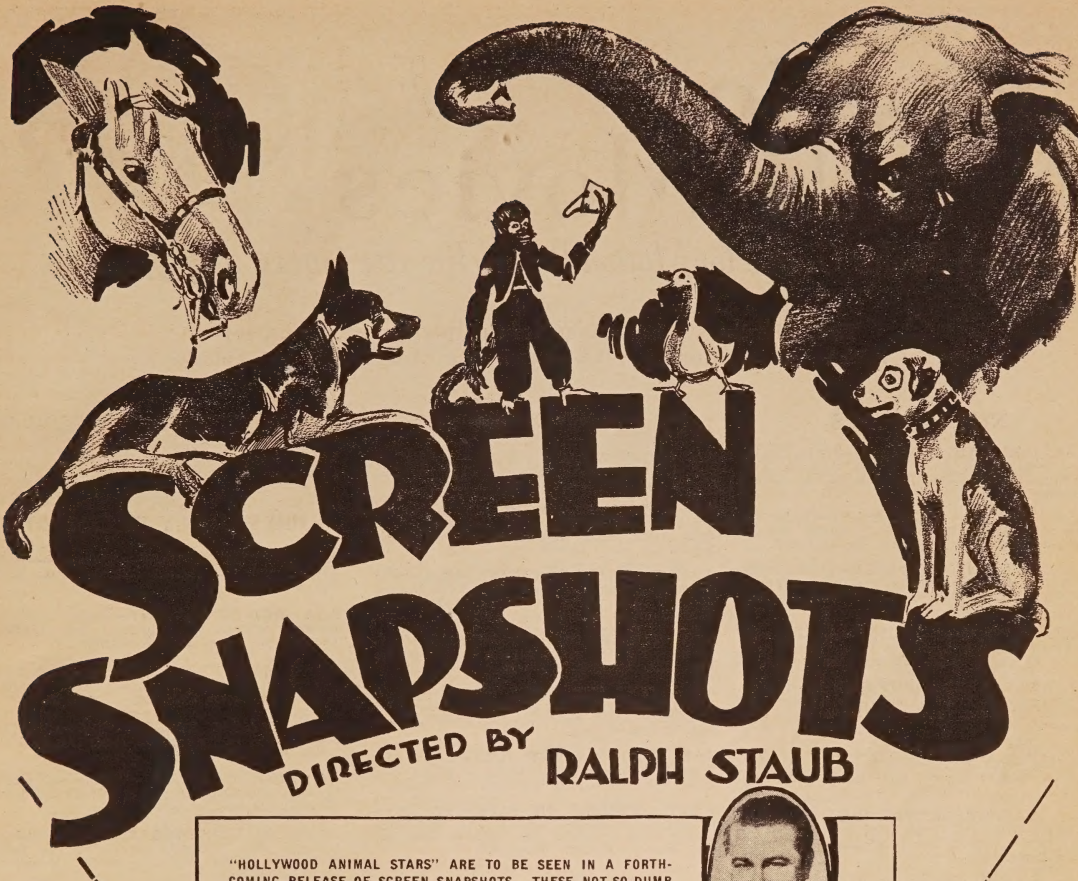
Lillian Gish opens on Broadway in the new stage version of *Camille*. Another star of silent days, Blanche Sweet, has just signed a stage contract.

This is Joan del Valle, Lupe Velez' four-year-old niece, who is one of Hollywood's newest proxy babies

Miss Marlyn Hauoli Thorpe nonchalantly reads the scrap book of newspaper clippings that announced her début as the daughter of Mary Astor and her husband, Doctor Franklyn Thorpe. The event took place in Honolulu

—*Photos by Wide World*

Stuart Erwin, who looks just like his dad, poses for his very first portrait with June Collyer, who has forsaken the screen



SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

DIRECTED BY RALPH STAUB

"HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL STARS" ARE TO BE SEEN IN A FORTHCOMING RELEASE OF SCREEN SNAPSHOTS. THESE NOT-SO-DUMB ACTORS ARE GOING THRU THEIR PACES FOR YOU, SHOWING YOU JUST HOW THEY ACT AT HOME, AT WORK AND AT PLAY. PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THE REEL INCLUDE RIN TIN TIN, JR.—SILVER, BUCK JONES' TRICK HORSE—TONY, TOM MIX'S PAL—PETE, THE CIRCLE-EYED DOG OF OUR GANG FAME—JOSEPHINE, THE MONKEY—BOZO, THE TRAINED DUCK—MARTHA, THE WRESTLING LION—AND MANY ANIMALS OF NOTE IN HOLLYWOOD. ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE TO SHOW SNAPSHOTS NO. 5. YOU'LL ENJOY IT.

SINCERELY,

Hollywood's Screen Snapshots Reporter

Distributed by COLUMBIA PICTURES

Watch for SPECIAL SCREEN-BOOK MAGAZINE NOVELTY Every Month

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **AIR MAIL**—(Universal)—Creates a new kind of air hero. Ralph Bellamy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart, Lilian Bond, Leslie Fenton.

AAA. **CYNARA**—(United Artists)—Husband's one infidelity is keynote to powerful drama. Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, Phyllis Barry.

AAA. **EVENINGS FOR SALE**—(Paramount)—War profiteers and noblemen play in post-war Vienna. Herbert Marshall, Sari Maritza, Charles Ruggles.

AAA. **FAITHLESS**—(M-G-M)—An astounding new Tallulah Bankhead in a "from penthouse to gutter" rôle. Robert Montgomery.

AA. **HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN**—(Paramount)—Stuart Erwin is heir to a fortune and bait for racketeers. Alison Skipworth steals the picture.

AA. **HOT SATURDAY**—(Paramount)—Flaming youth gets into not-too-amusing difficulties. Nancy Carroll, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott.

AAA. **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A PRISON CAMP**—(Warners)—Paul Muni scores in morbid story. Glenda Farrell, Preston S. Foster, Sally Blane.

AA. **KONGO**—(M-G-M)—Sadistic tale lost in the Kongo swamps. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez, Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel.

AAA. **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**—(Radio)—The grave little comic strip philosopher brings many a laugh. Mitzi Green, Buster Phelps.

A. **MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS**—(Radio)—A musician rebels against the jazz age and commits murder. Leo Carrillo, Una Merkel, Vivienne Osborne.

AAA. **PRIDE OF THE LEGION**—(Nat Levine)—A policeman loses his nerve with Rin-Tin-Tin Jr. to the rescue. Victor Jory, Sally Blane.

AAA. **RACKETY RAX**—(Fox)—A laugh a play when gangsters organize football teams. Victor McLaglen, Stanley Fields, Greta Nissen.

AAAA. **RASPUTIN**—(M-G-M)—Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore uphold family tradition in the most startling story of the Russian revolution ever told. Magnificent settings, passionate drama and daring intrigue make it unforgettable.

AAAA. **RED DUST**—(M-G-M)—Clark Gable returns to he-man rôles and Jean Harlow captivates on an India rubber plantation. Gene Raymond, Mary Astor.

AA. **SCARLET DAWN**—(Warners)—Russian nobles flee again. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Nancy Carroll.

AAAA. **SIGN OF THE CROSS**—(Paramount)—Genius of Cecil B. De Mille paints powerful picture of Rome in days of Nero with its flaming splendor and pagan cruelty. Imposing cast with Fredric March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert and Charles Laughton.

AAA. **SILVER DOLLAR**—(Warners)—History of rise of silver in Colorado and its fall in Washington. Edward G. Robinson, Bebe Daniels, Aline MacMahon.

AA. **SPORT PARADE**—(Radio)—Joel McCrea and William Gargan are football stars, fast friends and rival lovers of Marian Marsh.

AAAA. **THE ALL AMERICAN**—(Universal) Gridiron's greatest thrills. All American players, Dick Arlen, Andy Devine, June Clyde, Gloria Stuart.

AAA. **THE BIG BROADCAST**—(Paramount)—Radio favorites strut their stuff. Leila Hyams, Stuart Erwin, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, Cab Calloway, Bing Crosby, et al.

AAA. **THE FOURTH HORSEMAN**—(Universal)—Ride 'em cowboy stuff with a punch. Tom Mix, Margaret Lindsay.

AAAA. **THE KID FROM SPAIN**—(United Artists)—An eyeful of pulchritude and mouthful of laughs. Eddie Cantor, Lyda Roberti, Ruth Hall, Robert Young.

AAA. **TRAILING THE KILLER**—(Wide World)—Pedigreed story about a Police dog hero, wolf heroine and mountain lion villain.

AAAA. **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—(Paramount)—Two crooks take a rich Parisienne widow for a rollicking ride. Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall.

Boris Karloff gets out his makeup box and again creates an inhuman being calculated to make ladies scream. In *The Mummy* with Zita Johann he's an Egyptian mummy

AAA. **TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING**—(Warners)—A "tough mug" goes to the chair rather than break his word. Spencer Tracy is superb with Lyle Talbot and Bette Davis.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFRAID TO TALK**—(Universal)—Red-blooded political drama. Sidney Fox, Eric Linden.

AAA. **AGE OF CONSENT**—(Radio)—College romance without a big game. Eric Linden, Dorothy Wilson, Richard Cromwell.

AAAA. **AMERICAN MADNESS**—(Columbia)—You'll never forget this bank drama. Walter Huston, Constance Cummings, Pat O'Brien.

AAAA. **BACK STREET**—(Universal)—The perfect story, cast, direction. Irene Dunne, John Boles, June Clyde.

AA. **BIG CITY BLUES**—(Warners)—Enough to make everybody blue if it weren't for Joan Blondell and Eric Linden.

AAAA. **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT**—(Radio)—Sound plot, brilliantly carried out by John Barrymore, Billie Burke, Katharine Hepburn, David Manners.

AAA. **BIRD OF PARADISE**—(Radio)—Should start an exodus to the tropics. Gorgeous Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.

AAAA. **BLESSED EVENT**—(Warners)—Columnist rôle fits Lee Tracy like a glove. With Mary Brian.

AAA. **BLONDE VENUS**—(Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich's legs and songs return. Dickie Moore, Cary Grant, Herbert Marshall.

AA. **BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES**—(M-G-M)—Indiscriminate mixture of comedy and tragedy. Marion Davies, Billie Dove, Robert Montgomery.

AAA. **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—(Radio)—Menagerie in its native locale.

AAAA. **CABIN IN THE COTTON**—(Warners)—If you saw Richard Barthelmess in *Tol'able David* you won't miss this.

AAAA. **CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN**—(Fox)—If the line buying tickets isn't too long, don't miss this. Edmund Lowe, Bela Lugosi.

AAA. **CRIMINAL COURT**—(Columbia)—Another district attorney gets caught in his own web. Edmund Lowe, Constance Cummings.

AAA. **CROONER**—(Warners)—Rise and fall of conceit in a radio station. David Manners, Ann Dvorak, Ken Murray.

AAA. **DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY**—(M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper gets you again. Lewis Stone, Lois Wilson, Conrad Nagel.

AAA. **DOCTOR X**—(Warners)—Provided you're not tired of good mystery thrillers.

AAA. **DOWNSTAIRS**—(M-G-M)—Servants make melodrama under leer of John Gilbert. Virginia Bruce, Paul Lukas.

Lily Damita proves quite as entrancing as Garbo in the rôle in *The Match King* which Greta refused. Warren William portrays the financier, a character patterned after the late Ivar Krueger of Sweden. Hardie Albright is his secretary

AAA. **DOWN TO EARTH**—(Fox)—Lovable Will Rogers in a delectable, sugar-coated lecture.

AA. **FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS**—(Paramount)—This can be forgotten, in spite of Sari Maritza, Marguerite Churchill, Irving Pichel and Gene Raymond.

AA. **GOONA GOONA**—(First Division)—If you still like your fairy tales.

AAAA. **GRAND HOTEL**—(M-G-M)—Event of the year. Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone.

AAA. **HAT CHECK GIRL**—(Fox)—At last—a sparkling comedy. Sally Eilers, Ben Lyon, Ginger Rogers, Monroe Owsley.

AAA. **HELL'S HIGHWAY**—(Radio)—First of sordid chain gang cycle. Magnificent performances by Richard Dix and Tom Brown.

AAA. **HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS**—(Columbia)—Genevieve Tobin and Pat O'Brien tear the mask off Hollywood.

AAA. **HORSEFEATHERS** — (Paramount) — Not to be missed by Marx Brothers fans.

AAA. **IS MY FACE RED?**—(Radio)—Columnist comes in for an exposé. Ricardo Cortez, Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Armstrong, ZaSu Pitts.

AAA. **LIFE BEGINS**—(Warners)—Daring drama of childbirth. Loretta Young, Eric Linden, Glenda Farrell.

AAA. **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**—(Paramount)—Jack Oakie lets his fists fly in a barrage of comedy.

AAA. **MAKE ME A STAR**—(Paramount)—*Merton of the Movies* talks. Stuart Erwin, Joan Blondell.

AAA. **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—(United Artists)—Adventure picture presented as only Doug Fairbanks knows how.

AAA. **MY PAL, THE KING**—(Universal)—Tom Mix in a story made to order for small boys.

AAA. **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—(Paramount)—Romance in a night club with George Raft, Connie Cummings, Mae West, Alison Skipworth.

AAA. **NIGHT MAYOR**—(Columbia)—It's the mayor's turn to be exposed, and how that grand Lee Tracy can take it!

AAAA. **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—(Universal)—Movies make fun of themselves in the world's best satire. Jack Oakie, Aline MacMahon, Sidney Fox.

AAA. **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—(Warners)—We vote Kay Francis and William Powell the screen's greatest star team.

AA. **PAYMENT DEFERRED**—(M-G-M)—Go to it if all you care about is a great performance. Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan.

AAAA. **PROSPERITY**—(M-G-M)—Sure prosperity for any theatre playing Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Wallace Ford and Anita Page in one picture.

AA. **RAIN**—(M-G-M)—With a little more restraint than you've seen it before. Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan.

AAAA. **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—(M-G-M) Jean Harlow strides to stardom. Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams.

AAA. **ROAR OF THE DRAGON**—(Radio)—Richard Dix is robust; Gwili Andre is beautiful; but sound effects in China are deafening.

AAA. **SEVENTY THOUSAND WITNESSES**—(Paramount)—Racketeers join up with football. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Dorothy Jordan.

AAAA. **SMILIN' THRU**—(M-G-M)—Still the screen's most exquisite romance. Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Leslie Howard.

AAAA. **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—(M-G-M)—Talkies advance a step. Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Alexander Kirkland, Ralph Morgan.

AAA. **STRANGER IN TOWN**—(First National)—May Allah be praised for an unpretentious picture. Chic Sale, Ann Dvorak, David Manners.

AAAA. **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—Johnny Weissmuller changes a bathing suit for animal skins and strikes up prodigious fan mail. Maureen O'Sullivan also.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—The great war picture of 1932. Tala Birell, Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker.

AA. **THE MONKEY'S PAW**— (Radio) — Mummified paw of a monkey brings bad luck to an English family.

AAA. **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**—(Radio)—For those who like drama raw and performances polished. Leslie Banks, Joel McCrea, Fay Wray.

AAA. **THE NIGHT OF JUNE 13**—(Para-

(*Continued on page 66*)

ASTROLOGY
Ask the
White
Wizard

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E. H.—I am seriously interested in two girls. Which one should I marry?

Ans.—The fair-haired girl will make you the best wife.

Mrs. B. E. W.—I received my reading some time ago which so far has proven true. Your work is wonderful and I am well pleased with my reading. I am planning on getting three children from the city to care for as I need to make some money. Would I be successful in getting them?

Ans.—You will be successful in this work and I feel sure that you will have no difficulty in getting the children to care for as you are well adapted for that line.

F. M. W.—Will the mill which has recently opened up run steadily or are the rumors that they are going to close down true?

Ans.—Your husband and son will have steady work at this mill as it is not going to close down.

Miss Emma W. — What are the initials of the man that I am going to marry?

Ans.—You will marry L. G. whom you will meet this coming spring.

I. M.—Will business conditions continue good for me for the balance of this year and next?

Ans. — According to the birthdate which you have given I would figure conditions continuing about as they are for the balance of this year. The first three months of next year appear rather unfavorable but the rest of the year looks very favorable for you.

A. E. D.—Will the party pay me the money which I have coming without making it necessary for me to take legal steps in order to collect?

Ans.—I advise you to arbitrate this matter and make some settlement out of court. If you will meet him half way and adjust this little difficulty which exists you will be ahead in the end.

D. B.—A short time ago I received my reading and was more than pleased with it. Will I marry the fellow I am going with now or will it be someone else?

Ans.—This party apparently thinks a great deal of you and would like to marry you. However, I do not believe that you really love him but will meet the party whom you will eventually marry shortly before Christmas.

F. E. D.—When will I get the inheritance from England and what is holding it up?

Ans.—You have asked for a cash settlement for your share of this estate. The property has to be appraised and either sold or taken over by the other heirs and it will be after March of next year before you receive full settlement.

A. B.—Received your reading and was very much pleased with it. When and where will I meet the man I am to marry?

Ans. — Shortly after the holidays you will become acquainted with a party through business dealings whom later on you will marry.

E. W. K.—Will my husband ever come back to me or will it be better to marry the man who wishes me to? Would he make me a good husband and be a good father to the children?

Ans.—Your husband who left you three years ago and contributed nothing to your support I believe has no intention of returning. I am under the impression that this man if you really care for him will make you a good husband and a good provider for the children.

Mrs. Rose W.—How do I stand in regard to my health?

Ans.—You seem to be doing considerable amount of worrying about your condition. I would advise you to see a good physician and follow his advice and it will not be long before you are all right.

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READINGS 25c

These readings tell you about your business, travel, changes, matrimony, love affairs, friends, enemies, lucky days, and many other interesting and important affairs of your life, as indicated by astrology. Send birth date with self-addressed, stamped envelope and 25 cents. If four of you want readings inclose a dollar bill for the four readings. **My advice on one question free** with each astrological reading ordered. By mail only. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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Enclosed is 25c. Send your new 1933 Astrological Reading covering my sign of the Zodiac.

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FREE QUESTION BLANK

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If you have friends or relatives who wish reading inclose $1.00 for four readings. J-1-33

QUEER ANTICS of HOLLYWOOD'S $1,000,000 STARS

Movieland animal actors earn huge salaries by having unique talents

By Jewel Smith

IF NOAH came to Hollywood he would simply goggle in astonishment at the accomplishments of his famous Ark family's descendants. Over $900,000 was expended last year on animal talent and we need only review this year's product to wager safely that double the amount will have been spent by the first of 1933.

Animal trainers will tell you it is cheap at twice the price. Lionel Comport, a sandy-haired, bow-legged cowboy, is one of the best-known animal managers in the business. For twenty-two years his ranch in North Hollywood has roomed and boarded the screen's best animal stars.

Among them is George, famous sway-back horse, whose finest rôle to date is in *When A Feller Needs A Friend.* However, as George is susceptible to the wildest gags of Mack Sennett's writers, he works most of the time at that studio for twenty-five dollars a day.

Whitey, the trick mule, is another of the screen's popular animal comedians. Comport trained him from babyhood, and reaps a double reward occasionally. With the aid of a small can of paint, Whitey is converted into a kicking zebra and rented for fifty dollars per day.

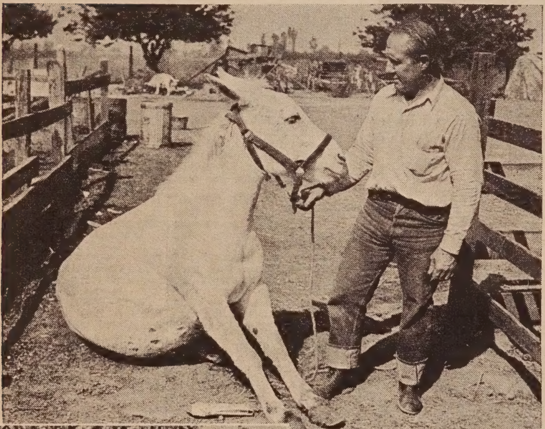
Dinah, the black bear, is a familiar figure in most western and out-door dramas. She has recently completed a rôle in *Heritage of the Desert* and is in constant demand even at a top-price of seventy-five dollars a day.

Tricky, the only known tail-spinning squirrel, is another of Comport's incomparable protégés. He has been a member of the menagerie for five years and still at the peak of his popularity.

Anything from mallard ducks to polite skunks—Comport has them. A baby alligator which is rented for use in miniature sets; a dachshund named Fitz who slides into a zipper rabbit skin on occasions and is rented incognito for twenty-five dollars. Queenie, a big St. Bernard, has a Jekyll and Hyde equipment also. From time to time she slips into her lion skin and effects the rear sway of the King Beast. In fact, the sway has become such a habit that she walks that way most of the time off-screen.

"Train yourself to understand your animal, rather than them to understand you," is the training principal of Jackie and Tony Gentry, owners of Jiggs, hero of the chimp comedies. Jiggs is from the Belgian Congo and is simply mad about moom pitchurs. If you can become friendly enough, and you generally can, for he's very affectionate, Jiggs will whisper that Cheeta, the chimp of Tarzan fame, didn't do all of that acting.

[*Continued on page* 61]



Whitey doubles for a zebra when his trainer, Lionel Comport, paints stripes on him

—Hyman Fink

Dinah, the big black bear, is Lionel Comport's very special pride. He earns seventy-five dollars a day in pictures and seldom does he want for work

Tarzan, Ken Maynard's famous white horse, falls into his "trail's end" pose. He's one of the most valuable horses in pictures and is insured for $50,000

I have REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE!

I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle—it seems almost impossible that since last May **my hips have been reduced nine inches.** At least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.

Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue
New York City

I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips. I know the girdle is responsible for my not getting tired.

Miss B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria
New York City

REDUCE
Waist and Hips
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
it won't cost you one penny

. . . writes Miss Healy

"I REDUCED from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian . . . "Massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . writes Mrs. McSorley . . . and so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

● This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . Its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, it will not chafe, itch or irritate you, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today.

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded . . . including the postage.

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Frankly Speaking

The Editors Talk of Hollywood and Its Citizens

Not So Dumb Public

STRANGE that the two male stars over whom feminine fans rave most are exact opposites. Clark Gable is big, brawny, brutal. George Raft is small and sleek. In both cases their success is due directly to violent enthusiasm from fans who have deluged the studios with letters of praise. That these two actors are going right on proving their ability in picture after picture proves that the public knows how to pick 'em.

Bennett's Millions

"IF I had a million!" Almost everyone has uttered that exclamation at one time or another. Now Paramount is using the idea for a picture, in which Richard Bennett as an eccentric, rich old gentleman shells out a million dollars each to seven people. And how they run through all that cash makes one of the most unique plots ever conceived for a movie. With Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, George Raft and Alison Skipworth in the cast, it's bound to be another *Grand Hotel*.

Stars In Prison

"BIG HOUSE" stories are the rage again—Richard Dix in *Hell's Highway*, Paul Muni in *I am a Fugitive* and Spencer Tracy in *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*. The public will feel like a gang of jail birds before this cycle is over, but just the same these pictures are all mighty interesting and full of thrills.

Janet Takes A Rap

JANET GAYNOR is being panned for refusing to be interviewed by anyone except the five writers whom she has designated, but considering the fact that she has an average of five requests for interviews a day it isn't hard to see that this is not a "Garbo" act. After all, the poor girl must save at least a part of the day for the business of acting.

Ethel, Lionel, John

WHEN the three Barrymores swung into action at Metro studio to make *Rasputin*, Hollywood forgot all about its Garbos, Dietrichs and Gables. With genius that must be heaven sent, the royal family loosed a barrage of high-powered dramatics that left them all—from prop boy to producer—gasping in admiration. Individually, the Barrymores are remarkable. Collectively, they are the finest Hollywood has to offer.

ZaSu Takes A Bow

ERIC VON STROHEIM once predicted that ZaSu Pitts could easily become the screen's greatest dramatic actress if given a chance. As a director, he provides that opportunity for the much-beloved character actress in *Walking Down Broadway*. In this picture, in which ZaSu's rôle is tragic throughout and climaxed by her death, the public will come to realize more fully the depth of her talents. But as a dramatic actress we venture to say that she would never be completely successful. Her futile, comic gestures have made too many millions laugh—and between laughing and crying, the natural choice is the former.

Karloff's Thriller

THE most weird piece of business that ever came out of a studio is Boris Karloff's rôle as a mummy in *The Mummy*. Thirty-seven hundred years dead, he comes to life to terrorize the living in this fantastic story of reincarnation. To be a successful mummy (not one of Al Jolson's) without being ridiculous is no small trick. But then, Boris Karloff is no ordinary actor.

Applause Department

HOLLYWOOD may well be proud of—Jean Harlow for carrying on and giving a great performance in *Red Dust* despite the fact that she worked in the picture while still in the shadow of Fate's tragic climax to her marriage . . . Clara Bow for shunning every temptation to hit the high spots again . . . Paul Muni for his remarkable performance in *I Am a Fugitive* . . . Marion Davies for her continued enthusiastic efforts in behalf of charity—and others who carry on this benevolent work anonymously.

Boris Karloff becomes a mummy in the expert's hands

ZaSu Pitts is given her first great chance

Richard Bennett gives away his millions

Janet Gaynor is misunderstood again

EXTRA SCREEN TABLOID NEWS

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1933

Marian Nixon Menaced by BOMB THREATS

Gangsters Seek Revenge for an Imagined Affront

Marian Nixon and her husband, Edward Hillman, are still living in fear that their home may be bombed as the result of a robbery that occurred more than two years ago.

The two have been receiving threatening letters ever since it was made public that they had identified a convict as the robber who entered their stateroom on a transcontinental train, escaping with about $400 cash and several valuable pieces of jewelry. Marian denies that she ever made an identification of the suspect who is now serving a sentence in Folsom prison, but fears that gangsters may decide to take revenge for the imagined legal attack. In addition to having her home carefully guarded, she and her husband are being given the added protection of a bodyguard.

—Wide World

THE EDWARD HILLMAN HOME in Beverly Hills, where guards are protecting Marian Nixon from threatened attacks

MARIAN NIXON isn't complaining about the hard luck dealt to her when a robber relieved her of a diamond ring and much cash while she was traveling to New York two years ago. But she does wish the affair would come to an end sometime. She is wearied of being threatened by friends of a convict she is supposed to have identified as the robber

Divorced; Still Friends

—Fink

WELDON HEYBURN AND GRETA NISSEN just couldn't agree while they were under the same roof, so sought divorce. Now they are amiable friends as this news photo showing them at lunch in the Roosevelt hotel proves

STAYS IN SWEDEN

GARBO WON'T RETURN to the United States until April, is the word from Stockholm, her native city. An immigration quota is the barrier that holds her back. In the meantime, she is interesting herself in the Swedish legitimate stage, an activity she once declared she would return to when American movies no longer proved interesting to her

Turn to Page 19 for Screen Book's New Camera Scoops!

STAR HAS THRILLING ESCAPE

Collapses After Dangerous Encounter with Wild Snake

A scene to provide a thrill for *Call Her Savage* narrowly escaped ending in tragedy according to members of the recently returned production unit who praised Clara Bow's gameness in the hazardous exploit.

In the scene a rattlesnake was required to strike viciously at Clara and she was to kill it. As a safety measure the snake's fangs were removed, making it harmless. The snake, however, was apathetic and refused to strike. At Clara's suggestion another snake possessing poisonous fangs was substituted.

When the camera started grinding Clara was but two feet away from the rattler, a riding whip in her hand. With all its native viciousness the snake struck at her and she brought the crop down over its head. Undaunted the reptile fought back with Clara bravely standing her ground, slashing away with her whip. At three different times the striking fangs of the rattler were less than six inches from Clara's body. Finally she was successful in killing the snake.

Not until then did Clara realize how close she had been to serious injury. Then her nerves gave way, resulting in violent hysterics which prevented her working for the balance of the day. The scene will be seen in *Call Her Savage.*

The Exciting Episode From "Call Her Savage"

THIS SCENE in which Gilbert Roland and Clara Bow appear in *Call Her Savage*, is packed with realism. Clara did not know that the snake she battled might have seriously injured her. She became hysterical after the exciting scene was concluded

IT'S ALL BUNK!

DICKIE MOORE is more than fed up with stories of his romances with movie stars. It puts him in bad with the little girl next door. He says they're all just pals—Constance Cummings included

Tom Mix Forced to Part With Tony; Change of Mounts Nearly Proves Fatal

TOM MIX WITH TONY on the occasion of the star's recovery from an operation early this year

Western Star Injured in Tumble from Tony, Jr.

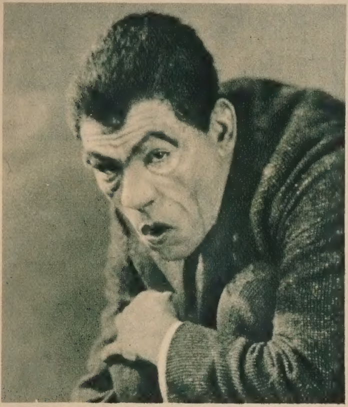
The decision made by Tom Mix to retire his famous horse, Tony, after the animal had injured a hip during the filming of *Hidden Gold* almost cost the star his life.

Working with Tony, Jr., Tom was in the midst of a thrilling scene from *Oh Promise Me*, in which he rides along side the villain of the picture and throws him to the ground after a hard struggle. As the two horses were neck and neck, Tony Jr. stepped into a hole. Not being as sure-footed as his famous sire, the horse stumbled, sending Tom into a tailspin in which the star suffered three broken ribs and internal injuries.

Now that Tony Jr. has had his first accident, however, Tom predicts that they will get along nicely together. Meanwhile the retired king of the movie horses ambles about the pasture at peace with the world. His working days are over!

IS BORIS KARLOFF DOOMED?

LON CHANEY

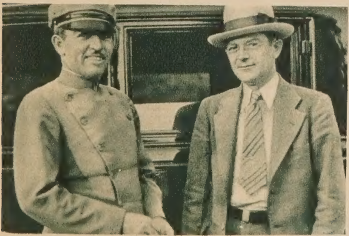


THE MASTER ARTIST of them all, the late Lon Chaney as he appeared in *The Monster*

Hollywood Still Fears Possibility of Kidnapers

Still fearing threats of kidnaping, movie stars have not decreased the army of guards who watch their homes and accompany them on public appearances.

Among the many who are still employing this precaution against the gangster evil are Ann Harding, Marlene Dietrich, Nancy Carroll, Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer. The stars themselves are not fearing personal attacks, but since the Lindbergh case are taking every precaution to prevent another such horrible kidnaping. Movie fans, many of whom make it a point to loiter near Hollywood mansions in hope of seeing their favorite stars, have been staying away of late. It's too much trouble to explain away the suspicion that one might be a potential kidnaper.



NORMA SHEARER takes no chances with the safety of her young daughter. Wherever the child goes, a trusty bodyguard is nearby. This exclusive photo shows Norma's driver and the gentleman who keeps a sharp eye on the baby

Lon Chaney's Fate is Predicted For Mystery Man

Death took Lon Chaney when the star could no longer withstand the ravages of ill health brought about by his arduous screen rôles.

Now it appears that history may repeat itself in the case of Boris Karloff, who within a year has risen to great popularity in a series of Chaney-like rôles which began with his outstanding characterization as the monster of *Frankenstein.* Few realize the great strain character actors of this type go through in adapting themselves to their sensational rôles—feats that require the ability of a contortionist and the strength of a giant to withstand long hours of torture under makeup that twists the body from its normal state in a vice-like grip.

The first indication of the physical torture Boris Karloff was enduring came only recently when he fainted dead away on the set of *The Mummy*, where he had been working for hours, bound tightly in long strips of tape.

Anxious friends close to the actor have beseeched him to take fewer chances and find some way to make his rôles less arduous. But like Chaney, Karloff is silent and reticent. No hardship is too great if through it he can better interpret the part he plays. Some day, and the time may not be far hence, his vigorous strength will no longer be able to stand the tests to which he puts it—and then, the screen will have claimed another martyr.

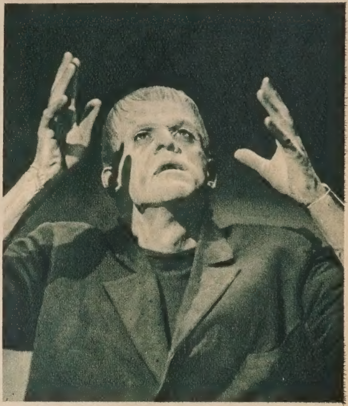
Movie Stars Menaced by Many Serious Operations

A hard luck jinx has been hot on the trail of movie favorites recently, sending more than a score of famous and near famous to hospitals, and incidentally taking them away from studio lots where the shooting of pictures has been held up at considerable cost.

Most recent to escape serious consequences is Thelma Todd, who waited too long to have her appendix out, and is just now starting on the road to recovery. Billie Dove underwent a similar operation, but emerged quickly after spending only a week in the hospital. Lil Tashman found out what the word "appendectomy" meant while appearing in a Brooklyn theatre. After collapsing backstage, she was rushed to a hospital where only a quick operation saved her life. Bette Davis, Mrs. Chico Marx and Tom Mix's bride are others who have suffered the same ailment.

One and all report that the experience is not so bad—at least it gives them a rest from the steady studio grind. And while they are taking it easy, all Hollywood comes to pay respects. Hospital parties are all the rage these days.

BORIS KARLOFF



HE BEGAN following in Lon Chaney's footsteps with *Frankenstein.* Will his career end disastrously?

WELCOME HOME!

GENEVIEVE TOBIN is back home, bent on further triumphs. After finishing *The Perfect Understanding,* in which she appeared with Gloria Swanson in England, the brilliant star sailed for home on the first boat. She has a new contract with Fox studios and appears first in *Pleasure Cruise*

An Unknown Chapter CLARA

By
Jewel Smith

A hitherto unpublished episode of Clara Bow's early life and the one man who, more than any other, has influenced her career

ON A DECEMBER eve, nearly a score of years ago, two warmly mittened urchins slushed their way along the sidewalks of Brooklyn and up to the ticket office of a moving picture theatre. They were twin-like in their resemblance to each other. Two pairs of large brown eyes alight with excited anticipation; full red mouths bursting through olive skins; round, red cheeks slapped in a place or two by strands of damp hair. Hand in hand they floundered down the long black aisle and into the very front row of the dark flicker-house. They were about to see their first motion picture.

Hours later when the story had unfolded for the third time and was finally flashed from the screen for the evening, the children still sat. Huddled together in the darkness, they were trembling and speechless with the wonder of it.

"Do you want to be an actor, Willie?" the little girl finally spoke.

"Sure, Clara, do you?"

"I'm *going* to be when I grow up," she said definitely. "Billy, let's you and me make a bargain. If I become an actor first, I'll help you. If you do first, you help me."

"Awright, Clara," said the boy, "shake hands." And the two little kids clasped hands even more tightly as they rose to make their way up the dark aisle and out of the theatre.

It was not until years later, when Clara Bow became a sensational screen star, that the house manager remembered to brag that he recalled the very night she saw her first motion picture. "She walked right in that very door with her little cousin, Billy."

TODAY, little cousin Billy is a grown man—a very handsome man, who ever since he can remember has walked with Clara. Through years of struggle, heartaches, disillusionment and finally success with more heartaches, Billy has been an inconspicuous sharer. Inseparable pals, sympathetic confidants, their adoration for one another is a beautiful thing.

The events which led to Clara Bow's start to screen fame are history. How her father submitted her picture to a motion picture magazine conducting a screen talent contest; how she won the contest and was summoned to play a small part in a picture called *Beyond the Rainbow*.

"The kid never suffered more in her whole life than the night she went to see that screen début," Billy Bow commenced to reminisce as we sat talking in Clara's Beverly Hills home. "I remember we made it a point to gather up every kid in the neighborhood—especially those who had snubbed her—and literally drove them into the theatre to see little Clara do her stuff. I was so excited I couldn't speak. Neither could she. So we just sat and waited for the great moment. Reel after reel, the picture unfolded. Finally, she whispered excitedly, 'Here's where I come in.' We waited some more. But Clara didn't come in. She never did come in. Her little bit had been left on the cutting room floor.

"We couldn't wait to see the end of the picture—to face the jeering of that bunch of kids. So we sneaked out the side entrance, Clara crying her heart out. Me trying to be a comfort, sobbing with her. As long as I live I'll never forget that night.

"BUT wait a moment, I'm going to cut this sob stuff and tell you about another night when Clara turned on the tears on purpose. That was really the gem of our existence," Bill laughed.

"You see, Clara and I always liked to have people worry a little about us. It's a certain psychological something that makes you feel much more important. You know, what I mean. Anyway, this day Clara and I decided to take ourselves for a spin down the coast—to be gone all day without telling anyone about it. On the way home, in order to avoid hitting another car, I cracked into the curbing. The front wheels were pretty well bent up, and I discovered the darned car wouldn't go any way except backwards. It was still five miles home, so imagine our mortification!

"Clara started laughing. She thought it was very funny. That is, until we started backwards down the street at eleven P. M. and a couple of cops stepped up to ask us if we'd just happened in from Mars or something. A grand sense of humor the boys had. They wanted to take us right over to see the judge. And that's when Clara went into her act. She turned on the tears full force and started the story about her little dog. You know—'it was such a sick little dog, and we were hurrying home to take care of it. And if you had a poor, sick little dog, wouldn't you want to get right home? And could we help it if we had run into a curb thinking about that poor doggie, home there all alone, waiting for Clara to give him some nice hot milk?' Well, I'm telling you, she nearly had those coppers in tears. They finally lined up on each side of the car and escorted us home so no one else could pick us up for driving backwards!"

HOLLYWOOD came to know Billy as Clara's protector. Prior to her marriage to Rex Bell, he accompanied her everywhere. There was never a public appearance by the little red-head that Billy was not close upon her heels. And many a time his big, handy fist lambasted the jaw of the rudely inquisitive reporter or an insulting bystander.

Only their most intimate friends know of the night Clara entertained a friend of a friend of hers for dinner. He had been given a letter to her asking that she entertain him just as a favor to the writer. Ever anxious to do for her friends, Clara wined and dined the young man. After dinner, Billy retired to his room, and Clara and

[*Continued on page* 61]

in ~ BOW'S LIFE

Clara Bow obtained her first screen opportunity through a beauty contest which she won after her father, Robert Bow, entered her portrait. She was heartbroken after she had completed working before her first movie camera, for when the picture was shown her part had been cut out

From earliest childhood Clara Bow's best pal and friend has been her cousin, William Bow. He went to Hollywood especially to be with her and protect her although his devoted friendship has been unpublicised

The years have brought a decided change in Clara Bow but she is as appealing and dynamic as ever in *Call Her Savage*. The picture of Clara with her father was made soon after she scored a success in Hollywood: here she is as she appears in her new film

CHARLIE FARRELL EXPOSED!

A *pertinent answer to the charges that Charlie is a "ladies' man"*

By Eric Ergenbright

Too many tender screen romances have given Charles Farrell a reputation he doesn't deserve

SOMETHING like a gross of magazine articles have been written about the amours—both actual and suspected—of Charlie Farrell. Anyone who has read them may well be excused if he pictures Charles as a perpetually romantic Romeo—a six-foot, human bellows, sighing lustily and continually for the favors of one lady or the other.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Probably Charlie has had his moments but now he is happily married to Virginia Valli. This barrage of rather maudlin sentimentality has thrown a smoke screen around his real personality, hiding many of his most striking traits.

For instance, there is the fact that he is one of the keenest sportsmen in Hollywood. Strangely, no one has noted that in his rabid devotion to all athletic sport, he most clearly reveals those qualities which have made him outstanding on the screen.

Charlie became an ardent devotée of everything athletic when he was a school boy, back in Massachusetts. He participated in most of the school sports and spent much of his spare time swimming, fishing or sailing a yawl on the bay. When in college he kept up all his outdoor activities, adding others, as a matter of fact. Here, in Hollywood, he still finds time to be a confirmed sports addict.

CHARLIE never has been a champion at any sport. No new records have fallen to him and his name has never been a byword with the sportswriters. Still, if skill were measured solely by "love of the game," Charlie would be a Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey, Johnny Weissmuller and Jim Thorpe combined. He's absolutely rabid in his devotion to tennis, baseball, football, swimming, sailing, golf, boxing, squash and handball. Yet he has never been fired by a driving determination to win.

Perhaps, given that grim resolve that dominates almost every champion, Charlie might have joined their ranks. He's built for it—tall and rangy, with those decep- [*Continued on page* 51]

Charlie is expert in every sport from tennis to boxing. As Hollywood's most rugged sportsman, he spends hours sailing the rough sea in *Flying Cloud*, his modest little sailboat

EXTRA!!

Hollywood's champion news cameraman presents the exclusive views of the recent important Movietown events

SCREEN BOOK Camera Scoops

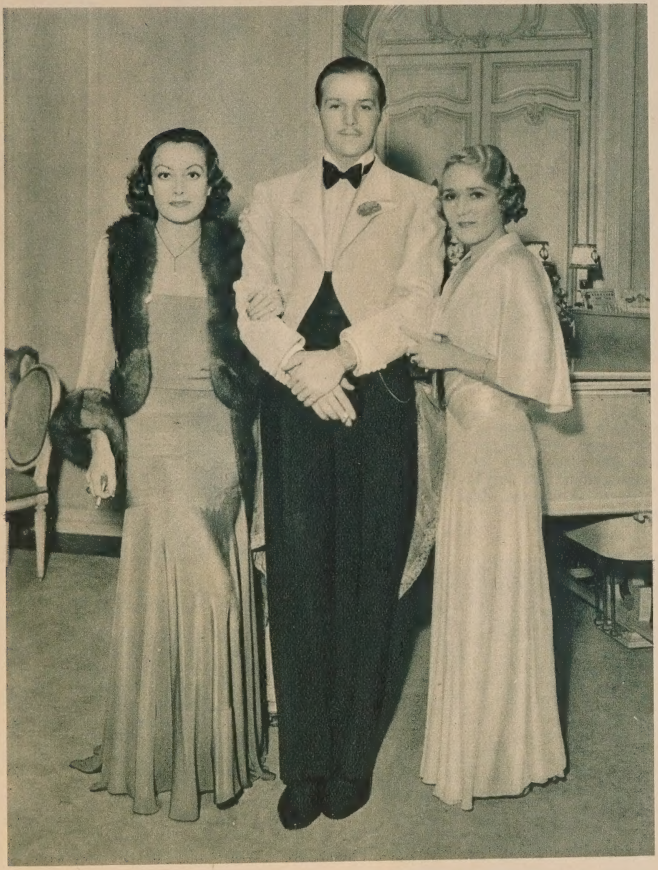
FROM the camera of Hyman Fink, the editors are pleased to present the month's most unusual and exclusive news photographs. The following camera scoops are the first to appear in any magazine:

Joan Crawford, Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Pickford photographed together for the first time.

A new picture of Carole Lee Stuart, the tiny daughter of Nick and Sue.

Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian renewing their romance.

Ann May Wong's unique Chinese dinner party.



Facing the Camera for the First Time

The first picture ever to be taken of Joan Crawford, Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Pickford together. There is a story behind this picture, for it puts an end to the cruel gossip that has caused Mary to suffer keenly. When Joan and Doug were wed rumors reported that Mary was bitterly opposed to the match. And to the present time, whenever Mary failed to appear with her husband and the younger Fairbanks, word has gone out that the old feud still continues. But once again the gossips are wrong—Joan and Doug are frequent guests at Pickfair. Mary and Joan are pleased to advise the world that they are the very best of friends and that they only battle over the question of which is the world's grandest husband—Doug Jr. or Senior

Hollywood's Newest Friendship

Bing Crosby has a new girl friend now—Mitzi Green. They hold hands as they walk around the Paramount lot where both are working these days. Mitzi is positively *gone* on Bing—but that doesn't stop her from giving a priceless, knockout imitation of his microphone technique

Hollywood's Miracle Baby

There's no youngster in the world quite as clever as Carole Lee Stuart—so Nick Stuart and Sue Carol declare. "All the time we were away on our personal appearance tour," Nick says, "Carole wrote us two and three page letters every day. She and Clark Gable are wild about each other, but they'll get over it because they're both young yet." Carole is only three months old, but she has more male admirers than Garbo could ever boast of

At the Top Again

A new, exclusive picture of Merna Kennedy. Since her first big chance as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in *The Circus,* her career has been a series of ups and downs. Now she's right at the top once more with a fine part in *Laughter in Hell,* the vivid drama by Jim Tully

We're in Love Again!

←Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian used to be just like that about each other. But something happened to their romance. Buddy went to New York to become famous as an orchestra maestro; Mary stayed in Hollywood. Now Buddy has come back to step out with his old flame again. This picture, taken at the Roosevelt hotel, shows them being that way once more under the benevolent gaze of Joe Mann, the popular maitre d'hotel

A Dream Waltz

Doug Jr. and Mary Pickford dancing to a sleepy rhythm in the drawing room at Pickfair. Behind them is a motion picture screen drawn down over the French windows. In a few seconds this room, with its hidden projection machines, can be transformed into a little theatre—all cleverly planned by Mary, Hollywood's most perfect hostess

JEANNETTE MacDONALD
MARY PICKFORD
JOAN CRAWFORD

Dainty Bargains on the Cinemaladies' Clothes Line

Jeanette MacDonald inspects a few of the exquisite garments offered by Hollywood's Assistance League during a charity sale. Personal effects of movie folk were sold by the score—at auction. Goodness! Can you imagine anyone shouting, "I'll bid $2.95 for Joan Crawford's step-ins!"?

Anna May Wong Entertains

The screen's most popular Oriental star, → seen with two of her guests at a recent genuine Chinese dinner given at the Peking Café. Alexander Kirkland and Ilka Chase, Broadway comédienne, are seen yielding to the tempting morsels that one can never find in American restaurants. Lest you haven't heard, Anna May is extremely popular in Hollywood society, as well as in London

How to be successful and happy —Sylvia Sidney's own theories

By
Jan Vantol

Sylvia's Advice to MODERN GIRLS

"*EVERY girl should work—whether she actually needs to earn money or not.* She should work for the sake of her own development and her own future happiness. Every day I offer sincere thanks for the experience in living which my job has given to me. I've gained something far more valuable than money."

Such is the opinion of Sylvia Sidney—who is not only a very great dramatic actress, but one of the most incisive thinkers in all Hollywood. It is but seldom that one meets a person of her uncanny emotional depth who also possesses such a flair for analytical reasoning. If the average screen star is accepted as a criterion, those two qualities are completely antagonistic.

Recently, on the set where she was making *Madame Butterfly,* she chatted with me for an hour or so. What started us on the subject of "working girls" I can't remember, but I *do* remember the conviction with which she advanced her ideas.

"This is a modern age," she declared. "The very spirit of human relationship has changed. Life has become frank and people are learning to face its problems without resorting to hypocritical evasions. In the past, perhaps, women have been slow to accept radical changes, but today they are in the van. They must either keep pace, fit themselves to meet modern problems as moderns, or else find themselves completely out of tune and unhappy. The sheltered, hot-house flowers of yesterday would be terribly handicapped today. 1933 demands the girl who can stand on her own two feet and chart her own course."

Sylvia is an intense little person. Her face is so small and flower-like that at first glance one is apt to consider her little more than a child. Closer study tells a different story. That first impression changes. She is far older than her actual years. She always has been disconcertingly serious and mature. It is her nature to look facts in the face.

And when she talks about the advantages which belong to the girl who works, she speaks from a wealth of personal experience. Few people have worked more intensely than Sylvia. She was only thirteen when she launched her career in the theatre, which certainly offers a full quota of heartbreaks and toil. She has lifted herself to stardom by her own effort. She has never shirked an issue and has kept on toiling when less persistent persons would have given up in despair.

WORK—or rather, contact with people—has been a Godsend to her.

"I don't care what a girl's life is to be, she is better equipped to live it if she has first held down a job—any kind of job—in some competitive business," Sylvia contends. "If a girl makes marriage and motherhood her final career, she should first have worked. I don't believe that any job is so difficult as that of being a good

[*Continued on page* 57]

Quick Change Artists

A gallery of prime favorites who, through the amazing magic of the movies and their own talent, are saints today and devils tomorrow

—Irving Lippman

Spencer Tracy Turns To Villainy as the Terror of Sing Sing

Grim shadows, a murky past and a ruthless present—but a "man" awaits the summons to the electric chair! With the facility and thoroughness of a great versatility, Spencer Tracy assumes the character of good boy or bad with equal ease and in a way that is not soon forgotten. His portrayal of the leading character in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" is the most notable of his career which has embraced rôles ranging from comedy to tragedy

Two Sweet Heroines Who

—*George Hurrell*

The youngest of the Bennett clan and a worthy member to carry along the family's histrionic traditions, Joan's performances are not confined to the delineation of tender young things who need the stalwart protection of manly heroes. On the contrary, she may kill a man, if the script demands, and build a lot of sympathy for herself in the doing. And as a bad little girl she is every bit as delectable as she once was as an angelic one without too much spirit. She recently completed "Wild Girl", screen version of Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane" and immediately began work in "Pier 13" with an imposing supporting cast

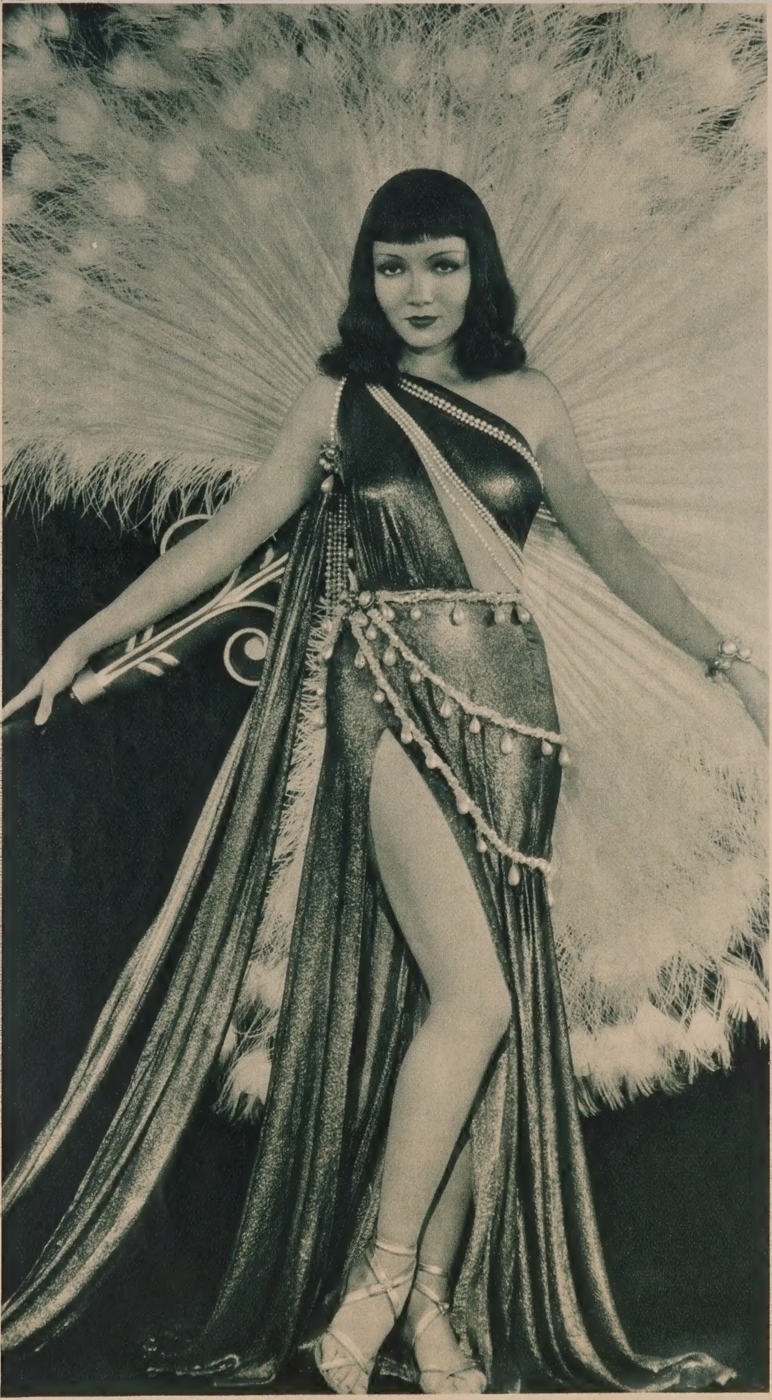
Joan Bennett

are Learning to be Naughty

Irene Dunne

While some players dare not stray away from a certain type of characterization for fear of being branded, Irene Dunne has proved herself an actress of many parts by essaying slightly scarlet rôles impartially with those of women of sterling character. Although she won her first spurs as a songster it is in dramatic rôles that she has won her greatest fan-following. In decided contrast to her inspired rôle in "Cimarron", her first great film success, is her part in "Back Street" of a woman who considered any sacrifice too slight for love. Currently she is in "Thirteen Women" and is working in "No Other Woman" with Charles Bickford.

Claudette Turns Vamp—

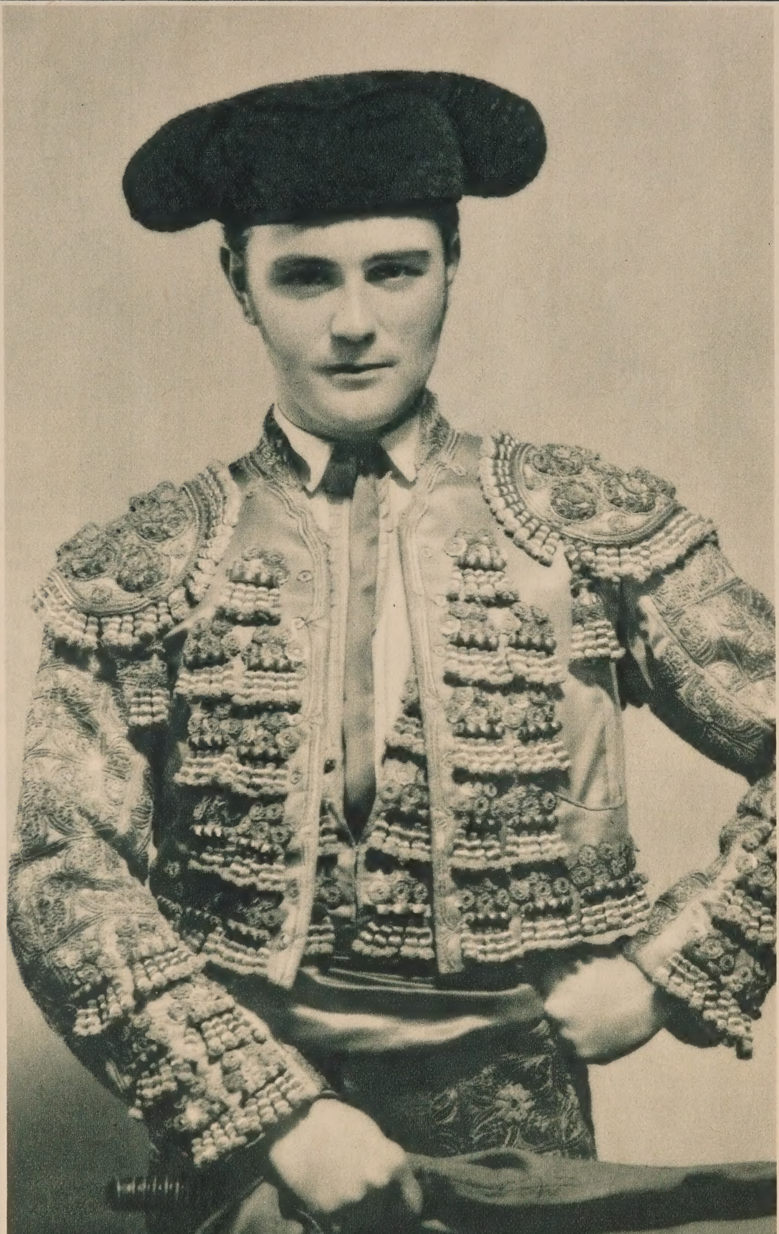


Claudette Colbert—

—*Otto Dyar*

Fans accustomed to viewing Claudette Colbert in highly sympathetic rôles as the tried but persevering heroine will be surprised when they see her in "The Sign of the Cross" for in this Cecil B. De Mille epic she becomes a most wicked villainess! The transition is at her own request for she tired of the rôles that have fallen to her lot and demanded an opportunity to prove her ability to do something different. That, she has achieved as the gorgeous Poppea, cruel and sinning empress of pagan Rome—and through its very difference and finesse of accomplishment should prove a noteworthy success

Lew gets a Valentino rôle



Lew Ayres

—*Freulich*

Fresh from his highly successful rôle as a newspaper columnist in "Okay, America!" Lew Ayres becomes a bull-fighter in "Men Without Fear," his present film in production. The rôles are not to be confused, however, for while he is a Spanish athlete of newspaperdom in one, he is a bonafide toreador of Spain, garbed with the elaborate regalia he wears in this portrait, in the other. His new film, which is being photographed in Mexico and Hollywood, holds added interest because it was in a similar rôle in "Blood and Sand" that the late Rudolph Valentino scored one of his most outstanding motion picture achievements

The BARRYMORE

Lionel

The glamorous inside story of stage and screen's most famous family in which many unusual and fascinating legends are explained

By Clark Warren

John

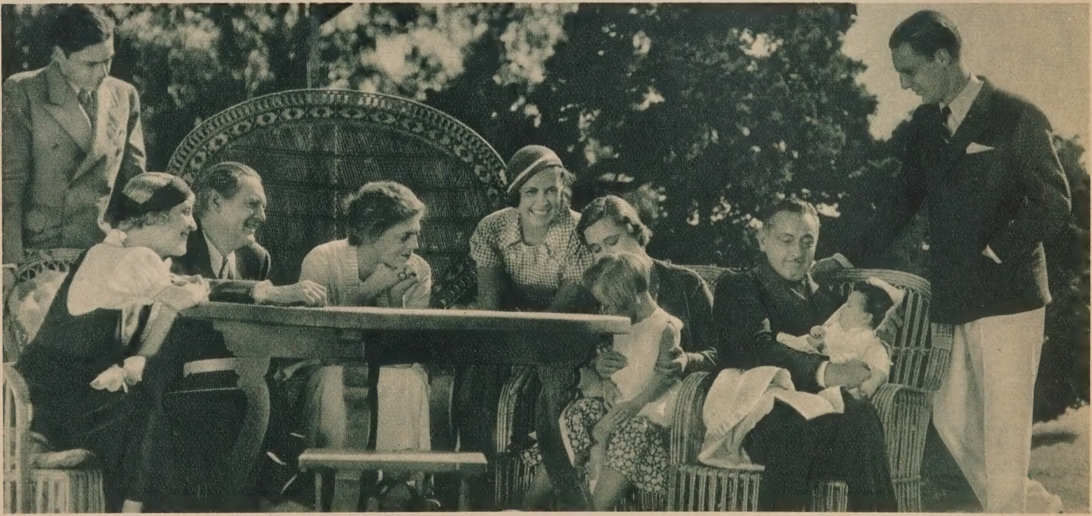
SH-H-H-H! Here come the Barrymores! There they were, the three of them, Ethel, Lionel and Jack, walking across the stage from the portable bungalow which they share, when they have any need for a bungalow.

That particular morning they had been in the bungalow, rehearsing their lines for the day's first scene. The Barrymores don't study their speeches the night before. Years of stage experience and the habit of learning hundreds of lines of dialogue, has made them what is known in the language of the theatre, "quick studies." Two or three rehearsals and they know their dialogue.

The Royal Family was ready to begin a day's work.

The prop man and an assistant brought three canvas chairs. The Barrymores sat down beside the director and went into a huddle over the intricacies of that scene. While silence settled over the stage and the dozens of men, electricians, sound engineers, actors, mechanics, waited, whispering or walking about on tiptoes.

It was amazing. Never during years in Hollywood has anyone seen such a miracle of quiet on any roaring, noisy sound stage. But never before has a Royal Family descended in one fell swoop in one place. There is something about those three Barrymores. No one can describe it. Perhaps it is tradition. Perhaps it is the normal American love of hero worship. Whatever it is, it's there. But other people have erected a wall of respect or awe or some kindred bar-


—Wm. Grimes

The Barrymores seldom let the public see any affection or family pride in one another but those qualities are in everything they do. The sincere devotion of the clan is clearly evident in this unusual, intimate group of all the Barrymores. From left to right they are: Samuel Colt, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Lionel, Ethel Barrymore, Ethel Barrymore Colt, Dolores Costello Barrymore holding little Ethel Dolores Barrymore, John Barrymore holding Baby John Blythe Barrymore, and John Barrymore Colt. The latter named and Samuel and Ethel Barrymore Colt are Ethel's children

MYSTERY is SOLVED!

Ethel

rier around this trio which stands for the aristocracy of the American stage.

The settings for the picture only enhanced the general spirit. What more perfect workshop for royalty than the gorgeous rooms of the palaces of Imperial Russia before the revolution, when the Czar was the Little Father and Rasputin, the Mad Monk, ruled from behind the velvet draperies of the throne? Huge, echoing rooms. Vast crystal chandeliers holding waxen candles. Deep velvet carpets on marble or parquet floors. Richly massive furniture and priceless oil paintings in heavy frames. A velvet draped dais with its three chairs for three pathetic figures, a man and a woman and a small boy. Pomp and splendor. An ideal setting for any royal family!

Lionel and John Barrymore, Tad Alexander and Ethel Barrymore in a scene from *Rasputin*, colorful drama of the Mad Monk and the Russian royal family that is proving a worthy vehicle for the royal family of the American stage and screen

THE studio left no stone unturned to make the backgrounds for *Rasputin* authentic. The rooms were exact duplicates of photographs of the palace apartments. The costumes were perfect reproductions.

So they sat there that morning and looked completely at home in the midst of the royal splendor of the palace. Their three heads were bent close together over a script. Ralph Morgan, the Czar, in his uniform with his sad eyes and clipped beard, joined the group. Small Tad Alexander stood on the side lines, looking like a little prince in the miniature uniform and shining boots which the Czarevitch wore during his brief life.

Then followed the usual routine. The conference. Several rehearsals. Ethel turning to brothers Lionel and John for advice. The brothers showing Ethel little technicalities which, as veterans of the cameras, they had learned. Then several "takes." Until the three and the director were all satisfied. Nothing haphazard, they are all honest workmen. They may be the erratic Barrymores. But they're hard workers, too. Not marchers on parade. Where was all the jealousy which had been expected? It just wasn't there. It was one for all and all for one.

That spirit has always existed in the Barrymore family. When Lionel was awarded the medal by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences for the best performance of the year, magazines printed stories saying that he was the greatest of the Royal Family. Was Lionel gratified and a little puffed up? He was not. He was honestly hurt because "they" had inferred that he was a greater artist than John or Ethel.

Between scenes, the Barrymores laid aside their crowns and enjoyed themselves in their own way. Usually they ate. How they manage to keep those figures is a royal mystery because they were forever nibbling at something. It's a nervous habit, probably. Ethel drank clear soup or tea. The brothers had sandwiches or hot coffee or both.

When he wasn't working, John usually took off his uniform and lounged around comfortably in a striped bathrobe, a little too short, and a pair of fleece-lined bedroom slippers. Ethel rarely removed her robes for something more comfortable. She sat in her chair, talking to friends, looking every inch the Czarina in her finery. Lionel was the luckiest one of the three in costume except for his beard which proved most annoying when he wanted to drink his coffee. He didn't have to worry about mussing his *Rasputin* garb, because the Mad Monk was notorious for his carelessness of dress.

DURING intimate scenes, black flats were set up to enclose the stage. That was because of Ethel's nervousness in her first talking picture. Even with her years of stage life, Ethel couldn't get used to the closeness of people. After all, on the stage the footlights make a [*Continued on page* 64]

THE

Peeking in at the stars' private affairs through SCREEN BOOK'S *camera*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

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STARS STEP OUT

1. AT THE FROLICS CLUB—Leslie Howard tells a bedtime story to Mr. and Mrs. William Gargan and Gene Raymond

2. A LITTLE OF THE WHITE MEAT, PLEASE! Bob Montgomery, Elliot Nugent and Fredric March raid the table of choice delicacies at the party given in honor of Elliot's birthday

3. FOUR FAMOUS HOLLYWOODITES are caught unaware. Carole Lombard is thinking up one to write in an autograph book. Bebe Daniels peeks over her shoulder at the dancing couples. Gene Markey (Joan Bennett's hubby) and William Powell are just sitting

4. GINGER ROGERS PLANNED A PARTY but was called away to Catalina on location. So the guests came anyway and called up the hostess to tell her what a fine time they were having. In the group are Mrs. Wallace Ford, Betty Furness, Al Wood, Phyllis Fraser (at the phone), Al Kvale, Patricia Ellis and Wallace Ford

5. BEER UND PRETZELS! June Clyde and her husband, Director Thornton Freeland quench their thirst at the bar in the Ritz theatre where near beer is served to patrons

6. THE NEW YORKER CLUB is one of Hollywood's new play spots. Gloria Shea and Leila Hyams are among those present

7. SWEETHEARTS—Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp seen sitting out a dance at the new Frolics Club

Strike up the Band!

ALICE WHITE is *BACK!*

By Jack Cooper

She proved her popularity by a stage tour and returns to films

IT IS beginning to look as though the hot-cha era is in for a revival. The three Flaming Youth girls of yesteryear—Colleen Moore, Clara Bow and Alice White—have traipsed back to the screen and are staging what is an even more fearful ordeal than breaking into the movies. They are out to see how their respective come-backs will "take" with the public.

As far as the hot-cha angle is concerned, Clara Bow definitely states that she is going sedate, while Alice White is wishing out loud that she could do character rôles. Colleen Moore has become more mature and sophisticated. All three have verbally turned reactionary, but there is coincidence in these simultaneous comebacks. One swallow does not make a summer nor a morning-after headache, and one hot-cha girl coming back to the screen does not make a Flaming Youth come-back—but there are three, which leaves the matter open to surmise and everyone's guess good.

Time has wrought some changes, and, to narrow this story down to its essential element, it has caused some changes in Alice White.

The chipper, blonde flapper who left pictures two years ago is as chipper and blonde as ever, but the twinkling eyes have an added look of worldly wisdom, and the two dainty feet that were famous for the capers they cut, are figuratively placed firmly on the ground.

After two years of trouping around the country and wondering what the future had in store for her, Alice White is back again at the studio which had once taken her away from her script-girl duties, built her up to stardom and then let her go.

Alice did not come back to re-occupy the status she had left. Her return picture sees her in a rôle supporting Warren William in the Warner Brothers-First National picture, *Employees' Entrance*. The starry epaulets are off, and she entered this picture as a "featured player."

But everything is as Alice desires it. She wishes to remain in pictures, but does not want to wear the crown of stardom.

"I have learned a lot of things in two years," Alice confided over the lunch table in the studio dining room. "And one of these things is that stardom isn't all it is cracked up to be. Too much is expected of the person who gets top billing—and you have to make good or else. Whereas a featured player who steals a picture gets a much more gratifying reaction than if he or she were billed in electric lights."

There is no false modesty about Alice. She admits that she used to "steal" pictures.

"But it wasn't anything conscious on my part," she added. "I am not

[*Continued on page* 57]

—Longworth

Warren William and Alice White in a scene from *Employees' Entrance*. "I don't want stardom," insists Alice

The STRANGE CASE of LORETTA YOUNG

By Eric Ergenbright

How one girl's tragic mistakes brought success and happiness

SHE'S only nineteen, but Loretta Young is "grown up." Only nineteen—yet she is a divorcée, a veteran actress, a home owner and the administrator of a considerable fortune of her own making. She has acquired a genuine sophistication which the average nineteen-year-old waits years to win.

Hollywood had grown accustomed to Loretta. After her divorce from Grant Withers had ceased to be food for gossip, we took her for granted—thought of her as a tall, too slender girl whose promise of beauty was obscured by the sharp, immature angles of youth. We considered her a capable young actress, but not a coming star of great dramatic power.

And then came *Life Begins,* and immediately afterward, a less pretentious picture, *They Call It Sin.* We Hollywoodites rubbed our eyes and stared, amazed. Loretta, almost overnight, had become a young woman, matured, magnificently poised, amazingly beautiful. In those two pictures she played exacting rôles with crisp decision, with great depth and feeling.

If there is truth in the old belief that an actress must suffer before reaching the heights, Loretta has qualified. She was only sixteen when she flaunted the protests of her family and friends to elope with happy-go-lucky Grant Withers. He was considerably older and had been divorced. By marrying him, Loretta defied her church, to which she is profoundly faithful.

She was eighteen when, with a leaden heart, she applied for a divorce. Two years ago, while in the throes of that unhappy experience, she branded her marriage as the most tragic mistake she could have made. Today she regards it more calmly.

"If I have suddenly changed from a girl to a woman, my marriage is largely responsible," she says. "In any case, I have ceased to regret it. I think now that it may have been a very beneficial experience. Like every young girl who has been too much deferred to, I had the habit of looking at all things from just one point of view, my own.

"Now that I can consider it calmly, I know our marriage was doomed from the start. I was an idealist, yet I had been trained by necessity to be practical in many things—money matters, for example. Grant was inclined to be a cynic, yet he was utterly improvident. It was impossible for us to adjust ourselves to one another.

"I'm glad now that we did not have a child. I wanted one with all my heart. If my prayers had been answered I could never have found courage enough to ask for a divorce."

Loretta has developed a sense of finality, the ability to turn her back, gambler-like, on an unfortunate venture and concentrate on the next "deal." She [*Continued on page* 53]

—*Elmer Fryer*

David Manners appeared with Loretta Young in *They Call It Sin* in which she amazed critics

The Strange Case of Loretta Young

"Any star who contends that the attentions he receives from fans and from people in the industry are not gratifying is making a ridiculous statement," asserts wise little Loretta Young. "There is immense gratification in being deferred to by one's co-workers and in being recognized in public. It's so great a thrill that it's intoxicating and dangerous because one so easily acquires the taste. Thank heaven, I've grown up in the business. Too many people still call me Gretchen to permit me to lose my head completely."

Keep this UNDER

Your Hollywood reporter snoops about the old town and gathers the news about your favorites

Wynne Gibson, in spite of the complaints she has registered in no mild words at the studio, is cast again as a tawdry young thing of questionable virtue in *If I Had a Million* with Richard Bennett and other important stars. Some day Wynne will openly rebel!

ORCHID LADY

ANN HARDING is seldom seen these days without an orchid on her shoulder. Of course, Ann is not buying orchids, but who is? Some say his name is Bramwell Fletcher, from New Yawk.

AUNT BEV, who's always been for bigger and better gymnasiums, notes with keen delight that most of Hollywood's sweet-young-things are going ath-a-letic this season. It's no longer fashionable to be languid and "simplee worn out, mah deah." No indeed. We now throw out our chests, stand erect and sparkle—that's the word, *sparkle!* Also, we exercise!

Butler's, a physical culture institute that formerly catered to men only, has now opened a Beverly Hills branch for the speaker sex. Frances Dee was the first cinema gal to enroll. Dozens of others are following suit.

Sari Maritza, who was something of a skiing and ice skating champ in Europe, plans to spend most of her spare time this winter sliding down precipices in the high Sierras or cutting figure-eights on frozen mountain tarns. And she hires a professional trainer to guide her through calesthenics for one hour every a. m. If you can talk learnedly about physical culture, you're Sari's pal.

Gwili André leaps lightly out of bed and does "bends" (in her pajamas) for fifteen minutes every morning. Just to be different,

—Stax

Our Gang cameras were set for action, but no Dickie Moore! A search revealed him sitting on a trash heap chuckling over "Popeye"

Your HAT

By Beverly Hill

she has her maid sit on her (Gwili's) feet as an anchor.

Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Gloria Stuart and half a hundred others are still cavorting in the surf (b-rrr!), the Bennetts, Janet Gaynor, Bebe Daniels, Sally Eilers, Joan Crawford, Maureen O'Sullivan, et al, are whacking tennis balls around by the hour, Irene Dunne is chasing par, Anita Louise is fencing every day and Joan Blondell hikes in the mountains every week end.

It looks like another bad year for the M. D.'s.

Casting Troubles

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND'S in the dog-house at Fox because he refused to play opposite Janet Gaynor in *Tess of the Storm Country*. Just what prompted his refusal no one seems to know. Joel McCrea also refused the part. He said he didn't think it was big enough. Providentially, Charley Farrell finished his work in another picture in time to take the twice-scorned lead.

As a matter of fact, most actors would be loath to play opposite Janet. A Jinx seems to protect her time-honored screen romance with Charlie. The fans resent anyone who substitutes for him.

A New Star

RADIO is going to star Joel in a series of three pictures, the first one of which is to be rushed to completion for winter release.

He's made a phenomenal rise this year, but most of the critics think that he's not ready for stardom. That old adage, "the bigger they are, the harder they fall," is certainly true in Flickertown.

Take Marian Marsh, for instance—even the Warner Brothers executives admit that her career has been terribly handicapped by their ill-advised haste in making her a star.

Pardon, Me!

IMAGINE your poor old auntie's embarrassment when she discovered, from Sari Maritza, that the correct pronunciation of skiing is *sheê-ing*. A continental education certainly has its advantages, after all.

Another Day, Another Scene

RASPUTIN is still "in production" at M-G-M and from present indications it will be for another presidential

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson don't stay around Hollywood much. After *Silver Dollar* they went off to New York. There, maybe, they will await that "Blessed Event"

KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT

News You Ought to Know

CLARK GABLE sitting in front of his dressing room polishing the stock of his favorite deer rifle . . . Joan Bennett (nicknamed Mother Markey by her director, Raoul Walsh) knitting tiny garments for sister Barbara's expected baby . . . Vic McLaglen nursing a severe headache after the big party he gave for the press . . . the gentlemen of the press nursing similar headaches after the same party . . . Janet Gaynor making cooing noises to the brand new baby working with her in *Tess of the Storm Country* . . . Ralph Graves and Dorothy Burgess going places together . . . Stanislaus Zbyszko (you pronounce it; I can't) giving Wally Beery wrestling lessons . . . Helen Kane in town from New York and boop-boop-a-dooping along the boulevard . . . Doug Fairbanks Jr. showing off the sport jacket given him by Prince George of England . . . Loretta Young and Louis Calhern heavy-dating . . . Mary Brian and Dick Powell dancing two or three nights a week at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Charlie Farrell bragging about his new flivver roadster . . . Lupe Velez splashing about in her swimming pool at 3:00 a. m. . . . Christian Rub teaching Irene Dunne to dance the Hungarian czardos between scenes.

term. They're shooting from day to day, taking scenes when and if the writers supply another page of continuity. Nobody knows as yet how the story is to be ended. Every few hours the studio officials, the scenario staff and the Barrymore clan call a conference and discuss a new climax. But they can't seem to agree.

At Metro, it has been nicknamed "Disputin'." John Barrymore refers to it as his "life work," and is secretly coaching his son to take over his rôle one of these days.

S'help Me, It's True

THE real name of Lyle Talbot, Warner Brothers' new "best bet," is Lyle Hollywood. The studio crowd wouldn't believe it at first, and only after he'd offered his birth certificate to prove it, were they convinced. He changed his name, however, before he ever thought of coming to Hollywood.

Geographical Differences

JUST as all the Hollywood wise-acres were predicting a divorce for Elissa Landi, her hubby, John Cecil Lawrence, arrived from deah old Lun-non. Elissa gave a big garden party for him, but failed entirely to convince the skeptics that all is well in the Lawrence family. It seems he's determined to spend the rest of his life in England, and Elissa, since buying her huge estate on the Hollywood Riviera, is an ardent Californian. She's more interested in her prize orange grove than in any amount of London fog.

The divorce rumors still persist. Mr. Lawrence has returned to his law practice and Elissa has gone to Canada to seek reëntry into the United States, as demanded by the immigration laws.

THE ROSE'S THORN

GARY COOPER was dee-light-ed when he received a cablegram informing him that he had just won a great motion picture popularity contest in far away Japan.

He was less delighted, however, when he discovered that in Nippon every one calls him "The Sweetheart of the World." He may live that down, but it will take years and years and years.

Here's A Secret

SPEAKING of Elissa, I'll tell you in confidence that her nickname is "Susie." Her mother bestowed it on her during the World War because she spent so much of her time knitting socks and sweaters for Tommy Atkins.

Whatta Record!

TOM MIX is just rounding out his twenty-fourth year as a screen star. During his first year on the screen, working in Selig westerns, he made seventy-two pictures. All told, he has starred in 386 features. For seven consecutive years, he was the biggest and most consistent money-maker on the screen.

Add all these facts together and they total an endurance record that should stand for all time.

For The Defense

BY THE way, they tell with great glee how Tom ran afoul of a portrait painter last summer.

The artist begged Tom to sit for the painting but neglected to say that he was making a charge for it. After the picture was finished he handed Tom a bill for $1,500, and when payment was refused, brought suit. Tom was plenty burned.

—*Richee*

Lilian Bond "just couldn't say good-bye" to Hollywood. She was all ready for a term on Broadway when Paramount called her back for an important rôle in *Hot Saturday*

Interesting facts about the Hollywood crowd

Ernie Nevers has cast aside his collegiate football sweater for good and taken to the grease-paint like a natural. His first rôle off the gridiron is in *The Lost Special* directed by Henry MacRae

The "Panther Woman" and her mascot, a baby leopard. Kathleen Burke, who won this strange title in a contest in which she triumphed over 60,000 other girls will be seen on the screen soon with Richard Arlen in *The Island of Lost Souls*

CLARA TAKES IT

WAS that a battle *staged by Clara Bow and Thelma Todd for the climax scene of* Call Her Savage! *And it seems the thing was* serious. *No one knows, least of all Clara, why Todd was sore. Shortly before the scene was to be enacted, she sent Clara a note telling her to be ready for the works. And Clara got just that. She couldn't even get near the Battling Blonde, who with one long reach grabbed a handful of red locks, shoved the It-girl's head down even with her knees and commenced kicking her in the er—a—tummy.*

For three exciting minutes, Thelma dished it out and Clara took it. Director Francis Dillon, himself astounded at the fury of the combat, finally yelled "cut!" "Okay," he said, "there'll be no retakes, girls. That was a swell scene!"

The words "no retakes" meant Clara's chance had been denied. Exhausted, she retired to her dressing room to repair her makeup, nurse a torn finger-nail, and prepare to play love-scenes with an aching tummy.

Our last report on Thelma Todd informed that she was still "out of town."

"Leaping lizards," he sputtered. "Th' only thing that's really worth $1,500 is a hawse—an' I bought Tony for seventeen bucks!"

He's A Gentleman

SAM WOOD, who's one of the best known directors in Hollywood, says he prefers blondes—professionally speaking—and explains why they have a better chance than their darker sisters on the screen.

"It's very simple," he declares. "The background of every scene is dark and the girl with light hair stands out from the background more sharply than the brunette does. Whether she's a natural or a peroxide, she attracts attention, and that's the first step toward success."

Now, that sounds like good common sense.

Ingenious Banking

AUNT BEVERLY'S dug up a nifty about Mack Sennett. It seems that for years he maintained an "extras' fund"—a sum of money from which any down-and-out extra could borrow without offering any security. The needy one only had to convince Sennett's manager that he was actually broke.

The peculiar thing about this banking operation was that Mack did not keep a written record of his loans. He never knew who had borrowed, or how much. When his business manager protested, he laughed.

"Why should I bother about keeping a record," he said. "The extras can't *know* that I don't keep books. If one of 'em fails to pay me back, he'll never dare to ask a second loan."

Dick Turns Puckster

RICHARD ARLEN, who hails from sub-zero Minnesota and used to be a hockey star, is organizing a puck-whacking league. The present plans call for a hockey squad from each studio and weekly games at the Palais de Glace.

A He-Man's Nightmare

CHARLIE LAUGHTON, the famous English actor who's playing Nero in *Sign of the Cross*, had a soul-searing experience lately. For certain scenes in

[*Continued on page* 56]

THE EVIDENCE

A CERTAIN star tells about his visit to Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, who live in a palatial beach house near Santa Monica. As he neared their place, he couldn't help but notice a long array of—er—baby's diapers, which were hung on a line in the side yard.

Bebe and Ben greeted him enthusiastically. He asked about their baby and Bebe smiled with proper maternal pride.

"Why, she's a perfect darling," she said. "You'd never know there's a baby in the house."

Peering into— THE

The Cameraman records a workaday morning in the life of a glamorous screen star

– Photography by Clarence Sinclair Bull

A birds-eye view of Jean Harlow's modernistic dressing room shows the star donning makeup for her latest portrayal in *Red Dust* for which critics have been lauding her praise

When the alarm clock sounds five-thirty in Jean's Benedict Canyon home it's a call to arms for the star and her strenuous day begins

Jean has breakfast served in her boudoir and it's no dainty tidbit that she devours, as she has no confidence in starvation dieting for keeping her figure

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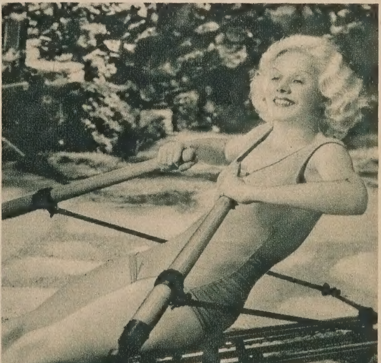


A fifteen minute workout on the rowing machine in her back yard quickly counteracts the effect of Jean's hearty breakfast and generates energy enough to last all day

By six-thirty Jean—the Spartan—is ready for a brisk swim in the icy waters of her private pool. She recommends it as a good waking-up process

↓

PRIVATE LIFE
of *JEAN HARLOW*

Fan mail is so important to Jean that she answers all letters of the least importance, dictating them to her secretary the first thing in the morning

Jean and her colored maid arrive on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot about an hour before the star is to appear on the set, so she will have sufficient time to dress and put on her makeup

↓

The stars' dressing rooms on the Metro lot open out on a long balcony. With her success in *Red Headed Woman*, Jean was given one of these coveted rooms

Proper makeup is so important to an actress that the lovely Jean applies hers surrounded by sharp mirrors revealing the slightest flaws which an all-seeing camera would surely catch

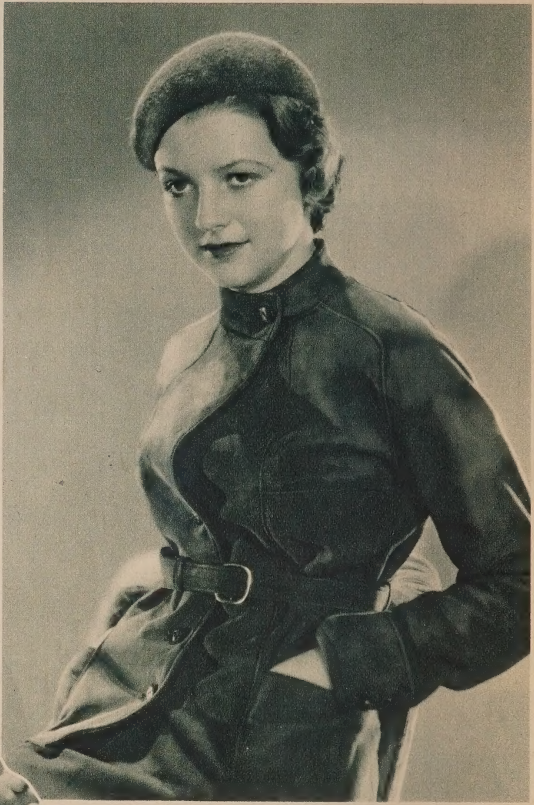
While Jean Harlow waits on the set for the director to call her for action, she carefully rehearses her lines that are to be used in the day's sequences

Everything is set for action! The glamorous Harlow steps before the camera for her sensational rôle in *Red Dust* with Clark Gable—and her acting day really has begun

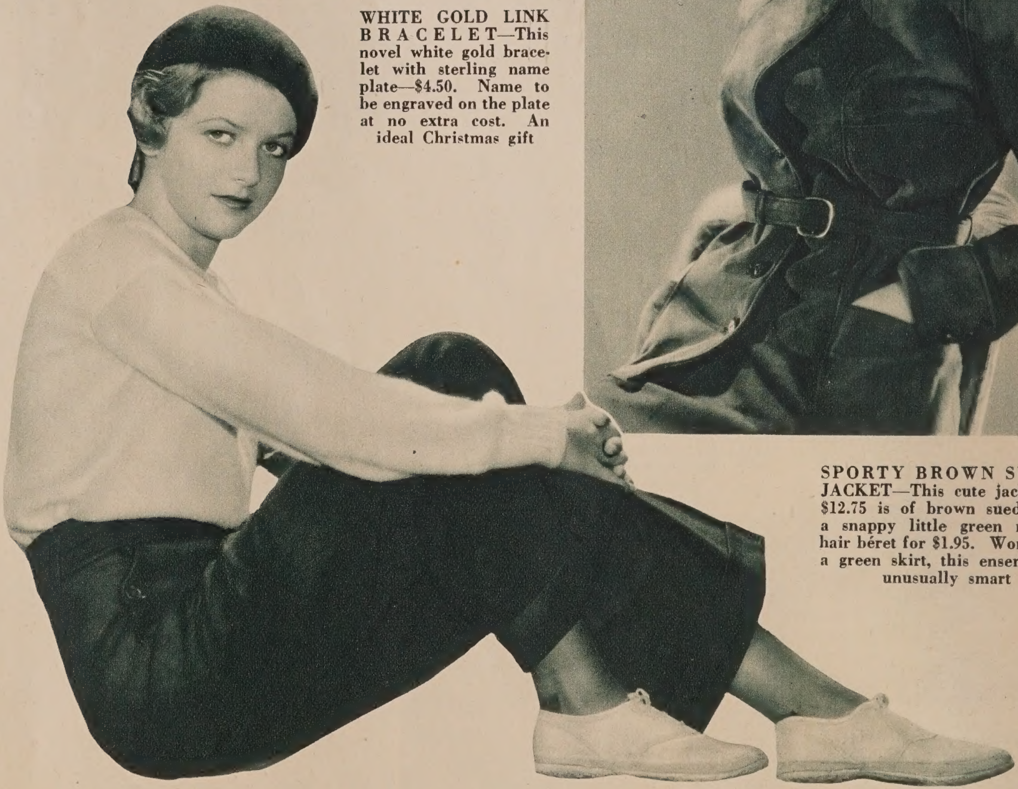
Screen Book's FREE

Betty Furness, Radio Pictures' lovely starlet, poses in the new Hollywood creations now available for movie fans everywhere

WHITE GOLD LINK BRACELET—This novel white gold bracelet with sterling name plate—$4.50. Name to be engraved on the plate at no extra cost. An ideal Christmas gift



SPORTY BROWN SUEDE JACKET—This cute jacket for $12.75 is of brown suede with a snappy little green rabbit's hair béret for $1.95. Worn with a green skirt, this ensemble is unusually smart



A COMPLETE SPORTS OUTFIT—This chic sports ensemble is smart and inexpensive, consisting of navy flannel slacks, heavy white brushed wool sweater and a navy béret. The price: Béret, $1.95; sweater, $2.95; slacks, $3.95. You may order whichever item you want separately, or the entire outfit for $8.85

SHOPPING Service Department

How to Take Advantage of SCREEN BOOK'S Unique Shopping Service Idea

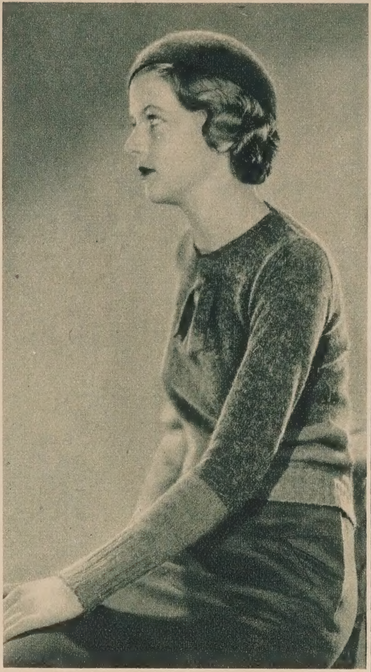
OUTFIT yourself in the styles the stars are wearing! You can buy the same models from Hollywood stores—clothing bearing the Hollywood label—conveniently at bargain prices through Screen Book's new and unique shopping service.

This month the articles from which Screen Book readers may make a selection are duplicates of fashion novelties from the wardrobe of Betty Furness, the popular Radio Pictures starlet. Next month a new group of unusual style innovations will be offered through the courtesy of another movie personality.

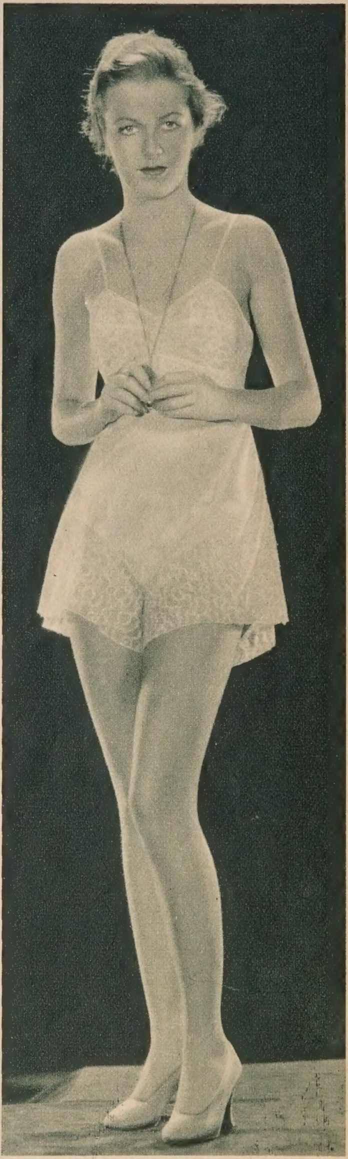
Use the coupon in ordering one or all of the articles on these pages. Be sure to send a United States money order for the amount designated. No currency or checks will be accepted.

All of the models on these pages are offered in standard sizes. You need only fill out the coupon, attach a money order and mail to the fashion editor, Miss Marie Gillen, in care of Screen Book's western office.

Screen Book cannot assume responsibility for the quality of merchandise other than to exercise care and discretion in buying for you. The Shopping Service handles only the original purchase for its readers; any exchanges or requests for refunds must be taken up directly with the Hollywood store supplying the merchandise. As a protection for Screen Book readers, only reliable stores handling high quality goods will be patronized.



SWEATER—For everyday and sports wear, Betty Furness chooses this green and rose brushed wool sweater with neat rabbit's hair béret of matching color. The sweater, fashionable and long-wearing, may be purchased for $3.95. The béret is priced at $1.95



CHEMISE—This dainty chemise in which Betty Furness poses is a combination brassiere and step-in with an evening back. It is of flesh crêpe with écru lace trimming. She selected it in Hollywood for just $2.95

Screen Book's Shopping Service Coupon

Miss Marie Gillen,
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, Dept. J 33,
6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Miss Gillen: I am enclosing a money order for .... Please send me prepaid the following: (Place an X mark following the material you wish to order.)

No. 1: The Complete Sports Outfit................**$8.85** ☐
Béret ....**$1.95** ☐ Sweater ....**$2.95** ☐ Slacks ....**$3.95** ☐
No. 2: Brown Suede Jacket................**$12.75** ☐ Béret................**$1.95** ☐
No. 3: Sweater ....**$3.95** ☐ Beret ....**$1.95** ☐
No. 4: Starlet Lingerie ....**$2.95** ☐
No. 5: Bracelet with name engraved ....**$4.50** ☐

My measurements are: Hat size ....Shoulder width................Bust................
Waist................Hips................Height................Weight................
My Name ....
Address ....
....

Clip out photographs of articles ordered and attach to this coupon

The Month's Most Beautiful Portrait

NORMA SHEARER

—Photographic Study by Hurrell

The TRUTH about TALLULAH

Concluding the vivid life story of Tallulah Bankhead—the one woman Hollywood can't understand

By
Marcella Burke

Tallulah Bankhead as she appeared when she embarked on the theatrical campaign that took London by storm and brought her to the front as England's most sensational stage personality

—Clarence Sinclair Bull

Tallulah's eccentric habits have alternately shocked, amazed and delighted Hollywood

In *Faithless*, her new picture with Robert Montgomery, Tallulah hopes to erase the effects of her first false starts. It is Hollywood's hard luck that the screen has never been able to capture a picture of the real Tallulah

TALLULAH BANKHEAD kept London electrified for eight years. For eight years the legend of Tallulah spun through the winding streets of London. It was a mocking, fantastic legend, many-hued—penetrating the blackness of the proverbial fog.

Even the cryptic Arnold Bennett became a Tallulah fan and followed the crowds to the theatre, curious to view for himself this fascinating new sensation. He wrote an article in *The Weekend Review* called "A Tallulah First Night":

"It begins on the previous afternoon. At 2:00 P. M. you may see girls, girls, girls in seated queues at the pit, at the gallery doors of the Tallulah Theatre. They boast afterwards to their friends about the number of hours they waited to see their idol. I have seen Tallulah electrify the most idiotic, puerile plays into some sort of realistic coherence by individual force. Tallulah has an exuberant, excessive vitality. She *lives.*"

Arnold Bennett tried, like everyone else, to pin Tallulah's allure down with words, as one pins down brilliant gossamer wings of a butterfly. Exotic Tallulah . . . the girl with the Mona Lisa face, hundreds of adjectives jumping over one another, attempting to describe Tallulah.

Her epigrams had been served up with crumpets and marmalade, the crumpets forgotten while lords and ladies rocked with laughter. She was born a lady, so she revelled in making people laugh at herself as an audacious gamin. And because people roared their approval of each new nip-up, Tallulah kept topping herself. I think the young Bankhead girl surprises herself continually, at least she is never bored. Pretense and insincerity in people are disgusting to Tallulah and she turns away from them instantly.

A white Pekingese pup was sent backstage to Tallulah hidden beneath a mass of enormous orchids. She instantly christened it Maximilian and forgot the donor. Lords and ladies from the charming Mayfair gathered daily in Tallulah's salon. She lived and moved in a violet cloud of smoke from endless hundreds of cigarettes.

Tallulah did silly, mad things which royalty longed to do but couldn't because of its exalted position. Michael Arlen must have known her by heart before

[*Continued on page 62*]

ORPHAN ANNIE comes to Hollywood

Going backstage with Mitzi Green as she works in her first big picture

MITZI GREEN

—Ernest A. Bachrach

By Jerry Lane

SKIPPY bounced right out of the comic strips to screen fame and now Little Orphan Annie is following suit. Courageous, spunky Annie, champion of lost causes and flea-bitten dogs, has walked straight out of the paper and into many a heart. She's a lovable kid, this golden, fuzzy-haired Annie.

The minute I heard she was in Hollywood I hurried over to Radio Pictures studio where she and her pal, Sandy, have moved in bag, baggage and dog biscuits.

On the set at the studio it seemed as if seventy thousand children were barging around. In the midst of them, carefully wiping the chocolate off a small boy's mouth, was Annie —Annie in person with her orphanage uniform wrinkled up the back so that the white ruffled edge of her panties showed.

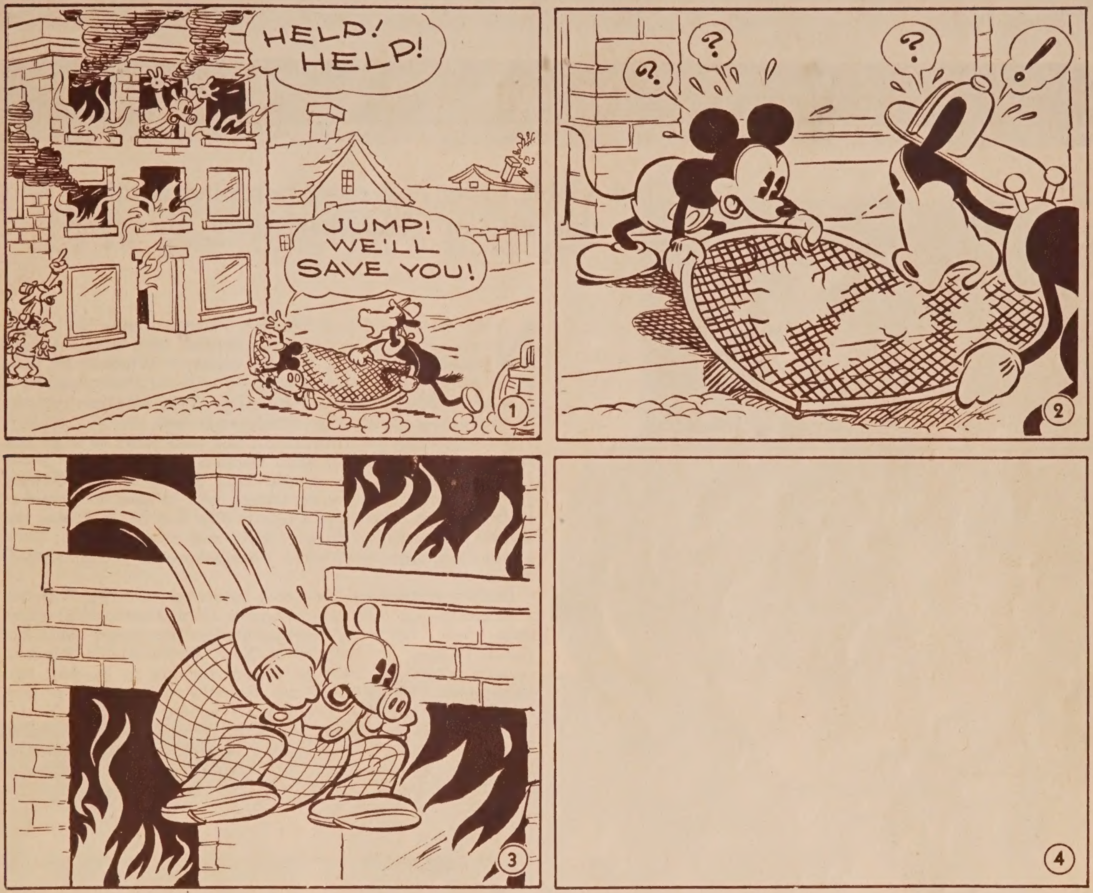
"Hello, there!" I called. The little gray figure streaked across. "Hello, Annie—Mitzi—An . . . See here, *who* are you? I understood that an old friend of mine, Mitzi Green, was around here and that Orphan Annie was here too. *You've* got Mitzi's eyes and Annie's hair!" The little figure squirmed delightedly.

"Oh, *do* you like my hair? They wanted me to wear a wig at first but it kept slipping and mother let me have my hair dyed. Honestly. It's nine shades lighter than it was and it takes a half hour for the hair- [*Continued on page 58*]

—Ernest A. Bachrach

"Go get 'im, Sandy!" Mitzi and the clever police dog as they appear in *Little Orphan Annie*, an exciting movie version of the famous cartoon strip that entertains thousands daily

Help Mickey Mouse and Win a Prize!



MICKEY OFFERS REAL CASH FOR THE BEST ENDING TO THIS CARTOON

THE PRIZES

FIRST	**$15.00**
SECOND	**10.00**
THIRD	**5.00**

Ten fourth prizes—$1.00 to each of the cartoons given honorable mention.

RULES: All readers of Screen Book may compete. Ideas for the final scene in the cartoon strip are to be drawn in the blank space above or written out on paper. It is not necessary to buy a copy of Screen Book to compete. The decision of the judges will be final, and in case of ties, duplicate awards will be given. The contest closes on January 1. All entries must be mailed to Mickey Mouse, Screen Book Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn., before midnight of the closing date. Results will be announced in the March issue of Screen Book in which the winning cartoon will appear.

IN THEIR search for comedy gags, Mickey Mouse and his creator, Walt Disney, are asking Screen Book readers to help them out with ideas. The cartoon shows Mr. Pig trapped in a burning building. Mickey Mouse and Horace Horsecollar are rushing to the rescue—but alas! Their life saving net is broken. If you were Mr. Pig in this instance, and were facing the prospect of landing on the hard pavement what would you like to have happen? Make believe that you are an artist and finish this cartoon. This is a chance for you to capture a prize with an original idea, that may later be incorporated into one of Mickey's comedies.

How to Enter

Write out your idea in simple fashion on paper or draw it into the blank space above. You need not be an artist to compete, for Walt Disney will draw the winning cartoon on this page in the March issue from the prize winning idea. After you have drawn or explained in writing your idea, mail your entry to Mickey Mouse, Screen Book Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

The LOWDOWN ON

George Raft—the champion Don Juan

Clark Gable never had more feminine admirers than this elegant gentleman from Broadway

NOT since the day of Rudolph Valentino have Hollywood women been so violently attracted to a man. (Clark Gable, being wed, doesn't count). Whether he likes to see it in print or not, the beautiful girls of Hollywood have a habit of falling heavily for George Raft. He has the sort of fascinating quality that simply slays 'em.

No other man in Cinematown has paid court to a greater number of lovely ladies than George. These are a few—Florine McKinney, the gentle little Texas beauty; Shirley Grey, a captivating young actress who is new to pictures; Edythe Roark, who plays a rôle in *The Kid From Spain*; the blonde and dazzling Joan Marsh; and more recently, Constance Cummings, with whom George appears in *Night After Night*.

Besides resembling Valentino somewhat, George Raft has a romantic past that puts to shame the background of other male stars. He is of German-Italian parentage, and, like James Cagney, he hails from New York's Hell's Kitchen. George became a boxer at fifteen, turning to baseball two years later. He deserted the diamond to become a professional dancer and for several years hoofed it in New York's favorite night clubs before going to Europe where he became the highest paid American dancer ever to tour the continent. Returning to New York, he became one of Broadway's favorite sons, soon capturing the [*Continued on page* 53]

George Raft steps out with Joan Marsh. He's the new type of Beau Brummel for Hollywood. Dapper as Ex-mayor Jimmy Walker, fascinating as Valentino, he has Hollywood hearts beating double time

George helps Edythe Roark, one of the beauties appearing in *The Kid from Spain*, to celebrate her birthday. They were seen everywhere together—until Constance Cummings stepped into the picture

THEIR ROMANCES

Phil Holmes cuts in on David and Billie

Two of Hollywood's most handsome bachelors are giving Billie Dove a grand rush

THERE is a new version of the eternal triangle stirring up a lot of excitement in Hollywood these days. Billie Dove has been scurrying around to the best places with David Manners—spending long hours on the beach with him at Malibu, reading, resting and swimming. That she is fond of David in no small degree is shown by the fact that she is seen more with him than with any other person since her affair with Howard Hughes.

Now Phillips Holmes has arrived on the scene, either with the intent to offer spirited competition for Billie's affections or to enjoy the sport of being "the other man." Hollywood Boulevardiers are saying that Phil will cut David out, for he is one of those young bachelors who seldom evinces interest in a girl—but when he does it's liable to turn into an enthusiastic courtship.

David Manners doesn't seem to be a bit per-

[*Continued on page* 55]

Their very first date. Phillips Holmes escorts Billie to a night club. Since then, things have just been going on and on from there

Freeman Lang announces the arrival of David Manners and Billie Dove at a recent first night. They are seen everywhere together, but there is real competition for Billie's affections now

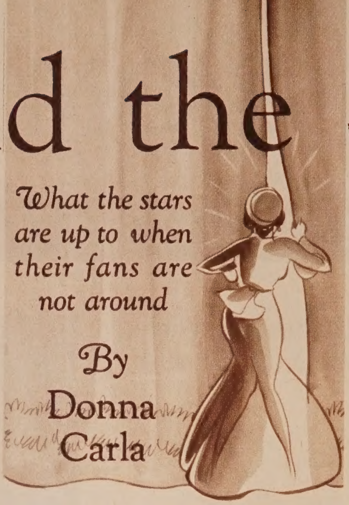
"I've had so much to say, beloved. . . . And you weren't here . . . and now I am afraid that all I had to say was too absurd and flowery and abstract and pointless . . . but, beloved—" This beautiful sentiment is what the sharp-eyed camera sees on the paper in David Manners' typewriter. Was it written to Billie Dove, whose picture stands on his desk—or is it just one of the many things he writes because it's his hobby to putter around with words?

Pictures from the Camera of Hyman Fink

Hot and Cold

Rochelle Hudson and Ambrose Dow, college boy, rah-rah over each other . . . Cecelia Parker and Noah Beery Jr. plot matrimony . . . Joel McCrea and Betty Furness lunching together . . . Frances Dee and Frank Perry, tennis player, have a love game . . . Eric Linden and Phyllis Fraser dancing together . . . Clarence Brown and Alice Joyce much interested in each other . . . Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou divorce . . . Sanda Shaw and Bruce Cabot romance on ice . . . Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper not seeing each other any more . . . Cary Grant and Janet McLeod on frigid terms . . . Clarence Brown and Dorothy Burgess say good-bye.

Behind the Scenes



What the stars are up to when their fans are not around

By Donna Carla

WHEN Mrs. Harold Lloyd, her three children and her mother left here for New York to join Harold Lloyd, they were guarded by a most imposing array of railroad detectives and private policemen. Visiting royalty could not have been more efficiently protected than the means employed by Harold to bring his family safely to him. Now they all are enjoying a few months in Europe, where Harold is resting from the arduous task of making his annual picture.

Mathematics

THE Thalians, social club of Hollywood's younger set, held a business meeting recently. In commenting on the attendance, Don Alvarado said:

"The attendance was one hundred per cent—fifty per cent members and fifty per cent guests!"

How Times Change

IN THE good old days of B. A. (Before Autographs) Malibu homes were pretty much open to friends, guests and drop-inners. Now you can see almost everywhere, signs such as these: "Keep Out! No Guests!"

Versatility

MOVIE fans may not be very familiar with the name of Ian Maclaren, the distinguished British actor, but out in California his name is just about as well known as that of any of the stars. Each year, for these many years, he enacts the lead in the famous Pilgrimage Play, essaying the rôle of the Christus. When Universal was filming *Merry-Go-Round,* he portrayed a villainous gangster during the daytime and the Christus in the Pilgrimage Play at night.

Young Man Of The Mountain

JOEL McCREA'S penchant for getting away from Filmdom's maddening throng has taken a most unusual twist—for Hollywood. As this is being written, Joel is astride a cow pony he just bought, riding leisurely along a trail in the High Sierras. With him is a pack horse. That's all. Immediately prior to leaving, he confided to us that his ambition is to follow a similar trail all the way to Alaska, with just a single buddy as a companion. And yet he is one of the town's most eligibles.

One For The Book

A FEW years ago, Doug Fairbanks was on one of those world trips of his and sent a postcard to Doug Junior reading as follows: "This is the cliff from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here."

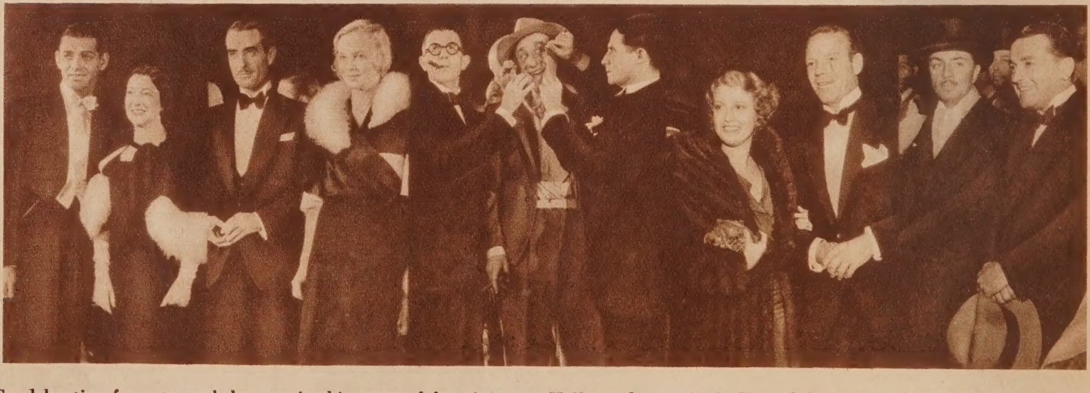
Lovely Clara

JOT down this little tip: When you see Clara Bow in her comeback picture, *Call Her Savage,* you'll love her more than you ever did before. She is just as enthusiastic as the veriest novitiate, works harder than she ever did before in her life, appears more beautiful and is as svelt, lithe and graceful as the Bow of old—only more so. All those troubles of hers, which might have cowed many another, seems only to have added to her lure. A trifle more mature, a little more sophisticated but vastly more interesting. That's the Clara you will see.

Another Redhead Back

SPEAKING of redheads, there's another whose next picture will be in the nature of a come-back. Now that Jimmy Cagney and Warners are once again pals, the recalcitrant, fiery-thatched player, who made something of a record by "holding out" for six or seven months, is busy on his forthcoming picture. His numerous admirers breathed a deep sigh of relief when the Academy medi- [*Continued on page* 51]

Closeups of Hollywood Famous taking their first night bows



Good hunting for autograph hunters in this array of favorites at a Hollywood première! From left to right: Clark and Mrs. Gable, Jack Gilbert and the Missus (Virginia Bruce), Robert Woolsey saying the tape measure lies as Jimmy Durante submits to a measuring test on his schnozzle from Bob and Bert Wheeler, Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé, Bob Ritchie, and William Powell and Dick Barthelmess

Screen Book's
Hollywood Pattern Service

Introducing a monthly pattern service, in which Hollywood fashion experts point the inexpensive way to a smart new wardrobe

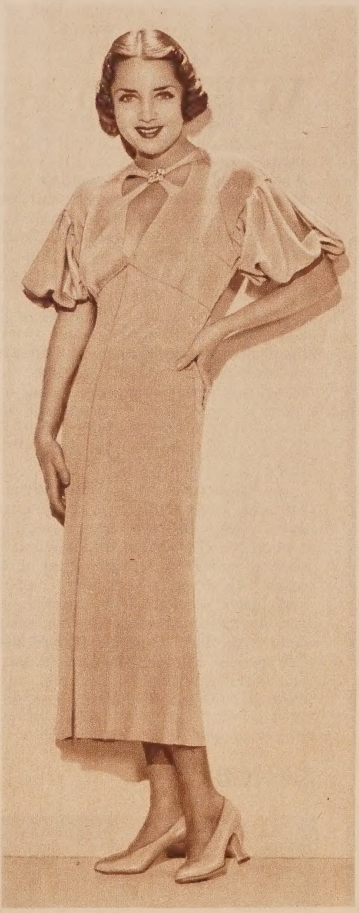
HOLLYWOOD comes knocking at your front door in SCREEN BOOK's newest service for its readers. Each month Hollywood fashion designers will select the most attractive dress in Movieland for you to copy. This month Susan Fleming has given permission to SCREEN BOOK to copy the lovely dress she wears in Paramount's picture, *He Learned About Women.* Wouldn't you love to be wearing one just like it when you see the picture? You can very easily, as patterns have been made and are all ready for mailing to you . . . just fill out the coupon below, enclose fifteen cents, and you'll receive your pattern in a few days.

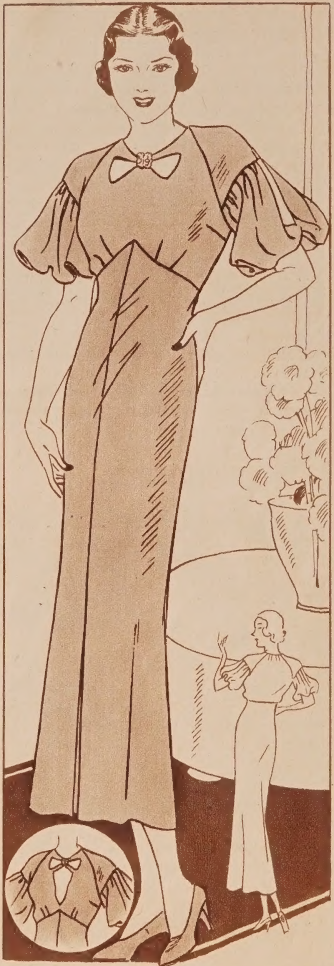
Be sure to give your correct size. It may be ordered in sizes 12 to 20. The directions on the pattern are very clear, but if you do not care to make the dress yourself it will take your dressmaker practically no time at all to put it together for you.

Miss Fleming's frock, made of rough blue crêpe, is daring—but so full of sparkle and spirit, it is stunning. That tricky neckline would not become every type of figure, so we've had the pattern made in two styles, so that you may have the upper cut-outs alone if you prefer, as shown in the sketch. The sleeves are really entrancing and not at all difficult to make. The skirt is simple and truly Parisian in centering the attention upon details above the high waistline.

Our beautiful thirty-two page FASHION CATALOG offers you an opportunity to choose delightful patterns in dresses, lingerie, pajamas and kiddie clothes, personally chosen by our stylist. Send for your copy today. Price of catalog, 15c. Catalog and pattern together, 25c.

Address all mail orders to SCREEN BOOK Pattern Department, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.





—*Eugene Robert Richee*

Flattering moulded lines, modish puffed sleeves, and a novel neckline make Susan Fleming's new gown Hollywood smart

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.
529 South 7th Street,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

For the enclosed ....(in stamps or coin) send me

☐ Susan Fleming's dress pattern (15c) B-200. Size................

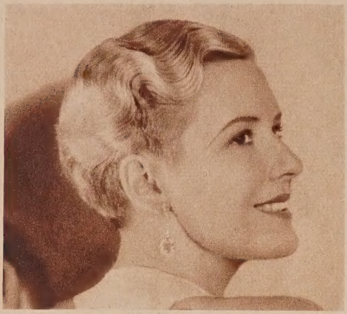
☐ Fashion Book 15c (if ordered separately)—10c when ordered with pattern

Name ....
(Print plainly)

Address ....City ....State ....

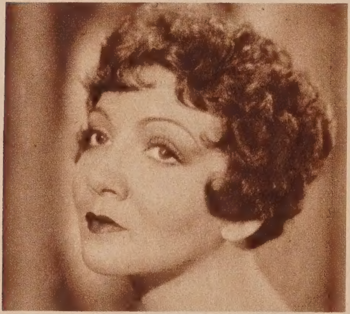
IS YOUR HAIR UP-TO-DATE?

SLEEK COIFFURE



Mae Clarke is the worldly type that can wear a loosely-waved mannish haircut

WIND BLOWN



A pert windblown bob suits Claudette Colbert's vivacious French features

There's romance in hair again. A beauty expert tells how to capture it

By Janet Lynn

WHEN you consider Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer, you begin to understand the important part lovely coiffures play in making beautiful women. You would give lots, wouldn't you, to have the allure any one of these famous stars possesses? Well, one way to get it is to concentrate on your coiffure. "Pep up" your hair, accent the color, change the style radically and most of all, enhance its inherent beauty.

Right now at the beginning of 1933 is a good time to start. Aside from the inspirational significance of January 1, right now is a splendid time to do something about your hair. Long hours spent in steam-heated rooms, the wearing of tight-fitting felt hats and the lack of moderate outdoor exercise and sunshine is ruinous to hair.

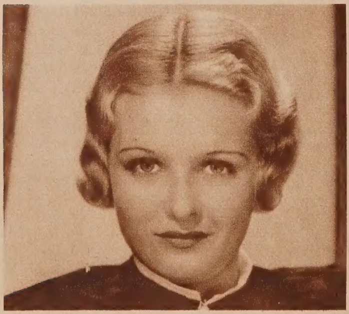
To counteract these detrimental influences, you should give your hair and scalp plenty of vigorous massage with a good tonic, frequent oil shampoos and correct rinses. The right kind of wave set will have much to do with the beauty and lustre of your hair, too. In case you are doubtful as to the correct procedure in these matters, I shall devote this article to your enlightenment. If you have additional questions on the care of the hair, I shall be glad to answer them by personal letter if you will write to me, sending a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Let's talk about brushing first. No woman exists who can, without a shudder of apprehension, brush her freshly-waved hair. That reluctance to apply the magical hundred strokes each night accounts for a great many dry, lifeless heads we encounter, for there is no greater beautifier than correct brushing. Any wave is lovelier for being brushed. Its ridges are not flattened a bit, while the natural sheen and brilliance are heightened and dimming flakes of wave set are brushed out. If you are at all adept, you can learn to push the wave back in perfectly, even though it appears at first to have been flattened out. Try this and see if I'm not right.

Of course, I specified *correct* brushing. You must, first of all, use the right kind of brush, preferably one with uneven bristles that reach hair and scalp simultaneously. Bristles mounted on a curve make the brushing easier and more quickly done. If you want the name of an excellent new brush, moderately priced, I can help you out.

To brush the hair properly you should lift up a [*Continued on page* 54]

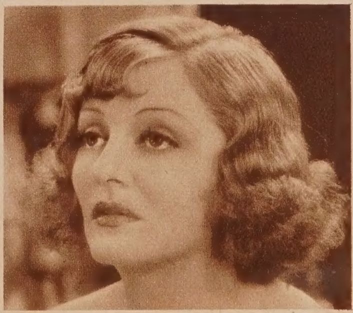
MIDDLE PART



—George Hurrell

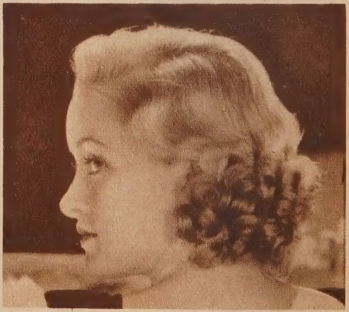
It takes an oval-shaped face like Joan Bennett's to wear a middle part smartly

BANGS



Bangs have a tendency to make Tallulah Bankhead's slender face appear fuller

RINGLET ENDS



A cluster of ringlets at the neck is lovely on very young girls like Marian Marsh

Charlie Farrell Exposed!

[*Continued from page* 18]

tive, long, slender muscles that give their owner speed and rhythm of movement. Always it has been love of the game rather than greed for top honors in Charlie's case.

It is the same attitude that he has displayed toward motion picture work. He loves it, probably as does no other screen star.

Just the other day I asked him what he would do if his stardom were suddenly taken from him and overnight he found himself once more at the bottom of the movie ladder. Such things have happened before in Cinematown, you know.

Without hesitation, he replied: "I've often thought about that, myself—particularly about the time that talkies arrived. I'd start all over again, doing extra work and playing bits whenever I could get them. I would probably do my full share of kicking about the bumps that every extra has to take, but I think I'd be fairly happy, because I like the work well enough to put up with a lot for the sake of doing it.

"The one thing that might stump me and drive me away from Hollywood would be the condolences of friends. I hate to be pitied. I had a little experience of that kind about three years ago when a lot of people decided I could never make the grade in talkies."

Charlie, no matter what has been said of him, likes to keep "out of the picture" as much as possible. He is not hypocritical enough to pretend that he hasn't found considerable satisfaction in his fame, but, on the other hand, he has never been guilty of seeking the limelight on every possible occasion. Incidentally, his attitude toward sports again clinches that contention. For a glimpse of the real Charles Farrell, consider his football career in college.

HE LIKED the game but was honest enough to know that he hadn't a chance of making the first team. Nevertheless, he applied for a suit and "went out." With the scrubs, he might have attracted a little attention in the backfield, but the coach needed linemen for the varsity to train against, so Charlie took a place at tackle. There he stayed for two years, unrecognized and unsung. No, he's not very apt to contract that Hollywood malady which increases the hat size.

Another thing that has featured Charlie's rise to stardom is perseverance. He's one of the few stars to climb from the extra ranks. Anyone who knows Hollywood must realize that it takes plenty of stick-to-itiveness to do that. Again, if you want a shining example of Charlie's ability to persevere, examine his record as a collegiate boxer.

He was pretty good with the gloves when he was in school, and, as a feature of a field day, he was matched with Mickey Cochran, long a star with the Philadelphia Athletics and one of Charlie's best friends. In those days, Mickey was a sensational football player, a stellar track man, and one of the best intercollegiate boxers in the country. He outweighed Charlie. Furthermore, the present friendship was entirely missing. Charlie, by his own admission, was pretty panicky. When dressing for the bout, he overheard a conversation between Mickey's seconds, and that didn't help his nerves. It seemed that Mickey had been training with a professional and was planning nothing less than the absolute slaughter of one Charles Farrell.

Nevertheless, Charlie went through with it. In the first rounds, he took a pretty severe drubbing, but he stuck and kept fighting back. At the final bell, the referee gave him the decision—but that's unimportant. The point I'm making is that he stuck and that the same perseverance has carried him through many a Hollywood bout with Bad Breaks, the most merciless fighter of all.

Just now, although the rainy season is on, whenever the sun breaks out enough to make tennis possible, Charlie is out wielding a racket. For once, he is feeling a great urge to win. He faces the best competition available and is holding his own.

Sob stories about his romances have endowed him with a heraldic device consisting of an arrow-pierced heart bleeding on a field of forget-me-nots. In reality, his coat of arms should be a pair of tennis rackets rampant on a clay court with this motto, "For Love of the Game."

Behind the Scenes

[*Continued from page* 48]

ators were successful in their arbitration efforts. It is an open secret that both sides made concessions. At all events, Jimmy is drawing a weekly stipend of $1,750, an increase of about $350 but considerably shy of the $4,200 he demanded.

Telling It To The Judge

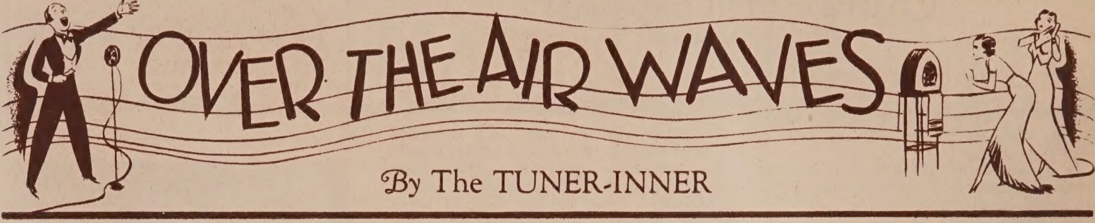
EVELYN BRENT can now be classified as one of Movietown's best shod sirens, if a suit for $1,218 brought against her by a shoe firm is any criterion. Victor McLaglen forgot all about a $300 doctor bill, is the claim of a physician. Noah Beery may be in the pink of physical condition but financially he is in the red, according to his contention when he pleaded inability to liquidate an $82 judgment rendered against him more than a year ago. Gloria Swanson's exquisite furnishings of her Beverly Hills place just barely escaped the long arm of the law, when the sheriff was frustrated in the nick of time, being paid something like $7,500 for a furniture bill as he was about to seize some of the Swanson glories. Then there is that $2,000,000 slander suit of Ronald Colman against Samuel Gold-

[*Continued on page* 53]

Jackie Cooper's Dream on Christmas Eve

—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Jackie Cooper demonstrates what happens to young fellows who spend their Christmas Eves checking up on the time Santa Claus gets around. He's fallen fast asleep but take a peek at the grand dream he's having. Not one of the big stars on the Metro lot has forgotten him. Best of all is the big sail boat he's been wanting for ages—it's worth missing Santa's visit to have such a glorious dream!



OVER THE AIR WAVES

By The TUNER-INNER

YOWZZA, yowzza, as good old Ben Bernie is wont to say, Radio and the movies are getting terribly cuddly these days what with all the ether stars rushing Hollywoodward to make pictures and all the studio scouts snooping around broadcast stations looking for new material. And what material! There are more good-looking talented boys and girls blushing unseen before the microphone than you can shake a stick at. So take a tip. If you hanker for a movie career, one route is via radio. It's a job to wangle your local station into an audition and an even tougher assignment to make good on the air, but once you do there's no telling where the air waves may lead.

So lookit! Gracie Allen draws almost as much pay from the studios as she does from her broadcasts. Kate Smith proves that beauty isn't everything by making such a hit in *The Big Broadcast* that Hollywood wants her for more pictures, the first being *Moon Song*. There are other radio favorites making good in Hollywood and a lot more to come. Television, too, is a lot closer around the corner than prosperity, which makes the microphone an opportunity sign post for all the lads and lassies.

Hollywood On The Air

Maybe before this reaches print your radio may already have tuned to the insane prattle of "Schnozzle" Durante who has signed to do a series of broadcasts. In just one year, Jimmy has become Hollywood's champion comic and what he'll do to the air waves is very liable to make Colonel Stoopnagle and Bud hang their heads.

WHAT THEIR RADIO SALARIES ARE

A Tabulation Showing How Radio pay checks run neck and neck with picture salaries.

Amos 'n' Andy	$7,500
Ben Bernie's Band	6,500
The Boswell Sisters	3,000
Burns and Allen	2,000
Russ Colombo	2,000
Bing Crosby	3,000
Morton Downey	4,500
Guy Lombardo's Band	6,000
The Mills Brothers	3,500
Rudy Vallee	4,500
Kate Smith	7,500
Paul Whiteman's Band	8,500

(From a list published in *Variety*)

Maurice Chevalier set himself up to a neat purse of $4,000 for one night's broadcast in Holland recently, proving that citizens in the land of below sea level know a good thing when they hear it.

Stanley Smith, who returns to the screen with Nancy Carroll in *Hot Saturday*, has organized his own band and is now broadcasting from the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Wallace Reid showed fine mike talent when she played a part in *The Scarlet Dawn* sent out from a coast station. It's a guarantee that we'll be hearing more from the former Dorothy Davenport.

Radio fans have been clamoring for studio officials to put Morton Downey in a picture. Barbara Bennett's hubby is a wow on the screen, although he hasn't made many film appearances, for he's tall and handsome as you please.

A disappointment to all radioers is Marie Dressler's decision not to accept a broadcasting offer. Marie, you see, is well fixed, works hard at the studio and well deserves a rest when she is vacationing from the camera.

Tips For Tuners

Edwin C. Hill, who describes news events in the most vivid way ever, is the first single performer on a program of

HOLLYWOOD HAS ITS EYE ON RADIO FAVORITES

Lanny Ross is one of radio's handsomer male stars. He once ran brilliantly on Yale's track team and warbled for the Alma Mater's glee club. Now his tenor voice entertains thousands

Anyone of them beautiful enough to be in the movies! The Pickens Sisters—Jane, sweet-voiced Helen and Potti—are widely celebrated in radio circles as the air's Georgia peaches. Don't be surprised if you see one or all of these crooning little Southern girls on the screen before long

Here is a girl whose loveliness causes flutterings in the heart of many a male as she sings daily from NBC's Chicago studios. Sarah Ann McCabe is just one of the reasons the world needs television

this sort to make a big hit. A little dialing around supper time will locate his fascinating chatter.

Rudy Vallée gets better and better. Tunes and everything about perfect.

Easy Aces are back on the air again and whether you play bridge or not you'll get a huge laugh out of their radioantics.

The neatest gadget yet is a tiny radio set no bigger than a book. It's complete and useful as the lummox sizes. Sells for the modest sum of $25 and may be less when the novelty has worn off. On parties, trips or camping out, this midget set is what the doctor ordered.

The Fans Broadcast

Bits of advice to radio stars and their sponsors from the listeners-in:

PAT BARNES—"Why doesn't he come back on the air in the morning. His program was the brightest spot in the housewives' day. We miss his cheery story and dozen dialects."—Mrs. K. L. Palmer, St. Paul, Minn.

AMOS N' ANDY—"Must they go on forever repeating with only slight variations how the Kingfish gets the better of Andy? Why doesn't Andy get wise and take the Kingfish for a ride?"—Benjamin J. P., Lake Forest, Ill.

George Raft—Champion Don Juan

[*Continued from page* 46]

imagination of America's greatest city as a dancer in brilliant stage shows. Hollywood lured him as it does all successful Broadwayites and the public at large discovered him for the first time in *Scarface.*

Such is the past of the man who has become a sensation in public and private life. His romances are many, but even the most imaginative reporter hesitates to predict that George Raft will wed any of the cinema beauties who have fallen under the magic spell of his personality. George is a lone wolf. The chances are extremely slight that he will ever disappoint his new army of admirers by allowing any girl to lead him into the paths of matrimony.

Behind the Scenes

[*Continued from page* 51]

wyn, his boss. It's the most complex lawsuit of all, as Goldwyn is accused of tearing down something which cost him many millions to build up. But then, anything can happen in Hollywood.

The Reason Of The Because

LAUREL and Hardy, that inimitable team of funsters, recently returned from abroad. At a swanky party in their honor, they stated that they knew why the English were a nation of tea-drinkers.

"Yes?" inquired their host.

"Because we had some of their coffee!" they chorused.

—*Eugene Robert Richee*

W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth provoke mirth together for the first time in one of the seven separate stories in Paramount's gigantic feature, *If I Had a Million*—a pat on the back for the casting director who thought up that unbeatable team!

The Strange Case of Loretta Young

[*Continued from page* 33]

gave proof of that not long ago, when, for the first time since her marriage, she again fell in love. Again her romance brought her unhappiness. She shrugged and plunged head-over-heels into her work. One must admire such courage, especially when it is a nineteen-year-old who displays it.

SHE lives with her mother and her three sisters. Shortly after her divorce, she tried living alone, but "almost died of loneliness." And no wonder, for Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young, Loretta and their mother share every confidence and the plans made by one invariably include all the rest.

"It is good for me to live at home," Loretta says with a smile. "There I am just Gretchen, the third daughter, and any ideas regarding my own importance which I pick up in the studio are soon disabused. I was in New York when *Life Begins* was previewed. Polly Ann evidently feared I would be inflated by the critics' praise of the picture. She promptly sent me a wire, saying in effect that while the picture was good, I, personally, was not so 'hot.'

"Any star who contends that the attentions he receives from fans and from people in the industry are not gratifying is making a ridiculous statement. There is *immense* gratification in being deferred to by one's co-workers and in being recognized in public. It's so great a thrill that it's intoxicating and dangerous because one so easily acquires the taste. While it's 'good business' to emphasize one's importance at times, it borders on tragedy when the pretense becomes real. Thank heaven, I've grown up in the business. Too many people still call me Gretchen to permit me to lose my head completely."

"I'm deeply grateful for the things I've learned on the set," she says. "Most of the studio workers are Bohemian and ultra frank, but they are clean-minded. No great effort is made to conceal adult conditions from a girl in her 'teens. My contacts have always kept me older than my actual years.

"Because I started in pictures when I was just a child, it took me years to outgrow the impression that screen work is just another variety of play. Now I regard it as extremely serious work. I'm ambitious and I've learned how to study. If ever I marry again, I think I shall leave the screen."

LORETTA is not an unhappy, disillusioned recluse. She has always been one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. Perhaps she doesn't go dancing quite so often as many, but that is simply because she is showing more interest in her work—and because she is devoting more time to study. She is gay and light-hearted and has a grand sense of humor.

I think she has an enviable record. A full-fledged star at nineteen, her stardom has been slowly and honestly won. Now that she is a "grown-up," a far wider range of parts is open to her. That she can do them justice is evident from her recent extremely fine performances.

After the first showing of that picture, I talked to several nationally known critics. Unanimously, they confessed their amazement at the change in Loretta and predicted that she will become one of the screen's greatest dramatic stars.

So, if you are interested in things cinema, watch the rise of Loretta Young, who yesterday was a gangly girl and who today is a tantalizingly beautiful young woman.

Is Your Hair Up-to-Date?

[*Continued from page* 50]

single strand at a time and give it at least four strokes from the scalp out to the ends. Brush each strand first underneath, then on top, then on both sides. After the brushing has covered the entire head, give a few minutes' special attention to the hair line at the forehead and back of the neck. Here give several short, rapid upward strokes in order to remove cream and powder particles lodged around the roots of the hair. Now that the brushing is completed, comb your waves carefully into place, curling up the ends on your fingers. You will find that the wave has actually been strengthened rather than weakened by this beneficial brushing. Practice it faithfully once a day.

If your scalp and hair are not normal, you should use a good tonic to correct the abnormal condition. This tonic should be applied to the scalp with bits of cotton during the brushing. Besides shampooing your hair you must also massage a tonic into the scalp daily or on alternate days. If you like, I can send you the name of a good tonic that will correct unhealthy scalp conditions such as those I mentioned. Of course, dandruff keeps forming after each shampoo, until the disease is completely cured by correct tonics and massage.

If your hair is very dry and brittle, inclined to break off easily, you should give yourself hot oil treatments before your soap and water shampoos. (Or you should at least use soapless shampoos, if you object to giving yourself the more arduous hot oil treatments.) The day before you are to shampoo your hair, give it a thorough brushing and with bits of cotton apply warm olive oil to every inch of the scalp and hair. Then apply Turkish towels wrung out of hot water, and let them remain on the oil-soaked hair so that the heat will give the oil more penetrative value. If possible, allow the oil to remain on the hair over-night, removing it the next day with a thorough soap and water shampoo. If you are a working girl, you will have to condense the treatment, but give your hair as much of a break as possible by allowing at least an hour to elapse between the rub and the shampoo.

If you are of the dry-haired sisterhood, always remember to apply a good grade of brilliantine to your dry locks after your wave. If your hair is oily, you might as well resign yourself to shampooing once a week at least. If you are a blonde, it may be necessary to wash it oftener, in order to keep it looking bright. Jean Harlow shampoos her silvery hair every other day. You should use a good liquid soap shampoo and be very careful to rinse out the soap. Rinse first in warm water and then in cold. Then, rinse and rinse some more, for frequently it is soap residue left on the hair that hastens oiliness.

AFTER the water has done its best, then apply a commercial vegetable rinse to brighten and tone up the hair. There is a comparatively new one on the market that has achieved a lot of popularity in Hollywood. You can be sure of finding the correct shade for your hair in this harmless rinse for there is an imposing list of shades available which is all-inclusive. You can buy this rinse at most toiletry counters for ten cents a package. There is enough in each package for two rinses. In using this type of rinse, it is usually wise to select a shade a trifle lighter than your own hair, to bring out the highlights most effectively.

With the hair properly rinsed, you come to the serious matter of wave lotion. I am very fussy about this phase of hair care, for I do think that the beauty of much lovely hair is dimmed and lost through the use of cheap wave-sets that leave a flaky or gummy sediment. All your careful rinsing and oil treatments will be useless if you plaster a thick, gummy lotion on your clean hair . . . Learn to use as little of the lotion as you can to make your wave stay in place. The best fingerwave artist in the country uses a minimum of lotion, yet his waves are remarkable for their lasting qualities. He is especially careful about applying little lotion on the ends. He simply combs the scant remainder of that applied on the top of the head down to the ends and then forms them into ringlets. They stay beautifully curled until the next shampoo. If your hair is very straight, allow it to get almost dry after your shampoo and then apply the wave lotion sparingly.

June Vlasek has her first important rôle in *Chandu, the Magician*, but it doesn't take a mystic to see through June's tricky little gown

There is an excellent new wave lotion on the market that is obtainable in either prepared or unprepared form. The prepared wave-set comes in a bottle and sells for 35 and 60 cents. The unprepared powder (three packets for 25 cents) costs less. You dissolve the contents of one envelope in three-fourths of a pint of water to make a thoroughly satisfactory setting lotion. If your hair doesn't need much coaxing, you can dilute it still more. Send me that stamped addressed envelope and I'll tell you the name. The same name is carried by an excellent shampoo and hair tonic.

IF YOU like bargains and if your hair is easily trained you'll be interested in the combination offer of a soapless shampoo and a lotion for training waves in straight hair. Together with a small atomizer for applying the lotion, the outfit costs less than $2. There is a leaflet accompanying the kit that tells in detail how to perform the gradual miracle of transforming straight hair into wavy hair. In case it sounds impossible, I can testify that if you follow directions, you get the results claimed. The owner of a large Chicago salon tells me that she gives treatments with this training lotion with amazing success.

If you are extremely fastidious or simply want to put on an extra touch for some big occasion, you should mix a flacon of a new perfumed hair lotion with your regular wave set. This lotion is a clear perfume, and it not only scents the hair beautifully until the next shampoo, and makes it dry much more quickly, but gives the hair added sheen. You can buy the hair lotion in twelve well-known fragrances. The maker is a French perfumer of international reputation. If your hair is easily waved, you can use it without the aid of wave-set. You can buy it at most of the better beauty salons.

A cute new trick in hair styles is the evening net coiffure. It is an elaborate type of hair style covered, for formal wear, with a romantic looking net veil, a bit larger than the popular ones worn with hats. The net should match the shade of your gown or accessories to be really effective. I saw a stunning red-haired model wearing a light green net to match green pumps and a green evening bag and gloves. Her hair was combed back straight and arranged on one side in a mass of close curls. The net was placed over the hair with the edge just above the eyebrows, pulled forward a little at the sides and fastened with invisible hairpins. It extended past the shoulders in the back. The veil is useful as well as *très* Hollywood, for it helps to keep the hair in place.

While on the subject of hair care, it is only a step to talking about the removal of hair. The nasty superfluous kind that makes chiffon hose and sleeveless gowns unflattering. I discovered a very efficient little business called a "hair eraser." It is a small pad with an abrasive surface that, when rubbed over superfluous hairs, erases them completely. It is as convenient as a powder puff. It can be used on any part of the body without fear of injuring the skin. If you're interested in knowing the name, drop me a line.

I've one more thing to tell about: A remarkable new mask or mould which is rubber-like in consistency and does wonders for your skin. You place the tube containing the mask into hot water to liquefy it and then apply it warm to your well-cleansed skin. The next step is to lie down and relax for thirty minutes. My skin was exceptionally soft when I removed the mould and lines were gone. A special cleansing cream, tissue cream, liquid cleanser, astringent and foundation cream come with a tube of the mould in a special kit that costs $1. A stamped envelope will bring you the name.

KATHERINE M.—You are having the same difficulty that many girls are experiencing now—in letting your bangs grow. The vogue for bangs that was started by Joan Crawford, Lilyan Tashman and others induced many girls to cut bangs when they just weren't the type. The best way to let them grow is to have them thinned or tapered (each hair cut a different length) so that they can be combed back and swirled in with the rest of your hair.

MRS. F. R. H.—To camouflage your double chin from the front, apply a bit of purplish or blue eyeshadow very thinly over the swell that marks the double chin. Then powder over the eyeshadow so that it is unnoticeable. This won't correct your profile, of course, but it will make your front face more youthful looking. It is practicable only for night, too, when lights and shadows permit more pronounced make-up.

This is the proper way to rouge a broad face: Place the coloring close to the nose and directly under the eyes. The rouge when applied should be no wider than the width of three fingers held perpendicularly under your eye. Hair parted on the side rather than in the middle is more becoming to a broad face. Don't wear earrings that dangle and give an impression of added width to the jaws.

◆

Phillips Holmes Cuts in on David and Billie

[*Continued from page* 47]

turbed about the turn of events, because, as he says, Billie and he are not serious. Being a confirmed believer in the effects of the stars on human destiny, he says they were not meant for each other.

"Billie and I were born under the same sign. Had we been born under different signs we probably would have been madly in love with each other. But a romance or a love affair needs conflict. We are too much alike. We can check right down on every particular thing and find that we have identical reactions."

All of which may be just a smoke screen. At any rate, the Dove-Manners-Holmes triangle is giving Hollywood a lot to talk about. They say it will be David or Phillips or neither. Place your bets!

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THE FATES OF YOUR FAVORITES

By Madame Helene
Celebrated Astrologer

Do your talents and life match those of a film star? Astrology will tell!

ZaSu Pitts, whose birth date is January 3. might have won success as a dancer, a physical director or woman doctor as well as in the acting profession according to her heritage from the stars

GIVE the day, month and year you were born and you have given me a complete picture of your mental habits, your taste in regard to food and clothing. You have told in a few words and figures the story of the work in which you will be most happy and successful and have pointed out as clearly as print the kind of companion you will need in order to get the utmost happiness out of your love.

ZaSu Pitts was born in January and here is her story, written by the stars at her birth.

She is not wasteful. She knows how to save, to put away and have for a rainy day. Her heritage from the stars gives her a desire for exactness and for refined and orderly surroundings. She loves her home and no matter what her surroundings will do her best to make them attractive. She will keep her personal possessions in order and if she enters business is likely to surprise her associates with new and sound ideas.

ZaSu, born on January 3, 1903, received one remarkable gift from the tremendous forces of Nature. She was granted a natural heritage of health. She can endure hardships; she has a natural physical resistance that will withstand suffering. She might be compelled to live under unsanitary conditions but her physical strength or endurance would carry her through. Aside from the motion picture field she might have made a wonderful success as a physical director or coach. She might have won fame as a dancer or in some outdoor sport. She could easily have won a place as a woman doctor while from the first her stars assured her success before the camera.

You may not have the same gifts from your own stars but if you know them you are sure to find important facts about yourself that will help you win success. You may have the gift of making a home—of being a wonderful wife and mother. Or Nature may have given you talents that you never have suspected. Your stars tell the truth about all these matters just as they reveal these facts about ZaSu Pitts. This is her story, told by her stars, and the proof of centuries is that the stars do not lie. They hold the story of your life—or mine, and of each man or woman today, no matter what their ages.

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Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page 37*]

the picture, he had his toe-nails painted a glaring crimson. When he tried to wash the paint off, he discovered to his consternation that it wouldn't wash. The more he scoured, the redder his toe-nails became. Finally he gave it up as a bad job, decided to let it wear off, and gradually forgot all about it.

About a week afterward, he had a day off and decided to go swimming. When he walked along the crowded beach, he noticed people pointing at him and covertly laughing. A crowd of boys gathered and trailed him along the beach, but still he didn't tumble. Then one of the youngsters remarked, "Lookit the big sissy. He paints his toenails!"

Polly's Fox Pass

THE guests at Polly Moran's Laguna beach house were talking about philosophy—commenting on the theories of Kant, Spinoza, Nietsche, Bacon and the rest of the boys.

Polly kept a discreet silence for a while, then interrupted. "As far as I'm concerned," she said, "I'll cast my vote for that old Chinaman, Confusion."

A New Comedienne

WARNER BROTHERS make no bones about predicting that Eleanor Holm, the Olympic back-stroke champ, will become the greatest comédienne on the screen. They say she's the Mabel Normand type.

Of course, the W. B. enthusiasm may be partly occasioned by the fact that Eleanor signed a long term ticket with them, but her tests *do* show remarkable promise. She's the aquatic beauty who turned down a Ziegfeld contract because she didn't want to give up her swimming career.

It Should Be Easy

HEARD in one of Hollywood's cheaper beaneries:

1st Extra—"This business has certainly been the berries this year, hasn't it, dearie?"

2nd Extra (a Shakespearian voice)—"It certainly has. I haven't worked for exactly eleven months."

1st Extra—"But don't you think pictures have been better this year?"

2nd Extra (critically)—"Well, now, I don't know. I always try to judge every picture just as if I were an outsider."

Did You Know

THAT Tala Birell speaks five languages, German, French, Polish, Roumanian and English (she's also picked up a fair smattering of Hollywoodese) . . . that Gloria Stuart's grandparents sailed 'round the Horn to California in 1846 . . . that Gwili Andre never has given an interview . . . that one of the sets for *Tess of the Storm Country* cost more than $60,000 . . . that Bill Haines has never been reported either in love or engaged . . . that Marlene Dietrich has given up her Beverly Hills home and established permanent residence at the beach . . . that Joe E. Brown sat in the Yankee dugout during the last World Series . . . that Helen Mann is closely related to the late Em-

[*Continued on page 66*]

Strike up the Band!

[*Continued from page* 32]

enough of a technician in acting to deliberately figure out how to walk away with a scene. I used to romp through parts long before I became a star. I was just filled with happiness at having the chance to do something, and it showed in my work to the extent that reviewers would hand the laurels to me.

"I never realized how much there was to the acting profession and how many different aspects it had until I went on my personal appearance tour. For several months I turned down a number of offers. I felt that a personal appearance tour would mean an admission on my part that I was through in pictures. Now I am glad that I did it. I have learned a lot from it, not only from the acting standpoint but also from the ethical and human angle.

"WORKING all the time in Hollywood, I did not realize that I could step into a strange city and draw an audience by my name alone. When we opened cold in Chicago, it was one of those hot, sultry days in August that drive people far away from the city. I was very low, for I felt that my first stage appearance would have to be before an empty house. I confided my fears to my manager, and in answer he took me outside and showed me the crowd lined up to the boxoffice—two blocks long. I broke down in tears. Nothing had ever touched me so much in all my life."

Alice gave a dancing act throughout her tour. She made no mention of pictures and did nothing to trade on her Hollywood reputation. She was trying to build herself up to be a stage personality. There were times when her act went over terribly—as far as her work in it was concerned. But the public continued coming in ever greater numbers. In one town in the East she broke a theatre's boxoffice record that had been established by Eddie Cantor—and that right in Cantor's home territory.

"Interest in the people that make up an audience became an obsession with me," Alice said. "I would spend most of my time between shows backstage receiving the men, women and children who wanted to talk to me—and I think it was a greater thrill for me than it was for them. They asked me innumerable questions about Hollywood and the picture people, and when I got through answering them I would make them answer my questions. I would ask them what they thought about certain pictures and players, and particularly about Clara Bow.

"I always felt that Clara had a bad break and should be back again on the top pedestal. Nine out of every ten people whom I questioned about Clara agreed with me.

"I took tips from stagehands, theatre musicians and electricians. Several times I found myself in theatres where some other prominent movie person had preceded me on a personal appearance tour. By a little eavesdropping on stage hands, I learned who was good or bad, and why—and above all, I learned the penalties that snobbish actors unconsciously bring on themselves."

Alice's eyes began to rove around the little dining room in which we were eating and talking. It was two years since she had been there, and in the photos of stars and players which lined the walls was a mute story of change that had taken place in her absence.

"I don't want you to refer to my return to work here as a 'come-back,' said Alice thoughtfully. "I have never been out of pictures; it seems as though I have never left. The past two years now seem like a dream—more like a—a strange interlude. I know that I am a saner and a wiser girl, and, I hope, a better actress—and I am just beginning in my fight to make good."

Sylvia's Advice to Modern Girls

[*Continued from page* 22]

wife and mother. Certainly no other job requires so much understanding and sound intelligence. A wife who has had first hand experience mingling with people in a busy, bustling office is much more likely to understand her husband, be charitable to his faults and stimulating to his virtues, than the girl who has been pampered and protected until the time of her marriage and who expects to continue being pampered for the rest of her life. And a mother is much better qualified to train her children if she knows something about the conditions they will have to meet when they tear themselves loose from her apron strings and go out into the world.

"I've always noticed that working girls have the sharpest minds. They're interested in many things. They've broadened their perspective and most men will admit that they are far better companions than the girl who has lived in a narrow rut that runs only from one social obligation to another.

"Another thing—she is not nearly as much inclined to selfishness as the average girl who doesn't work. She learns that worthwhile things are to be earned by honest effort, and she doesn't expect some beneficent Providence to toss them into her lap."

"Do you regard your career as 'a job'?" I asked.

"Of course. Any worthwhile work is a job. I don't think I am more to be envied than any other girl who has made a success of her particular work. It is *work*, after all. The *kind* of job is not particularly important. It's contact with life that counts—that and doing your job well."

All in all, Sylvia's philosophy has the ring of truth. I wonder how many of the millions of working girls in these United States agree with her?

"I wouldn't trade the *experience in living* that my job has given me for all the wealth and fame in the world," she repeats.

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Orphan Annie Comes to Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 40]

dresser to curl it every morning." Mitzi-Annie pivoted around so that I could get a comprehensive view of her locks. "Look, Jerry. I'm learning to do needle-point work. This is a pin cushion. I'm going to make mother and daddy a tray cover for Christmas. Do you think they'll like it? Oh-h-h, you Sandy, *come back here with that yarn!!"*

She was off after the big police dog who plays the part of Sandy in the picture, and I was left to speculate on how this eleven-year-old Green child can lose herself so perfectly in an impersonation.

Harold Gray, the creator of *Little Orphan Annie*, met Mitzi in New York. "I'm very glad you're going to play the rôle," he told her. "You don't look much like *my* 'Annie' but they'll take care of that in Hollywood."

DADDY WARBUCKS is in it too—minus his millions during the first part of the picture. That's how Annie happens to get back into the orphanage because, you see, Mr. Warbucks is away making all that money and he returns just in time— But maybe I'm telling. Mitzi poured out so many confidences while that needle of hers flew back and forth. Every once in a while she'd stop and spread her work on my lap and together we'd inspect the stitches on her needle-point work.

Pretty soon the giant lights were adjusted to the cameraman's satisfaction. Mitzi's special charge was little Buster Phelps. She even took castor oil for his sake—and greater love than this no child hath. He's her boon companion in the picture, the one for whom she makes all the sacrifices.

They were in the wash room. Mitzi, as per the director's orders, was busily giving Buster that school-boy complexion and the other tots were going through various forms of ablution.

"That's fine," said Mr. Robertson. "Now listen, you youngsters. This is to be a 'take.' No one is to look at the camera or at his or her mamma. Just keep right on soaping and splashing. All ready? Turn 'em over, boys!"

Tranquillity—a blissful peace for the space of two minutes. Without warning Buster "blew up" in his lines. He couldn't quite understand a certain bit of "business" . . . how the director wanted him to turn abruptly and rub chubby fists into his eyes. Everyone was very patient but Buster simply couldn't rub properly. So Mitzi, with a firm little nod at her director, reminiscent of the real Annie, marshalled Buster off to a corner by themselves.

I don't know what brand of child psychology she used on him. It must have been very potent for when they came back they both were laughing and they went through that scene without a hitch. Buster was a marvel. He had his "business" down so that even the director looked on in wide-eyed wonder. Mitzi smiled proudly. It's impossible to estimate just how much of it is due to her coaching, but since then Radio has placed Buster under contract with a salary that would make a bank president blue with envy. Mitzi, herself, is now a full-fledged star.

A sweet old voice broke in on my thoughts. May Robson—the "Lady Bountiful" of Annie's orphanage—had come on the set. They couldn't have chosen a character more true to the type than she is.

"We're two old-timers," she said as she hugged Mitzi. "Both of us have spent the greater part of our lives in the show business. Of course, there's a bit of a difference in our ages—but what's that to two old troupers?"

And the Annie-in-the-flesh hugged her, too.

***Rasputin*, Ethel Barrymore's first talking picture, does not confine her talent to holding sway over a gorgeous throne room as the bejeweled Czarina, but she and John Barrymore have rôles of depth when tragedy strikes the royal Russian family and the Czarina enters the Red Cross**

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—Photos by Hyman Fink

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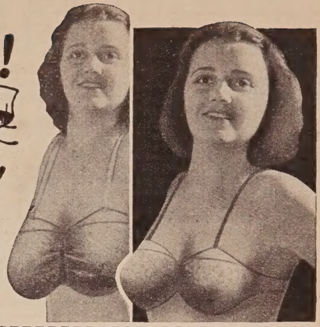

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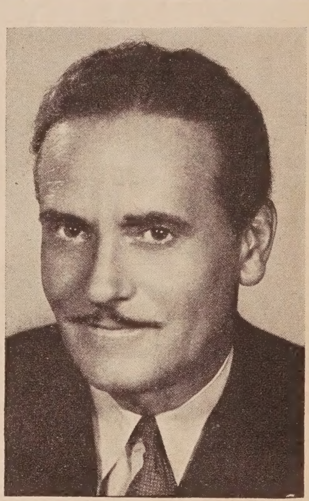
Ralph Morgan



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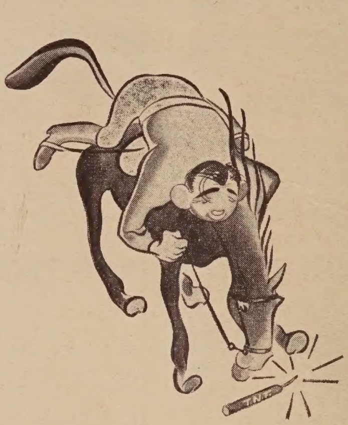
BEFORE starting his career as an actor, John Barrymore, among other occupations, solicited testimonials for a hair restorer. To help him get started, his sister Ethel gave him the first testimonial.

Mary Pickford destroys the negative when she gives an autographed portrait to a personal friend so the picture never can be duplicated.

Research workers for *The Sign of the Cross* found that the backless gowns, high heels, red-tinted fingernails and curled hair of today were fashionable also in 64 A. D.



A horse saved Clark Gable's life. Just before a dynamite explosion that killed several men, the horse sensed danger and carried Gable out of range of the blast

In his desire to keep his private and professional lives distinctly separate, Will Rogers refuses to have a telephone in his home.

An ordinary electric scalp vibrator moved back and forth across the head of a kettle drum reproduces the sound of airplane motors for the talkies.

When Greta Garbo, now notably slender, applied for her first screen work she was so plump she had to go on a rigid diet for three months. Mauritz Stiller, Swedish director who discovered her, was the man who ordered the diet. Garbo returned to him three months later twenty-five pounds lighter and won a screen engagement.

The historic Goldfield, Nevada, gold-rush was started by John Halliday, who appears in *The Age of Consent.* He discovered the gold that precipitated the rush.

Doug Fairbanks Jr. never attended school. His education was received from private tutors.

Lilyan Tashman was studying to be a school teacher when the late Florenz Ziegfeld saw her in a café and offered her a rôle in the *Follies.* That was the start of her acting career.

At one time in New York City George Raft was a grocer's delivery boy.

Mary Astor assists her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, by taking pictures with a miniature movie camera of his operations. The completed pictures sometimes are loaned to medical schools for the purpose of study by students.

Russell Gleason established a travel record by leaving Hollywood on a Thursday and arriving in Paris, France, on the following Thursday. He flew by plane from Hollywood to New York and there took a fast boat for Europe.

An iron pipe is tied to a roller skate and dragged across the floor to create the sound of a moving streetcar for the talkies.

To inspire emotion in little Cora Sue Collins for crying scenes, her mother reads her Biblical stories.

Considering it a bid for good luck, Richard Barthelmess never fails to nod to a Chinese.

Clark Gable, in a short space of time, has become unusually proficient in tennis. His instructor was the one-armed janitor of the apartment house in which Clark formerly lived.

There is an attorney in England named Michael J. G. Mouse.

Tom Mix has six hundred pairs of boots and shoes. Many of them are embossed with Tom's initials.

Hats, knitted suits, necklaces, cake, peanuts, miniature shoes, dishes and other gifts in addition to fan mail arrive daily from all parts of the world for Gary Cooper's pet chimpanzee, "Toluca."

A machine has been designed to make cobwebs from asbestos for the movies. The asbestos is shredded by it.

In Richard Dix's new picture, *The Conquerors*, the actual voice of former President Woodrow Wilson, who died before talkies originated, will be heard. His voice was transferred from a phonograph record to the talkie sound track.

Boris Karloff is wound daily with 150 yards of cloth for his rôle of the mummy in *The Mummy.*

Fan mail received by Our Gang from Spain invariably is addressed "La Pandilla," which literally means "persons joined together for making mischief."

Queer Antics of Hollywood's $1,000,000 Stars

[*Continued from page* 10]

Not on your life. Most of the long shots were Jiggs, and it simply galled his soul when he learned that Cheeta cleaned up $3,000 for the entire picture.

Just in case you're inclined to think Jiggs is the least bit snooty, you're right. He is. He has an apartment all his own with parlor, bedroom and sink. He refuses bluntly to sleep in a blanket that smells the least bit, and importantly clasps his hands in the Oriental manner before requesting a clean one. His most important feature rôle was in the *Silent Witness,* but he won't brag about it. The director insisted that he fire a thirty-eight revolver, and he's scared to death of guns. Finally, he was made to understand that he couldn't finish work for the day until he fired the gun, so just for spite he held the entire company up until five o'clock, at which time he fired the revolver, and made a bee-line off the set.

JOSEPHINE, the monkey, is the most lovable and evenly-tempered of the animal actors. She is the simian business partner of Gabriel Canzono, one time an organ grinder, but now exclusive manager of Josephine's progressing career. The little monkey is thirteen years old, has worked in over one hundred pictures and boasts the distinction of the only actor to ever put his feet on Garbo's neck—which he did in *Romance.* Favorite food is lady fingers and pet aversion, cats. Dogs are okay.

To Melville Juntz, twenty-three year old youth, goes the credit for the gentlemanly behavior of one Jackie, the lion and most famous "heavy" of the movie jungles. Melville raised Jackie from a mere cub, and though he is now five years old, he has never shown a sign of viciousness. With Melville he is as affectionate as a parlor kitten. When Melville says "Who do you love?" he immediately puts his arms around the boy's neck and kisses him. It is a matter left unproven whether or not a stranger would receive similar affection from Jackie.

When you see *Sign of the Cross,* you will get a camera-eye's view of Teddy, the largest wrestling bear in the world. Raised from a six months old cub by Louis Goody, Teddy is now seven years old, seven feet six inches tall, and weighs 700 pounds. Although he did at one time weigh 840 pounds, a rigid diet of eggs, milk, and carrots successfully knocked off the excess poundage.

Teddy has the reputation of being the only wrestling bear in the world who has never clawed an opponent. From cub-hood he was taught to use the soft part of his paw and has never once missed. Teddy has met most of the world's greatest wrestlers in the ring, but the standing offer of $10,000 to anyone who can throw him, has never been collected. His favorite food is avocados. He has his name copyrighted, as well as his act. Is always looking for a place to sit down. Loves to ride in taxicabs, and is great at tug-a-war. His price for picture work is fifty dollars a day, although Club Dates have many times netted him as much as $5,200 for a performance.

It would be difficult to name the screen's finest dog actor since the recent death of Rin-Tin-Tin. However, a short time prior to this writing I had the opportunity of seeing one of the screen's newcomers, Duke, a twenty-one months old Boston Bull. The pup is astoundingly human in his take-offs on a baby crying, a cat meowing, and a small child's "mama." At the slightest provocation he will sit up and say his prayers, or at the command of his owner, B. L. Barber, stand on his head in perfect form. After all of the above, I was not too amazed when he sat down at the piano, tilted his head high, and sang with his own discords.

Typical of Hollywood and the various demands of the motion picture industry, an animal casting bureau has recently been opened by Pat Healy, associated with the business of training animals for twenty-two years. "If it's on wheels or feet, we have it," is Pat's motto, and among his applications for screen work are the following "free-lancers": Bunky, the trained seal; Bozo, the Chinese goose; Puzzums, the cross-eyed cat; Minnie, the elephant; and Billy, the 125 year old wrestling alligator who taps the paymaster for twenty-five dollars a wrestle.

An Unknown Chapter In Clara Bow's Life

[*Continued from page* 16]

her friend to the living room. It was some time later that Billy heard Clara knock at his door. He opened it to find her face streaked with tears and on one side of it a red blotch. A few seconds and Clara had told him of their visitor's action. He had tried to kiss her good-night. She had slapped his face. He had returned the slap!

Billy's brown eyes fired with anger as he fled through the back door and around to the front of the house. The man's car was still there, but he was not in it. Back into the house, Billy charged to find Mr. Visitor lounging importantly on the divan. The details as to what happened are not necessary here. Suffice to say that Billy was once heavyweight boxing champ of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a certain visiting broker was detained in Hollywood seven days longer than he had originally planned. Reason being he had met with a slight "accident."

There are others who will substantiate Bill's fistic abilities. But Clara is his greatest fan. "There never was a pal like Bill," she says, and how she means it!

Purposely, she has omitted him from her public life. Fearful that he might be subjected to the cruel publicity that has pursued her throughout her turbulent career, she has never mentioned him to the press. It is one of the most inspiring friendships of Clara's life.

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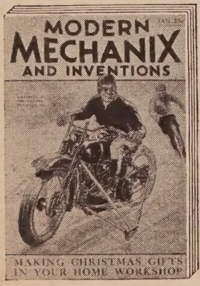

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The Truth About Tallulah

[*Continued from page 43*]

he wrote *The Green Hat—Iris March is Tallulah.* The destiny of these two beautiful women is interwoven.

In the midst of a whirlpool of extravagant parties Tallulah suddenly and capriciously startled the West End by espousing the simple life. She was tucked into bed every night at 11:30 instead of going to bed with the dawn.

TALLULAH'S first stage production in London to win her great acclaim was *The Dancers.* Later she appeared in *They Knew What They Wanted, The Green Hat, Amy, Cardboard Lover, Let Us Be Gay* and dozens of other plays. Iris in *The Green Hat* was Tallulah's favorite rôle.

When speaking of men or possibly a husband, Tallulah says with characteristic wit and candor, "The ideal man would be the prince of bores. A husband should have a sense of humor, *must* have a divine sense of humor. How can anyone condemn you for falling in love? It's not something you do to yourself, but a power from outside that you can't resist any more than a tree can keep from shaking in the storm.

"I live a man's life. Work like a dog. Never free from responsibility. Why shouldn't I have the same privileges and freedom as a man? Here's my code: Never hurt an innocent person. Apart from that what you do is your own business. I don't know whether my conduct is right or wrong by the other fellow's standards, and I don't care so long as it jibes with my own.

"All experience mellows one. I regret nothing. I want to know everything. I want every experience the world can give me. I still hope for a husband and to have a child. Life wouldn't be complete without them."

So speaks the girl with the eyes of a wanton peering into a nursery window.

After eight years of adoration from everyone in London, Tallulah decided to accept a flattering contract from Paramount to make "talkies." There were innumerable farewell parties. She sailed back to America triumphantly.

Her dignified handsome father, Senator John Hollis Bankhead, met her. Every newspaper in the country carried reports as to just what Tallulah wore, what she said and how she looked. It was fun coming back that way. Exciting. Heady.

There followed days of anxiety. Tallulah was nervous over making tests for pictures. She worried over the recording of her voice, over her appearance. Then one day the Paramount officials pronounced them all good and work commenced on *Tarnished Lady,* her first talkie.

Upon its completion a grand première was arranged in her honor. A typical Hollywood opening night with arc lights, announcers and crowds being kept back by the police. Tallulah wore a beautiful, white satin gown with a train and a diamond necklace. Her dignified entrance was ruined by George Cukor, her director, stepping on her train.

Tallulah forgot that people have ears. She forgot everything except her rage at George—a momentary one. She burned up the air with some choice words. Everybody gasped, then laughed.

The picture, unfortunately, was not a good one. In spite of this, the critics gave Tallulah a big hand.

Then she came to Hollywood. This, too, was a much heralded event. Tallulah moved her entire English mènage into Billy Haines' charming white house. Upstairs in the library, in Tallulah's boudoir, were placed all her intimate things. On the desk a photograph in a gold Cartier frame of her lovely young mother. Innumerable yellow packages of English cigarettes and dozens of books, for Tallulah reads all night long. Suffering continuously from insomnia, she does all of her reading late at night.

And Edie, Tallulah's now famous secretary, is always in evidence. It is Edie who sees to it that perfect tea trays appear. Her Southern cook is superb.

Tallulah always wears very tailored silk pajamas in her home. She has dozens of them in all colors with her monogram on them. The last time I had tea with her she wore black silk ones which, some way, made her appear even smaller than ever.

She was asleep when Edie and I tiptoed past her door. She was curled up in a corner of her enormous silk canopied bed. Her ashen blonde hair was flung back on the pillow. Her hand tucked underneath her chin. Some lipstick had been rubbed off into a smudge. Tallulah looked like a little girl who had been stealing strawberry jam.

Tallulah is a chameleon, a graceful one. She changes sometimes imperceptibly—other times it is more apparent.

One of her greatest enthusiasms is Garbo. She *adores* her. Tallulah thinks London is more graceful than New York.

When Tallulah calls out in her low, vibrant voice—"E-e-die," Edie never knows what she is going to want. It wouldn't matter. Edie would discover a way to achieve the impossible. Edie, incidentally, at one time, long ago was one of those enthusiastic young Englishwomen who stood outside the theatre waiting to see Tallulah.

SHE admits whole-heartedly that constructive criticism is important but that *destructive* criticisms are damnable. It has been said that the only person Tallulah has ever hurt was herself, but she's quite ready to pay for any folly without whimpering.

When she was a very young girl having luncheon in New York with a friend she saw Ethel and John Barrymore across the room. She wanted them to notice her, but they were far too occupied with their own conversation. She decided to make them see her, so she set fire to her big straw hat.

In a flash she was on fire. The waiters rushed over to the table, poured water all over her lovely hat, hair and clothes. Imagine her chagrin when the two Barrymores only looked annoyed at the foolish disturbance. Today Ethel Barrymore is one of Tallulah's best friends.

Hollywood has not been a particularly

A tropical fever seems to be sweeping over the studios and exotic countries are the locale for many of the year's big pictures. *Nagana,* with Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell, is the latest. *Nagana* means sleeping sickness and therein lies the plot of the strange tale

happy place for Tallulah. In the first place, one can't jump into a plane and fly over to Paris or Rome or into Spain within a few hours. If her pictures had been successful perhaps she would have been happier.

For *Tarnished Lady,* her first talkie, New York spread out miles of red velvet carpeting. Trumpets blew loud and long heralding Tallulah's première. The picture was incredibly bad. In spite of the mediocrity of story presentation, the critics praised her.

My Sin followed *Tarnished Lady.* This, too, did a bad flip-flop due to the story—directing, *not* to Tallulah. *The Cheat* didn't help matters any. By this time Tallulah said, "Dear God, give Tallulah a good picture. Just for fun give her a good picture and then the girl will have a chance to prove her ability." *Thunder Below* and *Devil and the Deep* came along, washing Tallulah up on the sands of despair.

Tallulah is extremely intelligent, eager to work, co-operative and very beautiful. The last time I visited with her, she said, "I want to leave Hollywood. But I don't want to leave until I've made one good picture. I am hoping that *Faithless,* which I just finished, will be better than the others. I honestly feel it is good, but then—I may be all wrong." She shrugged her shoulders. "Zoe Aikens is writing a play for me now. I am going to play that in New York."

Tallulah is a gallant young soul. If there are ever tears no one sees them. The hurts which have slashed her sensitive soul into unseen ribbons in Hollywood are not mentioned.

In London and New York Tallulah had been richly spoiled. The world was hers whenever she should chance to remember it. In Hollywood everything was chaos. There were too many things happening at once. In place of one idol to worship, there were hundreds. Where one amusing epigram delighted a dinner, in Hollywood, a silly wisecrack is considered a *tour de force.*

Tallulah flashed into the city of shifting, talking shadows, deliberately choosing to forget that politics, when played adroitly, could unlock any door. She did what she darned well wanted to from the start, just as she always has done.

It has been said that Tallulah shocked Hollywood—which is amusing. Hollywood shocked Tallulah.

IF A PARTY is dull, it is always Tallulah who animates the crowd. I have seen her jump up on a table in one of the Biltmore bungalows at a supper party given for Ina Claire and dance divinely. Two seconds later the long supper table of guests were silenced by the sheer beauty of Tallulah standing against a wall giving a swift impersonation of Sarah Bernhardt. Someone's scarf held around her throat—ashen blonde hair pushed up high over the forehead—a face tip-tilted against eternity—a few words spoken in French—applause. Tallulah had transmitted the spirit of The Divine Sarah into the room.

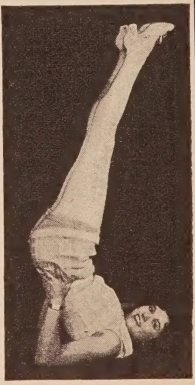
Tallulah is generous to a fault. Loving Christmas, her first one in Hollywood she was very much alone. She had bought dozens of presents for her loyal English servants, trimmed a tree, wept from tragic homesickness for what? Was it for London, her father—? Tallulah says it was from the excitement of seeing the people who belonged to her being happy.

New Year's Eve she almost went to pieces when she discovered that the wistful little hairdresser who had come to her house to arrange her hair was very ill. Tallulah suddenly looked up and saw the dark shadows underneath the girl's eyes. She questioned her for a few minutes. When she left, Edie gave the girl a folded check. Not until she had gone home did she discover that Tallulah had written in a generous amount, large enough to take her away to a sanitarium.

And while Tallulah goes torpedoing her soul and her fantastic, exotic self through life, she fulfills the deathbed prophecy uttered by her young mother, "Tallulah will always take care of herself." *How* she does it is her problem. Tallulah asks for nothing and gives everything.

A brave, gay lady, with an empty, tired heart.

The HERCULES of the SCREEN



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The Barrymore Mystery Is Solved!

[*Continued from page* 29]

barrier which shuts the actors into their world of make-believe.

They were always punctual. That's a part of their working creed. But Lionel disappeared to his dressing room to relax during the day, whenever there was a pause in the activities. Ethel and John were always on the set, watching everything with interested, amused eyes.

They wouldn't show any affection or family pride toward each other, not the Barrymores. But it was there in everything they did. In the way they bantered with each other. In the way each watched the others at work, if he or she happened not to be playing in that scene. In the way they recalled incidents from other days and places.

There was real drama being enacted there. The three were playing together for the first time in pictures. Three people, joined by blood, who had led equally colorful lives and who had met in Hollywood to share honors.

"Great stuff, kid. If you want the whole camera, say so." Lionel to Jack, moving over to make sure that his younger brother had a good half of the camera's eye.

"Don't pull any of your scene-stealing tricks on me, old man." Jack to Lionel, giving him an affectionate push further into the center of the stage.

"If you two want the whole camera, I still have a voice, you know." Ethel to Lionel and Jack with a laugh in the voice which once heard, can never be forgotten.

Gay, affectionate banter.

"How's the baby?" The first words of Ethel and Lionel to John every morning as soon as they arrived on the set. All the hopes and pride of the clan are centered in that mite named John Blythe Barrymore Jr., the only person to carry on the name and tradition, since Ethel's three children bear the name of Colt, and since Lionel has no child.

"How are you feeling today?" The first question of Ethel and Jack to Lionel. Because Lionel has good days and bad days with the rheumatism which bothers him.

"Did you sleep well last night?" The greeting of Lionel and John to Ethel. Because Ethel, after years of going to bed in the wee, sma' hours and sleeping until noon, is finding it difficult to change the habits of a lifetime to fit the new scheme of things where work is done during the day. She admits that is the only hard part of the picture business. Otherwise it fascinates her.

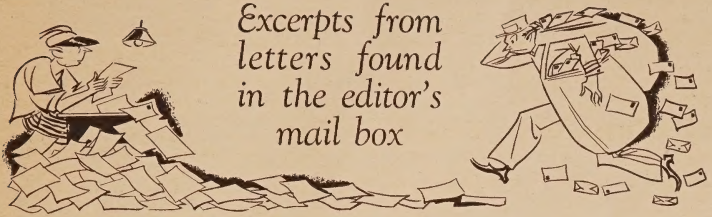
During their working hours and in the intimacies of their family life, they're just Ethel, Lionel and John.

◆

Love In Reverse

MATTY KEMP is back in circulation, much to the delight of Hollywood sub-debs. His engagement to Shirley Grey is just one of those things now. Lina Basquette surprised even her closest friends when it was disclosed she obtained a divorce from Teddy Hayes. Her marriage to him had been successfully kept a deep, dark secret.

You said it, fans!



Excerpts from letters found in the editor's mail box

For the handclasp and the chance to look into the grey eyes of Ken Maynard I'd give my life. You folks can keep your sex-mad Shearers, Crawfords, Gables, Barrymores and Garbos.—Mary Cheranchenko, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To those who respond only to slapstick comedy, risqué situations or mere physical perfection, Garbo's art is as utterly wasted as if pearls were cast before swine. Her splendid screen portrayals, each one better than the one preceding, establish her as a truly great artiste, but of course there are many who are incapable of appreciating her, just as there are many who cannot appreciate a Brahms' Symphony or a Rembrandt painting.—Zella Smythe, Beaumont, Texas.

I don't see why they make such a fuss about Greta Garbo. Personally I prefer Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford to a million Garbos.—Claire Harris, Philadelphia, Penna.

The movies must be in a healthy condition when they can laugh at themselves. Fans have had a good insight into the making of motion pictures through *What Price Hollywood, Once in a Lifetime, Hollywood Speaks* and similar films. In all of them the producers poke a lot of fun at themselves and there's a lot of hope for the future of anybody that can do that.—E. J. Griffin, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The trouble with some of our actresses is that they are too sophisticated. But there is one who is not. She is a typical American girl. I am speaking of Rochelle Hudson, one of the most beautiful and most natural actresses I have ever seen on the talking screen. I cannot think of an actress who can compare to beautiful Rochelle Hudson.—Lewis A. Barnard, Pulaski, N. Y.

Why do producers ape each other? Don't they think we fans ever get tired of these picture cycles? Somebody makes a successful war picture, or gangster picture, or prison picture and then every studio tries to make one just as good and a person can't go to a movie without seeing a show like he saw the night before. That's just what's the matter with the movies—the producers haven't any originality.—Betty Beardsley, Portland, Ore.

What has happened to the stars who were so popular a few years back? Now these new people, especially these foreign actors and actresses. What's the idea, anyhow? Aren't our old stars that were the starters of the movie game good enough for us any more? Just what has become of Lillian Gish and Dorothy, too? Constance and Norma Talmadge, of Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Raymond Hatton, Margaret Livingston and Laura La Plante? Why don't they come back? I'm sure we'd all rather see them than these "out-of-towners." They are really the finer artists.—Sibley Waller, Los Angeles, Calif.

Are the movies improving? Of course they are and so are the stars. I thought *Arsene Lupin* was superb. When I was tiny I had but two favorites—Mary Pickford and Colleen Moore. They still stand lined up with Sylvia Sidney, Sidney Fox, Nancy Carroll and Janet Gaynor. Maureen O'Sullivan is my real favorite. I carry her brogue but for looks—I'm a double for Alice White. I love that dark haired little Irish girl.—Eva L. O'Dell, Weyburn, Sask., Canada.

We should give our young star, Eric Linden, more and better pictures, as he is one juvenile that could teach the old-timers a thing or two in acting. Give Eric Linden two big hands.—Ed Kesner, Cleveland, Ohio.

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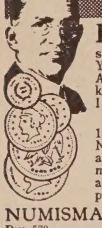

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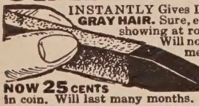

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About Your Future

1933 will be a "crisis" year. Yogi Alpha, internationally known psychologist and astrologer, offers 2500 word Giant Astrological Reading for 1933 and balance of 1932. Consult it before making any changes in business, signing papers, love, marriage, employment, health, accidents, lucky days, travel, etc. Send 50c and exact birth date for your complete forecast. Handwriting Character Analysis included FREE. Money back if not satisfied. Yogi Alpha, Box 1411, Dept. 11-1, San Diego, Calif.

Let's Go To The Movies

[*Continued from page 9*]

mount)—We dare you to solve this murder mystery. Clive Brook, Lila Lee, Adrienne Allen, Frances Dee, Gene Raymond.

AAAA. THE OLD DARK HOUSE—(Universal)—Ladies scream and like this mystery thriller. Boris Karloff, of course; Gloria Stuart; Melvyn Douglas; Lilian Bond; Walter Byron.

AA. THE PAINTED WOMAN—(Fox)—Something about a hussy, an ex-marine and a villain. Peggy Shannon, Spencer Tracy, William Boyd.

AAAA. THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT—(Paramount)—Bang up burlesque on a presidential campaign. George M. Cohan, Jimmie Durante, Claudette Colbert.

AAA. THE PURCHASE PRICE—(Warners)—George Brent, Barbara Stanwyck and Lyle Talbot are intensely human.

AAA. THE TEXAS BAD MAN—(Universal)—No Tom Mix fan will miss this. Cowboys, desperadoes and hard riding.

AAA. THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE—(M-G-M)—Crooked politicians are beautifully flayed. Lionel Barrymore, Karen Morley.

AAA. THEY CALL IT SIN—(Warners)—Broadway and the village girl, but it's swell. Loretta Young, George Brent, Una Merkel, David Manners.

AA. THIRTEEN WOMEN—(Radio)—Myrna Loy makes a big killing. Irene Dunne, Ricardo Cortez.

AAA. THIRTEENTH GUEST—(Monogram)—Spooks, murderers, cobwebs and scre-eams. Lyle Talbot, Ginger Rogers.

AAA. THOSE WE LOVE—(Tiffany)—If you're interested in love triangles. Mary Astor, Kenneth MacKenna, Lilyan Tashman.

AAA. THREE ON A MATCH—(Warner Brothers)—Exciting story with moral "Don't light three on a match." Warren William, Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis.

AAAA. TIGER SHARK—(Warners)—An unusual plot and first-rate performances. Edward G. Robinson, fisherman; Zita Johann, his wife; Richard Arlen, the wife-thief.

AAA. TOM BROWN OF CULVER—(Universal)—Title tells it. Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell.

AAA. TOO BUSY TO WORK—(Fox)—Will Rogers as a philosophical hobo.

AAA. TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—(Warners)—Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton improve together.

AA. UNASHAMED—(M-G-M)—Too tragic for depression times. Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young, Monroe Owsley.

AAAA. WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND—(Columbia)—What did the screen do before Lee Tracy came? Powerful political drama.

AAA. WESTWARD PASSAGE—(Radio)—Applause for Ann Harding in a "love-divorce" tale. Laurence Olivier, Irving Pichel.

AAA. WHITE ZOMBIE—(United Artists)—If you don't mind bad dreams afterward, this is the ticket with Bela Lugosi.

Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page 56*]

press Eugenie . . . that every studio employs watchmakers to repair delicate sound recording mechanism . . . that Helen Chadwick is returning to the screen.

In Black And White

ALINE MacMAHON'S new contract with Warner Brothers guarantees her the right to make at least five jaunts a year to New York to see her husband, who's an architect. She told the Messrs. Warner flatly that she wouldn't consider the agreement unless she had that privilege.

There's marital fidelity for you!

Unusual Views

THE prize real-life close-up of last month revealed Boris Karloff, the big shiver and scream merchant, hand-feeding a litter of new-born puppies when their own mama, who believed in birth control, anyway, staged a walk-out and left them to starve.

It's just as well Boris refuses to be photoed sans makeup. Seen *au naturel*, he's not so terrifying.

Miscellaneous Jottings

AL JOLSON boasting about the sixty-five fish he caught off the west coast of Mexico . . . Estelle Taylor taking tests for *The Shanghai Gesture* . . . Julie Hayden and Ivan Lebedeff taking in Hollywood places-to-dance . . . Connie Bennett has seventy-five pairs of pajamas . . .

It's News

THE Mary Brian-Dick Powell romance has one unusual distinction. It started with *Blessed Event.* Not many romances do, you know—at least not many that we poor scriveners dare write about.

Fisherman's Luck

ROSCOE ATES, who, by the way, will not stutter any more, took his first and last fishing trip a few Sundays ago. He went out on a fishing barge, clad in white flannel slacks and a new pearl gray fedora.

A neighboring angler greeted him with an awkward cast—and knocked his brand new sky-piece into the salty deep. Roscoe, not to be outdone, landed a mackerel, which flapped and flopped against his white panties and ruined 'em. Then he managed to run a fish hook through his left thumb.

He says he doesn't care so much for fishing—and he doesn't stutter when he says it.

An Even Swap

JIMMY STARR, the colyumnist chappie, reports that when Jack Warner was propositioned by Carl Laemmle to give one of Laemmle's remote relatives a job, he retorted, "I'll trade you two cousins for one nephew!"

Mechanical Complications

IRENE DUNNE lost eight pounds and the studio dressmaker had to remodel her form.

You see, girlies (this item's for women only), each studio keeps a dress form in the exact proportions of each star on the lot. Every time a star loses or gains a few ounces the form has to be altered to correspond.

A Typewriter For Christmas

Will Give Joy and Happiness to the Whole Family . . . .

Just imagine the joy and happiness a beautiful, bright, shiny typewriter will give on Christmas morning. One of these wonderful machines is the most practical gift anyone could get. It is a lasting gift that will be useful and enjoyed for years to come. But, better still is the fact that now you can get these world-famous makes at unheard of low prices, and on easiest terms besides. Order Now—Pay next year.

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Genuine — Guaranteed

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Below ½ Mfg's. Orgl. Price

I am offering a genuine Underwood Late model No. 5 direct-to-you at way below ½ original price—and on easiest terms besides. Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. Accept the special 10-day trial offer and be convinced. See the neat, perfect work it does—compare its bright, shiny appearance without risk. Recognized as the finest, strongest typewriter built. Honestly, this is a real bargain—that comes only once in a lifetime.

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Send For Your 10 Day Trial

Send for your 10 days' trial of this wonderful Underwood. Test it in every possible way. Write all your personal and business letters during this generous trial period. Note its many up-to-date features. This is the full-sized late model Underwood with Standard universal 4-row keyboard of 84 characters and has late improvements. Manufactured to sell originally for $102.50. **Fully guaranteed.**

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While They Last

yours for Only $1 Down

Act at once — Brand new famous Corona Portable No. 3 at new low price and easiest terms ever offered. **A Real Bargain.** Has modern improvements and features. Writes both capital and small letters. Sent on 10-day trial. Fully Guaranteed. Only $1.00 down, then $3.00 a month until $38.90 is paid.

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Think of it—a genuine late model Underwood No. 5 reduced to $39.90 (cash). Send only $1 deposit for a 10-day Trial. Then only 10c a day on my easy year-to-pay plan. Use and enjoy your typewriter all the time. Remember this famous No. 5 Underwood all renewed and refinished is without question a bargain never before equalled.

FREE •

Your choice of— Valuable gent's traveling set in case, or beautiful string of pearls.

FREE OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 25th, 1932.

Never An Offer Like This

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Accept my liberal 10-day Trial offer. See for yourself, the wonderful bargain this famous Underwood really is—your deposit returned at once if you are not perfectly satisfied with the typewriter I send you. Prove to yourself how easily and quickly you can learn to operate your Underwood efficiently and qualify for a good-paying position.

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Please send the typewriter marked below, F.O.B. Chicago, at the special reduced price for 10 days' Trial. I am enclosing $1.00 deposit on the Underwood No. 5 at $44.90 (term price); Corona No. 3 at $38.90 (term price) with the understanding that if I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it Express Collect and get my deposit back. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid the (term price) in full.

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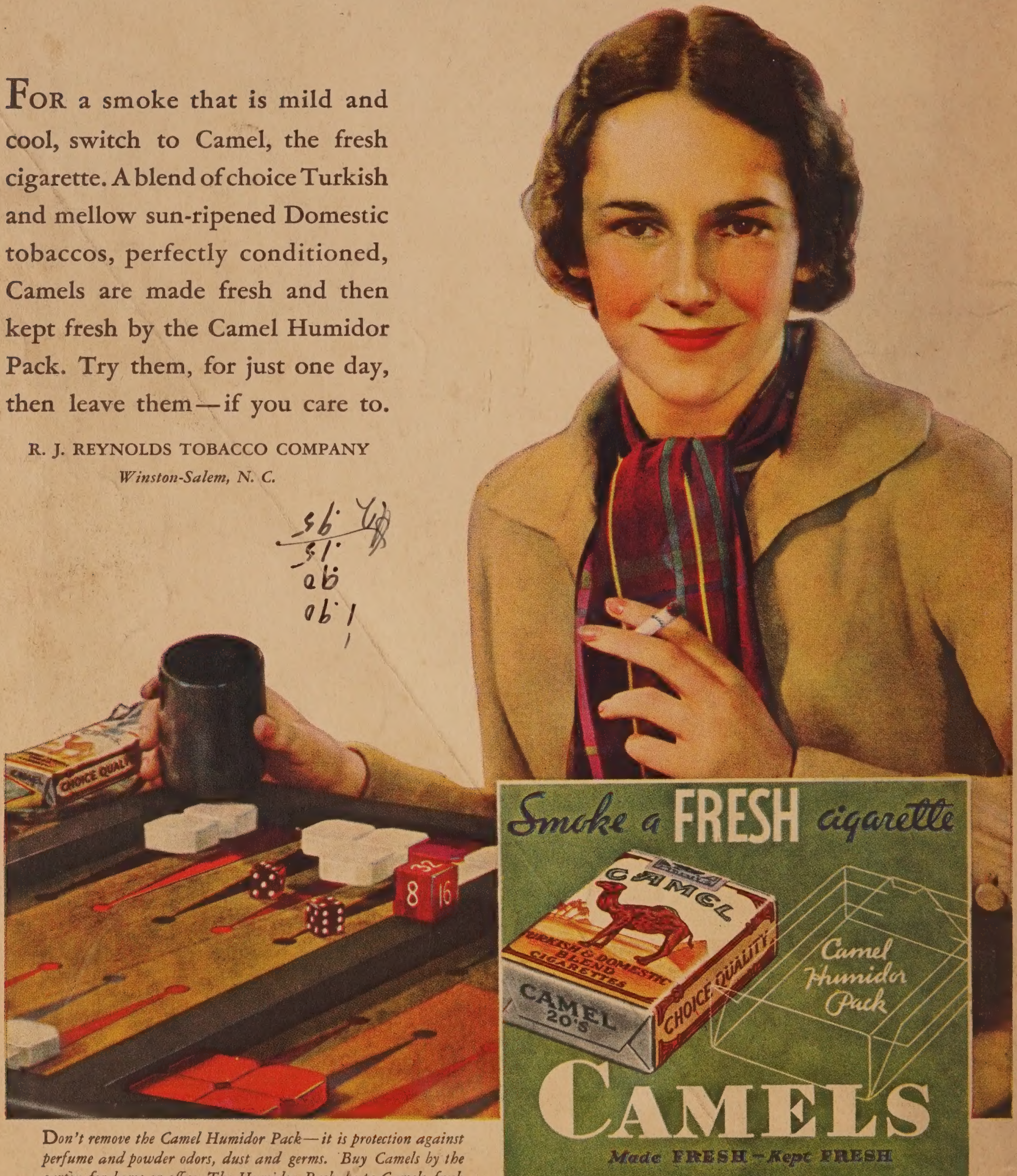
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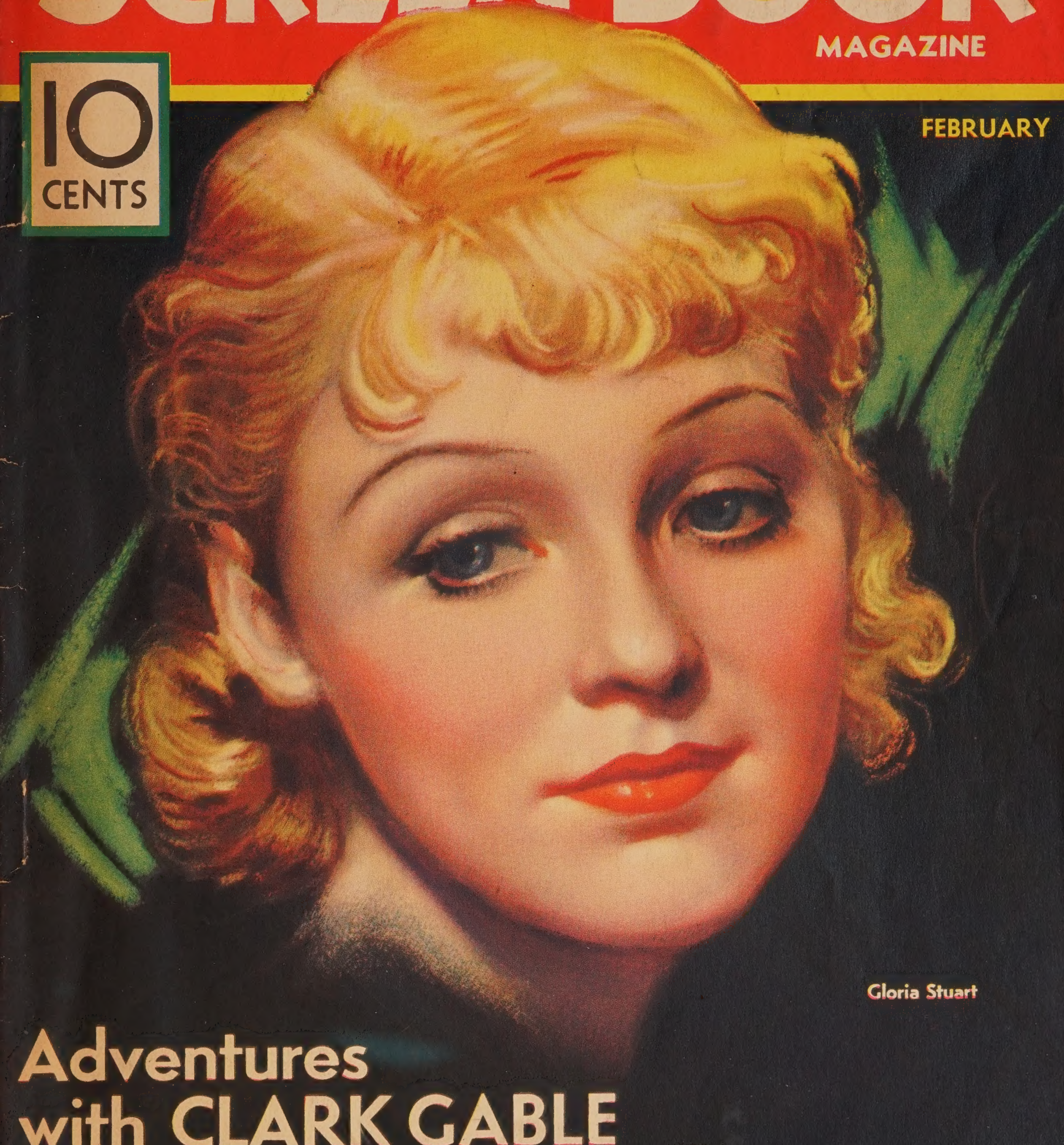
SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

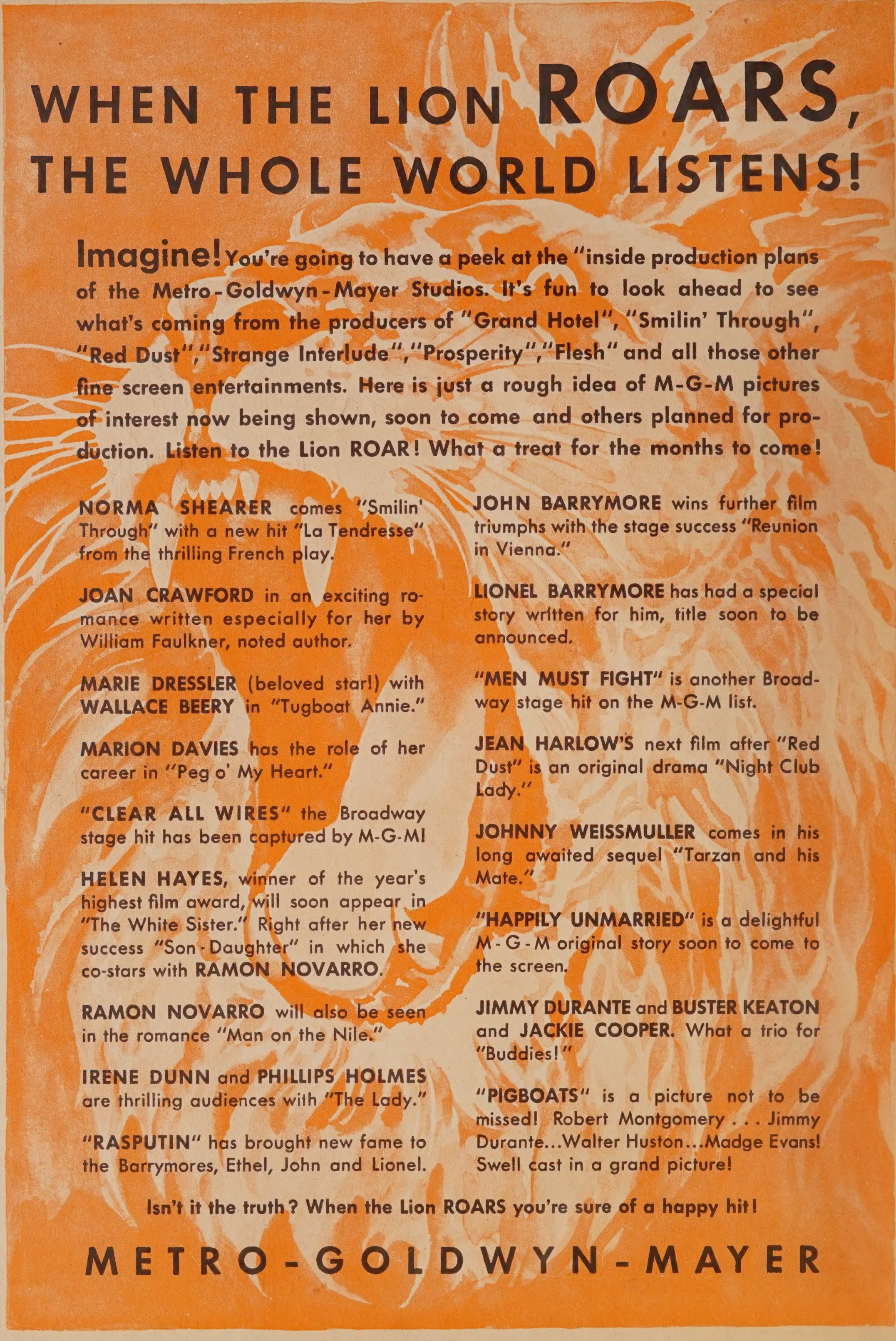
10 CENTS

FEBRUARY



Gloria Stuart

Adventures with CLARK GABLE
by Jimmy Starr



WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust", "Strange Interlude", "Prosperity", "Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"CLEAR ALL WIRES" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO.**

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"RASPUTIN" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"MEN MUST FIGHT" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"HAPPILY UNMARRIED" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

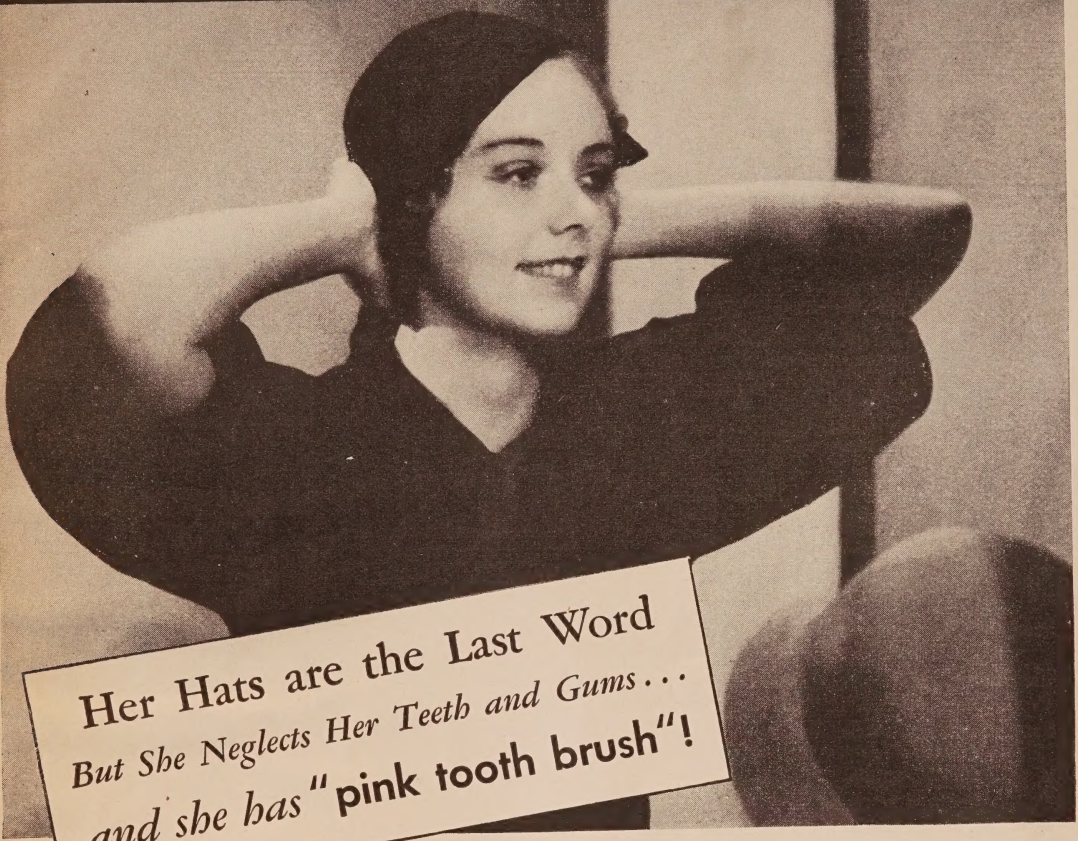
JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER.** What a trio for "Buddies!"

"PIGBOATS" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery . . . Jimmy Durante...Walter Huston...Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Her Hats are the Last Word

But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums . . .

and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

PEOPLE glance at her hat and think, "How smart!" Then—they glance at her face—and see her dingy-looking teeth. Are *your* teeth bright? Are *your* gums firm?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile are *all* in danger!

For "pink tooth brush" not only may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but may be a threat to the polish of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink Tooth Brush" will depart.

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SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

Vol. X FEBRUARY
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Publisher

CAPT. ROSCOE FAWCETT,
Editor and General Manager

MARCELLA BURKE,
Western Editor

JACK SMALLEY,
Managing Editor

CARL A. SCHROEDER
Assistant Editor

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THE ADVENTURES OF GEORGE RAFT

HAILED rightfully as Rudolph Valentino's successor, George Raft has become a sensation overnight in such pictures as "Scarface," "Dancers in the Dark," "Hot Saturday," "If I Had a Million" and "Undercover Man."

His own story, filled with glamour and continuous adventure, is one of the most remarkable features SCREEN BOOK has ever published. Watch for it in the March issue. On sale January 25th.

❖

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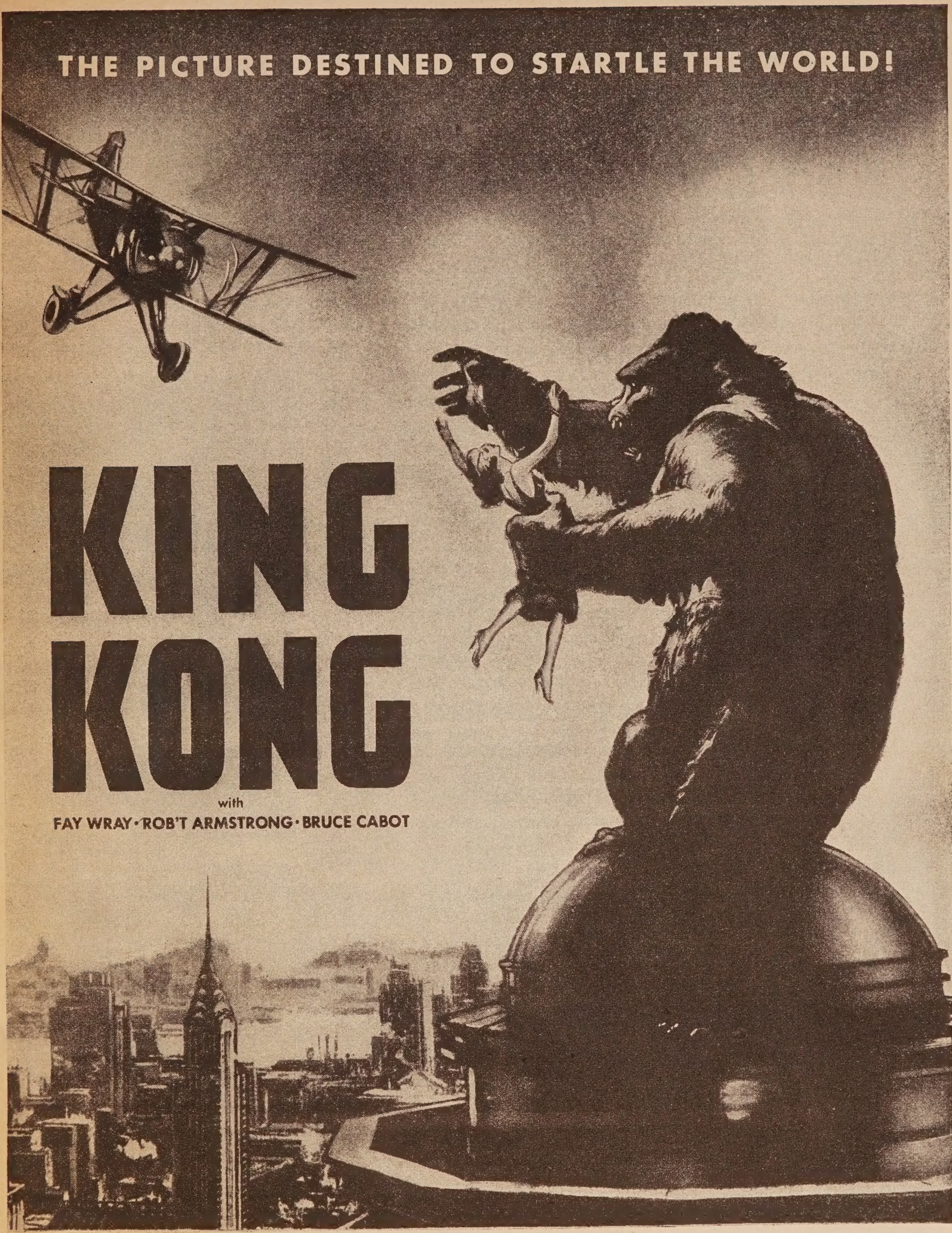
THE PICTURE DESTINED TO STARTLE THE WORLD!
KING KONG
with
FAY WRAY · ROB'T ARMSTRONG · BRUCE CABOT

A COOPER-SCHOEDSACK PRODUCTION—AN RKO RADIO PICTURE—of course!
From a Story by Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper—David O. Selznick, Executive Producer

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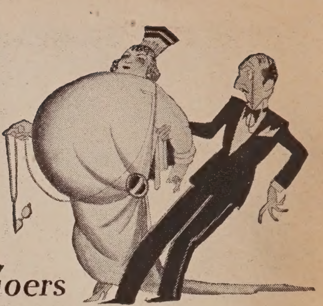
Let's Go to the Movies



Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAAA. **A FAREWELL TO ARMS**—(Paramount)—Another great triumph for the diminutive Helen Hayes as the heroine of Ernest Hemingway's best seller dealing with war and romance on the Italian front. Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou.

AAAA. **ANIMAL KINGDOM**—(Radio)—Phillip Barry's Broadway hit presents a new version of the eternal triangle with Ann Harding, Leslie Howard and Myrna Loy. A sparkling satire well worth seeing.

AAAA. **CALL HER SAVAGE**—(Fox)—Clara Bow scores her greatest success opposite Gilbert Roland in a swiftly-moving story of modern womanhood. Estelle Taylor has an excellent rôle.

AAA. **CENTRAL PARK**—(Warners) — Love triumphs over crooks, cops and escaping lions in this fast-moving drama of Central Park. Wallace Ford and Joan Blondell.

AAA. **FALSE FACES**—(World Wide)—Lowell Sherman in an excellent rôle of the unscrupulous doctor whose malpractices bring disaster into the lives of his patients. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee.

AA. **GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY**—(Monogram)—Betty Compson as a gangster's moll who frees an innocent girl from prison and nearly goes up for life. Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas.

Sylvia Sidney has the greatest opportunity of her career in the title rôle of *Madame Butterfly*. Cary Grant and Irving Pichel are also in the cast of this ambitious production

AAA. **HAUNTED GOLD**—(Warner-Schlessinger)—A different type of western which combines all the thrills of a mystery melodrama with the excitement of a good old-fashioned "horse opera." Plenty of thrills. John Wayne is a fine hero, Sheila Terry a lovely heroine.

AA. **HEY POP!**—(Warners)—Fatty Arbuckle returns to the screen in an old-time type of comedy in which he adopts a baby. Plot not worthy of his talent.

AAAA. **IF I HAD A MILLION**—(Paramount)—Most unique picture of the year, with Richard Bennett as the eccentric old rich man giving away millions to names he picks from the telephone book. George Raft, Wynne Gibson, Gary Cooper, Alison Skipworth, Jack Oakie, Charles Ruggles, W. C. Fields and May Robson in the cast.

AAAA. **KING KONG** — (Radio) — A motion picture company seeks to capture a monster ape who rules over a horde of jungle savages. Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong in a super-thriller.

AAA. **LAWYER MAN**—(Warners)—William Powell as the honest lawyer who combats blondes and crooked politicians in a grand comedy-drama of courtrooms and romance. Joan Blondell, Clara Dodd and Allan Dinehart.

AAA. **MANHATTAN TOWER**—(Remington)—With an Empire State Building background various lives are entangled. Mary Brian, Irene Rich and James Hall give excellent performances.

AAA. **ME AND MY GAL**—(Fox)—Spencer Tracy is a cop turned detective and Joan Bennett his restaurant cashier sweetheart. Plenty of gangsters and good lines.

AAA. **NO MORE ORCHIDS**—(Columbia)—Carole Lombard at her best in a story of the poor little rich girl. Walter Connolly, Louise Closser Hale. Good entertainment.

AAAA. **PENGUIN POOL MURDER**—(Radio)—The most unusual murder mystery of the year. Edna May Oliver and James Gleason make this battle of wits a thrilling picture.

AAAA. **PROSPERITY** — (Metro) — Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a riotous comedy poking fun at the depression. Norman Foster and Anita Page furnish the love interest.

AA. **RACING**—(Willis Kent)—Wallace Reid Jr. attempts to follow in his father's footsteps in a story of auto racers.

AAAA. **RASPUTIN** — (Metro) — The Barrymore family, Ethel, John and Lionel, are perfection itself in the story of the crazy monk who ruins the Russian royal family. Tad Alexander, talented youngster, gives great performance.

AA. **REDHAIRED ALIBI**—(Premier-Tower)—More gangster stuff. Merna Kennedy and Grant Withers.

AAA. **ROBBERS' ROOST**—(Fox)—No hokum in this western, only sure-fire entertainment. It's George O'Brien's best in years and Maureen O'Sullivan scores as well.

AAA. **ROCKABYE**—(Radio)—Constance Bennett in a rapid-fire comedy-drama. Jobyna Howland, as Connie's constantly alcoholic "ma," steals the picture. Paul Lukas and Joel McCrea.

George Brent and Bebe Daniels have the starring rôles in *Forty-second Street,* a powerful drama of metropolitan life

AA. **SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE**—(Radio)—Gruesome melodrama, opening with a funeral and punctuated with murder. Gwili Andre outstanding.

A. **SPEED DEMON**—(Columbia)—Racketeering in the speed boat game with a fair amount of action and not nearly enough story. Joan Marsh and William Collier Jr. featured.

AAAA. **THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN**—(Columbia)—Nils Asther and Barbara Stanwyck in a thrilling story of inter-racial romance in China. Excellently done with Nils Asther carrying off top honors.

AAA. **THE CONQUERERS**—(Radio)—An epic depicting the financial history of the United States since the Civil War. Outstanding performances by Richard Dix, Ann Harding, Guy Kibbee and Edna Mae Oliver.

AA. **THE DEVIL IS DRIVING**—(Paramount)—Edmund Lowe, Jimmy Gleason, Wynne Gibson, Allen Dinehart, Lois Wilson and Dickie Moore fail to make this picture of a metropolitan garage acceptable.

AAAA. **THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH**—(Radio)—Lee Tracy and Lupe Velez romp

Let These Reviews Guide You to the Best Movies

through a hilarious plot dealing with the loud-mouthed promoter who wins fame for his little circus performer.

AAAA. **THE KID FROM SPAIN**—(Samuel Goldwyn)—Eddie Cantor as a bull-fighter, surrounded by laughs, bulls and pretty girls. A grand, uproarious comedy from start to finish.

AAAA. **THE MATCH KING**—(Warners)—Flawless drama presenting the story of Ivar Kreugar, the late financial king of Sweden. Warren William gives an inspired performance—ably supported by Lily Damita, Hardie Albright and Glenda Farrell.

AAAA. **THE SON-DAUGHTER**—(Metro)—Helen Hayes delights in this Oriental romance. Ramón Novarro and Lewis Stone do well in leading rôles.

AAA. **THE UNWRITTEN LAW**—(Majestic)—A story of the studios and development of stars. Greta Nissen, Mary Brian, Lew Cody, "Skeets" Gallagher and Louise Fazenda are part of the stellar cast.

AAAA. **THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED**—(Universal)—Practically perfect comedy of servants getting married in the highbrow way. Roland Young, Slim Summerville, ZaSu Pitts and Verree Teasdale.

AAAA. **20,000 YEARS IN SING SING**—(Warners)—Spencer Tracy as the hardboiled convict, whose honor and love for a beautiful girl sends him to the chair. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot share honors.

AAA. **UNDERCOVER MAN**—(Paramount)—George Raft as a police undercover man who seeks his father's murderer. Nancy Carroll, Gregory Ratoff, Roscoe Karns and Noel Francis. Good entertainment.

AAA. **UPTOWN NEW YORK**—(World Wide)—Jack Oakie, Shirley Grey and Leon Waycoff in a story of the consolation marriage that developed into true love.

AAA. **WILD HORSE MESA**—(Paramount)—Randolph Scott and Sally Blane in a Zane Grey story which rises above the average western because of sincerity and fine photography.

AAA. **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—(Warners)—Joe E. Brown goes in for channel swimming in one of the year's funniest comedies. Ginger Rogers, Preston Foster and Farina also in the cast.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFRAID TO TALK**—(Universal)—Red-blooded political drama. Sidney Fox, Eric Linden.

AAA. **AIR MAIL**—(Universal)—Creates a new kind of air hero. Ralph Bellamy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart, Lilian Bond, Leslie Fenton.

AAAA. **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT**—(Radio)—Sound plot, brilliantly carried out by John Barrymore, Billie Burke, Katharine Hepburn, David Manners.

AAA. **CYNARA**—(United Artists)—Husband's one infidelity is keynote to powerful drama. Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, Phyllis Barry.

AAA. **DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY**—(M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper gets you again. Lewis Stone, Lois Wilson, Conrad Nagel.

AAA. **EVENINGS FOR SALE**—(Paramount)—War profiteers and noblemen play in post-war Vienna. Herbert Marshall, Sari Maritza, Charles Ruggles.

AAA. **FAITHLESS**—(M-G-M)—An astounding new Tallulah Bankhead in a "from penthouse to gutter" rôle. Robert Montgomery.

AA. **HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN**—(Paramount)—Stuart Erwin is heir to a fortune and bait for racketeers. Alison Skipworth steals the picture.

AAA. **HELL'S HIGHWAY**—(Radio)—First of sordid chain gang cycle. Magnificent performances by Richard Dix and Tom Brown.

AA. **HOT SATURDAY**—(Paramount)—Flaming youth gets into not-too-amusing difficulties. Nancy Carroll, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott.

AAAA. **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A PRISON CAMP**—(Warners)—Paul Muni scores in morbid story. Glenda Farrell, Preston S. Foster, Sally Blane.

AA. **KONGO**—(M-G-M)—Sadistic tale lost in the Kongo swamps. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez, Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel.

AAA. **LIFE BEGINS**—(Warners)—Daring drama of childbirth. Loretta Young, Eric Linden, Glenda Farrell.

AAA. **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**—(Radio)—The grave little comic strip philosopher brings many laughs. Mitzi Green, Buster Phelps.

A. **MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS**—(Radio)—A musician rebels against the jazz age and commits murder. Leo Carrillo, Una Merkel, Vivienne Osborne.

AAA. **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—(Paramount)—Romance in a night club with George Raft, Connie Cummings, Mae West, Alison Skipworth.

[*Continued on page* 60]

One of the tender romantic scenes between Ramón Novarro and Helen Hayes in *The Son-Daughter*, a remarkable Oriental drama in which Lewis Stone has one of the important supporting rôles

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Keep in Trim

Health and wealth always go together. Read what the stars do to stay in trim

By Jewel Smith

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following story may be seen in pictorial form at your local theatre in the current issue of "Screen Snapshots," a Columbia Picture feature.*

CLEAR eyes, sparkling with health; smooth skin that does not suffer under the all-seeing camera's eye; and a body, vigorous, alert and vital—therein lies the fortune of our screen stars. They know that a perfectly tuned body radiates personality and charm. They know, too, that their health must be safeguarded against the strenuous program of work and social obligations they must follow. If they don't keep in physical trim they lose out, for there are hundreds of actors standing by ready to snatch their place in the cinema sun.

Douglas Fairbanks Sr. is a man who has held a top-notch position in the picture world for two decades because he has never ceased his physical training. His love of sports covers nearly the entire field and he excels in most. The majority of stars have one or two hobbies, stick to them, and strive to perfect them. Many players have won laurels in their favored sports and some still gloat over their school-day triumphs.

During her college days Kay Francis was an unusually fine runner, doing the hundred yard dash in eleven and one-half seconds. Her tennis game, also, was above average, and experts declared she could have been another Helen Wills had she not given it up in favor of acting. Kay still plays beautiful tennis, but her allegiance has really been transferred to boating. She is said to be as good a skipper as ever navigated a ship.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. was an excellent sprinter during his school days, but in recent years has turned to wrestling and boxing. At the present time he is under strict training in preparation for his next picture, *The Sucker*, in which he will actually fight—in close-ups.

James Cagney also excels in boxing. He has won many amateur bouts against well-known boxers in his favorite New York athletic club, and still keeps in trim with his sparring partner, Harvey Perry, who also served as his trainer and opponent in *Winner Take All*.

Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, and Robert Young are all clever glove-battlers and often gather at the home of one or the other to exhibit their individual technique.

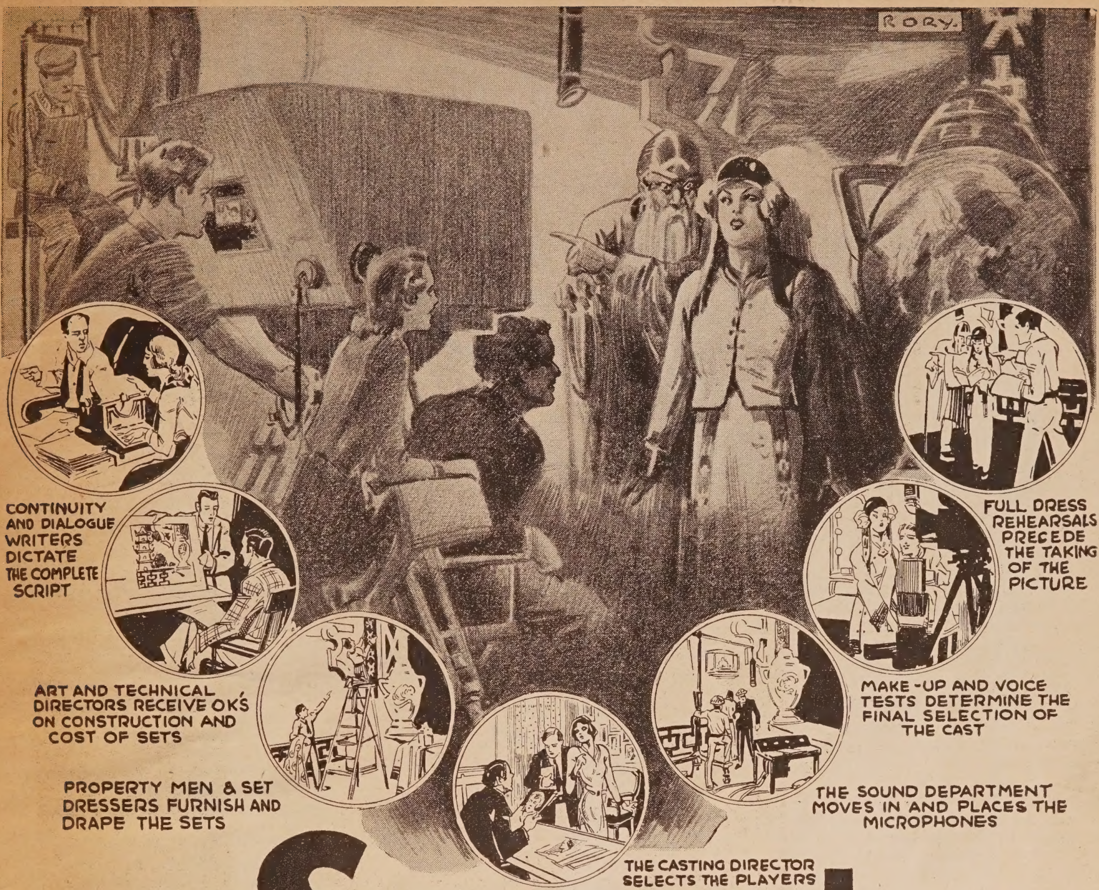
Robert Armstrong is proud of the fact that he played two years varsity baseball and football at the University of Washington, but he now keeps fit and fresh through "concentrated tennis and golf." Charlie Starrett was a well-known end on the Dartmouth varsity, but now is required to limit his interference prowess to the great American game of golf.

Clark Gable was a three letter man during his high school days—prominent in football, basketball and baseball. Today he could as easily win letters in golf, tennis and riding—if they gave them.

Robert Montgomery plays tennis, [*Continued on page* 61]

Two healthy youngsters, Muriel Evans and Mary Carlisle, keep that bloom of youth by slipping into gym suits and skipping the rope each morning

When Wynne Gibson whams a ball down the fairway, she's not only enjoying the golf, but is keeping herself slender and supple


RORY.
CONTINUITY AND DIALOGUE WRITERS DICTATE THE COMPLETE SCRIPT
ART AND TECHNICAL DIRECTORS RECEIVE OK'S ON CONSTRUCTION AND COST OF SETS
PROPERTY MEN & SET DRESSERS FURNISH AND DRAPE THE SETS
THE CASTING DIRECTOR SELECTS THE PLAYERS
THE SOUND DEPARTMENT MOVES IN AND PLACES THE MICROPHONES
MAKE-UP AND VOICE TESTS DETERMINE THE FINAL SELECTION OF THE CAST
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SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

DIRECTED BY
RALPH STAUB

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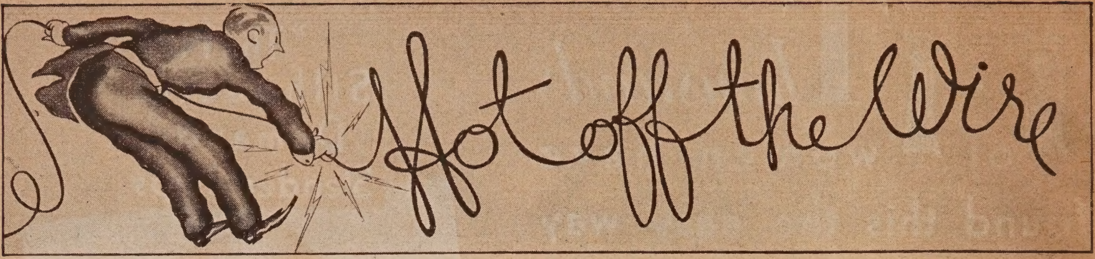

Last Minute News Scoops From Hollywood

Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Helen Gahagan, are on their 'steenth honeymoon. It's Honolulu this time.

Ralph Bellamy became violently sea-sick on land when he was rolled and tossed in a studio ship set used in the filming of *Destination Unknown.*

W. S. Van Dyke's crew, now in the far north to film *Eskimo*, is frozen in by ice floes.

Bing Crosby will make another picture. It's *College Humor* for Paramount.

Mary Duncan has gone to New York to be starred in the stage production of *Storm Song.*

Clara Bow declared herself a ten day vacation when *Call Her Savage* made its first appearance in New York and went East for the event.

Charles Farrell celebrated the completion of *Tess of the Storm Country* with a sinus operation and as soon as he recovers from that he'll have another one.

When Onslow B. Stevenson came to Hollywood he changed his last name to Stevens, but won't change Onslow to Ronald as his studio requests

Lupe Velez' sister, Queenie, is a dead-ringer for the star and is in Hollywood with picture-crashing intentions.

Verna Hillie, blonde winner of the Panther Woman contest in Detroit, has been given a Paramount contract and a rôle in *Madame Butterfly.*

Jean Arthur, who has made a big name for herself on the stage during her absence from Hollywood, is back in pictures for *The Past of Mary Holmes* which was made sans talk as *The Goose Woman.*

While Stanley Fields slept in his Hollywood home a thief entered and without even awakening his victim, stole an emerald and diamond ring from Stan's finger and a watch from his bedside.

John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce are back from Europe. John has one more picture to make before his Metro contract is up.

Mitzi Green finds time to make some personal appearances with the release of *Little Orphan Annie.*

Esther Ralston, who has done a runaway to England, is making pictures there and is becoming one of Britain's pampered stars.

Onslow Stevens is being groomed for Universal stardom, but in spite of the studio's request he refuses to change his first name to Ronald.

Once again the rumor seeps through from London that Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer are not as harmonious as of yore.

Dick Arlen and Joby Ralston are smiling over the "mom 'n' pop" rôle they assume in April.

Stan Laurel has not only just lost his wife, Lois Neilson, by divorce, but he gave her nearly everything he owned—and he still must make people laugh.

Harpo Marx is set to grow a beard for his Moscow appearance. He's just signed a contract for a Russian theatrical engagement.

Gilda Gray and Arthur Jarrett, the singer, would have been married if a Boston judge had been willing to waive the five-day notice ruling.

Claudia Morgan, twenty-year-old daughter of Ralph Morgan, is divorcing her husband, Talbott Cummings.

Edward Everett Horton has the yen to make another English picture.

Marie Dressler won two and a half grand for that single performance over the air on the Rudy Vallée program.

Carl Laemmle Jr. has roving eyes for a second Pearl White to play in the sound version of *The Perils of Pauline.*

Josef von Sternberg completed his contract with Paramount and banged off for Europe. Rouben Mamoulian will direct Marlene Dietrich's last Paramount picture.

Jean Arthur is back in Hollywood from Broadway stage triumphs to play in *The Past of Mary Holmes*, which is the talkie version of *The Goose Woman*

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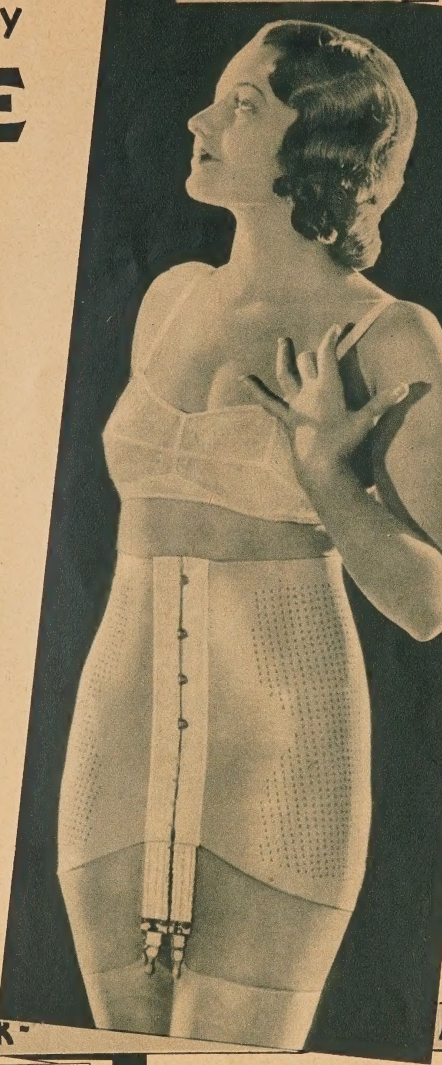

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Frankly Speaking

Talking Things Over With Screen Book's Editors

Tom Saves The Day

NOT long ago we were all spurning western pictures in the grand rush to view the latest sex dramas and gangster thrillers. Few ever expected to see "horse operas" in the big theatres again. The drawing room artists were having their day.

Just when the craze for ultra-sophistication was at its height, the Laemmles, Junior and Senior, signed Tom Mix to the dotted line amid a great deal of poo-pooing. Studio officials thought that putting money into western pictures was a move comparable in silliness only to buying ice cream cones for sale to Eskimos.

But today we are on the road back. The public has a Eugene O'Neilish hangover. Tom Mix, with such really fine pictures as *King's Up, Destry Rides Again* and *Flaming Guns* is standing them up in the aisles of our best movie palaces. There is no star in the industry who has contributed more consistent, wholesome entertainment. Just as in his pictures, Tom has thundered onto the scene to rescue the fair lady, Box Office, from distress.

It warmed the heart to see the enthusiastic reception Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle was given the other night in a neighborhood house where he was appearing in his first short comedy, Hey, Pop! *The burst of applause as he came into view was proof that sometimes the public does not forget.*

Discovery!

AMERICAN movie fans are due to hear a lot about the dazzling Anna Sten very soon. Imported from Russia by Sam Goldwyn, who knows his talent, Anna is now cooling her heels in Hollywood—waiting for the right picture and polishing the rough edges off a heavy accent. Take our word for it. She has everything and perhaps more than Garbo or Dietrich.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is seventy years old and earning $1,800 a week in vaudeville. Kindly, spirited, still a great singer, she is the theatre world's finest character.

Tom Mix

A Trouper Lost

THERE are stories by the score of courageous theatrical folk who have glorified the acting profession. But few have led lives more dramatic than Belle Bennett, who died recently in Hollywood after a long illness.

Belle was literally born into the show business, her father being the manager of a small tent troupe. At the age of twelve she married. A year later, Fate dealt its first cruel blow when her first baby died. Shortly afterwards she turned to stock company work and soon became famous. Later, in Hollywood, she established herself as one of the screen's most talented actresses. On the eve of beginning work in *Stella Dallas,* Belle's seventeen-year-old son died in her arms. But the next day she was before the camera, carrying on.

Sorrows in her own life made Belle the more sympathetic for others. At one time she purchased thirteen city lots on which were erected homes for the poor. She mothered twenty-nine children, providing them with homes and education. On a photograph given to a friend were the words that best described Belle's philosophy—"Happiness is gained through Divine love—understanding and serving others."

Paul Muni's escape from the chain gang in I Am a Fugitive *is one of the greatest pulse-quickeners filmed in years. If you've missed it, hustle around to the nearest neighborhood theatre before it's too late to learn what it means to have your heart in your throat.*

The Newest Rave

THIS Katharine Hepburn who leaped to fame in *A Bill of Divorcement* bids fair to outshine even Garbo in exciting the curiosity of Hollywood. Like the glamorous one, "Katy" does exactly as she pleases and to you-know-where with anyone who objects. She works because she wants to. Being several times a millionairess, the pay check Radio hands her is just another scrap of paper.

Miss Hepburn is a combination of extraordinary vitality and amazing audacity. She just doesn't give a darn. And for that very reason probably will become one of the screen's greatest stars.

Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, George Brent, Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, Guy Kibbee, Dick Powell, Lyle Talbot, Ginger Rogers, Henry B. Walthall, Eddie Nugent and George E. Stone—all in the cast of 42nd Street. *After seeing the "rushes" we predict it will be as great a hit as* Grand Hotel.

The Editors

PARADING with the STARS

Metro's great stars pass in review as a master portrait artist scores a scoop with an exclusive, hitherto unpublished gallery of intimate camera studies

Photos by
WILLIAM GRIMES

Clark Gable

On and on Gable marches to greater popularity. Though there are pretenders to the throne, he stands alone as a distinctive individuality. Metro loaned him to Paramount for Carole Lombard had *No Man of Her Own* to be filmed but shortly he will be back on his home lot, and after a needed rest will start a new film there

Robert Young and Joan Crawford

Robert is a popular member of Joan and Doug Jr.'s coterie of friends so their casual meeting for a stroll from set to dressing room is a happy occasion. He is in *Pig Boats* with Robert Montgomery and she is starting work in *Turnabout*, her first picture since the filming of *Rain*

Helen Hayes and Jean Harlow

If you were to stroll through the Metro lot and meet this exotic Oriental doubtless you would pass her unknowing, despite her charm, that it was Helen Hayes in her clever makeup for *The Son-Daughter*. As for Jean Harlow—imagine the thrill of having her approach you, knowing that the autographed portrait in her hand is for you! Following the highly successful première of *Red Dust* she has started work on her next picture which will probably be *Night Life*

Two Grand-Veterans

The cameraman met Jean Hersholt, one of the most lovable personages in Hollywood, as this eminently fine character actor strolled, after-lunch cigar in hand, from the studio commissary to the set of *Flesh* in which he is playing with Wallace Beery. The distinguished appearing Chinese mandarin is another great actor whose dependably fine performances have endeared him to theatre-goers for more than a score of years—Lewis Stone, snapped as he appears in *The Son-Daughter*

Connie Bennett De-bunked

In which legends are shattered, revealing the real Constance Bennett

By Frances Kellum

PRESTON DUNCAN

"GOOD morning, Miss Bennett!" beams the keeper of the studio gate and looks at the clock as she sweeps by. Seven-thirty. He could set the hands by her arrival. Because this Constance Bennett is a very precise young person. She has to be. Hours have a way of melting into each other and disappearing if you're a busy movie star.

It begins sharply with a shower at six o'clock, this working day of Connie's. And then breakfast. A good-sized one and at seven she is in front of her dressing table putting on her makeup. Very light—just lip stick, a little mascara, a touch of the eyebrow pencil and powder. There are no conferences with her housekeeper. She has one who is capable of taking all the responsibilities on her own broad shoulders.

All the way to the studio she repeats the "lines" for that day's sequence—lines learned the evening before. With an engrossed expression she gazes out the window, murmuring to herself and suddenly realizes the car has stopped for a signal and she is smiling straight at a Jap vegetable boy who grins rapturously at her over an armful of carrots.

The gatekeeper's blue uniform is the next thing that attracts her attention. Up Avenue 43 she is whirled, right to the door of her studio bungalow. Gladys Young is there to meet her. She has been Connie's hair-dresser and secretary for five years. They go in together. The day's maelstrom has begun. Begun amid delightful surroundings. The living room of this bungalow done in soft pastels with furniture that is comfortable and modernistic at the same time.

There's an office for Gladys just off it. A short hall leads to the dressing room. Such a room! You can see yourself as others see you in those mirrors which panel one entire wall. Opposite is a huge cedar-lined closet that contains the Bennett production wardrobe. Usually this consists of from ten to twenty costumes.

THE front bell breaks the early morning stillness. It's the wardrobe mistress at the door. Quietly and with maximum efficiency she adjusts Connie's dress. There's a final touch to the fingernails, to the makeup, and then Gladys arranges the blonde hair in soft waves. A last survey in the mirrors and Miss Bennett is ready for work.

The distance is short to stage five. "Hello, Jimmy!" Connie is as cordial to call-boys (provided they don't stand in awe of her) as she is to producers. She is one girl who doesn't reserve the Class A smile for exhibitors only.

A bit of repartee with the cast and crew before the camera begins grinding. They rehearse—the red light for silence flashes on outside—another scene for *Rockabye* is under way. As soon as it's "in the box" Connie strolls over to the piano off-stage and practices her song for the picture, *Sleep, My Sweet*. She sings in a throaty, throbby kind of voice—make a great "blues" singer if ever she decides to give up acting.

An electrician takes a doughnut out of his lunch box. Connie eyes it hungrily, accepts it from him and eats it with gusto. The man eats one, too. He's a wizened old chap with fiery red hair. He can tell the funniest stories on the lot and he always works on the Bennett productions.

Connie never goes to her bungalow between scenes. That might hold up production—one of

[*Continued on page* 58]

ADVENTURES with

A popular young columnist relates his exciting experiences with Clark Gable on a deer hunting trip

THIS is probably the only interview in captivity ever written entirely from a standing position.

I don't *DARE* sit down. In other words, the deer hunt was done on horseback—twelve of the longest hours ever constructed by the astrological forces, or something like that.

And I also might add that this interview is only possible through the kindness of a certain Dr. Sloan and his liniment.

But to get on with the story—

Here are a few things you didn't know about that stalwart hero of the screen, Clark Gable:

He is a crack shot and with one bang can make a deer go through the antics of a bee-stung adagio dancer.

He loves to argue—and he usually wins. (Well, anyway he's bigger than I am.)

He's a real out-door type and doesn't mind cracking the ice in the wash-basin at five in the morning.

He is one of the best (or worst) pun creators that every punned a bad gag.

He's very much at home on any kind of a rough-neck horse. (That reminds me: I'd like to get my horse at him, I'd fix him!)

He can pitch horse-shoes like nobody's business—if that's anybody's business.

He can talk cowboy lingo, and tell the sons of the west a few new words—if necessary.

← A birds-eye view of Clark Gable and his party enjoying a real thrill as they watch blasting on a dam at Boulder City from a dizzy height far above the canyon

All set for the exciting deer hunt —Jimmy Starr, the author; Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Mrs. Starr, Mary Astor, Mrs. Gable and Clark

CLARK GABLE

By Jimmy Starr

Clark cleans his trusty rifle in preparation for the trip. As Jimmy Starr says in this article—"He is a crack shot and with one bang can make a deer go through the antics of a bee-stung adagio dancer"

Mrs. Gable with Clark as they prepare to embark on one of their outdoor adventures. Taking the wife along is no hardship for Clark. She is the sort of woman who is as much at home in a hunting lodge as she is in her own drawing room

He likes to ride to the top of a mountain and watch the sun set, or rise.

He doesn't like to shave while on camping trips.

He doesn't wear those turtle-neck sweaters! (Now, take that and *THAT!*)

And he acted like a kid in a snow storm.

He ate great gobs of food and went to bed at seven p. m.

ONE luncheon time at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio I met Clark who was just finishing the last scenes of *Red Dust.*

"Say, I gotta vacation—for about a week," he said, happily. "I think I'll go deer hunting. Wanna come along?"

"Sure," I said. "What can I lose?"

Without knowing much of what happened in the next few hours (as if I ever did), before I could say Richard Boleslavsky it was morning and we were on our way.

By "we" I mean Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Mary Astor and her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Oh, yes—Mrs. Starr.

Two large automobiles loaded with guns, suitcases, a camera, some of Mrs. Gable's fried chicken, hiking boots and a lot of things one always takes along but never uses.

The destination? Ah, that I didn't quite know. On to Las Vegas, Nevada—the wide-open gambling town.

We stopped at the Apache hotel. After that long drive from Los Angeles there was nothing to do but sneak a steak at the Oasis café. Now there's a place for steaks: you could ride one into the dining room, they're that large!

No sooner arrived than discovered. A newspaper man put in his appearance, Caukins by name. He wanted to show us Boulder Dam the following morning. Clark was tremendously enthused by the idea.

Boulder City, where the dam is being constructed, about thirty-six miles from Las Vegas, is one of the most amazing sights in America. Frank T. Crow, the supt. (I can't spell superintendent), took two hours out of his busy life and personally conducted our tour. There are more statistics about the project than this magazine could print.

It is difficult to describe the strange sensation one receives upon suddenly entering a huge canyon, with walls that seem miles high. A rushing muddy river (the Colorado) by your feet, men clinging like ants to the side-walls of the canyon, drilling dynamite holes for blasting, massive trucks rumbling along rough trails that seem dangerous even for a mountain goat, huge cranes and steam-shovel straining and puffing over their giant tasks, thousands of men working feverishly at various labors, cementing water tunnels wide enough for four autos, overhead trolley cars spinning across at a dizzy height and speed.

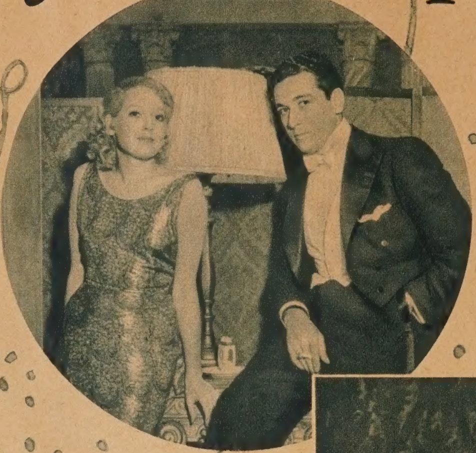
Mr. Crow finally got us up in one of these spine-chillers and it was during this trip that Clark actually turned white. Well, I wasn't any too crimson myself. In fact, that terra firma felt polenty good when we landed. Then came the shrill whistle for the blasting. This is done at lunch hour so the men will not be uselessly idle. We saw twelve hundred pounds of dynamite go up in so much smoke, but at the same time removing a young mountain.

Clark was so busy getting all the inside dope from Mr. Crow I couldn't learn very much, except [*Continued on page* 54]

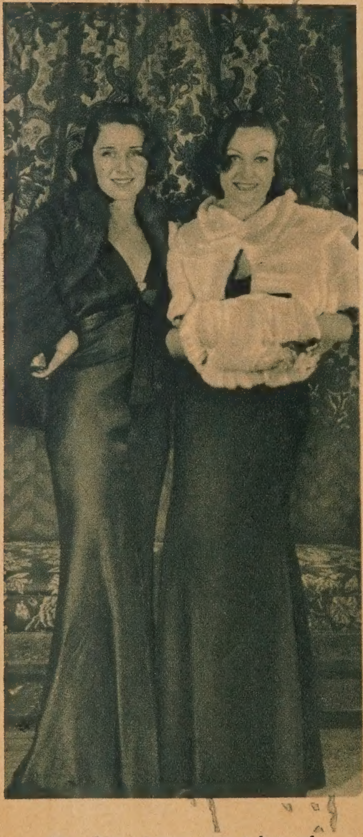
Hollywood's Gayest Party

How the stars looked at the Mayfair Club's huge celebration opening the winter social season

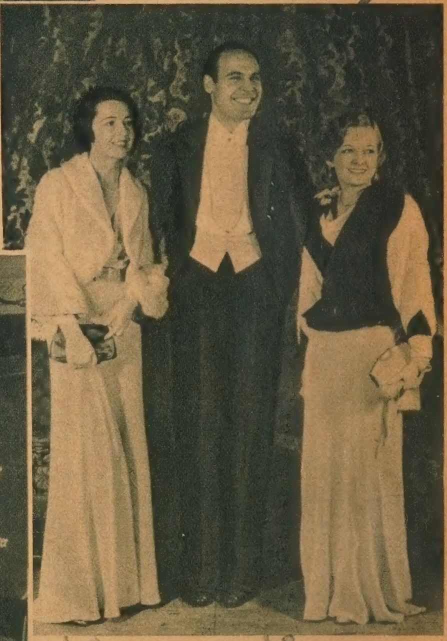
Photography by
HYMAN FINK



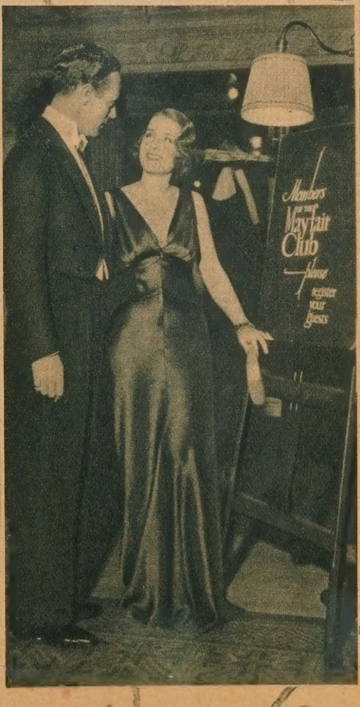
Still honeymooning around, Thelma Todd and Pat De Cicco are discovered trying to hide away from the crowd



The first picture ever taken of Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford together. Joan's ermine cape and muff are the very latest thing

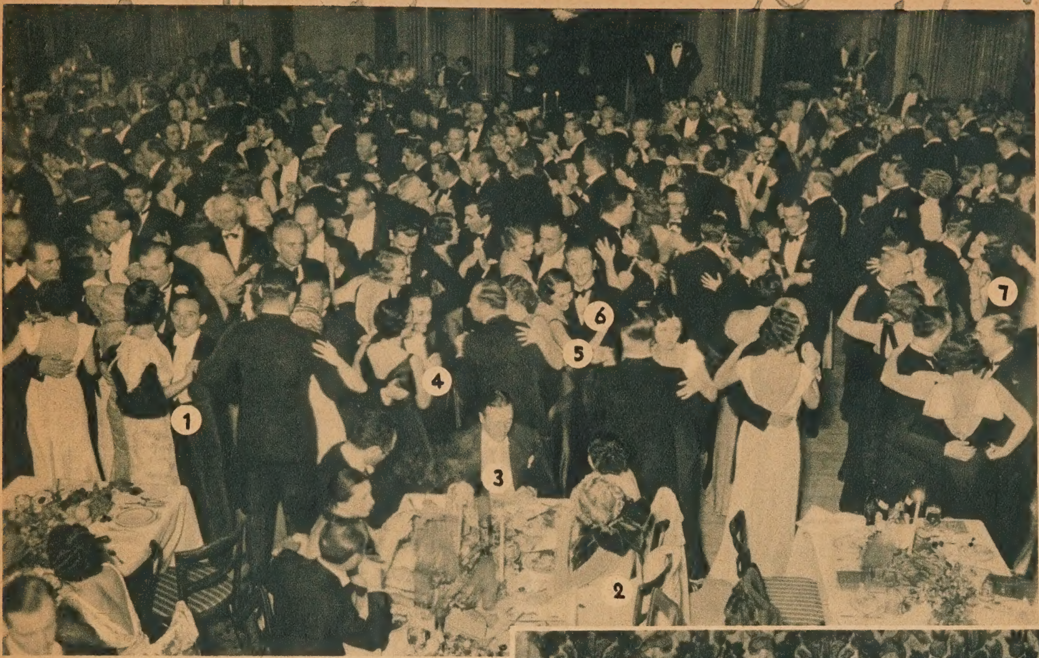


Giving the cameraman their very best toothpaste grins—Colleen Moore, Ralph Graves and Marian Nixon


Members of the Mayfair Club please register your guests

←

Leslie Howard was the most popular man at the party. Norma Shearer managed to steal him away from the crowd of admiring females—but only for a very few minutes



A section of the floor showing a part of the immense crowd of dancing merrymakers. In the foreground may be seen (1) George E. Stone, (2) Lilyan Tashman with her back turned, (3) Edmund Lowe, (4) Irving Thalberg, (5) Mary Brian dancing with (6) Dick Powell and (7) Norma Shearer. How many more can you identify?

What wall-flowers! Sharon Lynn, Helen Hayes (than whom there is nothing sweeter in a fluffy party gown) and Dolores Del Rio were interrupted, while chatting about this and that, to have their picture snapped

←

The four aces of Hollywood's popular younger set—Stuart Erwin, Mary Brian, June Collyer and Dick Powell. Dick and Mary, you know, are staging a whirlwind courtship these days with Buddy Rogers gritting his teeth in the background

NO *Divorce* *for* JOAN

Joan Crawford reveals her own formula for marital happiness

By J. Eugene Chrisman

IN THE year of 1931 A. D., a total of thirty-seven film marriages went on the rocks. During the first nine months of 1932, thirty-four more motion picture husbands and wives told it to the judge, setting a new high in matrimonial catastrophes.

In spite of this fact, at least one Hollywood marriage remains intact. It stands today on an even firmer base than ever before. Having weathered all the various storms which beset the marriages of movie personages, it will quite likely continue to bloom and flourish until the colony is given the opportunity to celebrate at least one golden wedding. It is the marriage of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

"Douglas and I have been fortunate," admits Joan, "and although I would not be foolish enough to make the statement that we will never be separated, there is certainly nothing to indicate it, at present. Douglas and I have been on the verge of divorce more than once. We have had to go through all the ugly things which threaten marriage. That's all behind us now and we've conquered them."

Joan hates to talk about her marriage for publication. Fearless in most things, she dreads being misunderstood by her fans.

"Please, above all things," said Joan as we left the M-G-M café, "don't quote me in such a way as to make it seem that I am holding my marriage up as a model for others. I am not trying to preach and I do not consider myself an authority to be quoted on such a subject as matrimony. You understand, don't you?"

Although Joan would be the first to deny it, her marriage to Douglas has withstood the onslaughts of the malignant [*Continued on page* 59]

WEATHER
Unusual
as usual

HOLLYWOOD NEWS

FIRST
EDITION

MOVIETOWN, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY, 1933

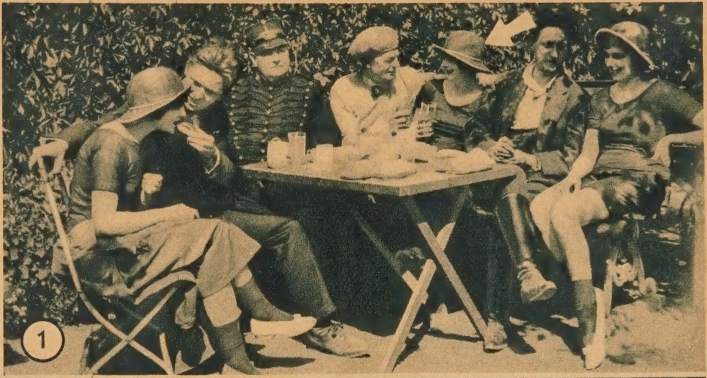
SPOTLIGHT ON GARBO!

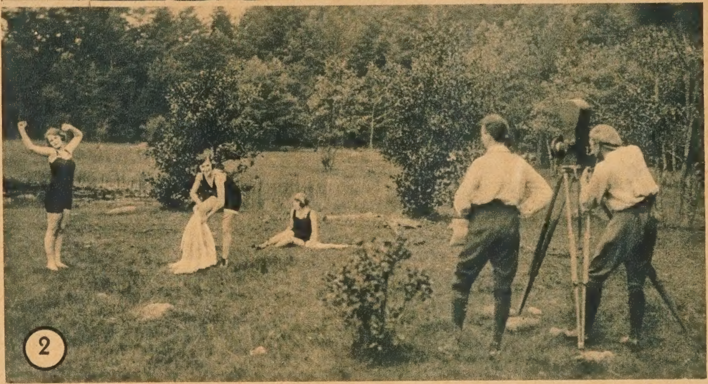
Private Life of Garbo Not Safe from Siege of News Sleuths

GARBO is fighting a losing battle with the news hounds. When she does, if ever, consent to grant frequent interviews as do other movie famous, the glamorous star won't be able to tell anything new.

Since Garbo retreated to Sweden her life began to lose the privacy she was able to give it in Hollywood by her refusal to see reporters. She was interviewed. Her brother, her old friends, former associates in Swedish studios have all contributed to the information that has only recently come to light. An American magazine published a story under her byline. An unusual number of photographs, two of which appear on this page, have been secured by SCREEN BOOK, helping to satisfy the public's curiosity.

Not in all [*Continued on page* 64]





—O. Norberg

(1) THE CAST of *Lufbar-Petter*, in which Garbo first gained recognition, seen enjoying luncheon on the set. The white arrow points to Greta who at that time was a very congenial young lady. (2) The filming of *Lufbar-Petter*, with Garbo's first director, Erik Petschler, standing next to the camera. Greta is the lissome beauty at the extreme left

Old Pals Meet

TOM MIX in a scene with William Farnum, above, whom movie fans will remember as one of the outstanding stars of ten years ago. Back in front of the camera again after a long absence, Farnum plays a villainous rôle in *Flaming Guns*

Clara Clicks—But Is Undecided About Future

Although *Call Her Savage* is the most successful picture she ever made, Clara Bow at this writing isn't sure about future plans. She has a swell contract at Fox studio, but doesn't have to make a picture unless she finds just the right story. There's a European trip first perhaps and then a nice, long rest. After that, she'll start thinking—maybe—about another picture. Clara refuses to be harnessed by a career from now on.

PANTHER GIRL SHOWS CLAWS

THE FASCINATING KATHLEEN BURKE, who was chosen among 60,000 contestants for the rôle of "The Panther Woman" in *The Island of Lost Souls.* Whether or not she succeeds, Kathleen has stated her determination to marry the man she chose before her movie opportunity came

Kathleen Burke Defies Studio; Will Marry "Boy Back Home"

FOLLOWING a nation-wide contest in which more than 60,000 girls were entered, Kathleen Burke, pretty Chicago girl, was chosen by Paramount for the rôle of "The Panther Woman" in their picture, *The Island of Lost Souls.*

Kathleen was brought to Hollywood, established in the ambassador Hotel at the expense of the studio and given a short-time contract. *The Island of Lost Souls* was started and everything seemed rosy but, alas!—it developed that Kathleen had a boy friend. That is not unusual in itself, but Kathleen's boy friend evidently had no idea of allowing the girl of his heart to be snatched from him. So, packing his other suit, he ups and follows.

So far, so good. Paramount had no objections. If Kathleen wanted her boy friend, okay, but when he began frequenting the set and even trying to give advice on how the Panther Woman should play her part, the studio waxed wroth and ordered him out. With fire in her eyes, the Panther Woman unsheathed her claws. Flatly and in no uncertain terms, she informed the studio that Jack Rardin was her boy friend and he stayed on the set if he wanted to—or else! With a picture half made, what else was there for the studio to do but back

[*Continued on page 62*]

KATHLEEN BURKE with Jack Rardin, over whom the studio has been suffering headaches. The two will wed, they declare, after Kathleen has made her début

—*Fink*

MARRIED OR DIVORCED? Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen had trouble deciding the question, but at present they are "living happily ever after"—at least for the time being. They are seen above with Marcella Burke, SCREEN BOOK's Western Editor

Off-Again, On-Again Romance Keeping Hollywood on Edge

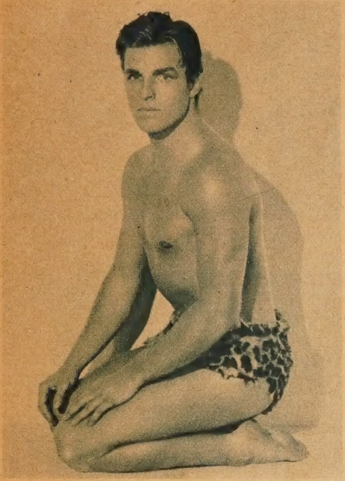
WELDON HEYBURN and Greta Nissen have been keeping Hollywood reporters in a state of frenzy, ever since they announced their intent to divorce two months ago.

Married less than a year, the two found that they couldn't agree. They parted, with Greta securing—so she said—a Mexican "mail" divorce. Weldon moved out of their palatial Beverly Hills home and went to live in a small apartment. Thus it seemed that another Hollywood marriage had come to the inevitable conclusion. But then Weldon began to meet Greta in public places. They danced together, lunched together, visited each other—but both said their marriage was definitely over.

Now, just as we go to press, the two have drifted together again as quickly as they drifted apart. Greta has torn up her Mexican divorce. The stately Beverly Hills mansion has its honeymooners back again. Will it last? There is no one who would venture to say—least of all Greta or Weldon.

DARING ADVENTURERS RETURN

Tarzan's New Rival

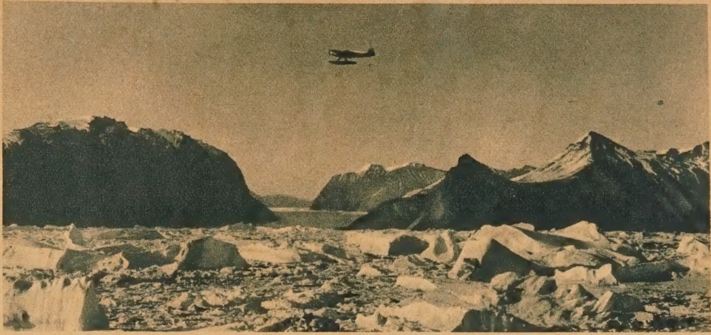


—*Richee*

THE LION MAN—None other than Buster Crabbe, world-famed swimming champion, who is all set to give Johnny Weissmuller a run for his money in the Tarzan class. Buster has been signed by Paramount studios to take the leading rôle in *King of the Jungle.* He weighs 188 pounds and is six feet, one inch tall. Buster has saved twenty-seven persons from drowning during his life guard career

Oh, Yeah ? YEAH ! !

WHAT A BATTLE! The cameraman sneaks up on Wynne Gibson and Cary Grant as they try to "out-bird" each other in the studio café at Paramount. Wynne won one razzberry decision, and Cary is demanding a return match



A STRIKING PHOTO showing Ernest Udet, the famous German ace, undertaking the almost impossible task of finding a landing place among the icebergs. This is one of the many breath-taking, beautiful scenes from *S. O. S. Iceberg*

MOVIE EXPLORERS SECURE SENSATIONAL PICTURE ON THRILLING ARCTIC EXPEDITION

THE movie public will soon see one of the most sensational pictures ever presented on the screen.

There are no Clark Gables or Greta Garbos in the cast—no "sophisticated sex angle"—no "moral problems." *S.O.S. Iceberg* has none of these, yet studio officials who have viewed the picture claim that it will be unsurpassed by any other entertainment this year.

The great adventure film is sponsored by Universal studio, which sent an expedition to Umanak, Greenland six months ago to film for the first time a story of adventure and romance in the arctic circle. Headed by Dr. Arnold Fanck, with a cast of relatively unknown players, and a large crew, the expedition pushed its way through the vast icy region to accomplish the ambitious task.

For six months they battled the biting cold while they pushed on through the frosty, cruel mountains of Greenland, filming wonders they had never hoped to see. It was on the last day of shooting that the company barely escaped tragedy when Fate gave them a great scene. As the sturdy little ship was about to clear away from the huge icebergs, one of them exploded without warning. Fortunately, the cameras had enough film left from the day's shooting to preserve this remarkable phenomena for the screen and the photographers risked their lives to get it.

Another chapter has been written in movie history. The day of pioneering is not yet over.

SHOOTING POLAR BEARS a new way. Cameraman Richard Angst adjusts his camera to a close-range angle before setting off on the perilous job of photographing Arctic wild life

LENI RENFENSTAHL, the brilliant foreign actress who will make her début in *S. O. S. Iceberg*, photographed against Nature's weird, glaring mountain background

SING SING and The Movies

The author of "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" discusses prison pictures and their effect on convicts

By Lewis E. Lawes,

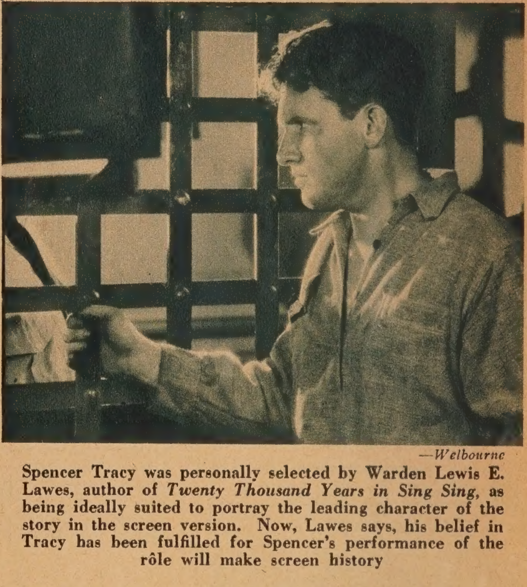
Warden of Sing Sing Prison

A MAN is in Sing Sing for his natural life—for strangling his own child. Yet I saw him sobbing. Another for a long time for kidnaping. His hand trembled as he brushed the tears from his eyes. I noticed a supposedly case-hardened chap, guilty of a particularly atrocious assault, frankly crying, his face working with emotion.

Where?

It was at the prison movies, during the showing of a motion picture in which a child is stolen from his weeping mother by a brutal father, under harrowing circumstances.

The soul is laid bare in prison.



—Welbourne

Spencer Tracy was personally selected by Warden Lewis E. Lawes, author of *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*, as being ideally suited to portray the leading character of the story in the screen version. Now, Lawes says, his belief in Tracy has been fulfilled for Spencer's performance of the rôle will make screen history

A prominent sociologist and educator wrote us, after a visit to Sing Sing, that he was convinced "a prison, unlike a corporation, has a soul." I may add that a prisoner, like any other human being, has a soul.

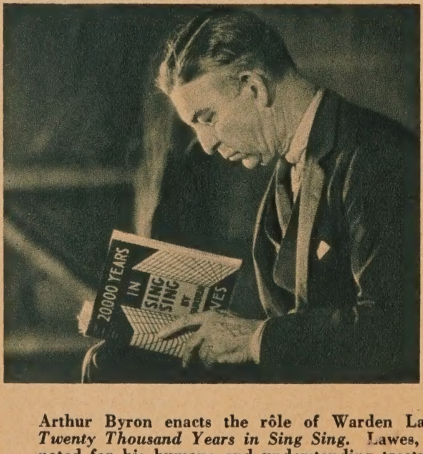
There are many tears in Sing Sing.

Listening to the radio one night recently, I heard a Hollywood newsgatherer compiling the latest doings in the Movie Capital. He referred to a cycle of prison pictures, beginning with *The Big House*. The complimentary allusion was, "And now comes the best of them all, *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*."

There are tears in this picture. I think a good description of it may be summed up in the words of one reviewer, "It is terrific entertainment." It is a great story, basically dramatic, but with plenty of comedy touches.

The Tom Connors of the story, a tough, hard-boiled product of a big city's underworld, is about as near being beyond reformation as could be depicted. Yet there comes a change; his character softens. He weeps; his soul is laid bare.

Frankly, I await with more than ordinary interest the reaction of the inmate body of Sing Sing to *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*. However, my interest is only as regards the degree of [*Continued on page* 62]



Arthur Byron enacts the rôle of Warden Lawes in *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*. Lawes, who is noted for his humane and understanding treatment of prisoners, eagerly awaits their reaction to the film

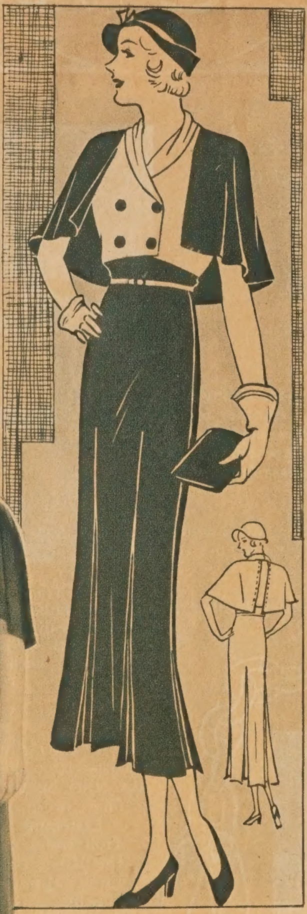
Screen Book's
Hollywood Pattern Service

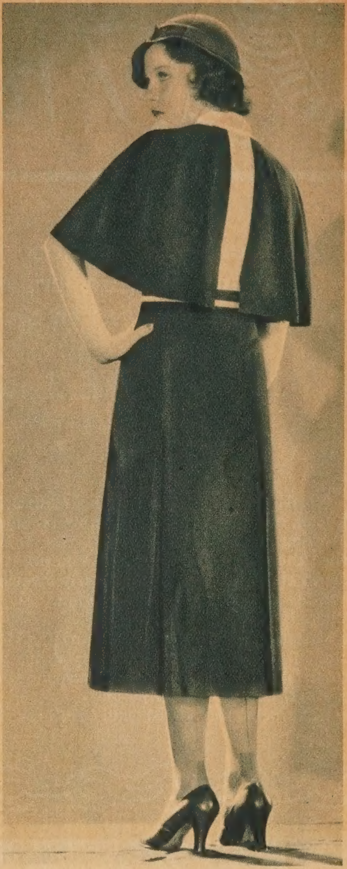
Spring is coming! Get your pattern for this chic little street dress now!

AMONG the smartest screen stars one sees capes and more capes. It's the chic thing for spring. Dainty Phyllis Fraser, Radio Pictures' starlet, is wearing a frock which combines the high-waisted skirt of navy blue wool crêpe with a top of white wool crêpe. The little bodice is cleverly made and smartly fastened with blue bone buttons to represent a vest. The cape is divided in back to display a bit of bodice. The skirt appears to have six pleats, whereas there really are six godets inserted and neatly pressed, thus affording grace and animation below the hips but retaining a snug, closely fitted hip section. Easy to make, too, even for beginners.

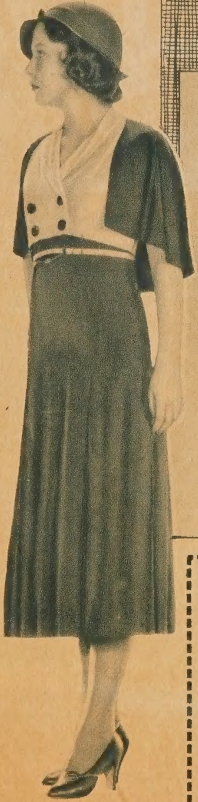
We've had the pattern made exactly from Miss Fraser's frock and it may be ordered in sizes 12 to 20, at the nominal price of 15c. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards of 54 inch fabric for skirt and cape, and ¾ yard 54 inch contrasting for the bodice. If you use silk for the bodice you will need 1⅛ yards of 39 inch fabric. Order this pattern today. Within a week you or your dressmaker can begin work on one of spring's smartest models.

If you wish an opportunity to choose unusual patterns in dresses, lingerie, pajamas and kiddie clothes, send for the beautiful 32 page FASHION CATALOG, enclosing 15c. This month's pattern and the catalog may be had in combination for 25c.





Above: A back view of the same frock showing the shoulder cape of navy which gives a panel effect, revealing a white wool crêpe vest. **Left:** The artist's sketch which shows the dress more in detail



Right: A front view of Phyllis Fraser's new frock of navy blue wool crêpe, showing the narrow white kid belt which indicates a high waistline

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.
529 South 7th Street,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

For the enclosed .... (in stamps or coin) send me

☐ Phyllis Fraser's dress pattern (15c) B-201. Size..............

☐ Fashion Book 15c (if ordered separately)—10c when ordered with pattern

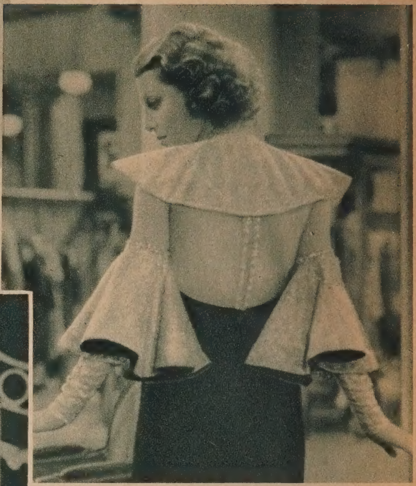
Name ....

(Print plainly)

Address ....City ....State ....

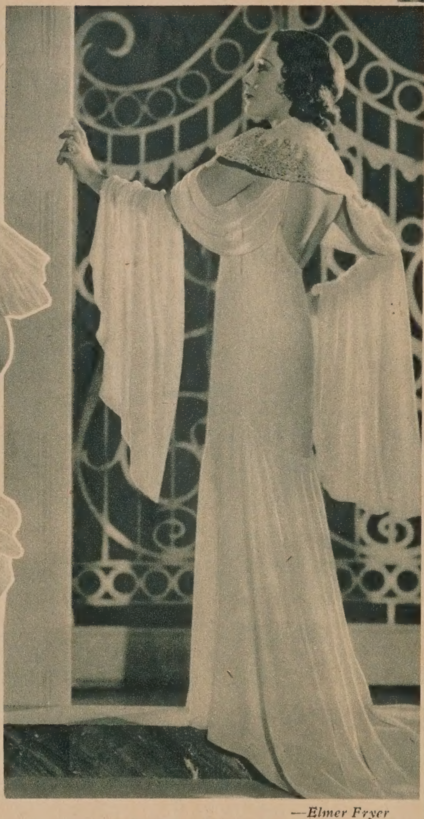
WHAT! NO BACKS?

Front necklines reach new high and backlines go down and down



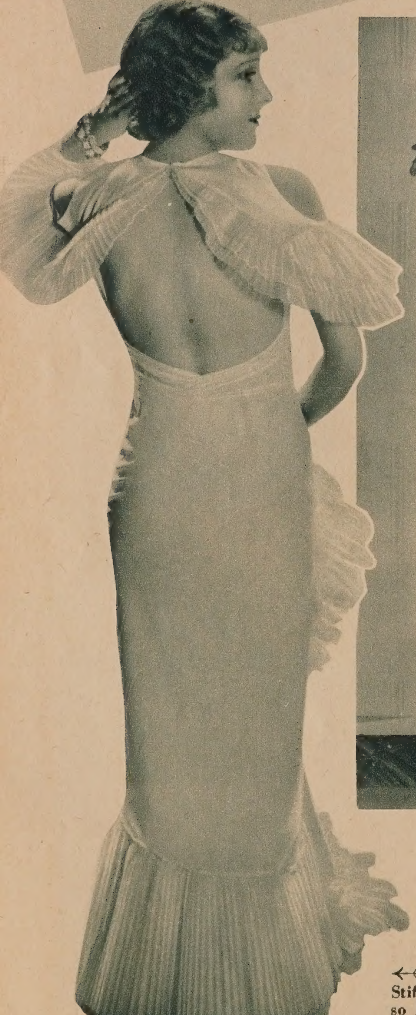
—Mac Julian

The fashion world turns from Empress Eugenie to medieval gallants. Loretta Young copies their wide collar and inverts their flaring cuffs, combining black moiré and silver cloth



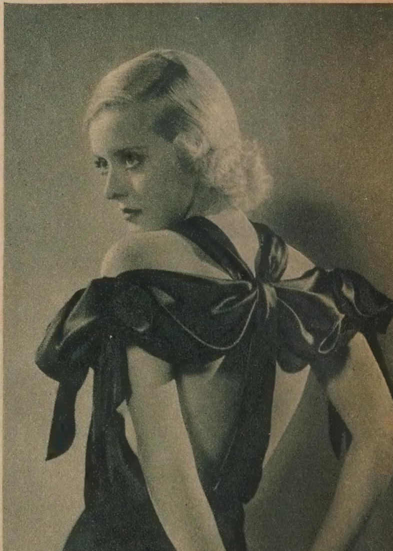
—Elmer Fryer

↑ Bebe Daniels is regal in a creamy chiffon velvet décolleté, topped by a gaily beaded capelet. The gown properly starts at the waistline and sweeps into a generous train



—Bert Longworth

← Stiff skirts rustle back to fashion, so Helen Vinson shows a gown of starched chiffon and crêpe trimmed in cocq feathers and accordion pleats. It is backless and an ingenious cape reveals the shoulders

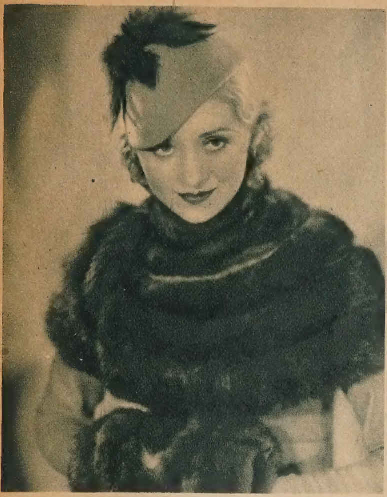


—Irving Lippman

No ingénue wears a gown like Bette Davis'. It's black satin-back crêpe made with a brief train. The back of the dress would be a minus item if it weren't for the puffy bertha

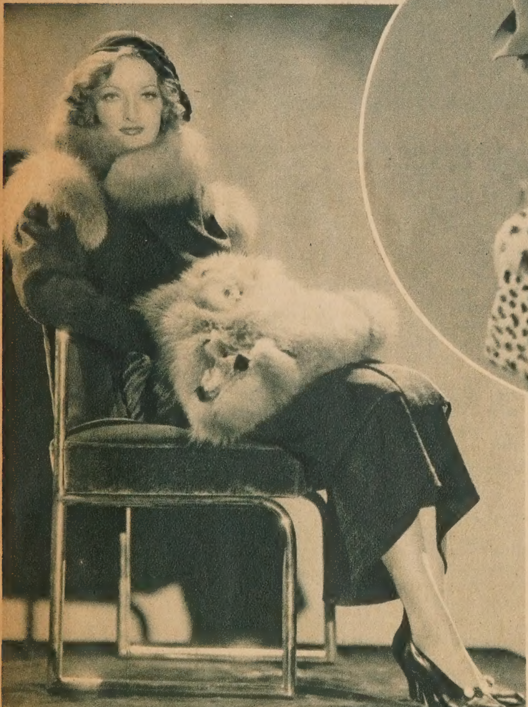
MUFFS ARE IN AGAIN!

No girl makes a mistake if she "muffs" her wardrobe this year



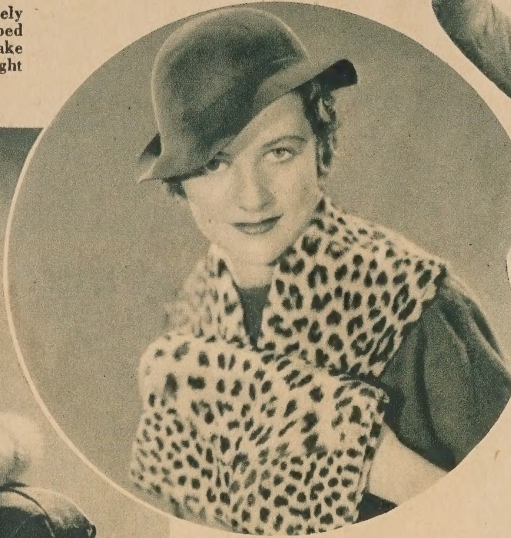
—*Ernest A. Bachrach*

A blue wool nun's collar completely banded in mink and a heart-shaped muff of the self-same materials make Marian Marsh's blue wool suit right as a trivet

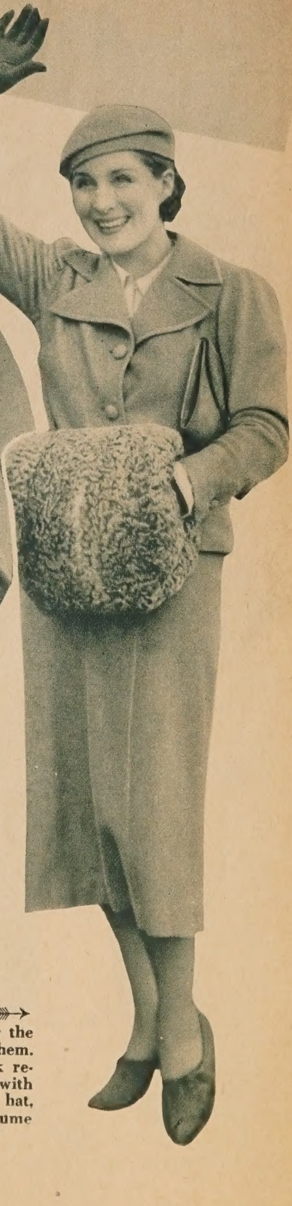


—*Ernest A. Bachrach*

Gwili André goes for the muff fad in a very big way, choosing a big fluffy red fox affair to match the foxy fellow who went to make up her coat collar. She wears them smartly with a brown ostrich cloth ensemble



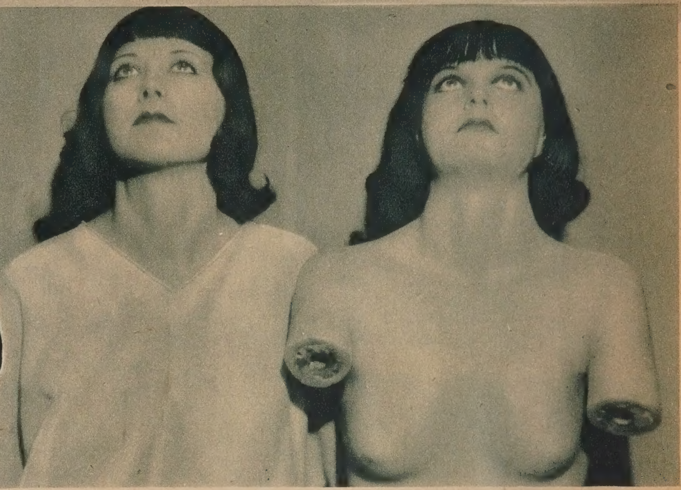
The handiest thing about Betty Furness' flat envelope muff is that it serves as a purse as well as a hand warmer. The matching leopard neck piece is nothing more than a trig collar hooking in front



Many stars vote Norma Shearer the best-dressed woman among them. She came back from New York recently wearing a grey wool suit with a short jacket and a tiny grey hat, but the smartest part of her costume was her big Krimmer muff

Keep this UNDER

Bits of news from up and down the boulevard



—*Welbourne*

If it weren't for the missing arms and drapes you'd never be able to tell which was the girl and which the wax figure. Monica Bannister's wax counterpart is Joan of Arc. Both are seen in *The Wax Museum*

Slim Summerville with a double armful of cuteness—David Leo Tillotson and Cora Sue Collins who appear with him in *They Just Had to Get Married*

YOUR excitable auntie is simply ecstatic about a new cinema gel, Phyllis Barry, who makes her début (and what a début) in *Cynara*. She comes within the proverbial hair's breadth of stealing the show from Ronnie Colman, albeit he gives the best performance of his career.

You're going to see a lot of Phyllis from now on, so gather 'round while I sketch her "wherefroms." She's the daughter of an old English theatrical family. Her mamma used to be the wardrobe mistress of the famous Haymarket theatre in Lun'non and Phyl launched her career as one of the Tiller girls. She went to Australia about five years ago and played leading rôles in a number of musical comedies—*No, No, Nanette*; *Rio Rita* and *Sally*—which were produced in Sydney—then came to Hollywood.

Found On Stage

Sam Goldwyn, who's nearly as good a picker as the late Flo Ziegfeld, saw her when she was dancing in a musical called *Hullabaloo* and came near tearing the theatre down in his haste to collect her autograph on one of his long-term contract forms.

Make no mistake about Miss Barry—she's certain to be a new planet in the Hollywood sky. And listen, you romantic swains, she's happily wed to an acrobat.

The Tragic Finale

FRANK CONDON, the author chappie, tells about a writer-pal of his who sold a story to a studio. When screened it was so changed that the foxy scribe took a carbon copy of the original and sold it to another producer. The same thing happened, and, in due course of time, that identical story was sold to twelve studios, all of which, with sundry plot changes, made boxoffice smashes from it. Then the author, grown rich and famous, turned producer and filmed his story, exactly as he had written it.

It was a dismal flop!

WEARY WATCHING

Since her return from Europe Joan Crawford has been taking up tap dancing in a vigorous way. For practice, she wears the regulation trunks and blouse and very little else. The other day she happened to look up from her practicing and found Ethel Barrymore watching her. "My dear," drawled Ethel, weighted down under fifty pounds of the Czarina's dress she wears in Rasputin, *"it wears me out just to watch you."*

Your HAT

By Beverly Hill

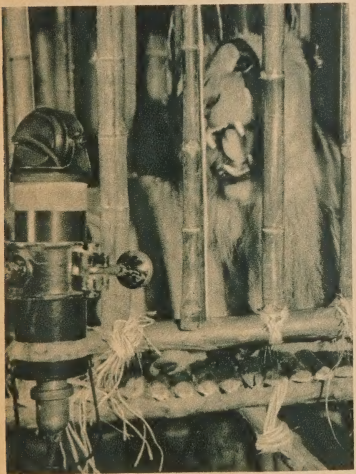
Clansters

THE Bennett clan, which holds that blood's thicker'n water, have gathered in Noo Yahk for the blessed event expected by Barbara Bennett Downey. For months Connie and Joan have been knitting tiny garments, much to the bewilderment of our boulevard gossips, who've been repeatedly befuddled into thinking (and broadcasting) that both the Cinestars were plying the needles and yarn on their own accounts.

The last unanimous conclave of the Bennetts was held here in Flickertown, when Joan lost an argument with her unruly saddle horse and was thrown for a broken hip.

Nursery Notes

SPEAKING of babies (and who isn't in Hollywood these days?), it's worthy of comment that Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, both of whom are red-heads, chose for adoption a little tot with fiery curls. And Freddie March, who's also a proud pa (by adoption), swears that his baby is to receive normal treatment. Some stars have erected a wall of profound mystery around their children, refusing every request for photographs; others have made publicity capital of their progeny. Freddie says he'll strike a happy medium, thank you. No photographs for six months and then help yourself.



It takes a hardy microphone to stand up before the wild roar of Leo, the African lion who did the off-stage sound stuff for *Nagana*, Tala Birell's new picture

GEORGE DOES IT

This guy, George Raft. When are they going to star him? He received more applause than Gary Cooper or Jack Oakie the other night at the preview of If I Had A Million, *but until very recently he was getting only $173 per week. A strange personality, this Raft. There's something disturbingly attractive about him, yet he is not handsome. He moves so smoothly through scenes you never are conscious that he is acting. It isn't until it's all over that you feel you've witnessed superb technique—and remember it until the next time.*

When are they going to star him? The ladies want to know.

Just An Optimist

MERVYN LE ROY, Warner Brothers' pint-sized directorial genius, placed an order with "casting" for a middle-aged Irish lady to play a small bit in his current picture. The casting director sent four likely prospects for his okay.

Merv surveyed the first applicant, a broad-beamed, resolute appearing matron, with an approving eye.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Shure, an' is it me real name or me stage name you're wantin'?" she countered.

"Oh, your stage name, I guess."

"Well, me stage name is June Viley."

"And what have you played in on the stage?"

"Nothin' yit."

Depression Tid-Bits

LEW KING, a Fox megaphone wielder, is curtailing football expenses. He invites all his pals to radio-pigskin parties, parks them in prescribed rooting sections before the radio, appoints cheer leaders, supplies arm bands and peanuts and lets nature take its course. Now there's an idea.

Bebe Daniels, more alluring than ever, again has a chance to use the beautiful singing voice that brought her fame in *Rio Rita*. She stars as the prima donna in *42nd Street*

And Cary Grant and Randy Scott have teamed up on a Beverly Hills home. Helen Vinson, beautiful Warner Brothers contractee, lives in her studio dressing room.

Dog-Gone

A SPECIAL delivery letter from Sue Carol, who's personal-appearing in the East, informs me that Stuge, her pet hound, has been ousted from her act. He was stealing all the laughs, the clever dog.

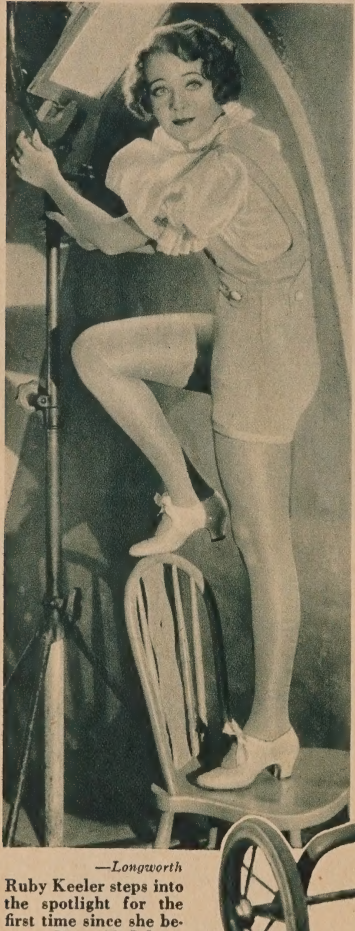
Stellar Phobias

JUST a friendly tip-off—if ever you come to Hollywood and call on Joan Crawford, *don't* wear a yellow dress. Joan tells me she can't stand yellow—any shade of it. It drives her ca-razy! And when you visit Lionel Barrymore, don't take your pet kitten ket. He has a frenzied hatred—a positive, soul-racking abhorrence—for tabbies and goes into tantrum whenever one is near

KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT

News You Ought To Know

Studio executives at Metro believe Clark Gable overworked. As a result he will appear in about half as many pictures in 1933 . . . Marian Marsh turned down a rôle in Mae West's *Ruby Red,* saying it was too insignificant for her talents . . . Norma Talmadge's mother denies her daughter is to wed Georgie Jessel . . . Fredric March is to have the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in *The Queen Was in the Parlor* . . . Jack Dempsey is barnstorming around the country as master of ceremonies for a nifty dance orchestra.



—*Longworth*

Ruby Keeler steps into the spotlight for the first time since she became Mrs. Al Jolson. The lovely former musical comedy beauty has a fine rôle in *Forty-second Street*

him. And *how* a Barrymore can tantrum!

There's a seventy-five cent scientific term for Lionel's affliction, but I cannot spell it. At any rate, Hollywood should list any number of victims, for history reveals that Napoleon was almost insanely revolted by the sight of a cat.

—*Stax*

"Spanky" gives his special interpretation of a six-day bicycle rider. He's already way ahead of the field of other screen youngsters when it comes to cuteness and natural ability

Thanks To Pictures

HELEN HAYES offers interesting testimony anent the difference between screen and stage fame. Before coming to Hollywood to make *The Sin of Madelon Claudet,* Helen was one of the brightest luminaries on Broadway—but her fan mail never exceeded twenty letters a week, and she was never greeted by palpitant crowds awaiting her exit from the stage door.

Since her screen hit, she has received more than a thousand fan letters every seven days, and on innumerable occasions police escorts have been necessary to get her through the crowds outside a theatre.

"I feel now, by contrast," Helen confesses, "that before coming to the screen I was an absolute unknown."

Postage Guaranteed

MOST flicker stars are experienced travelers with three or four European tours, a couple of South Sea jaunts and innumerable shuttlings between here and New York to their credit. But Gloria Stuart, who's a full-fledged sparkler for Universal, has just returned from her first journey outside the boundaries of California. She was sent by plane to New York for the opening of her new picture, *Air Mail.* Someone gave her an orchid corsage as she boarded the Gotham-bound plane, and she blushingly confessed that they were her first.

Did You Know . . . . .

THAT Sharon Lynn wrote those song hits, *Monte Carlo Moon* and *Loving You the Way I Do* . . . that Dick Powell, Warners' new gift to the nation's flappers, will be teamed with Patricia Ellis in a series of pictures . . . that Claudette Colbert opened the Palm Springs season and contracted a beautiful winter tan . . . that George O'Brien gets a daily letter from Marguerite Churchill who's wowing them on the New York stage . . . that the Elliott Nugents are blessed-eventing . . . that Paramount spends about $20,000 a year for the cigarettes which are used on the set . . . that Bob Montgomery owns a model farm in New York state and worries about the prices of hay . . . that Doug Fairbanks is contemplating a picture-making jaunt along the Amazon . . . that Clark Gable bagged a deer this season . . . that Katharine Hepburn drives a low-hung limousine which is longer than a political speech.

Whatta Wife!

JUST to prove that there are happy marriages in this divorce-crazy village, Lew Ayres' devoted missus, Lola Lane, clambered out of bed at exactly 3:45 a. m. and cooked (with her own little hands) a swell-elegant breakfast for Lew and three of his buddies who were going duck hunting.

[*Continued on page* 64]

They have WHAT it TAKES

Portraits of Hollywood personalities who possess the vital spark that raises hem far above the mob

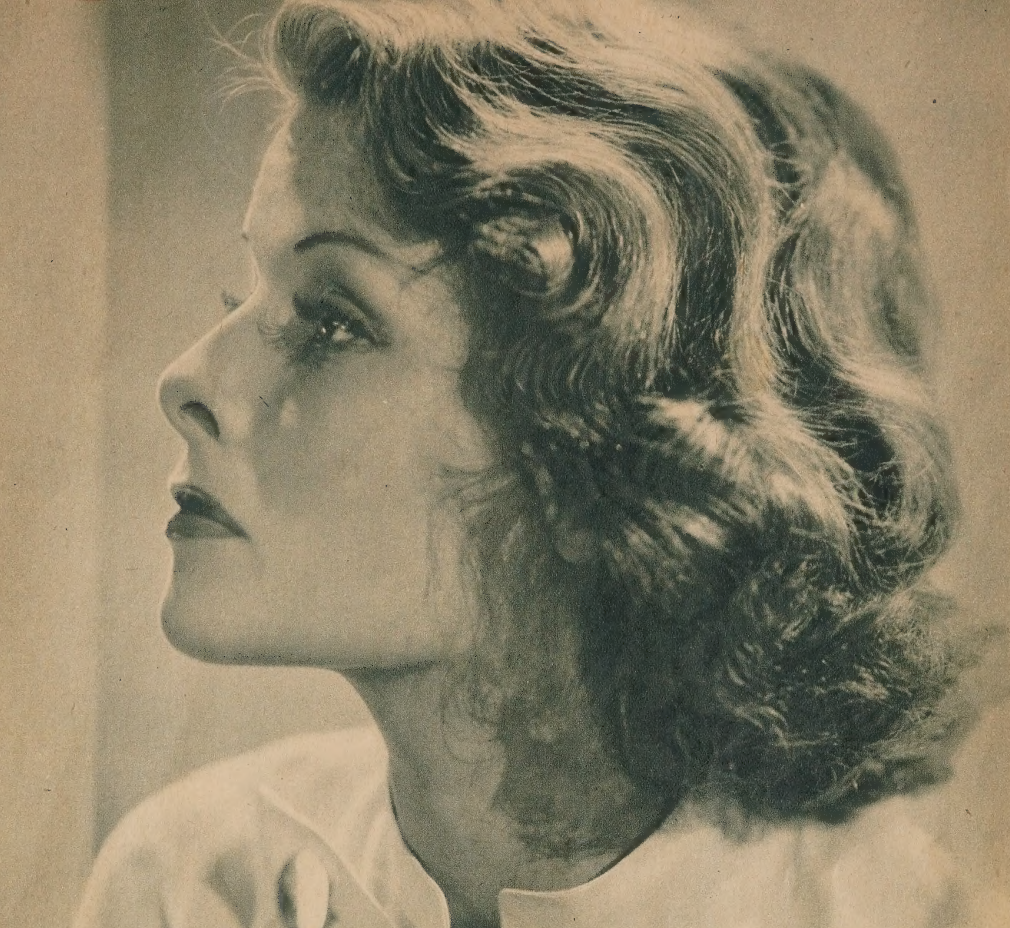
George Brent—

● Handsome as a juvenile, yet more assured and mature than most of his fellow players, George Brent's popularity has grown by leaps and bounds. He seems more charming than ever since his marriage to Ruth Chatterton, who, perhaps, may have loaned him some of her masterful technique. You will see him next opposite Bebe Daniels in "42nd Street," the all-star classic being filmed by Warner Brothers

—*Elmer Fryer*

Fifi Dorsay

● After burning things up along the vaudeville route for several months Mlle. Fifi, the sizzling French personality, is back again in Hollywood to resume her movie career. She does a mean little song and dance number in the ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy, "They Just Had to Get Married"



Katharine Hepburn

● The movie world couldn't help but notice Katharine Hepburn when she stepped into the cinema spotlight in "A Bill of Divorcement." She has everything—the glamour of Garbo, the spirit of Joan Crawford, the beauty of Lily Damita. "Three Came Unarmed" is the startling title of her new picture, in which she appears opposite Joel McCrea

Ann Harding

● There is a wholesome loveliness about Ann Harding that always should have a definite place on the screen although circumstance has willed, apparently, that up to now she was to have no vehicle entirely worthy of her talents other than the memorable "Holiday." The tide is turning for her now, however, with "The Conquerors," in which she shares stellar honors with Richard Dix, and "Animal Kingdom" which reveal her true ability

—*Ernest Bachrach*

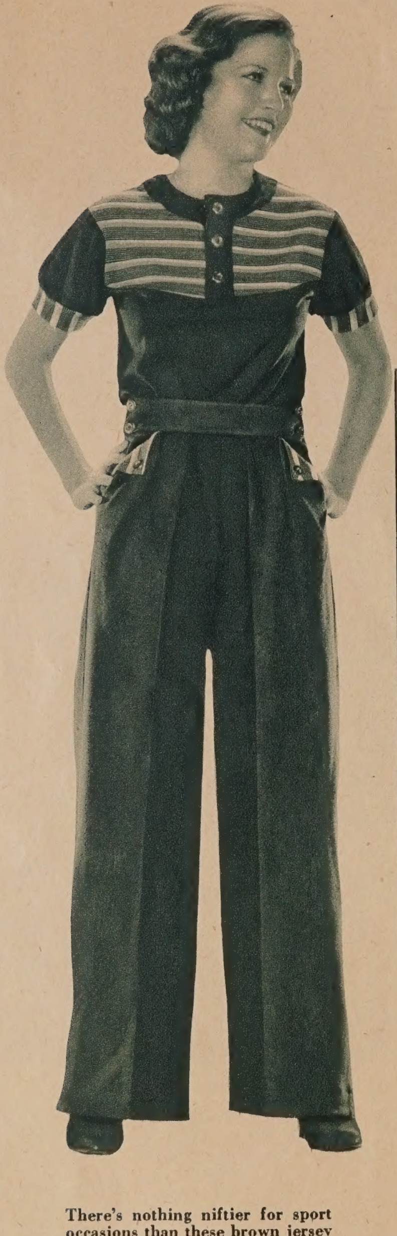
—Otto Dyar

Adrienne Ames

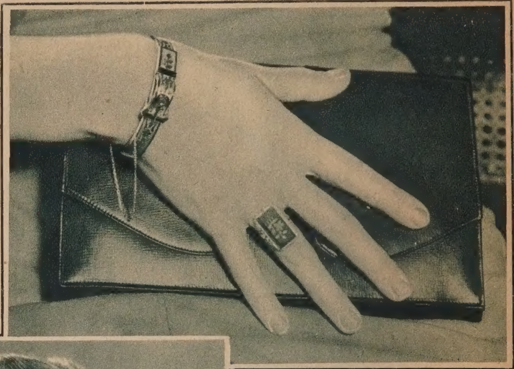
● Just now Adrienne is undergoing a training period in featured rôles. Her arresting personality has brought much favorable comment from critics on her work in "Husband's Holiday," "Twenty-Four Hours," and more recently, "Guilty as Hell." Paramount studio has ambitious plans for its former society girl who made good in Hollywood

DO YOUR SHOPPING

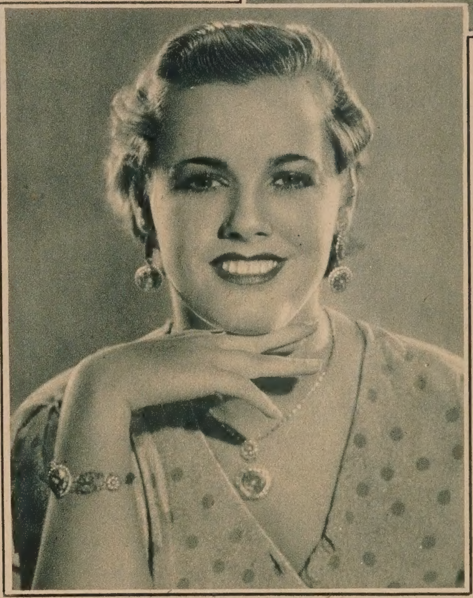
How to order Hollywood creations at bargain prices



There's nothing niftier for sport occasions than these brown jersey slacks with a cunning jumper slightly accented with Roman striped cuffs and yoke. This two-piece garment is priced at $3,95



Really fine are these accessories—a gold bracelet of smart design at $15 and a gold ring with onyx set, featuring a design of little colored stones surrounded by seed pearls. The ring, $18



← Eleanor Holm selected this bargain jewelry at her favorite shop. The pieces are of gold filigree with tiny seed pearls set in. Necklace, $1.00; earrings, $1.00; bracelet, $1.00

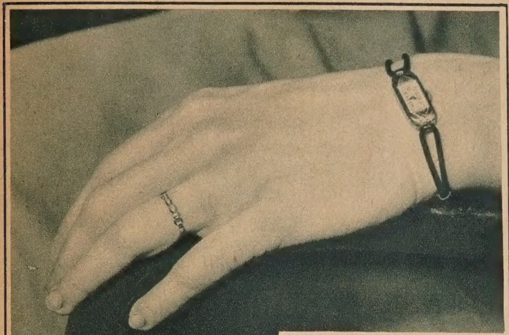
How to order through the Shopping Service

USE the coupon in ordering as many as you desire of the articles listed on these pages. Be sure to send a United States money order for the amount designated. No currency or checks will be accepted. All the articles displayed are offered in standard sizes. Be sure to state your size in the space marked on the coupon. Then clip the picture of the article or articles you desire, attaching them to the coupon with a money order. Mail to Miss Marie Gillen in care of Screen Book's western office.

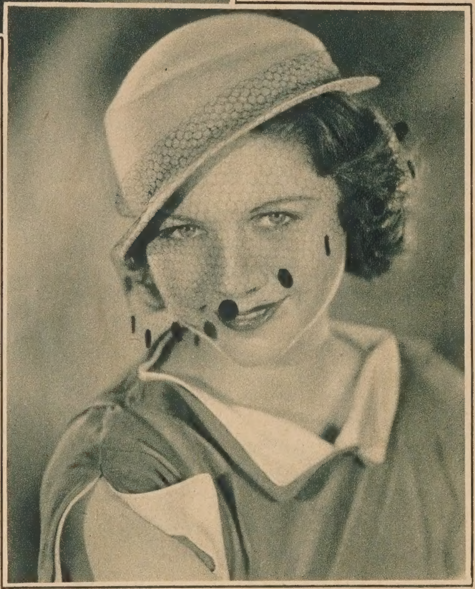
Only reliable shops carrying high quality goods are patronized by this department. SCREEN BOOK cannot assume responsibility for the quality of merchandise other than to exercise care and discretion in selecting the original articles. Any exchanges or requests for refunds must be taken up directly with the store which supplies the merchandise. All orders will be filled promptly.

IN HOLLYWOOD

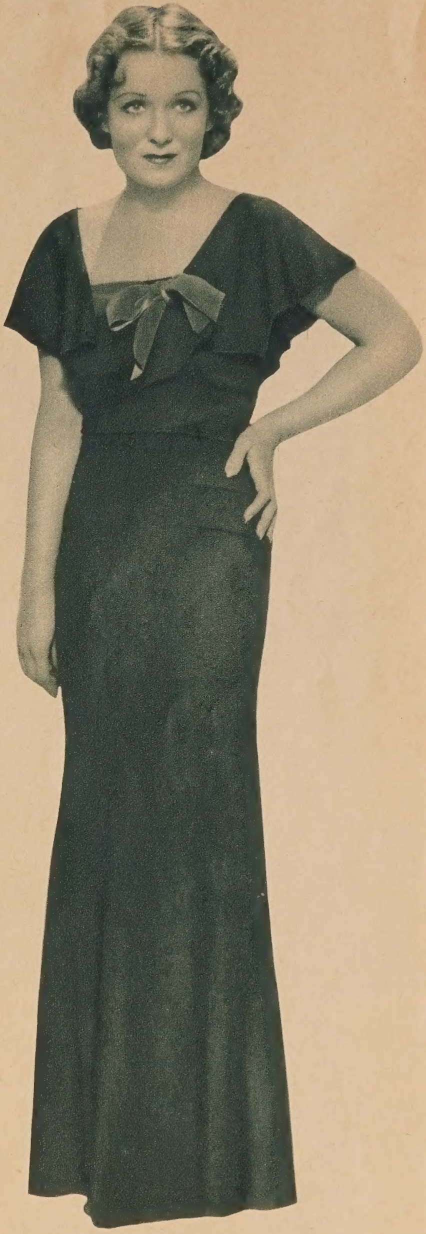
Make your selections and fill in the coupon below



A most unusual wedding ring of white gold with five diamonds—$17.50; seven diamonds, $20, and ten diamonds, $22.50. The same ring in platinum with ten diamonds is priced at $30. The white gold baguette watch (Swiss movement) may be obtained for $25



Phyllis Fraser shows a new grey felt hat with black silk veil—extremely smart when worn at the correct angle. $7.50, including the veil →



Rosalie Roy's cunning afternoon frock is of black silk crêpe and is distinctively trimmed with red velvet. If you prefer you may have other colors, for this attractive dress is now available in any color. Please state your preference when you order. The dress is priced at $16.50

SCREEN BOOK Shopping Service Coupon

Miss Marie Gillen,
SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Dept. F 33,
6605 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Miss Gillen: I am enclosing a money order for .... Please send me prepaid the following: (Place an X mark following the material you wish to order.)

No. 1: Two-piece jersey sport ensemble ....$3.95 ☐
No. 2: Earings ....$1.00 ☐ Necklace ....$1.00 ☐ Bracelet ....$1.00 ☐
No. 3: Gold bracelet ....$15.00 ☐ Gold ring ....$18.00 ☐
No. 4: Wedding ring, five diamonds..........$17.50 ☐ Seven diamonds..........$20.00 ☐
Ten diamonds ....$22.50 ☐ Platinum wedding ring (ten diamonds) ....$30.00 ☐
White gold baguette watch (Swiss) ....$25.00 ☐
No. 5: Grey felt hat ....$7.50 ☐
No. 6: Dress of silk crepe..............................Color......................$16.50 ☐
My measurements are: Hat size..........Shoulder width..........Bust..........Waist..........
Hips ....Height ....Weight ....Wrist size ....Ring size..........
My Name ....
Address ....
....

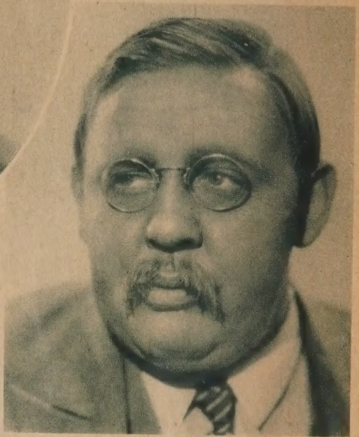
(Attach your money order for only the total amount of goods ordered.)

A Genius Discovered!

By
J. Eugene
Chrisman

Meet Charles Laughton, sensational new actor-find

Charles Laughton is not a Barrymore and does not aim to become the screen's Great Lover but he has proved a sensation in five rôles since he arrived from England. He appears here as "Nero" in *The Sign of the Cross*



—*Otto Dyar*

In *If I Had a Million* Charles Laughton makes an unforgettable performance in the now-famous razzberry rôle in which he gives it to his employer. Despite his great accomplishments in a variety of dramatic characterizations, he wishes he could do comedy

The resemblance of Charles Laughton and Emil Jannings is marked and his histrionic achievements already parallel those of the noted German star. In *The Island of Lost Souls* he scores as the demented doctor

CRASH! The quiet of the Paramount publicity offices was shattered by a commotion which shook the building. Startled press agents sprang from their desks. Stenographers screamed and the policeman on duty at the gate drew his gun.

"DeMille's lions are loose!" gasped someone.

"An earthquake!" hazarded another.

But it wasn't De Mille's lions nor was it an earthquake. It was only Charles Laughton, Paramount's newest menace, having a little fun. He and the girl in charge of the fan-mail department were having a wrestling match.

"I was kidding him," she gasped, "and he leaped at me."

"I always leap at 'em," grinned Laughton, his two hundred odd pounds of rotundity quivering with mirth. The publicity department members returned to work shaking their heads sadly while Laughton, still beaming, went on to his dressing room to don the toga of "Nero" for a scene in *The Sign Of The Cross*.

That is Charles Laughton, the actor who stole *Devil And The Deep* from Bankhead and Cooper, a strange combination of haughty English dignity and uproarious buffoonery. He's as English as Piccadilly Circus and as un-actorish as a Falmouth fish-wife. He isn't a Barrymore and he will never compete with Gable as the screen's Great Lover. He looks more like a successful delicatessen dealer than he does like a movie star but like Ol' Man River, he jes' keeps rollin' along to one screen triumph after another.

The fans who have had a taste of his wares in *Devil and The Deep* and in *Payment Deferred* are unanimous in declaring him a great actor. He has been called an English Emil Jannings, but declares that he hopes such a rumor never reaches the German actor. He injects such stark realism into his characters that Hollywood critics say he is the most accomplished actor of them all.

Laughton has appeared in but five pictures since his arrival in Hollywood, first as an Englishman in *The Old Dark House*, as the demented submarine captain in *Devil And The Deep*, as the conscience-striken murderer in *Payment Deferred* and in *If I Had a Million*. He has just finished the rôle of "Nero," the decadent Roman emperor of *The Sign Of The Cross* and has started to play the part of the crazed scientist in H. G. Wells, *The Island of Lost Souls*.

The tragedy of it all is that Laughton wants to play comedy and is certain that he could be very funny indeed, if they would just let him. As it is, he must have his fun when not before the camera and don't think he doesn't. Richard Arlen, with whom he is making *The Island of Lost Souls*, calls him Buster, imagine!

[*Continued on page 56*]

The FORGOTTEN GIRL'S COMEBACK

Merna Kennedy, twice beaten by pictures, comes back a third time to triumph

Merna Kennedy became a celebrity over night when Charles Chaplin saw her dancing in a theatre and signed her for *The Circus*

—Freulich

"I've lost out twice," says Merna Kennedy, "but I'm sure of myself this time"

By Kirtley Baskette

SIX years ago a little sixteen-year-old dancer with flaming curls sparkled in a musical comedy on the stage of a Los Angeles theatre and attracted the attention of Charles Chaplin. The next day Hollywood buzzed with the name of Merna Kennedy. The great artist had signed the little unknown Irish girl for the lead in his next feature comedy, *The Circus.*

That is always a ticket to sudden fame. Merna Kennedy found herself a celebrity overnight. She was beseiged by interviewers; the press wires were loaded with accounts of her success. All the fanfare of Hollywood's efficient trumpets sounded her name to the four corners of the globe.

She had never seen a motion picture camera; never been within the gates of a studio; never talked to a casting director; never thought she would have the chance. She wasn't to have the extra hurdle to leap; she wasn't cast for a "bit"—she was the lead opposite the screen's greatest artist. That was *news!*

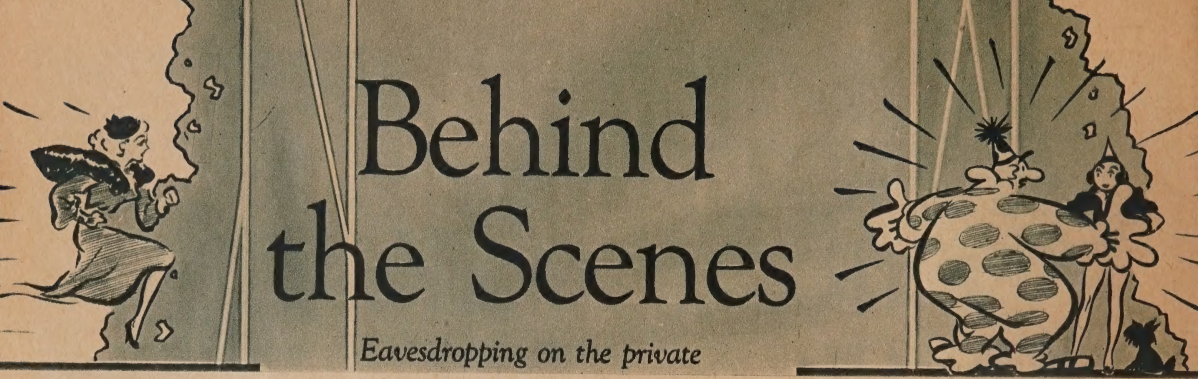
The widely publicized Chaplin picture went into production, and the sudden fame of Merna Kennedy increased its wildfire pace.

Halfway through Lita Grey Chaplin sued for divorce. Filming ceased on *The Circus* while Hollywood's most press-exploited divorce case was tried. It had nothing to do with Merna Kennedy, but the newspapers had to have "new angles"—so the little red-headed sixteen year old girl, whom Chaplin looked upon rightly as a child, became "copy" for the reporters.

The Circus was finished eventually. It was actually a great triumph for the inexperienced little dancing girl. Her work won the praises of the country's critics.

But Hollywood pointed its finger.

Ordinarily Merna Kennedy would have been swamped with offers following such an important [*Continued on page* 63]



Behind the Scenes

Eavesdropping on the private life of the Hollywood famous

By Donna Carla

GWILI ANDRE'S tears can even melt the proverbial stony heart of a minion of the law. When *Secrets of the French Police,* in which she acquits herself with laurels in the leading feminine rôle, was previewed in the little town of Pomona, she thought it was a half hour's drive by automobile when instead it was a full hour's run. Her heart was set on seeing her most ambitious celluloid effort and who can blame her when her dainty foot stepped heavily on the accelerator when she realized she might be late for her preview? As she was gliding along at a speed considerably in excess of the prescribed limit, her day-dreams were rudely shocked by the harsh sound of a speed cop's siren.

Then the tears came, spontaneous tears that did her cause no harm. What did Mr. Cop do? He said, said he: "Follow me!"

And she did, at a pace even faster than when stopped by the officer. With siren shrieking and brakes squeaking protestingly, the two arrived at the Pomona theatre just in time to witness the curtain ascend on Gwili's picture. Now I have another reason for wanting to be a movie heroine!

Chaplin Ends Comics?

OF COURSE we all know that Charlie Chaplin long has had the ambition to portray Napoleon on the screen. However, as time goes on, he seems more serious about it all. In fact, he has informed a few intimates that he has done his last comic. Nevertheless, many are too familiar with that voice of his to ever believe that he will go talkie.

Sternberg Slipping

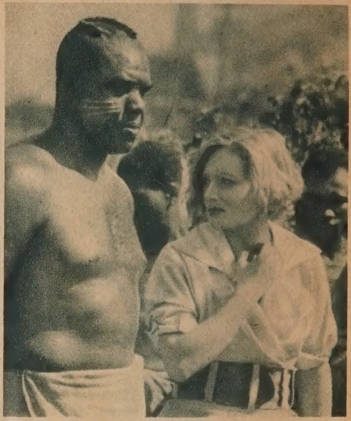
WE FEAR that Herr Josef von Sternberg is slipping. He airplaned to Haiti just to get some hurricane pictures. My, my! And he used to make them all by himself at the studio without half trying.

Carole Has Own Way

ALTHOUGH Carole Lombard's pay had been ordered stopped by Paramount when she went on a one-woman strike, she was soon returned to good standing. She contended that the rôle she was loaned to play opposite Jimmy Cagney for Warner Brothers, was unsuited to her artistry and refused to play it. Paramount forgave the charming rebel and turned to other parts for her.

—Hyman Fink

Clara Bow signs an album Mrs. Lewis Lewyn proffers her for a shy fan at the photographers' ball, which the film elite attended *en masse*



Everett Brown, a giant negro, has an important rôle in *Nagana,* Tala Birell's thrilling new picture laid in darkest Africa

Incidentally, it is broadly whispered that the wage Jimmy is supposed to get after his long drawn-out dispute, is considerably larger than the sum made public.

Clara To Bow Out

UNLESS my studio stooge is misinformed, it will be a long time before Clara Bow makes another picture after *Call Her Savage.* Not that she is the least bit worried about the manner in which the public receives her come-back effort, but she is desirous of enjoying ranch life in the happy-go-lucky manner which immediately preceded her reëntry into films.

The Wa-Wa Brigade

NOW HOLLYWOOD has its "Wa-Wa" brigade. There are a host of extras who nowadays murmur "wa-wa-wa" to simulate the undercurrent of sound in crowd scenes. No longer are they called upon to extemporize conversation. So, the next time you go to a movie, you'll know exactly what the crowd is saying. [*Continued on page 52*]

The Strange Behavior of JEAN and CLARK

An actor's plaintive account of his remarkable experience in "Red Dust"

"Suddenly Miss Harlow became alarmingly violent. Without a word of explanation she placed her bare feet with their ruby-colored nails in the middle of my back and pushed with such vehemence that I crashed from the bed onto the floor"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For six months Donald Crisp, actor, and Jane Murfin, famous scenarist, sought time enough for their wedding and honeymoon. Finally they "eloped" but on the fourth day of the honeymoon a telegram caught up with Mr. Crisp. The change was very abrupt! Summoned to play the part of the despicable Mr. Guidon, Donald Crisp was rushed down to the* Red Dust *set the minute he arrived at the studio. The script was shoved before his eyes as the makeup man hurriedly applied olive oil sweat to his face. There was no time for introductions to Jean Harlow or Clark Gable. Mr. Crisp's surprise at the treatment he received, as related below, was true suffering for one's art.*

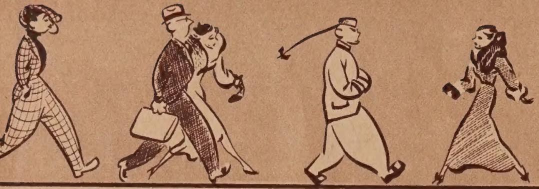
By Donald Crisp

OF COURSE I had heard about the charms of the platinum-haired Miss Harlow and I had seen and admired her on the screen. And I had heard of the sudden and tremendous popularity of Mr. Gable. But I had met neither of these stars until. . . .

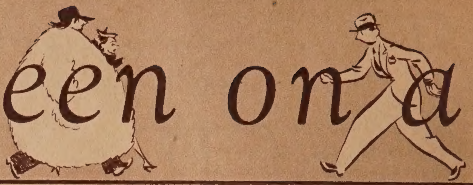
Well, I'll tell you about it. Last week I passed through the thick tropical growth of an Indo-China swamp. Straight ahead of me stood the Main House of a rubber plantation. Several brown skinned coolies passed me, their bodies shining with sweat. The air was stifling.

As I walked up the steps of the house, I noticed on the porch three full gown tarantulas, feeding. Now, I'm not particularly fond of tarantulas. I can take them or leave them, so I left them and proceeded cautiously toward the door. But before I could reach it, a movement on my left caused me to stop dead in my tracks. There, a few feet away from me, I saw a copper-head snake coiling itself around the verandah railing. I had already passed it, so I decided not to be swerved from my intention of seeing Mr. Gable and hurried on into the house. A spider monkey chained at the other end of the porch screamed his disapproval.

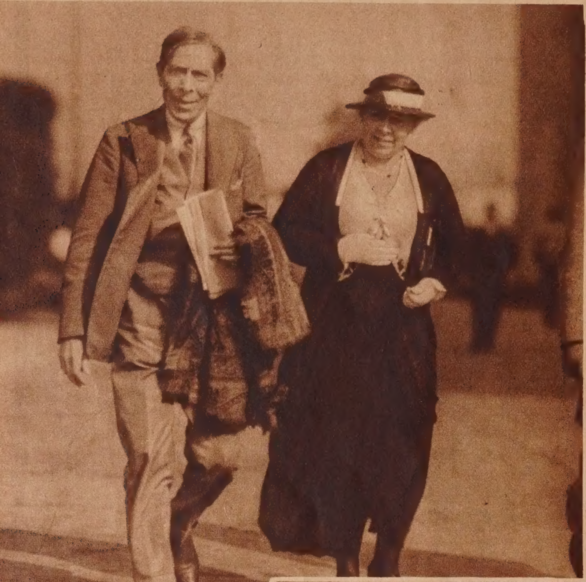
I entered a sort of general living-room. There, seated at a table under a swinging oil lamp [*Continued on page 52*]



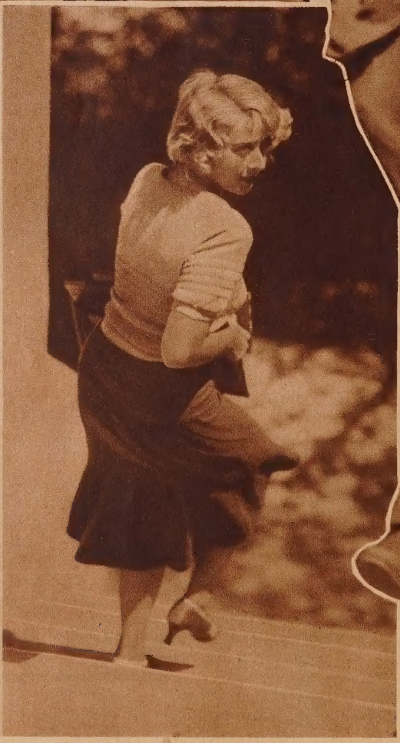
Seen on a



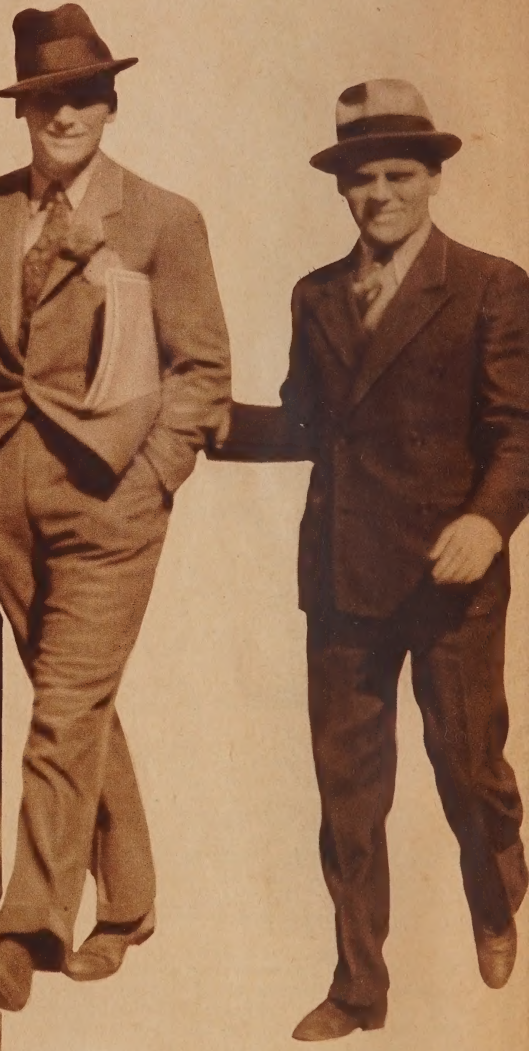
The candid camera of Bert Long-
cameraman peeks at the stars



George Arliss with his charming wife runs into the camera on the way from a story conference on his new picture, *The King's Vacation*



Peeking down on Joan Blondell as she descends from the dressing room after doffing her costume for *Blondie Johnson*. She's the busiest girl at Warner Brothers



Two royal good fellows hike along so rapidly that the camera scarcely recognizes them. Doug Fairbanks Jr. and James Cagney are always speedy when the luncheon call is sounded

Hollywood Lot

worth, a veteran Hollywood
on the Warner Brothers lot

A very good bad man, George E. Stone, seen arm in arm with his favorite director, Mervyn LeRoy, the diminutive genius who is never without a great big cigar

A ritzy young lady high-hats Duke, the studio policeman. Sheila Terry looks as pretty in overalls as she does in the scantiest of evening gowns

The grandest of the grand old character actors, Guy Kibbee. He's played so many varied rôles that he just naturally walks into the camera with his most genial smile

The BEAUTY CABINET

Why beauty cannot be imitated . . . secrets of genuine charm

By Janet Lynn

Editor's Note: Miss Lynn will answer all letters containing requests for information on beauty problems free of charge. Address her in care of SCREEN BOOK, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

ALTHOUGH the old-fashioned ingénue of Mary Pickford's early heydey with her too-innocent girlishness, is a memory, I rejoice to see that a more modified successor is arising to fill the vacancy. Ever since the war brought in its wake a craze for sophistication, girls of sixteen have carried on in habits and general appearance, much as mature women of thirty. Young girls really lose much of their charm when they skip girlhood and plunge into sophistication.

In the last year or two, film producers have obviously recognized this and have introduced dewy-looking youngsters like Anita Louise and Frances Dee and dressed them as they should be dressed in simple frocks, with harmonizing coiffures and makeup. Although these young girls have not the mature charm of an actress like Ruth Chatterton, they represent a lovely type. When girls realize that their greatest assets are innocence, freshness and girlish appearance, there will be more early marriages than there are today.

"Don'ts" for Modern Young Girls

1. *Don't pluck your brows.*
2. *Don't use heavy eye makeup.*
3. *Don't use bright lipstick and rouge.*
4. *Don't change the color of your hair.*
5. *Don't effect an elaborate coiffure.*
6. *Don't use colored nail polish.*
7. *Don't wear extreme clothes.*
8. *Don't wear jewelry.*
9. *Don't carry elaborate accessories.*

—Elmer Fryer

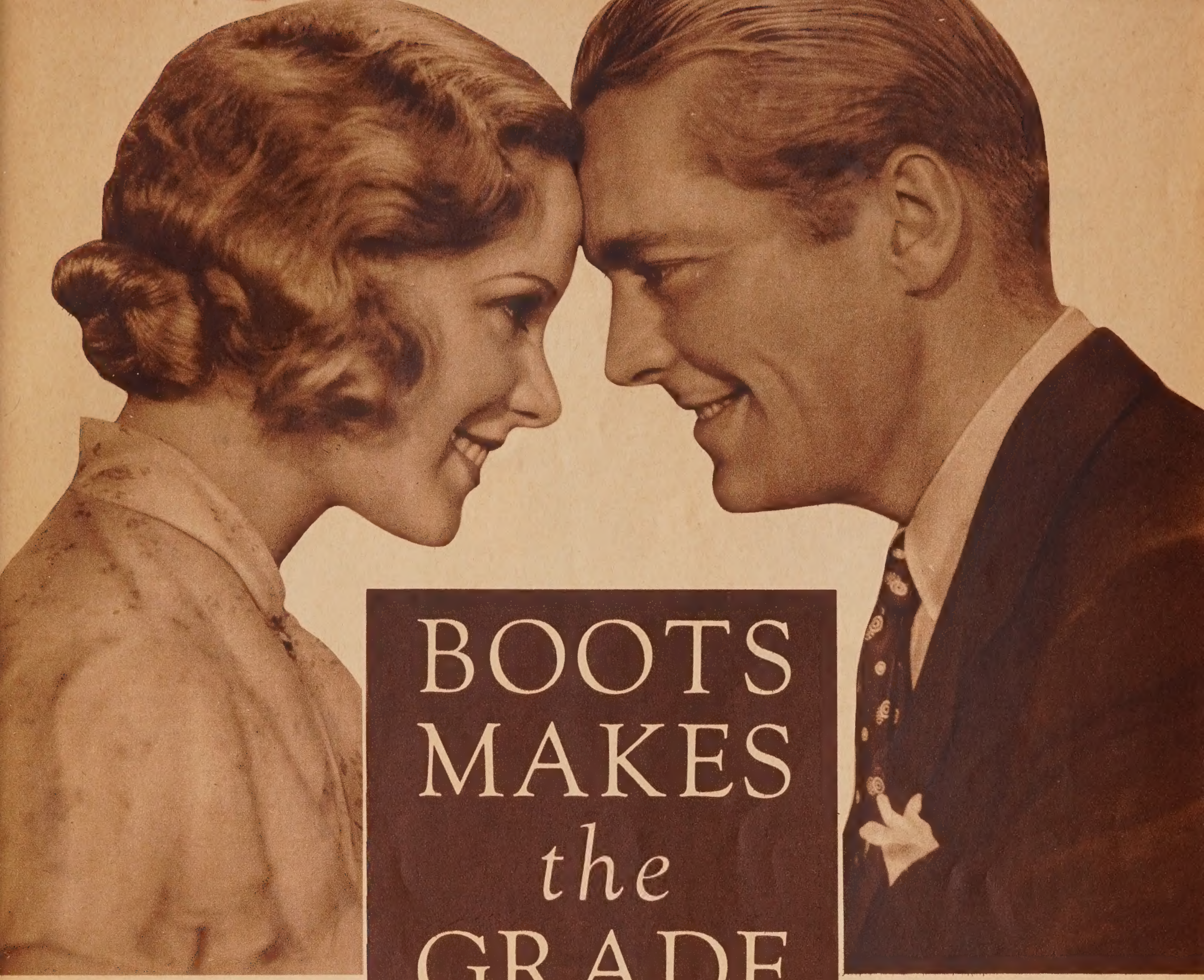
Lorena Layson is off to the prom confident she's groomed in perfect young girl taste. Her coiffure is youthful; she wears no jewels; and her dress is simple, modest and becoming

I receive hundreds of letters from girls in their teens asking me how to bleach their hair, what kind of eyeshadow to use for daytime wear, whether "Tanager" or "Poppy" nail polish is smartest. And I always have the impulse to send these young things a good stiff lecture by mail. A girl of seventeen looks *so* much nicer with her natural shade of hair—no matter what color it may be; she always makes herself look ridiculous if she indulges in eyeshadow and bizarre makeup; and she certainly ought to be very conservative in using colored nail polishes.

Of course, I don't mean that a girl who has reached her junior year in high school should be kept in pig-tails and Mary Jane [*Continued on page* 51]

—Otto Dyar

Frances Dee is young enough to rely on sparkle and fragrant cleanliness for charm instead of the artifices older women need



Boots Mallory, with stage experience but no film training, was selected by Eric von Stroheim for the feminine lead in *Walking Down Broadway* opposite James Dunn

Boots clicked heavily in her first rôle—so heavily that she will again appear opposite James Dunn in *Handle With Care* and other choice rôles will follow

BOOTS MAKES *the* GRADE

The story of Boots Mallory's sensational rise in Hollywood

By Alyce Curtis

BOOTS MALLORY has been busy, pul-lenty busy. So busy that she doesn't yet know where to find the Brown Derby, the Cocoanut Grove, the Frolics, the Biltmore Gardens, Henry's or any other spot where film folk are wont to gather, although she has been in Hollywood more than four months!

But, as deplorable as that may seem to those who think movie fame and glorious periods of play are handmaidens, Boots is supremely happy. She's just about the happiest youngster in town.

When Fox scouts saw her in *Hot-Cha* she was given a screen test and immediately rushed to Hollywood with a contract. Eric von Stroheim, who likes to head the casts of his pictures with unknowns who "haven't had a chance to learn bad acting habits," saw her at the studio upon her arrival, gave her another test and two days later she had the leading feminine rôle in *Walking Down Broadway*.

Production started a few days later and the first scene filmed was one of the most important in the picture. The next day the company worked twenty-four hours straight. In every scene Boots was working with James Dunn, Minna Gombell, ZaSu Pitts or Terry Ray—all experienced players.

Von Stroheim, who will accept nothing short of perfection, doesn't handle his players with kid gloves. Innumerable times Boots fought back the impulse to pack her trunk and go home to her mother in Mobile. But she didn't. Even before the picture was completed it was apparent that Boots Mallory had made the grade. Small wonder, then, that she is happy and that she doesn't know her Hollywood like a veteran.

Boots is accustomed to activity. All her life she has been doing things. Playing with an old shoe in babyhood, for instance, and not being able to pronounce the word. That's why her father, a steamship captain,

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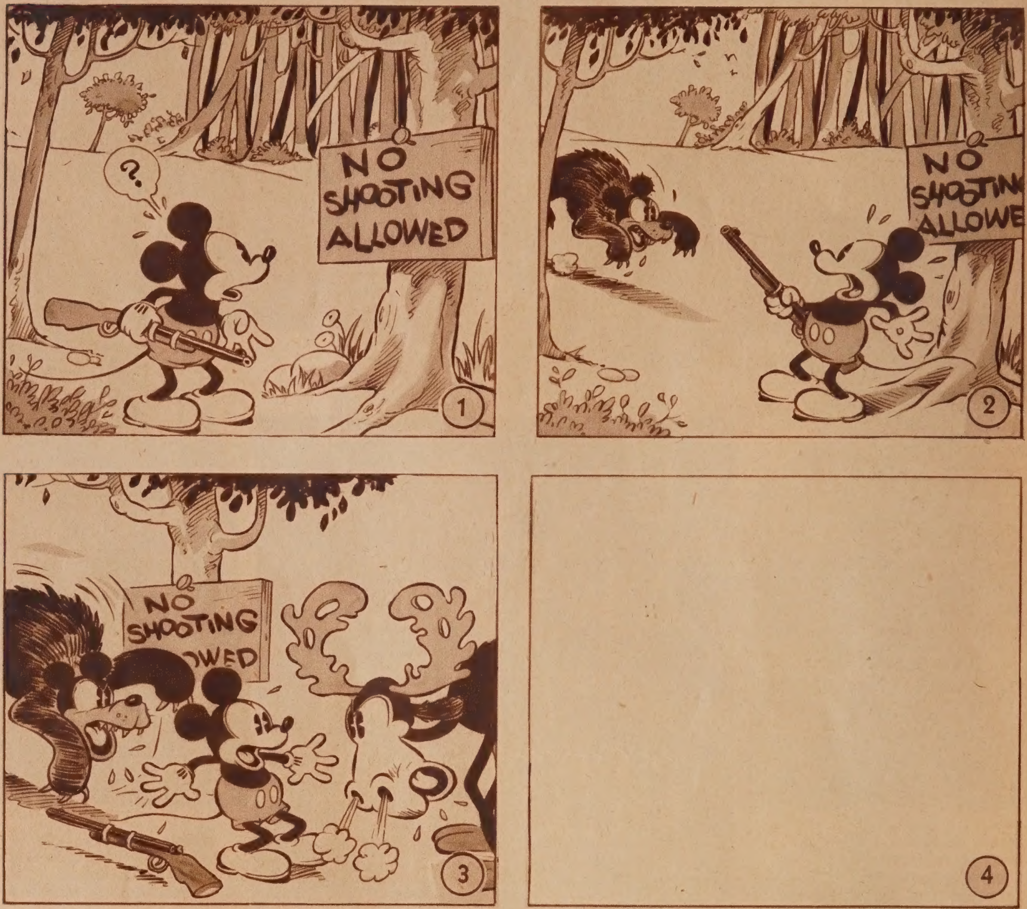
A NEW MICKEY MOUSE PRIZE CONTEST!



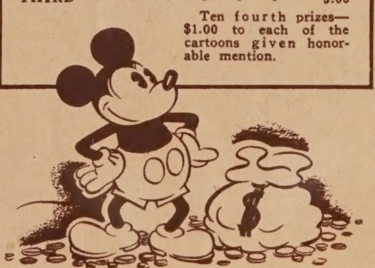
Write or draw your ending to this cartoon and win money!

What would you do if you were Mickey Mouse and in a spot like this? Mickey and his originator, Walt Disney, are searching for new comedy ideas and the ending you give to this cartoon may be just what they want. Furthermore they will pay you well! You don't need to have drawing ability to win—merely write out your idea on how Mickey can save himself and mail it to Mickey Mouse, Screen Book Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn. If you win, Walt Disney will make the sketch which will be published in the April issue. If you can draw, send a sketch. But do it now!

THE PRIZES

FIRST	$15.00
SECOND	10.00
THIRD	5.00

Ten fourth prizes—$1.00 to each of the cartoons given honorable mention.



RULES: All readers of Screen Book may compete. Ideas for the final scene in the cartoon strip are to be drawn in the blank space or written out on paper. It is not necessary to buy a copy of Screen Book to enter the contest. Decision of the judges will be final and in case of ties duplicate awards will be given. The contest closes on February 1. All entries must be mailed to Mickey Mouse, Screen Book Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn., before midnight of the closing date. Results will be announced in the April issue of Screen Book when the winning cartoon will be published.

Hollywood PAYS TRIBUTE

—*Photography by Hyman Fink*

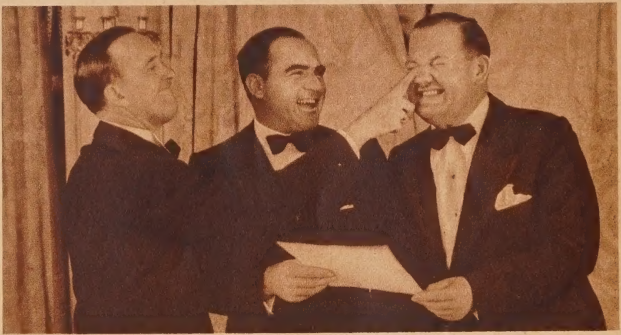
Helen Hayes thought she had failed in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, but the Motion Picture Academy voted her work the year's best

Three of the honored guests were Frank Borzage who won the directorial award for *Bad Girl*; Helen Hayes, and Fredric March whose honors came for his portrayal of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

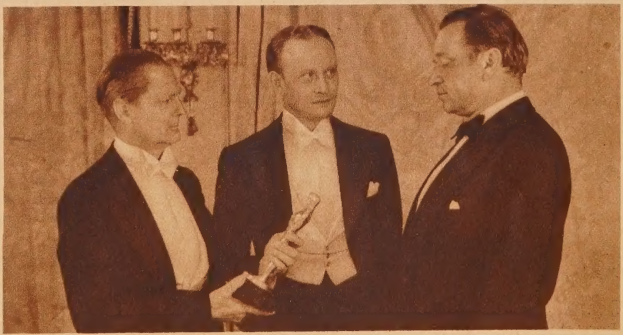
Helen Hayes and Fredric March walk off with first honors in the annual Academy awards

AMID the applause of a distinguished screen group, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presented the gold statuettes of merit for the finest screen performances of the past year to Helen Hayes and Fredric March. Helen won her award by her unforgettable portrayal in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*. This is the first time an actress has ever won top honors for her first starring picture. Marie Dressler, last year's winner, was in New York and unable to make the presentation to Helen, so Norma Shearer, winner in 1930, attended to it. Fredric March, who received his award from Lionel Barrymore, the male winner of last year, was honored because of the superb way he handled the difficult dual rôle in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. However the vote on the male star was so close—with Wallace Beery getting only one vote less than March for his work in *The Champ*—that Wally was awarded a special statuette in accordance with an Academy ruling.

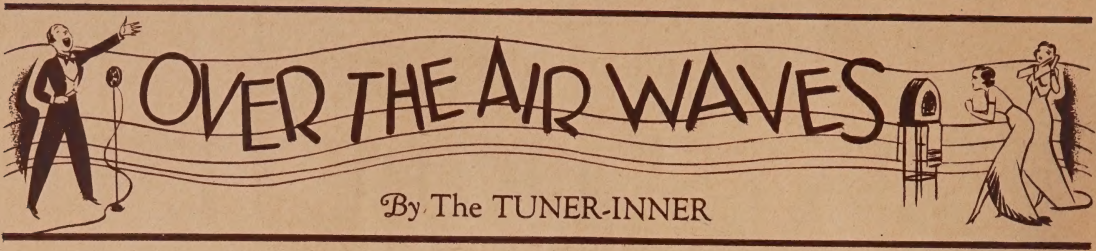
The rewards for merit were bestowed at the annual presentation dinner of the Academy where those highest in the picture industry gathered to pay homage to the ones who had done the finest piece of work in one particular classification. Directorial honors went to Frank Borzage for the second time for his megaphoning of *Bad Girl*. He won the award in 1928 for his direction of *Seventh Heaven*. *Grand Hotel* was voted the most perfectly produced picture and *The Champ* the best original screen story, giving honors to Frances Marion as the author. Best photography honors went to *Shanghai Express*. Hal Roach studios won acclaim for the best comedy short of the year for its *Music Box* with Laurel and Hardy.



Hal Roach's *Music Box* was voted the best comedy short of the year, but Hal Roach didn't have a chance at the testimonial when the picture's stars, Laurel and Hardy, decided they'd take care of it



Lionel Barrymore, last year's award winner, presented Wallace Beery with a gold statuette in recognition of his work in *The Champ* while Conrad Nagel, president of the Academy, looked on



OVER THE AIR WAVES

By The TUNER-INNER

News of Your Radio Favorites

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

KATE SMITH—Barely escapes serious injury when admiring fans surround her in New York's Grand Central Station . . . takes up golf in a big way, shooting a fifty-one on one of her very first rounds while vacationing at Lake Placid . . . finishes her starring picture, *Cheerful*.

RUTH ETTING—Signs for a featured rôle in a new Warner Brothers picture.

ARTHUR TRACY—the Street Singer, is the newest Benedict of radio celebrities. He recently married Beatrice Margel. They honeymooned in Philadelphia. Dickering with a film contract. Idea is to star him in a movie built around the character, "The Street Singer."

IRENE BEASLEY—"The long, tall gal from Dixie" takes a fling at vaudeville. Her first stage appearance even though her father owns a chain of theatres in the South.

THE MILLS BROTHERS—Preparing for a transcontinental vaudeville tour to wind up on the Pacific coast.

SINGIN' SAM—Clipped on the head by a golf ball. His assailant claimed himself not guilty of intentional assault, never having heard Sam's radio program.

Groucho Marx has finally been given the air—and can the fellow take it! Just tune in and roar at his madness

CHIC SALE—On the air again in a series of Clarence Buddington Kelland stories.

NEWCOMERS ON THE AIR

A blues singer who is sure to give Kate Smith and Ruth Etting a rub for popularity honors is Lee Wiley, who warbles the latest love ditties in tune to Leo Reisman's band on Friday evenings.

Paul Whiteman's new femme singer is Jane Vance, a dazzling blonde who stepped from the ranks of Northwestern University co-eds into her new radio job.

The three blonde and lovely Neals, Gwyneth, Lucille and Ann, have deserted vaudeville to do that harmonizing the radio way

Harriet Cruise, that exotic-appearing blues singer who really hails from the middlewest, is one of the few girls who made good without making her début with a famous orchestra.

In the galaxy of radio stars assembled for *The Big Broadcast* the bit of a newcomer is most to be remembered. He is Donald Novis who is now broadcasting over WEAF on Sunday evenings, and who has recently signed a commercial contract for Wednesday evenings.

Young Andrea Marsh, singer on the Ted Weems-Jack Benny program, is destined for big things as soon as she recovers from what appears to be a bit of mike fright.

Paul Whiteman is the friend of every young radio aspirant. Many popular songsters of today were given their first chance by him

ODDITIES OF RADIO AND ITS STARS

The President of the United States is privileged to talk over the radio any minute of the day regardless of what has been scheduled.

Georgie Price wears size four shoes.

Eddie Duchin, the affable band leader, is a registered pharmacist.

Ethel Shutta, George Olson's singing wife, began dancing on the stage when she was three and a half years old and was an actress at six.

Ted Husing has such an amazing memory that he seldom uses a prepared manuscript before the microphone.

Amos 'n' Andy have all the programs they have broadcast over the radio since their "Sam and Henry" days written up and bound in book form to make up their own five-foot shelf.

The new "Gracie Allen" hat has Gracie's signature in gold braid on the side and is very popular.

Guy Lombardo has not played an instrument in his orchestra for twelve years.

Ted Weems, the baton wielder, is the great-great-grandson of Parson Weems, famed as George Washington's biographer.

The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 46]

slippers, but there is a line beyond which she should not go, or she will be in the realm of plain bad taste. The worst way in which young girls sin in this matter is in the shade of rouge and lipstick they wear. If they wear it, it should be very natural looking and subdued. A colorless pomade keeps the lips soft and smooth.

Powder, too, should be natural in shade and should not be applied so heavily that it gives a chalky look. A young skin is usually so lovely looking it requires little artifice. One of the things that girls should avoid is plucking the eyebrows. They usually do it too enthusiastically and as a result, looked strangely like plucked fowls. If the brows are brushed faithfully every night they can be trained into a natural looking line, so that by the time one is twenty, it won't be necessary to pluck them at all.

THE same thing can be said for eyelashes. The too-generous use of mascara, especially when erroneously put on the lower lashes, gives a girl a coarsened look. The best eyelash beautifier is a cream mascara that colors the lashes subtly and at the same time makes them glisten. Any girl, if she is careful to brush her lashes upward every night and apply a reliable cream eyelash grower can improve them tremendously in a short time. If you wish the name of a reliable eyelash grower or a cream mascara, do write to me.

Although the prevalence of bobbed hair among women of all ages, makes the selection of a typically youthful coiffure difficult, a girl usually may wear her hair in a *longer* bob than the young matron. Really, the long bob was designed for the very young girl; and it was a mistake for women to adopt it. The young girl should avoid long hair worn in a large knot on her neck unless she is the perfect type for it—a dignified looking brunette or that peculiar type of ash blonde (like Ann Harding or Virginia Bruce) that looks well in long hair parted in the center and drawn back rather severely in a knot. If she is the saucy type, she can wear a short bob, with the sides cut unevenly, but not in the passé "windblown" style. However if she is the in-between type she will look best if she wears her hair much as does Frances Dee, in a modified long bob.

Although eighteen used to be considered the youngest possible age for a girl to have a permanent wave, this rule has been superseded by one claiming that very young girls, if their hair is of the unmanageable type, may have permanents without being in bad taste. A nice expedient for a young girl is the "junior wave." The operator winds only about four or six strands of hair at the sides of the face. The result is a soft wave framing the face. The rest of the hair can be worn straight, with perhaps a slight curl in the ends.

While the young girl should not neglect her weekly manicure and daily touch-up, she should not go in for freakish shades of nail polish. Dry polish or a colorless or natural liquid polish will really be the best for her. There is something definitely sophisticated about

[*Continued on page* 53]

re-designed to end revealing outlines without sacrificing needed protection

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

A NEW KOTEX . . . a self-concealing Kotex . . . . re-designed to conform perfectly with the demands of the closest-fitting dress . . . yet . . . (and this is so important to you) every bit of thickness, of needed protection, is retained. This New Phantom Kotex, so skilfully constructed, contains identically the same layers of filler, but *you don't realize it!* Because the ends are flattened and shaped, you are scarcely aware of the presence of protection.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Softness . . . safety-plus!

That wonderful absorbency . . . that softness . . . are exactly the same. Kotex gives you supreme safety. It is disposable, of course.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little. Make sure, when buying Kotex wrapped, that you get the genuine. For your protection, each tapered end of the New Phantom Kotex is plainly stamped "Kotex." On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?
Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, care of Kotex Company, Room 2142A, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Note! ***Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.***

Copyright 1933, Kotex Company

The Strange Behavior of Jean and Clark

[*Continued from page* 43]

was Mr. Gable. He, too, was shining with sweat. He was also very dirty. Beyond him, a naked China-boy, wearing a loin cloth, was cooking beans with one hand and swishing flies with the other. And sweating. Outside, a tiger snarled, but Mr. Gable paid no attention and I determined to be nonchalant. Mr. Gable was between me and the tiger anyway.

Rising from his seat, Mr. Gable approached me with a charming smile and outstretched hand. His handshake is hearty and sincere. I felt myself liking the man immediately. We chatted pleasantly for a few moments until Mr. Gable was called outside. The heat made me a bit drowsy and I was just starting to dose comfortably with my head on the table when Mr. Gable returned.

He approached me briskly and suddenly, without any warning, I felt my head being yanked backward. Before I could remonstrate, the hand that had shaken mine so cordially a moment before slapped my face four or five times (or maybe it was a dozen), jerked me from the chair and threw me in a bruised heap on the floor. When I opened my eyes, I saw not only one star, but a whole constellation. I began to alter my first opinion of Mr. Gable.

The next thing I knew I was being carried across a rickety veranda with Mr. Gable referring to me in no very flattering terms. Kicking open a door, he carried me into a dimly-lighted room and threw me with all his strength onto an old iron bed, which I presently discovered was being occupied by Miss Jean Harlow. I immediately regained my first feeling of friendliness for Mr. Gable.

As I said before, I had never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Harlow and I decided this was an opportune moment to introduce myself. I did so. Miss Harlow was charming and welcomed me most graciously and I was thrilled. Who wouldn't be?

"She is so different," I thought, "from the Jean Harlow I have seen on the screen. Rather wistful and appealing and a lady."

We chatted pleasantly of this and that for a few moments and I noticed that she was wearing a pink ribbon and a piece of lace. I couldn't help but think of what an enviable spot I was in.

I WAS just about to change the subject when suddenly Miss Harlow became alarmingly violent. Without a word of explanation to me, she placed her bare feet with their ruby-colored nails in the middle of my back and pushed and kicked with such vehemence that I crashed from the bed onto the floor. My head caught the tail of a scurrying lizard and a black beetle dropped into my hair. I was about to protest to Miss Harlow, politely of course, when she jumped out of bed, stepped over my prostrate form, grabbed me by the feet and swung me around. From her manner and language she seemed to agree with Mr. Gable as to my ancestry and habits. With amazing strength, she dragged me out onto the porch where she rolled me over with her foot and slammed the door two inches from my now bleeding countenance.

For a long time I was left lying there, and then I heard the welcome voice of my old friend, Victor Fleming, the director. He said: "Cut! Nine o'clock in the morning, everybody." Painfully I got to my feet. I realized with a certain amount of relief that the first day's shooting of *Red Dust* was over. I wondered what the morrow would hold, but I had met Miss Jean Harlow and Mr. Clark Gable . . . and had been paid for it.

Behind the Scenes

[*Continued from page* 42]

Rather Premature

THE abandon with which some Hollywood chatterers give vent to their enthusiasm in making known divorces and engagements among film folk, sometimes leads to embarrassing situations. At all events, Carey Wilson is *not* engaged to Carmelita Geraghty, as was rather widely publicized. You see, before that can happen, he must get a divorce from the present Mrs. Wilson.

Our Modern Maiden

PROSPERITY may be around that mythical corner for a lot of folks but Joan Crawford is doing her best to pull it into view, if you follow me. Not long ago she decided to throw a party at the beautiful home she shares with Doug Jr.

"The house simply must be gone over," remarked Joan to Doug as she surveyed the young palace. Like a dutiful husband, Doug echoed his wife's criticism.

So she got in touch with her favorite interior decorator, who lost no time in arriving at the domicile of his favorite client.

"The house must be completely renovated by Saturday," Joan told him.

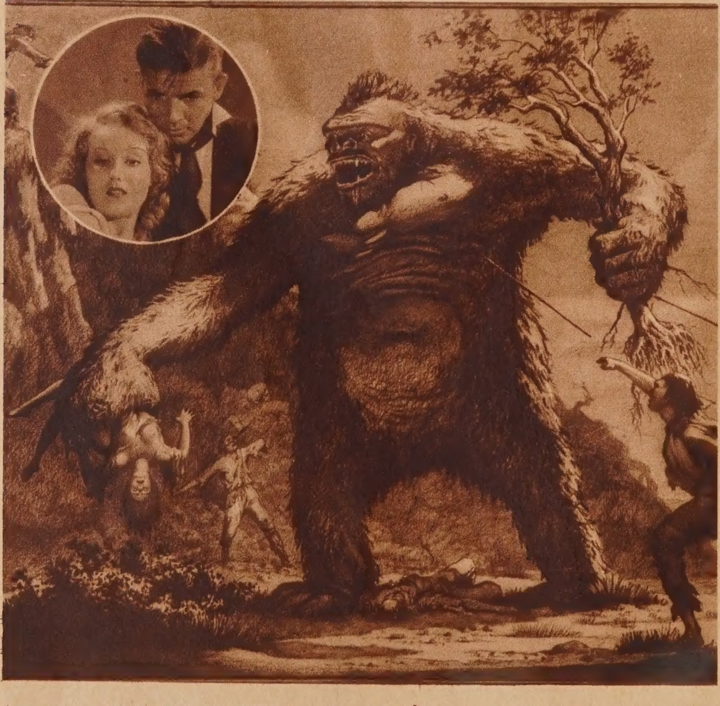
"B-b-but, Miss Crawford," replied the dismayed decorator, "this is already Thursday!"

"We-l-l-l?" Mrs. Doug Fairbanks Jr. remarked.

And so the young Fairbanks' home was renovated from top to bottom, all in time for the Saturday party. But it required a score or more of workmen to accomplish the task!

Menjous Quit

ANOTHER film colony couple to arrive at the cross-roads of domesticity is Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver. In this instance, however, there was no undue surprise. The two had once before separated. As a matter of fact, their jaunt over Europe earlier in the year immediately followed a reconciliation after a quarrel. Apparently, the overseas trip wasn't as successful as anticipated, their final separation following shortly after their return to Hollywood.



An artist's sketch showing the monster ape who rules over a kingdom of savages in *King Kong*. Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot, in the circle above, have leading rôles in this thrilling picture which has been two years in the making

The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 51]

deep colored nail polish that makes it taboo for a girl.

Although clothes are a bit out of the realm of a beauty editor, I must venture a few words on this subject. Slinky black satin evening gowns with no backs should never be found in the wardrobe of a girl in her teens any more than should extremely high heeled slippers. Frocks of pastel organdie, net and chiffon and possibly taffeta are most suitable for evening, and they should be modest in cut. Jewels will be better left at home, but if you must wear them, let them be simple and unobtrusive.

A young girl's daytime clothes should be almost childish in their simplicity, and yet they do not need to sacrifice a certain *jeune fille* smartness. Wool and cotton fabrics are much superior to silk and there should be no elaborate trimming or superfluous accessories. Jewelry is forbidden during the day. It looks tawdry, even if it is genuine.

Some of these days I'll write a scathing exposé of women who try to look like girls, too. They succeed in looking even more ridiculous than the babes who try to look like prima donnas. But right now I've got lots of interesting new preparations to tell you about.

The neatest looking ensemble of de luxe compacts that has come my way is that made by a cosmetic manufacturer out Hollywood way who has the personal "okay" of all the stars on his particular brand of beauty.

The lipstick is the treasure of this outfit. It is indelible, *really* indelible, and yet it hasn't that hard, cerise color when applied that makes so many of the "permanent" lipsticks inadvisable. The case is attractive, in gold and black enamel and the price is only one dollar. The powder and rouge compact is convenient and very smart looking. You can get it with a compartment for loose powder or with compact powder. The price of $1.50 for this double compact is really very reasonable.

The third member of this set is a beautiful mascara compact, in gold and black. The interior is finished in black (except for the mirror), so that it won't become messy-looking as mascara compacts sometimes do. I like this mascara a lot for it refuses to go on in lumps. The final item is an excellent and fancy looking eyebrow pencil, at fifty cents. The mascara compact, I believe, is a dollar.

If you like to make your beauty treatments simple, you'll be crazy about the re-styled creams and face powder just put out by an old, old firm. There is a day cream, a night cream and a face powder. This trio, with some help from a bland soap and water, will keep your complexion in great shape. In keeping with the general trend, the price is very low for creams and powder of this quality—sixty cents each.

PERHAPS I am a crank about perfumes, but it pains me immeasurably to have the odor of cheap perfumes assail my nostrils every time I venture out where there are women. Why, today, intelligent women should use cheap, unknown perfumes when the very best

[*Continued on page* 56]

If men had to wash repulsive handkerchiefs

. . . there'd be KLEENEX
in every home

Use KLEENEX once and destroy

no disagreeable washing
no danger of self-infection

IF YOU'VE ever washed a handkerchief used during a cold, you know what Kleenex means to housewives!

These soft, disposable tissues bring release from the most disagreeable job on earth—and one that is dangerous as well.

For handkerchiefs used during colds literally swarm with germs. These germs infect your hands and laundry. You can easily see how one handkerchief can spread colds through an entire family.

Now pocket packets

Full size Kleenex Tissues are now available in handy pocket packages. Carry them right with you, use nothing else during colds! Two packets for 5c!

Kleenex also comes in rolls and packages; and in extra size tissues, large as a man's handkerchief.

The quality is the same, in whatever form you buy Kleenex. All Kleenex is made from finest rayon-cellulose, highly absorbent, soothing and soft.

Kleenex is sold at every drug and department store, at very low prices.

Try 'Kerfs, too—smart tissues with handkerchief borders.

* *

Kleenex safer

—say scientists, because the absorbent fibers hold germs tightly until Kleenex can be destroyed. There is much less danger of self-infection; less danger of handkerchiefs spreading colds to others.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Adventures With Clark Gable

[*Continued from page* 19]

that the trucks used are specially made, costing $10,000 each and lasting a comparatively short time. Also that 1,000 gallons of gasoline are used each day. It will require nine years to complete the job. Another newsy bit Clark learned was that the government does not permit the revealing of any statement regarding the accidental deaths of the men during the construction.

AND so on with the deer hunt—

From Las Vegas, Nevada, to St. George, Utah, one of the oldest Mormon towns. Having nothing to do upon arriving the following night, we attended the village's only movie show to see *The Successful Calamity*, in which Mary Astor played the lead with George Arliss.

The manager of the theatre recognized Clark and passed us in. He didn't know until afterwards that the leading lady of *The Successful Calamity* was also his guest. Like magic the news spread that Clark Gable was in town.

When making our exit, a large crowd (well, it was for that hamlet) had gathered to cheer (and some to jeer) Clark. School girls heaved their adolescent chests with mock passion as he passed, and some hid in alleys to watch him stroll down the street. Clark stopped and grinned and said "hello"—which pleased everybody.

"Ria" — that's Mrs. Gable — (pronounced Rea) felt a trifle embarrassed by the unseeming and undignified greeting from so-called movie fans.

Six in the morning found us on our way once more, after a breakfast of soggy hot-cakes. In a few hours we were gazing at the glorious scenery of Zion National Park, where the trees and shrubs seem to show off a greener green, and the mountains, towering to white, fleecy clouds, are of varied hues. Nature's color-chart at its best.

As we drove to the check-out gate, the Forest Ranger stopped us (as is the custom for inspection) and said to Clark: "What's your name and where do you live?"

Clark was so surprised after too much recognition that he stammered for a moment before answering. I fell out of my car laughing.

A few hours from the park found us at Ryan, Arizona, a Ranger station, where hunting licenses and permits are issued. Incidentally, the cost this year is $35.00, which, if you ask me, is the same as a bank closing.

From the station we traveled over roads that were probably laid out by a drunken surveyor. Even the horses squeak after going over them. Breezing into the Kaibab Forest, we tossed out our anchors at a camp operated by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Butler, and a lanky, slow-talking cowboy, Bob Vaughn.

In camps such as these, hunters rent tents (with board floors and sides), secure guides and horses and are fed in a general mess cabin.

As the hunting season did not open until the following day, we decided upon a trip to the Grand Canyon.

THE Grand Canyon . . . something deep, and rather beautifully hideous. The awful silence, a breath-taking silence—if there is such a thing—was so that Mary Astor wanted to jump off the ledge. Clark was quite awed and sought the most dangerous ridges to stand upon. Daring the infinite!

We searched among the remains of a once gorgeous hotel, situated upon the very edge of the canyon. Others had been before us. Only a few cups and saucers from the huge kitchen remained intact.

Back to our camp. A strong wind was in evidence. Ah, that meant snow—and then the deer would be forced down from the high hiding places. A good sign, no less.

As our call was for four-thirty in the morning, Clark insisted that we eat a heavy dinner—they call it supper up there—and retire early. The meal consisted of massive steaks, American fried potatoes, tomato and lettuce salad, large-sized biscuits, great gobs of brown gravy, apple pie, cheese, nuts and coffee.

Morning—not yet dawn, and so, so cold! Whee! The women were left at camp—to await the return of the huntsmen (ahem!). It was on our upward climb that Clark continued to sssh me—might frighten the deer, you know. Dr. Thorpe had been hunting before and he knew. But I felt of a talkative nature, at least to the horse.

Well, briefly—four sore hours later, Dr. Thorpe had his buck, a nice fat one—an eight-pointer, to be exact. Clark had previously agreed that Dr. Thorpe should shoot the first and I the second.

Shortly after lunch—a sandwich apiece carried by Slim—I was blazing away at a galloping buck deer. And, what's more, I got him.

That first day finally ended without Clark's getting his deer, and we returned to camp, all very tired (*me* especially), glorious, victorious and all that sort of thing.

It was at dinner that night that Clark "let his hair down," a professional saying which means that one is being real, genuine; one without pretense.

Some of his terrible (or were they?) puns were—

This to Dr. Thorpe: "I suppose you're one of these, them and *dose* doctors."

Another to me was: "Boy, I gave my shoes a *lacing* they won't soon forget. I didn't want to act like a *heel*, 'cause I really have a *sole*, but *hook-and-eye* depend upon?"

And so I comes back quick-like with: "I suppose you like *riddles* and syrup?"

"Sure," Clark counters back, "Especially when one can steal away up here—like in *Arab-zona*."

To the cowboys, Clark spouted: "Now, fellows, don't tell me you're the *Boise* from Idaho."

With that last crack Mrs. Gable kindly led Clark back to his tent and made him promise to be good.

The following morning, as I slept most painfully, Clark galloped away, like a typical western hero. By noon, he had his buck and was soon back in camp.

Suddenly that wind which had been blowing for two days changed and snow began to fall just as dusk descended upon our little camp. All that night it snowed, but so softly and beautiful that one forgot the cold.

Morning again . . . mountains that looked like huge stacks of cotton. Voices carrying unusually clear in the silence caused by the snow. Business of starting cars, loading in the deer, packing suitcases and a skiddy ride down a treacherous mountain trail.

Soon all traces of the snow were gone . . . the dry, uninteresting desert once more . . . Clark waved happily as we sped along at seventy miles per hour over a black ribbon-like highway, homeward bound. . . .

—*English*

Pretty tame stuff, says Richard Arlen and Kathleen Burke as they have their pictures taken with a studio lion. Dick and Katy appear together in *The Island of Lost Souls*

Are you Flat-Chested?

FORM DEVELOPED
To Full Feminine Proportions

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is SO easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands.

Just Give Me 30 Days

YES, in just 30 days, you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them into that firm, shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. The application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid result obtained in just a few minutes each day. Read what they say below. Then take advantage of my big special offer and see how easily *you* can have the charm of a full, firm, shapely bust.

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No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. No longer need you be pitied by women and ignored by men. My Miracle Cream treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, *right now*, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker. *safer* way to make your breasts as lovely as you have always wanted them to be!

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"I am the mother of four children, and my busts became flabby and started to sag. Now I have once again achieved for myself that feminine loveliness which I thought was out of my life forever."
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"My chest was so thin, but it surely is rounding out nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method to write to me."
Mrs. H. E., Sioux City, Iowa.

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FREE a Beautiful Form

THE CHARM OF A Beautiful Bust

This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the ideal proportions of perfect womanhood. And it is yours, *free!* In it you will find the secret of feminine charm and how you can quickly and easily develop the alluring beauty of a lovely full bust. Accept my great special offer at once. **Mail the coupon with only $1.00 for your Miracle Cream Treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions. FREE BOOK included. Send now, before this offer is withdrawn.**

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me so"..

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The
PERFECT
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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

A Genius Discovered!

[*Continued from page* 40]

LAUGHTON was born in Scarborough, in the north of England. Assisting his father in the operation of the hotel which the latter owned, young Charles found little time to follow his footlight urge. Attending college at Stonehurst, he had as a classmate that other sterling English actor, Colin Clive. With Clive, he answered the call of King and Country and as a private in the Seventh North Hampdenshire infantry, he saw service in the trenches. He dislikes to discuss his part in making the world safe for democracy.

After the war he secured a position as reception clerk in the Claridge, one of London's most exclusive hotels. It was here that his talent for mimicry developed and he convulsed his fellow employees with impersonations of visiting potentates, Russian Grand Dukes and American millionaires.

Home for a time, he relinquished his claim on the parental hotel to a brother who had tired of the farm and went to London. Here, by dint of a bit of occasional starvation, he graduated from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art as a gold medal man and was soon appearing on the London stage in small parts.

In April, 1926, he secured his first big rôle, that of "Ossip" in *The Government Inspector*. Hit followed hit until he came to Broadway in *Payment Deferred* and was seen by Paramount scouts who were searching for a character actor to play the demented captain in *Devil And The Deep*.

But Laughton had little hankering for Hollywood. He wired a writer friend, who had worked on the script, for advice.

"Take it," wired his friend, "that part is so good that it would steal the picture if I played it."

LAUGHTON arrived in Hollywood and his first move was to ask that he be given a minor rôle in order that he might acquaint himself with the camera. Astounded, studio officials refused but Laugthon held out and was at last given a small rôle with Karloff in *The Old Dark House*. Scarcely noticed in this, he burst upon the world like a bombshell in *Devil And The Deep*. Whether or not he resembles Jannings, no such performance has been seen on the American screen since the great German left for his native Germany. Critics hailed him as a great star but Laughton only smiled his quiet smile and shook his round head.

"I could do much better if they'd let me be funny."

Laughton is shy before unimportant people but is totally unimpressed by dignity. During the making of *The Sign Of The Cross* he twitted the great De Mille unmercifully and got away with it. His devotion to his wife, Elsa Lanchester, herself a star of the English stage, is beautiful and they wander hand in hand along Hollywood Boulevard, oblivious to the stares of the populace.

A serious-minded feminine magazine writer was sent to interview Laughton on his psychological reactions in *Payment Deferred*. As long as he could, the irrepressible Laughton withstood her barrage of probing and then, to the lady's extreme discomfort, he leaned across the luncheon table.

"But I say, old girl, I'll wager you can't wiggle your ears like this."

Then he proceeded to give her a demonstration.

Laughton is only thirty-two years old but looks forty. He has been an actor for only six years. He has a round, cherubic face, nondescript blonde hair, twinkling blue eyes and prefers old, well worn clothes to new. He has tried several times to regulate his diet but can't let rare roast beef alone.

He insists that an actor is only an accident of nature so why make a fuss about it? He would get up at midnight to play a practical joke.

He is unimpressed by Hollywood and will return to England for a long vacation soon. He'll come back however, for he admits to a liking for American dollars.

The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 53]

ones are available in small sizes for about a dollar, I simply can't understand! A famous French perfumer recently introduced his improved flacons of perfume in cute little gift boxes. There can be no doubt of the quality of these scents, nor of their suitability and yet the small one-fourth ounce size costs only $1.10. If you have decided that one of these scents expresses your personality perfectly, you can buy larger sizes for two or four dollars. So throw away that huge bottle of impossible stuff Uncle Andrew gave you on your birthday and go out and buy yourself some perfume that you'll be proud of.

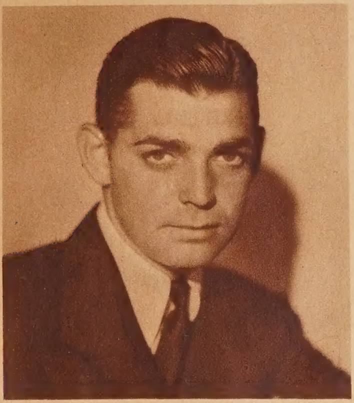
February, the month of masquerades and fancy dress parties, is just the time to mention some trick little beauty marks that I discovered recently. They are put on by dipping small "rubber stamps" shaped like crescents, hearts and stars in a perfumed, colored liquid and applying that to your face or shoulder. You can get the liquid in a variety of colors—black, brown, blue, green, red or violet to match your costume. And a practical feature is that the black, brown or blue liquids can also be used as eyelash beautifiers or liquid mascara. A set containing a small bottle of the fluid and five different stamps costs a dollar.

If you are interested in any of these products and want to know where you can buy them, just send me a stamped self-addressed envelope, and I will be glad to give you a personal reply.

THE FATES OF YOUR FAVORITES

By Madame Helene
Celebrated Astrologer

The stars predicted Clark Gable's success. What do they foretell for you?



—*Hurrell*

The star marking Clark Gable's birth on February 1 predicted he would win success by his personality if he played his hunches

IF YOUR birthday comes in February you should make as big a success in any venture you undertake as Clark Gable, who was born on February 1, has made on the screen. You should be able to sell yourself, your abilities, just as he has done. He has sold himself to the producers and the public. As a result of a natural sales ability he has won fame, fortune and that elusive thing called success.

This was not a matter of chance, because all through history men and women born during the first weeks of February have been successful in their dealings with others. They attract close friends—and treat them well. People born under the sign of Aquarius believe in friends; they hold family ties as of great importance. They are considerate of those with whom they deal. They believe in themselves, not because of vanity, but because they are sure they can succeed.

If things have been going badly with you, you can take heart. If you were born during the time from January 22 to February 19 or 20, you are naturally entitled to succeed—and you can succeed if you will use the natural powers given you by your stars.

You should not be afraid of your natural "hunches." If you feel that a person whom you meet for the first time is honest you may be safe in following your opinion. On the other hand if you feel that he lacks honesty, keep faith in your hunch. Nature has given you the ability to sense dishonesty and if you make use of the power you have you will avoid much trouble and sorrow.

Your choice of work is wide. Clark Gable might have done well in many different lines, because he has a natural talent of meeting people and leaving a good impression. If he had taken up the study of medicine, as he planned to do when he was young, he would have achieved the same success as a doctor as he has as an actor.

Ramón Novarro, Adolphe Menjou, Helen Chandler and John Barrymore are others who have achieved fame under this birth star during the first weeks of February. But you share some of these same benefits if, like Joan Bennett, Arline Judge and Lew Cody, you were born after the twentieth of the month. In such a case the remaining eight days are full of promise for you. You have great possibilities of becoming a specialist. You can take up accounting, or may specialize in almost any subject with great success. You will not care so much for money and fame as for knowledge. You want to know. You have much more than the average ability for acquiring knowledge, for gaining facts. You can become an editor or may go in for medical research. You can easily become a famous physician, but you will never be quite as interested in money as in the success of your undertaking.

One very striking thing stands out in your heritage from the stars. You are likely to have a strong psychic strain. You "feel" things—you sense dangers that are not visible, and recognize good fortune when it seems far distant. This sixth sense can be of tremendous value to you, provided you use it to its fullest extent.

If you have ever thought of inventing anything you

[*Continued on page* 65]

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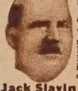

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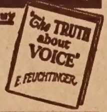

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Connie Bennett De-bunked

[*Continued from page* 17]

her pet bugaboos. While she's in her portable dressing room Gladys arrives with business mail and some of the more interesting fan letters. When the company stops work at twelve she goes to the photographer and poses for fifteen minutes for "still" pictures.

Then come the appointments with Mr. Selznick, the studio boss, and with her business manager, Rex Cole. As a rule, her director and some members of the cast are waiting for her in her bungalow by the time she gets there. They lunch together in her black and silver dining room.

Around one o'clock she rings up M-G-M—asks for the Marquis de la Coudraye. Twice a day they talk over the 'phone.

NO INTERRUPTIONS are brooked after lunch. They move swiftly and smoothly from one scene to another. At exactly four-thirty Connie turns her back on the camera. Very likely she's the only girl in pictures who does that. Garbo, herself, didn't stop 'till five. But this is the way Connie figured it out: she needed more rest—had been losing ten pounds on every production. So why not start at eight, call a halt at four-thirty and go home and sleep a couple of hours before dinner? It sounded like a good plan and she tried it for the first time while she was making *Lady With A Past.* She felt a hundred percent better and her acting showed it, so she's kept it up through other pictures.

There is a masseuse waiting for her at home to give her a light, soothing massage—and so to bed.

At seven-thirty she gets up again to dine with the Marquis. They spend an uneventful evening reading new books or listening to the radio. Nine-thirty finds her in bed once more with all six windows open wide to welcome the California night breezes.

Of course, when she isn't working it's an entirely different story. There's no time clock to follow and she arises when she pleases. Friends come in for lunch or else she meets them at the Assistance League or at a club.

Perhaps she and Joan Crawford go shopping in the afternoon along Wilshire boulevard. Or play a couple sets of tennis. Connie dotes on tennis. She wears a ribbon 'round her hair and a short dress and socks and looks as if she belonged in a schoolroom. And don't think she can't place those balls!

Most of Connie's social life centers around her home. She likes to give beautifully appointed dinners for about forty of her intimates. Afterwards they take their choice of jig-saw puzzles, bridge or backgammon.

The one time you can be sure she will appear in public is at a Hollywood première. She never misses one if it's humanly possible for her to be there. She invariably wears white. Her favorite corsage is fashioned of gardenias and lilies-of-the-valley.

An interesting person, Miss Bennett, who has woven her day-by-day life into a most interesting pattern.

No Divorce For Joan

[*Continued from page 22*]

influences which have engulfed so many film marriages because of Joan herself. With all the vigor, determination and intelligence that she has put into building her screen career, she has approached the subject of being a wife. As deeply in love, perhaps, as any girl ever was with her husband, she has not permitted that love to blind her. At the studio she is Joan Crawford, glamorous star of the screen. At home, the mantle of stardom is dropped and she puts on the gingham apron of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"I don't believe there is such a thing as a successful formula for marriage," Joan's ever restless fingers toyed with a gold cigarette case as she talked. "Of course there must be love, mutual confidence, in the face of even the most damning circumstances and above all, complete and absolute honesty between man and wife."

It has been said that married happiness in Hollywood is impossible, because of conditions which surround the lives of the stars. Joan, far from subscribing to this, feels that her own marriage is like any other.

"I don't consider a Hollywood marriage any different than a Kansas City marriage for instance. The problems which confront Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star of Beverly Hills are very similar to those which must be faced by Mr. and Mrs. John Doaks of Keokuk. Because we are picture people, our every move is subject to the scrutiny of dozens of gossip writers, all seeking some morsel to mouth. In Keokuk, it's the neighbors peeping out the window."

A prominent playwright, husband of a star, stopped at our table. Joan greeted him with one of her flashing smiles.

"You weren't at our rendezvous last night, darling," he chided her, "have you forgotten me?"

"And there," smiled Joan, as he left, "would be the basis of a red hot rumor, if one of the chatter writers had been lunching with me. 'What playwright husband of a famous star is Joan Crawford *so much* interested in now?'" Joan struck an attitude. "You see how those things start? Picture people, like stage people, are informal — familiar. That is why I can't walk hand in hand across the set with one of my leading men without causing comment. Because Douglas ate lunch with the feminine lead in his picture, the papers carried the news of our pending divorce.

"I suppose," continued Joan, "that people have wondered why we have never attempted to defend ourselves against rumors and gossip. My answer is that I have found the best defense is to ignore them. Douglas and I are both often interested in people, sometimes he in a woman or I in a man. We are honest about it for we each know that the interest is platonic. We both feel free to talk of such people and to have them out to the house if we like. No, I'll admit, it wasn't always that way, but that is one of the things we have conquered together.

"I am not afraid of losing Douglas. I do not mean by that any sureness of my ability to hold him forever. Some day he might possibly be more attracted to another woman. If so, I'd want him to have her and be happy. In fact, if another woman took Douglas away from me, I'd call her up and tell her that if his eggs are not exactly three minutes, his day is spoiled.

"No matter how important a woman's career may be to *her*, she must submerge it in her interest in *his* work. Men are only little boys, playing grown-ups and to them, a wife is a person to tell their troubles to. They expect sympathy and affection when they come home at night and the woman who insists upon telling them what a hard day *she* had on the set, is driving them into some other woman's arms."

I could see that she had tired of the talk of marriage but I felt grateful for it is a subject upon which she will seldom speak. And so we talked of this and that. Joan told me of her psychic experiences and as she talked her hands kept busy with her cigarette lighter. A restless, ambitious soul, her hands, like her eager mind, must always find something to do.

And now, I must give you an insight into Joan's character, a side which differs vastly from the impression most people have of her.

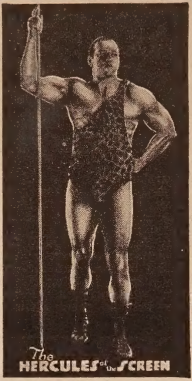
This was my first meeting with Joan. I was but one of the hundreds of people who pass daily through the life of a great star of the screen. Our meeting was brief, an hour at lunch in a crowded café.

Last night I drove down Wilshire boulevard in my humble car. In the stream of traffic opposite me rolled a majestic limousine, glistening in its shining glory, a uniformed chauffeur at the wheel. As it passed me I saw a familiar face at the window and then, as it drew in front, a beautiful girl turned and waved through the rear window. The girl was Joan. Not many of our stars would have been so thoughtful and with that gesture, although she may not know it, Joan Crawford forged the chain which bound another willing slave to her chariot wheel.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MARLENE DIETRICH?

Immediately upon completing *The Blonde Venus*, Marlene Dietrich disappeared from sight. Even the most watchful news sleuths in Hollywood could not discover her whereabouts. The studio announced no future plans. Rumors flew thick and fast—some predicting a divorce from her husband, others indicating that she planned to return permanently to Germany. Now comes the news that Marlene is to do *Song of Songs*, without Director Von Sternberg. THE REAL FACTS ABOUT MARLENE'S SELF-INFLICTED EXILE AND THE STORY OF HER NEW PLANS ARE REVEALED IN MARCH SCREEN BOOK. Be sure to read it!

Let me put you in the Movies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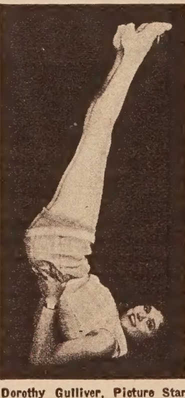

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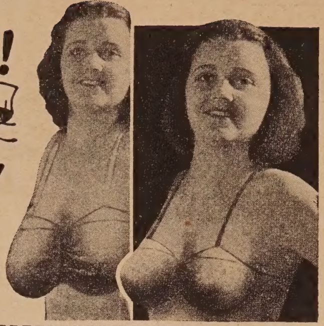

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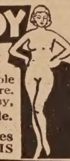

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Let's Go To The Movies

[*Continued from page 7*]

AAA. **NIGHT MAYOR**—(Columbia)—It's the mayor's turn to be exposed, and how that grand Lee Tracy can take it!

AAAA. **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—(Universal)—Movies make fun of themselves in the world's best satire. Jack Oakie, Aline MacMahon, Sidney Fox.

AAA. **RACKETY RAX**—(Fox)—A laugh a play when gangsters organize football teams. Victor McLaglen, Stanley Fields, Greta Nissen.

AA. **RAIN**—(M-G-M)—With a little more restraint than you've seen it before. Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan.

AAAA. **RED DUST**—(M-G-M)—Clark Gable returns to he-man rôles and Jean Harlow captivates on an India rubber plantation. Gene Raymond, Mary Astor.

AAAA. **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—(M-G-M) Jean Harlow strides to stardom. Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams.

AA. **SCARLET DAWN**—(Warners)—Russian nobles flee again. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Nancy Carroll.

AAA. **SILVER DOLLAR**—(Warners)—History of rise of silver in Colorado and its fall in Washington. Edward G. Robinson, Bebe Daniels, Aline MacMahon.

AAAA. **'SMILIN' THRU**—(M-G-M)—Still the screen's most exquisite romance. Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Leslie Howard.

AA. **SPORT PARADE**—(Radio)—Joel McCrea and William Gargan are football stars, fast friends and rival lovers of Marian Marsh.

AAAA. **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—(M-G-M)—Talkies advance a step. Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Alexander Kirkland, Ralph Morgan.

AAAA. **THE ALL AMERICAN**—(Universal) Gridiron's greatest thrills. All American players, Dick Arlen, Andy Devine, June Clyde, Gloria Stuart.

AAA. **THE BIG BROADCAST**—(Paramount)—Radio favorites strut their stuff. Leila Hyams, Stuart Erwin, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, Cab Calloway, Bing Crosby, et al.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—The great war picture of 1932. Tala Birell, Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker.

AAA. **THE FOURTH HORSEMAN**—(Universal)—Ride 'em cowboy stuff with a punch. Tom Mix, Margaret Lindsay.

AAAA. **THE SIGN OF THE CROSS**—(Paramount)—Genius of Cecil B. De Mille paints powerful picture of Rome in days of Nero with its flaming splendor and pagan cruelty. Imposing cast with Fredric March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert and Charles Laughton.

AAA. **THREE ON A MATCH**—(Warners)—Exciting story with moral "Don't light three on a match." Warren William, Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis.

AAAA. **TIGER SHARK**—(Warners)—An unusual plot and first-rate performances. Edward G. Robinson, fisherman; Zita Johann, his wife; Richard Arlen, the wife-thief.

AAA. **TOO BUSY TO WORK**—(Fox)—Will Rogers as a philosophical hobo.

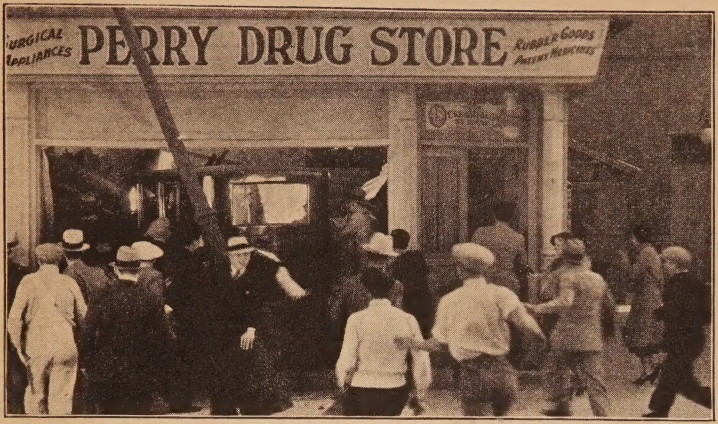
AAA. **TRAILING THE KILLER**—(Wide World)—Pedigreed story about a police dog hero, wolf heroine and mountain lion villain.

AAAA. **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—(Paramount)—Two crooks take a rich Parisian widow for a rollicking ride. Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall.

AAA. **TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING**—(Warners)—A "tough mug" goes to the chair rather than break his word. Spencer Tracy is superb with Lyle Talbot and Bette Davis.

AAA. **TWO AGAINST THE WORLD**—(Warners)—Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton improve together.

AAAA. **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**—(Columbia)—What did the screen do before Lee Tracy came? Powerful political drama.



A daredevil stunt man caught in the act of doing his stuff for *Heroes for Hire*, which features Bill Boyd and Dorothy Wilson. For the scene the stunt man was required to drive down a street at high speed, graze a lamp post and crash through a store window. It's all real stuff and he did it without being injured

Keep in Trim

[*Continued from page* 8]

golf and polo with equal skill, and is expert at sailing a boat.

CONSTANCE BENNETT retains that grace of hers on the tennis court. It's difficult to imagine her small arm tackling a man-sized tennis racket and whacking at a swiftly driven ball. But she does! Connie is unanimously elected the best feminine "racketeer" in Hollywood, with Marion Davies running a close second.

Among the other tennis enthusiasts and really excellent players are Eric Linden, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March. Still, it can be truthfully stated that John Gilbert beats them all at their own game. He is the champ player of the colony.

Irene Dunne is Hollywood's foremost woman golfer, and the only woman in the industry, besides Wynne Gibson, to make a hole-in-one. Still, Maureen O'Sullivan is no piker at the game, shooting generally in the 80's. No wonder she keeps that Irish glow.

Joel McCrea prefers swimming to any other sport, but occasionally makes a good fourth at golf. See what his gorgeous body has done for him! Maurice Chevalier both swims and golfs.

Bette Davis is an exceptionally fine swimmer, and the only woman ever to qualify as a life-guard at Ogunquit Beach in New York. Norma Shearer is a beautiful swimmer and diver and one of the most prominent exponents of the Sunday afternoon back-yard get-together's.

But Eleanor Holm (mercy, we mustn't forget her) could hand the rubber paddle to any of these would-be fishies. She broke the world's record in the hundred metre back-stroke, and after the Olympic games were over, broke her own record again at a meet in Arizona.

Even when a school kid, Clara Bow was a "headliner." A star in both swimming and running, Clara never missed an inter-school A. A. U. meet, or passed up a first-place medal. Today she has the most completely equipped gymnasium in Hollywood, and uses it! Everything from punching the bag, rowing, trapeze ring tricks and athletic dancing, Clara does with earnest alacrity. It is small wonder that she loses weight just when and where she likes.

Creighton Chaney is Hollywood's champion wrestler. The physical instructor of Radio Studios didn't know this when he attempted to show Creighton a few strangle holds. The instructor's "good intentions" resulted in finding himself flat on the floor with Chaney showing *him* a thing or two.

Wallace Beery has always been an amateur wrestler, but since *The Champ* and *Flesh*, he's beginning to take himself more seriously. He recently signed the trainer Zbyszko (three-time wrestling champ of the world) under contract to him personally, and exclusively. Nils Asther also is an amateur wrestler and keeps a regular trainer from month to month.

THERE is always a *miscellaneous* in any complete list of specializing people, so foremost in this class is Irene Rich—one of the best feminine rifle shots on the coast.

Gene Raymond deserves a hand for his Class A equestrianship, and Conrad Nagel for his artistic fencing skill.

Jean Hersholt remains distinctly alone as the only champ bicycle rider in the colony, holding the admirable record of having once participated in the Olympic games in this event. Sari Maritza comes in for a bit of exclusive glory with her ice skating and skiing records, holding consecutive year championships for ice skating at St. Moritz.

Lest we forget, Marie Dressler is the best durned croquet player on the entire Pacific Coast.

It's the survival of the physically fittest in Hollywood's success game and the screen stars prove it!

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*(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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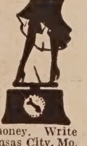
Guarantees You Lose 18 Lbs.
In 18 Days—Or No Cost**



I don't care how fat you are or what you have tried. There is only one sure way to safely reduce. You must remove the cause—toxins that encourage fat. That's exactly what science's latest discovery does. Originated for the overweight movie stars. It's now available to you. Positively safe and harmless.

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Sing Sing and the Movies

[*Continued from page 26*]

favor it will receive. What will be their reaction to Tom Connor's regeneration? Will they be in sympathy with his early toughness and his subsequent reformation? In conversation with one of the inmates, who has shown an interest in the picture since its beginning, I asked him if he thought it probable that the men would be sympathetic toward that type of hero. His reply was simple.

He said: "One must remember that all of us have been through troubles of all kinds. Various influences can be brought to bear on our mentalities. If Connors is real, we will get it; prisoners are quick to distinguish the real from the unreal."

He continued: "I can understand why the screen adaptation of *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing* is terrific entertainment, because basicly it reflects the real terrors of life as people who have not run afoul of the law cannot realize."

I asked this same man what type of picture, in his opinion, is the best to make good citizens. Here is his reply:

"The type that shows cleanliness in body and mind; that can be grounded in the country or city. Many of us here like the idea of self-made men.

"Every picture should bring out some idea that is beneficial. The day of running horses, and no real ideas, is passed. The foolish, improbable situation is all right for comedies, but do not attempt to fool the public with a mass of nothing in a serious picture."

Another inmate wrote me an essay, in which he stated, "The Alger type and the country boy type of hero are obsolete in pictures. The modern youth wants real live heroes whom he knows. I am glad I believed in fairies and Santa Claus when I was a child. It was fun then, but the modern youth does not want them. If you don't give him a real live Babe Ruth then he will take a Jack Diamond."

Some depth to this man's thoughts, I know you will agree with me. Probably the Tom Connors of *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing* was a devout follower of the Swat King, and believed in fairies and Santa Claus. There is not the usual reformation that must have tempted the story adapter in this motion picture; rather, it is a development of the man's character, a development that was drafted in his early youth.

I AM glad of one thing in this picturization of *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*. That is that my belief in Spencer Tracy has been fulfilled. His screen acting in this picture will make screen history.

In the list of favorite male stars of Sing Sing's population—in addition to the name of Spencer Tracy, should go the names of Lionel Barrymore, and his brother, John; George Bancroft, Lowell Sherman, Lewis Stone, Emil Jannings, Eric von Stroheim and, of course, Charles Chaplin. Naturally, these names conform closely to the consensus of opinion of the motion picture public outside the prison. Among the more recent stars in the picture field who have achieved the admiration of Sing Sing's populace is Edward G. Robinson. The favorites among the women, too, follow outside ideas. Greta Garbo reigns supreme, followed closely in popularity by Ruth Chatterton, Marlene Dietrich, Marion Davies, Loretta Young and Joan Blondell.

Thomas Meighan and his *Miracle Man* probably never will be equalled here in popularity. The reason for it, I have always believed, is that the plot of the picture is built on the theme of Faith. The prisoner is long on Faith.

However, it is not the faith that was reposed in one of the inmates, who now acts as trusty at one of the inside prison gates. He, with his pal—both old-timers—have been dubbed Peter and Paul, because one of the inmates with an uncertain knowledge of Biblical lore, had heard that certain Celestial gates were guarded by two saints. One or the other—Peter or Paul—once sold the Brooklyn bridge, and when arrested was actually staking off building lots in City Hall Park, New York. He had sold one to an unsuspecting foreigner, when a policeman's curiosity put a stop to the game.

Charlie Chaplin is more than a casual visitor at Sing Sing. He is firmly implanted in the affections of the prison population. And he, likewise, is very keen for the men; witness the fact that during the showing of *City Lights*, he actually made them a long speech, and at a time when he had been made offers, running into thousands of dollars, to talk on the air.

Charlie vowed that when he made his next picture he would hasten with it to Sing Sing, there to show it to the inmates first of all. Why? Because he realized that it was an honest and spontaneous reaction, something he could not hope to get in exactly the same way in any outside showing.

There is laughter, too, in Sing Sing, as well as tears.

Panther Girl Shows Claws

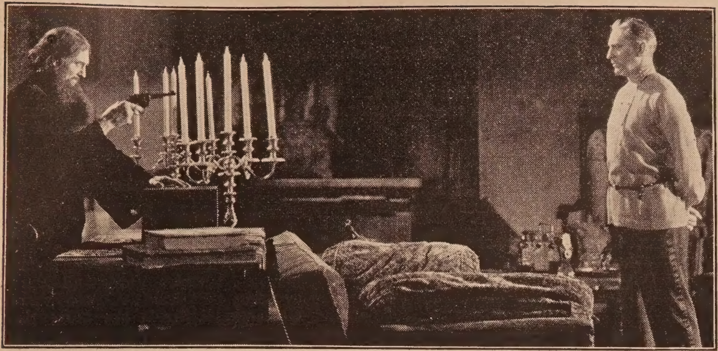
[*Continued from page 24*]

water—and they did. But where firmer measures failed, diplomacy evidently triumphed for young Mr. Rardin, who is a commercial photographer in Chicago, is on his way back and Miss Burke is smiling.

"We decided that it would be best for Jack to go home," she said, "but it's only temporary. If I succeed in pictures and get a contract when this picture is finished, he'll come back and we'll get married. If I don't get a contract I'm going home to Chicago and we'll get married there. It's all settled."

More power to Jack Rardin. Too many girls have come to Hollywood to the tune of "The Boy I Left Behind Me," but Jack, who knows what he wants, went after it and movies or no movies, the Panther Woman will eventually become Mrs. Jack Rardin.

Each month SCREEN BOOK offers to its readers an exact pattern of a gown worn by a popular movie favorite. If you have missed this unusual feature turn now to page 27 and learn how you may take advantage of this service.



Brother murders brother for the sake of drama. This is one of the intensely gripping scenes from *Rasputin*, in which Lionel and John Barrymore again strive to outshine each other for the acting honors

The Forgotten Girl's Comeback

[*Continued from page* 41]

picture. Instead she found herself out in the cold. Even with her Irish pluck and red hair, Merna Kennedy couldn't break the ice with which the publicity attached to the unfortunate incident had surrounded her.

That was defeat Number One.

THOSE who didn't know called Merna Kennedy a "flash in the pan." Hollywood decided to forget her. But Merna Kennedy is a hard person to forget, and when Carl Laemmle Jr. wanted a feminine lead for his screen version of the great stage hit, *Broadway*, he picked her in preference to a large selection of established applicants.

Again Hollywood raved about the red-headed beauty. Because of her copper tresses she was compared with Clara Bow. Fans began to look upon her as a "hot" type, or as Merna herself puts it—"I became a typical ga-ga girl."

It was the last thing in the world she wanted. But that doesn't matter in Hollywood. In the pictures that followed *Broadway* she was inevitably a silly, rattle-brained "hot-cha" girl. The thing gained momentum with each picture until one day Merna woke up to find herself in the clutches of Hollywood's most insidious enemy, "type-casting."

"And the sad part about it," says Merna, "is that while I protested against the parts, I was actually becoming just like them. I didn't take anything seriously—not even my work. I think I really contributed to my second Hollywood Waterloo, because I let the parts I played have their influence on me. I became practically a 'ga-ga girl' before I knew it. Of course I was only 20 years old, and my first chance at the films had perhaps led me to subconsciously believe that there was little justice anyway.

"I finally became so disgusted with the things I was doing that I resolved not to accept a part unless it had the opportunity I wanted."

That part didn't come for two years. That was Defeat Number Two. Two years is a long time.

MERNA KENNEDY has had to begin all over again—for the third time. She thought it was hard the second time, but the third time she had no ammunition.

"What could I show anyone?" Merna asks. "I had several pictures, but they were all the sort of thing I despised. I had to start again on the assumption that I was a different girl.

"As a matter of fact, I *am* different. I've heard people say they could feel themselves change, but I never believed it. That's just what has happened to me. Everyone seems to notice it. I'm so dead earnest in what I want to do, and I'm so sure of myself this time that fighting is a pleasure!"

She had her first "break" in *Lady With A Past*—the first in those two long years. The part was rich with opportunities, and Merna made the most of them. Then she went to the preview—and all but four scenes had been cut out!

But that small part opened the eyes of producers who wondered where Merna Kennedy had been keeping herself.

They "discovered" her for the third time. Universal cast her in *The All-American*.

Now she's definitely started on her third comeback with the lead opposite Pat O'Brien in Universal's human Jim Tully screenplay, *Laughter in Hell*. It's a real part which requires acting. It's her big chance, and nothing this side of Heaven is going to stop her.

She has been six years in Hollywood. She's won her two big fights back in spite of Hollywood and in spite of herself. She's twenty-three years old, prettier than ever, wiser, more confident.

When you remind her of her first two lickings, she looks at you with that adorable Irish smile, tosses that gorgeous crown of Irish red hair and says with all the belligerent confidence in the world—

"—But the third time's the charm!"

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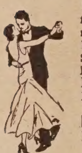

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Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page 32*]

She says she's already had her reward. Gunner Ayres returned with the limit in toothsome ducks.

Liberal-Minded

HARRISON CARROLL tells a rib-tickler about the actress who was being interviewed for a part.

"What kind of characters do you play?" asked the director.

She retorted: "Any kind. I have no character!"

Oriental

HOLLYWOOD, at this writing, resembles a cross section of the Shanghai Bund. Helen Hayes, Ramón Novarro, Lewis Stone, Sylvia Sidney, Louise Closser Hale, Myrna Loy and about a dozen other mimes are wearing oriental makeup.

And meanwhile, Anna May Wong can't get a break in Flickertown.

A New Team

GEORGE BRENT and Kay Francis are going to be teamed in a series of torrid romances by the Brothers Warner—and that's news, for what George is to the femmes, Kay is likewise to the lads.

George, incidentally, is reacting to the Chatterton influence. Since his marriage, he has acquired a valet and a swanky sport phaeton. 'Tis reported that he and la belle wife are still prone to hold hands on any and all occasions.

A Mystery

SPEAKING of Chatterton, Aunt Bev would certainly like to know the name of that ultra-gorgeous brunette Ralph Forbes is being seen with.

Overheard

ONE of the executives in a certain studio was heard talking about Janet Gaynor and "that chap she's married to." Which all goes to prove that there are degrees of fame.

Title Humor

LAST month I suspected Jack Warner of being sarcastically funny when he dubbed Jim Cagney's new picture *Bad Boy*. Now I know Señor Warner is casting aspersions on Jimmy's temperament. *Bad Boy* had to be discarded when it was discovered that Fox, years ago, made a film by that title. Warner has re-titled the Cagney opus *Hard To Handle*.

Heart Throbs

SANDRA SHAW has jilted Bruce Cabot in favor of Gilbert Roland, who's very attentive . . . Frances Dee and Gene Raymond are palling around together . . . Charles Vidor and Karen Morley seem that way . . . Bob Young and Gertrude Michaels are more than pals . . . Kitty Curtiz is going places with Hardie Albright . . . Tom Brown and Phyllis Fraser have that we'd-like-to-elope look . . . Cary Grant is beauing a mysterious blonde . . . Harpo Marx is squire-in-chief to Susan Fleming, and what a honey she is! . . . Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson are romancing again.

Bill's Complex

WILLIAM POWELL boasts that he's the best worrier in Hollywood and adds that his particular phobia is a fear of poverty. Says he wakes up of nights and quakes with terror at thought of being moneyless.

But from all the reports I hear, he needn't worry as long as he gets that quarter million plus a year.

Of All The Luck

BOB MONTGOMERY'S back from a month-long location jaunt to Honolulu where he made *Pig Boats*. He's wearing a glowing tan, a happy grin and an almost insufferable air of well-being. He talks lazily about moonlit nights at Waikiki, exotic dishes and swaying palms. And when I think that he got *paid* for it, my blood boils.

Incidentally, Jack Oakie is torched. He was slated to play in the picture, but just as he was packing his toothbrush, he was transferred to another production.

Foreign News

IF YOU'VE been wondering about Sidney Fox, be advised that that demure little charmer is still in Europe. She's now playing opposite Emil Jannings in *Roi Pausole* and cables that she'd be contented to work in Europe from now on.

Spotlight on Garbo!

[*Continued from page 23*]

the years she has lived in Hollywood have so many facts about Garbo come to light as in the past three months. BUT—though Greta seems to have given up trying to dodge the white spotlight of publicity—she still refuses to give a hint as to her future plans. And, even in this, she has failed to keep her intentions entirely a secret, for her objections to taking a physical examination for a passport a short while ago revealed that she was ready to return. Further information from immigration headquarters showed that the quota from Sweden was already filled and that it will be impossible for her to return before April, unless given special permission by the officials at Washington. That being a remote possibility, Garbo's fans may expect her to return early this spring to resume work in pictures at the studio where her supremacy is much in doubt now that Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer have proved themselves as great—if not greater—drawing cards than their illustrious rival.

Boots Makes the Grade

[*Continued from page* 47]

gave her the nickname of "Boots" which has endured to this day, superseding her real name of Patricia.

She was born in New Orleans and celebrates her birthday on October 22. Her family moved to Mobile when she was five. Even at that age she was musically inclined. At twelve she was in demand as a banjoist and singer of southern songs and at fifteen she joined a girls' band and toured in vaudeville. About this time her remarkable beauty asserted itself and she did some work as a model for Joseph Ball and other artists.

Beauty and Broadway can't be kept apart. George White soon had Boots in his *Scandals* and then she played a season for the late Florenz Ziegfeld, later going into *Hot-Cha* where the movie scouts found her.

To know Boots is to know a pretty, vivacious, talented, friendly young American girl. She likes George Bellows' sketches and thinks Jerome Kern's music is grand. She drives a roadster, fast, and draws pictures, slow, for her own amusement. She prefers football to polo, skating to swimming and favors black and white for her wardrobe.

She thinks New York is nice but New Orleans is nicer. Broadway, the street, annoys her. *Walking Down Broadway*, her first picture, is the "most marvelous experience" of her life. She has a smile that wins your heart and an easy way of making friends who root for her at every chance. She likes the sea and Arizona dawns; reads poetry intelligently but likes humor magazines and Bugs Baer's column.

SHE loves movies and would like to see a lot of them—many more than it has been possible for her to see during the tedious job of filming *Walking Down Broadway* with its difficult hours before the camera. She has a Pekinese but believes in treating it like a dog and not as an infant.

Hal Phyfe, Fox photographer, says that she has a very subtle personality which strongly registers in both still pictures and the movies as compared to many whose beauty of feature is merely on the surface. That, coupled with the texture of her skin, her coloring and ash-blonde hair and her properly proportioned eyebrows which form a perfect setting for her eyes, is why she is a delight to cameramen who don't often have such an ideal subject to photograph.

In addition her fairly tall, short waisted, long limbed figure is compositionally ideal according to standards of feminine beauty. She is animated by a quiet, passive nature which makes her very pliable in the artist's hands when she is sitting for portraits.

Boots may be busier than she ever has been before in her life but she wouldn't trade places with any girl in the world for she's thrilled beyond measure by the future that lies before her. A future that includes the lead opposite James Dunn in his next picture, *Handle With Care*, and the brilliant screen career which all Hollywood is certain awaits her.

The Fates of Your Favorites

[*Continued from page* 57]

may safely continue your efforts for your star gives you much natural ability in this field as well as in that of research.

One thing is of very great interest in relation to the effect of your birth date upon your life. If you were born in 1902, and your friend was born in 1904, and both on the same day of the month, you would not have the same natures—not exactly the same. This is directly due to the effect of various planets on your guiding star. This explains why there is such a wide variance in people born on the same day of the month, but in different years.

No matter though, when you were born, you have a natural talent, and this talent can be definitely determined by checking back to the day, the month, and the *year* when you were born. It is in this way that solar psychology becomes of value to you. It explains how we can trace out the different angles of character of these famous movie names, and determine in just what field of business or the arts they can find the greatest possible success.

Your birth in February means talent—the year of your birth defines the exact application of that talent, and its possibilities. Know thyself. It is an old, old message, but it is just as new today as it was a thousand or ten thousand years ago. Know your talents, know what your star looking down on you at the time of birth gave you as a lasting heritage. Know these things and avoid sorrow, regrets and disappointments.

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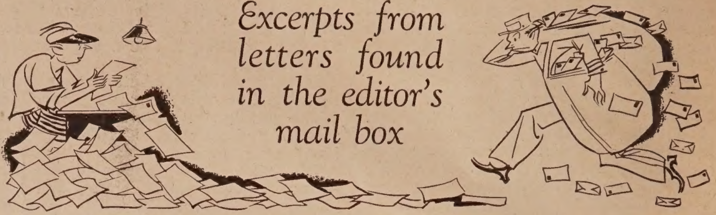

Excerpts from letters found in the editor's mail box

One million votes for Norma Shearer from Yours Truly. I've been a faithful follower since *Tower of Lies*. I imagine even she has forgotten that. If there was one woman in the world I would like to look like and be like it would be Norma. No one is so marvelous—so understanding—or so great an actress. She is never too emotional, but just a natural, lovely, forceful, beautiful lady.—Madeline Simpson, Lansing, Michigan.

ZaSu Pitts is one of the few really great actresses in Hollywood. Why don't they give her a break!—Hilda McLeod, Bangor, Maine.

I, myself, do not care for weeping eyes, yet I can not help applaud Helen Twelvetrees for her characterizations. I did not think I could like Jim Cagney. I went to see *Winner Take All* and was delighted by Cagney's rôle. He is excellent. However, my favorite is Bill Boyd. His smile is so different, so boyish and shy. Everybody likes him, yet we see so little of him.—Rose Mazan, Barberton, Ohio.

After seeing Irene Dunne in *Back Street* I have lost all interest in Garbo, Crawford and Shearer. Miss Dunne's portrayal is the best I have yet seen on the screen. Instead of merely walking through her rôle and remaining Miss Dunne all the time she loses her own identity in the character of Rae Schmidt. No one can grow old on the screen as beautifully and gracefully as Miss Dunne.—Dot.

I live in a city of nigh onto twenty thousand souls in the far north—only three hundred miles from Hudson's Bay and even way up here SCREEN BOOK Magazine is appreciated with its vagaries, trials and trips of the stars. I was pleased to note the picture of Kay Francis on your cover. I am only a convert to picture magazines of recent months, being presumably past the age when one is so interested in movies, but from now on I'm a goner.—C. A. Beattie, North Bay, Ont., Canada.

Of all the foreign stars in Hollywood the most fascinating is Gwili Andre. She's not only pretty but she can act wonderfully. I think she is one of today's most promising bets.—Teddy Weiser, Sch. Haven, Penna.

This is a tribute to Jean Harlow's bravery when tragedy came into her life. She has won thousands of admirers by her marvelous display of will power in refusing to talk about the suicide of her husband when the average woman would have had quotations all over the front page. And *Red Dust*, which she finished while in the throes of sorrow, is the finest thing she has done yet. —George Marvin, Nashville, Tennessee.

Why don't the powers that be produce some more college pictures? Being a college man myself I naturally enjoy seeing pictures about my fellow-beings, no matter how exaggerated they may be. Bigger and better college pictures, I say.—Doug Martin, Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

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Here they are—six movie fans who will receive personally autographed portraits of their screen favorites. The names of the winners are selected at random each month. A letter to this department qualifies you. Name your favorite star in the letter so we can get you the picture you want.

February winners: Mrs. Anna C. MacKenzie, 1000 Thirteenth St., N. E., Canton, Ohio; Florence La Rochelle, 215 Lake Linden Ave., Laurium, Mich.; Florence Ashenhurst, McLennan Co., Lorena, Texas; Rose Mazan, P. O. Box 519, Barberton, Ohio; C. A. Beattie, Canadian National Railways, Transportation Building, North Bay, Ontario, Canada; Doug Martin, Box 257, O. A. College, Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

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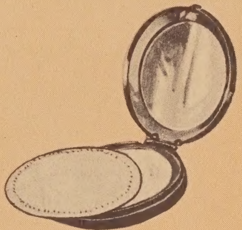

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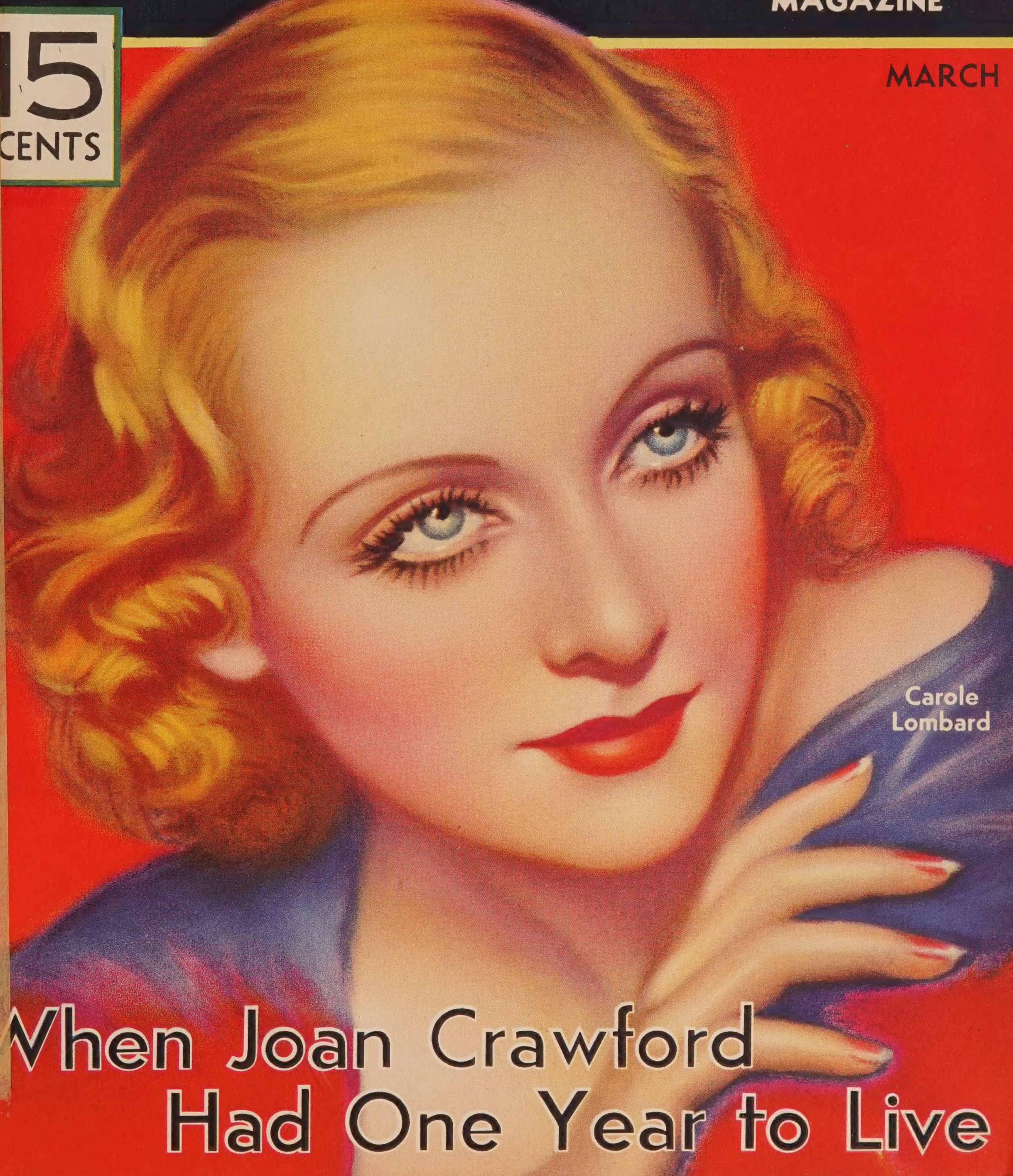
SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

15 CENTS

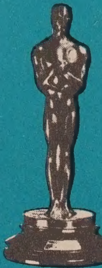
MARCH



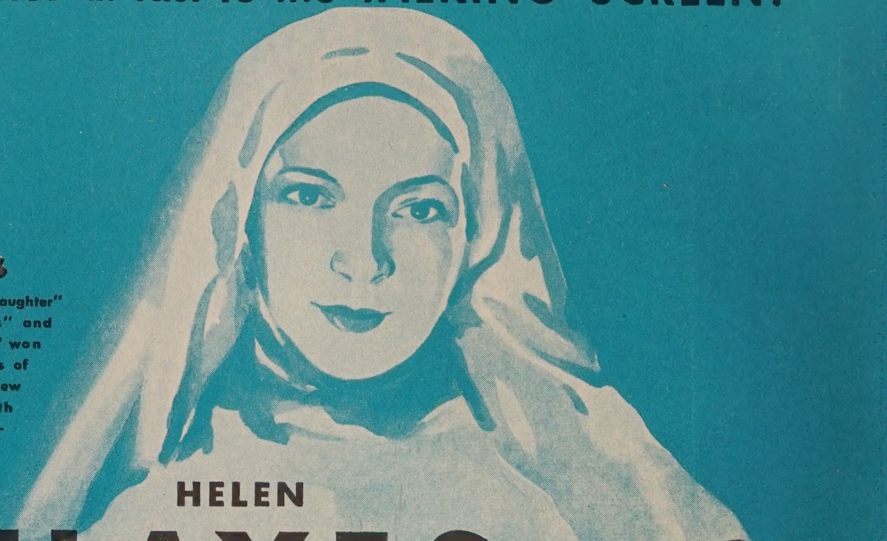
Carole Lombard

When Joan Crawford Had One Year to Live

The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!



The star of "Son-Daughter" "Farewell to Arms" and "Madelon Claudet" won highest acting honors of the past year! In her new role co-starred with Clark Gable, she challenges the film world for this prize again!



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IN

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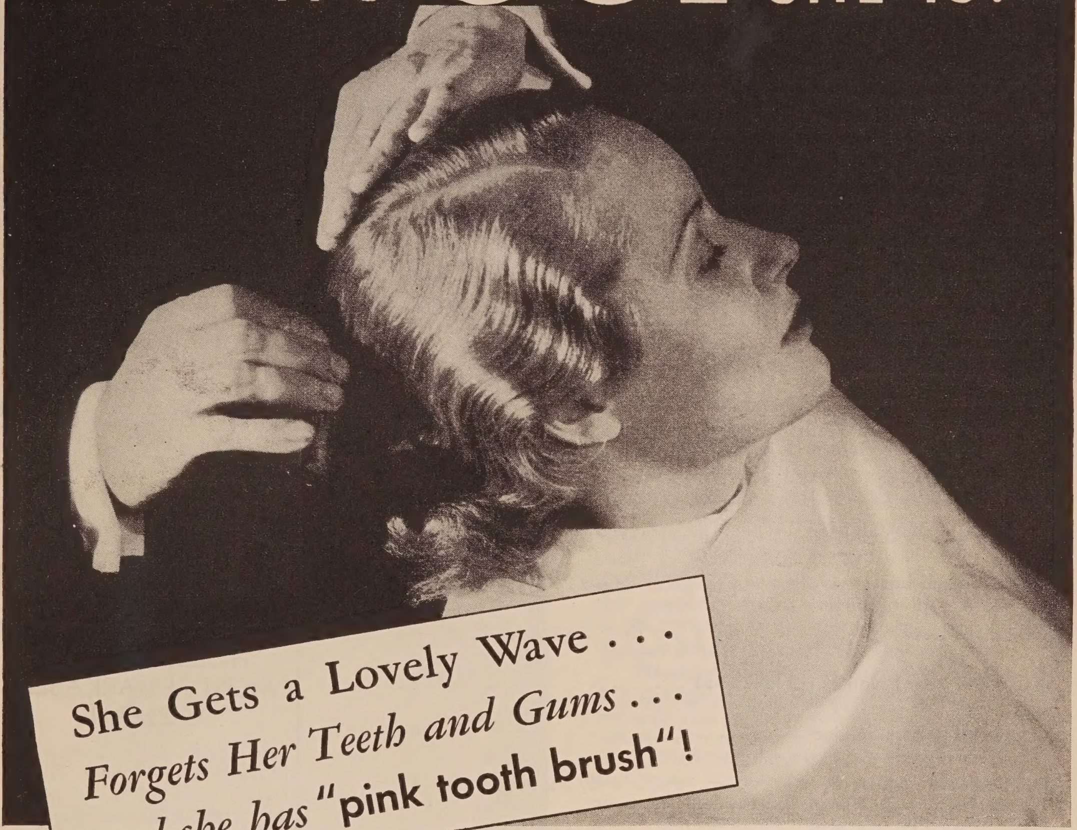

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This girl is wise to take excellent care of her hair. But isn't she foolish *not* to take good care of her teeth and gums! To pass inspection —you *must* have healthy gums and bright teeth.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—and the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but it endangers the *good-looks* of your teeth.

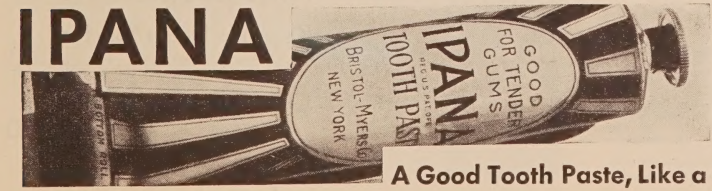
Ipana and Massage defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

Vol. X MARCH
No. 2 1933

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W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher

CAPT. ROSCOE FAWCETT,
Editor and General Manager

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN,
Western Editor

CARL A. SCHROEDER
Assistant Editor

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HOLLYWOOD'S MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN

Read the story of a newly discovered Norma Shearer in April SCREEN BOOK.
On Sale February 28th

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WE GUARANTEE!
TO REDUCE
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
OR IT WON'T COST YOU
ONE PENNY!

Since last May my hips have been reduced nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.

Miss JEAN HEALY
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I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips.

Miss B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria
New York City

NOW...is the ideal time to

REDUCE

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

IF you dread the time when you will wear the new spring frocks, because of fat, bulky hips —why not START NOW to reduce?

"I reduced nine inches" writes Miss Healy. "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian . . . "Massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly.

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

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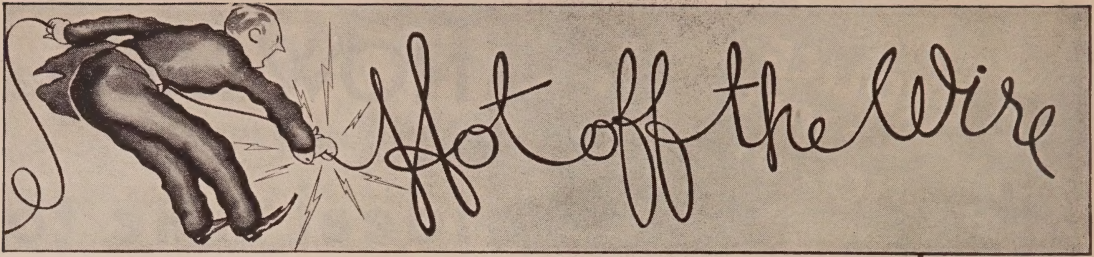


All the Latest News of Hollywood Celebrities

Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have reached the parting of the ways. Reason: Differences in temperament

At last Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak are coming back to Hollywood and maybe to the screen.

ZaSu Pitts is finally out of danger after her appendicitis operation and is home from the hospital.

Eleanor Holm and Loretta Young are back from San Francisco where they played hostess to the Georgia Tech football team.

Phyllis Fraser is back from Oklahoma City where she visited her father and mother.

Wera Engels, German importation, gets her first American screen rôle in *The Great Jasper* opposite Richard Dix.

Mitzi Green is making another personal appearance tour of the theatres and is getting a rousing reception after her success in *Little Orphan Annie.*

Between pictures Eugene Pallette boards his motorized bungalow and tours northern Mexico and the Pacific southwest.

Chic Sale has deserted the stage again to make a picture. This time it's *Pals* and he is co-starred with a dog.

George O'Brien is taking a well-earned vacation. He is visiting with his parents in Naples, Italy.

Ina Claire is a big hit all over again in *Biography*, the Broadway stage production.

Irene Dunne is at work again after an attack of the flu.

Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado are home after their "stowaway" trip to Europe still unmarried but admitting they are engaged.

Marian Nixon and her husband, Edward Hillman, stifle divorce rumors by adopting a young son.

Helen Twelvetrees, her husband, Frank Woody, and young Jack are in Hollywood and Helen resumes her screen career.

Estelle Taylor is making personal appearances again in the east.

Gloria Swanson has changed her plans about making another picture abroad and will be back in Hollywood soon.

Ronald Colman is planning on doing a play in New York in the spring.

Barbara Kent and Harry Edington, who has won fame as Garbo's agent, became Mr. and Mrs. in Yuma, Arizona.

Lillian Harvey, English actress who has been making German pictures, has finally reached Movieland and will begin *Her Majesty's Car* at once.

From all appearances divorce is in the offing for Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck. The only reason given is "temperamental differences."

Lila Lee and George Hill, film director, are plotting matrimony soon.

Winnie Lightner, buxom as of yore, is in Movieland again and will play in *She Had To Say Yes.*

Edward G. Robinson made a personal appearance at Sing Sing with the showing of his picture, *Silver Dollar,* and distributed cigarettes.

Al Jolson has been seriously ill with the flu. George Brent and John Miljan are recuperating from it.

Garbo, with her passport okayed, is set to sail for the United States.

Gary Cooper will be Joan Crawford's leading man in *Turn About*, her new picture.

A report on the Chinese movie situation says that Janet Gaynor is the most popular actress in China and that Cantor, Chevalier and Dietrich do well.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland are vacationing in their home at Southville, Massachusetts, where they go whenever Warner is "between pictures."

Constance Cummings has signed a contract with a London producer and will do at least one picture abroad.

Another set of beautiful girls is being selected for Eddie Cantor's next picture.

On the verge of separation, Edward Hillman and Marian Nixon changed their minds. Now they've adopted a child and bliss has returned to the Hillman mansion

Win $3500.00

or Auburn "12" Sedan and $2,000.00 Extra

I will give $3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman, $1,000.00 to another, $500.00 to a third—225 Grand Prizes all at one time—and thousands of Special Rewards. Sounds too good to be true, **but it is true.** I am giving away such fortunes in one of the most gigantic advertising campaigns you ever heard of. Everyone who takes an active part will be rewarded in cash. **Think what $3,500.00 would mean to you!** Your worries gone — Your dreams come true. All the joy and happiness you have been longing for, may now be yours. So qualify for this opportunity by sending me a name for my wonderful Skin Lotion.

What An Alluring Skin Lotion!
It softens the skin, causing it to retain the attractive, satiny, velvety texture. Protects against exposure to heat, wind, rain, sun, and cold. Keeps the skin firm, soft and delightful to touch. Delicately scented. Truly a marvelous Skin Lotion. Suggest a name. Do it today. Win the $250.00 Cash Prize. Send your suggestion on the coupon below or on a one cent postal card. Everyone suggesting a name will be qualified for the opportunity to win the $3,500 Cash Prize.

I WILL PAY $250.00
JUST FOR A NAME

What a wonderful, new satiny Skin Lotion! It's the best ever! Everybody is wild about it. But it has no name. What shall we name it? What do you suggest? I will pay $250.00 to the person sending the name we will use in advertising this Lotion. Nothing fancy is needed. Any simple, easy name may win—either one, two or three words—like "Perfection-Bloom of Youth," "Perfect Skin," or "All-Weather Lotion." The name that flashes through your mind right now may be the winning one.

Name this Skin Lotion

IT'S EASY TO DO—COSTS NOTHING TO WIN

Skin Lotion

You can't lose—nothing to buy—nothing to sell to win this big $250.00 Cash Prize. It's easy to send a name. It doesn't have to be a fancy name, or a big-sounding name—just a simple, easy name. Hazel Hinesley, Logansport, Ind., sent the name "Fem-a-lure" for our Beauty Cream and won $150.00. Now I will pay $250.00 just for a name for our satiny Skin Lotion. Just sending a name—any name—also qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3,500.00.

RULES: Only one answer accepted from a family. You must be over 16 years of age and reside within the United States (territories excluded). The answer must be postmarked not later than May 20, 1933. $250.00 will be paid for the name the judges select as most suitable for this Skin Lotion. Penmanship and neatness in writing not considered. Duplicate prizes given in case of ties. All name suggestions become exclusive property of TOM WOOD.

Nothing To Buy or Sell For This

$250.00 CASH PRIZE

Just Send a Name on This Coupon

TOM WOOD, Manager,
H-O Building, Dept. AL-306C, **Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Here's my suggestion for a name for the Skin Lotion.

Name suggested...

My name is...

Address ....State.............................

Town...

Date I read this offer...

BE PROMPT! . . . . $100.00 CASH CERTIFICATE AT ONCE! We want your reply quickly. Therefore, if you mail Write at once. your answer and name suggestion within three days after reading this announcement you will receive a $100.00 Cash Certificate at once, entitling you to $100.00 Cash Extra, should the judges declare your name the prize-winning one.

TOM WOOD, *Manager,* **Dept.** AL-306C
H-O Building **Cincinnati, Ohio**

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture: AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

Karen Morley weds Wallace Beery in Berlin and brings him to America to seek the world's wrestling championship in *Flesh*, which finds Wally at his best

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL**—(Paramount)—Drama, comedy and general excitement in this original story of double-crossing as it's done in the oil industry. Robert Armstrong, Constance Cummings, Olga Baclanova, Frank Albertson.

AAA. **CAVALCADE**—(Fox)—Splendid study of an English family and the hopelessness of war. Clive Brook, Diana Wynpard and an all-English cast.

AAA. **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—(Universal)—Betty Compson returns to the screen with Pat O'Brien and Tom Brown in a stirring tale of rum-runners on the high seas.

AAA. **EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE**—(Warner Brothers)—Alice White captures a big slice of this picture, dealing with life in a big department store. Warren William and Loretta Young.

AAA. **FAST LIFE**—(Metro)—William Haines at his wise-cracking best opposite Madge Evans in a story of modern piracy.

AAAA. **FLESH**—(Metro)—Wallace Beery in a grand story of an old-time wrestler's adventures. Jean Hersholt, Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez.

AAA. **42ND STREET**—(Warner Brothers)—Backstage glimpses of a glamorous musical comedy. Excellent cast headed by Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler and George Brent.

AAAA. **'FRISCO JENNY**—(Warner Brothers)—Ruth Chatterton in one of her best pictures, a powerful drama concerning an underworld queen and her love for her son.

AA. **HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM**—(United Artists)—Al Jolson not quite up to par as a hobo who falls in love. Madge Evans, Chester Conklin and Harry Langdon.

A. **HANDLE WITH CARE**—(Fox)—James Dunn, Boots Mallory and El Brendel in a weak romance.

AAAA. **HARD TO HANDLE**—(Warner Brothers)—James Cagney grand as a slick promoter with Mary Brian and Ruth Donnelly.

AAA. **HEROES FOR HIRE**—(Radio)—Thrilling tale of movie stunt men with Bill Boyd, Dorothy Wilson and William Gargan.

AA. **HOT PEPPER**—(Fox)—Vic McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, El Brendel and Lupe Velez make up the cast for further adventures of Flagg and Quirt—this time in the speakeasy business. Not for children.

AA. **HYPNOTIZED**—(Mack Sennett)—Comedy story of a hypnotist who runs amuck on an ocean liner. In the cast are Moran and Mack, Ernest Torrence, Charlie Murray, Wallace Ford and Marjorie Beebe.

AAAA. **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**—(Paramount)—Children and those who do not like horror pictures will not enjoy this shocking story of a mad scientist who makes beasts of men. Charles Laughton, Richard Arlen and Leila Hyams in leading rôles.

AA. **LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT**—(Warner Brothers)—Story of women in prison. Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster score in spite of story.

AAAA. **LAUGHTER IN HELL**—(Universal)—Pat O'Brien, Myrna Kennedy, Tom Brown and Gloria Stuart in the powerful prison camp story by Jim Tully.

AAAA. **MADAME BUTTERFLY**—(Paramount)—Screen version of a grand old story gives Sylvia Sidney her finest rôle. Cary Grant gives an excellent performance.

AAA. **MASK OF FU MANCHU**—(Metro)—For thrill-seekers only. Boris Karloff is more diabolical than ever as Fu Manchu, the man who hopes to conquer the world.

AAAA. **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—(Paramount)—Clark Gable, the big town gangster, falls for Carole Lombard, the country maiden. Gable at his best, supported by Dorothy Mackaill and Grant Mitchell.

AAA. **NO OTHER WOMAN**—(Radio)—Morality play with Irene Dunne and Charles Bickford turning in fine performances.

AAA. **PARACHUTE JUMPER**—(Warner Brothers)—Racketeering takes to the air in a light story which gives Doug Fairbanks Jr., Frank McHugh and Bette Davis good rôles.

A. **SAILOR BE GOOD**—(Radio)—Jack Oakie is a sailor who marries into society to his sorrow. Vivienne Osborne and George E. Stone are good support.

AA. **TERROR TRAIL**—(Universal)—Kiddies will go for this story of Tom Mix on the trail of horse thieves. Naomi Judge, pretty young newcomer, plays opposite Tom.

AAA. **THE DEATH KISS**—(KBS)—A movie studio is the scene of an eerie mystery tale with Bela Lugosi, Adrienne Ames and David Manners.

AAA. **THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES**—(Radio)—Sound version of *The Goose Woman* which doesn't measure up to silent. Helen Mackellar, Jean Arthur, Eric Linden and Skeets Gallagher are well cast.

AAA. **THE WAX MUSEUM**—(Warner Brothers)—Another one not recommended for kiddies. A thriller drama with Lionel Atwill as the monster who haunts morgues and steals bodies from graves. Fay Wray and Allen Vincent have the romantic leads.

AA. **TONIGHT IS OURS**—(Paramount)—Naughty and frenzied screen fare with fine performances by Claudette Colbert, Fredric March and Alison Skipworth somewhat redeeming it.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAAA. **A FAREWELL TO ARMS**—(Paramount)—Another great triumph for the diminutive Helen Hayes as the heroine of Ernest Hemingway's best seller dealing with war and romance on the Italian front. Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou.

AAAA. **ANIMAL KINGDOM**—(Radio)—Phillip Barry's Broadway hit presents a new version of the eternal triangle with Ann Harding, Leslie Howard and Myrna Loy. A sparkling satire well worth seeing.

AAAA. **CALL HER SAVAGE**—(Fox)—Clara Bow scores her greatest success opposite Gilbert Roland in a swiftly-moving story of modern womanhood. Estelle Taylor has an excellent rôle.

AAA. **CENTRAL PARK**—(Warners)—Love triumphs over crooks, cops and escaping lions in this fast-moving drama of Central Park. Wallace Ford and Joan Blondell.

AAA. **FALSE FACES**—(World Wide)—Lowell Sherman in an excellent rôle of the unscrupulous doctor whose malpractices bring dis-

Bob Montgomery has an entirely different character to portray in *Pig Boats*, an exciting story of submarine warfare

Olga Baclanova, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason are the three scheming racketeers in *Billion Dollar Scandal.* The picture shows how to make money in the oil business but not how to keep out of jail

aster into the lives of his patients. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee.

AAA. **HAUNTED GOLD**—(Warner-Schlessinger)—A different type of western which combines all the thrills of a mystery melodrama with the excitement of a good old-fashioned "horse opera." Plenty of thrills. John Wayne is a fine hero, Sheila Terry a lovely heroine.

AA. **HEY, POP!**—(Warners)—Fatty Arbuckle returns to the screen in an old-time type of comedy in which he adopts a baby. Plot not worthy of his talent.

AAAA. **IF I HAD A MILLION**—(Paramount)—Most unique picture of the year, with Richard Bennett as the eccentric old man giving away millions to names he picks from the telephone book. All star cast.

AAAA. **KING KONG**—(Radio)—A motion picture company seeks to capture a monster ape who rules over a horde of jungle savages. Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong in a super-thriller.

AAA. **LAWYER MAN**—(Warners)—William Powell as the honest lawyer who combats blondes and crooked politicians in a grand comedy-drama of courtrooms and romance. Joan Blondell, Clara Dodd and Allan Dinehart.

AAA. **ME AND MY GAL**—(Fox)—Spencer Tracy is a cop turned detective and Joan Bennett his restaurant cashier sweetheart. Plenty of gangsters and good lines.

AAA. **NO MORE ORCHIDS**—(Columbia)—Carole Lombard at her best in a story of the poor little rich girl. Walter Connolly, Louise Closser Hale. Good entertainment.

AAAA. **PENGUIN POOL MURDER**—(Radio)—The most unusual murder mystery of the year. Edna May Oliver and James Gleason make this battle of wits a thrilling picture.

AAAA. **PROSPERITY**—(Metro)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a riotous comedy poking fun at the depression. Norman Foster and Anita Page furnish the love interest.

AAAA. **RASPUTIN**—(Metro)—The Barrymore family, Ethel, John and Lionel, is perfection itself in the story of the crazy monk who ruins the Russian royal family. Tad Alexander, talented youngster, gives great performance.

AA. **REDHAIRED ALIBI**—(Premier-Tower)—More gangster stuff. Merna Kennedy and Grant Withers.

AAA. **ROBBERS' ROOST**—(Fox)—No hokum in this western, only sure-fire entertainment. It's George O'Brien's best in years and Maureen O'Sullivan scores as well.

AAA. **ROCKABYE**—(Radio)—Constance Bennett in a rapid-fire comedy-drama. Jobyna Howland, as Connie's constantly alcoholic "ma," steals the picture. Paul Lukas and Joel McCrea.

AA. **SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE**—(Radio)—Gruesome melodrama, opening with a funeral and punctuated with murder. Gwili Andre outstanding.

AAAA. **THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN**—(Columbia)—Nils Asther and Barbara Stanwyck in a thrilling story of inter-racial romance in China. Excellently done with Nils Asther carrying off top honors.

AAA. **THE CONQUERORS**—(Radio)—An epic depicting the financial history of the United States since the Civil War. Outstanding performances by Richard Dix, Ann Harding, Guy Kibbee and Edna Mae Oliver.

AA. **THE DEVIL IS DRIVING**—(Paramount)—Edmund Lowe, Jimmy Gleason, Wynne Gibson, Allen Dinehart, Lois Wilson and Dickie Moore fail to make this picture of a metropolitan garage acceptable.

AAAA. **THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH**—(Radio)—Lee Tracy and Lupe Velez romp through a hilarious plot dealing with the loud-mouthed promoter who wins fame for his little circus performer.

AAAA. **THE KID FROM SPAIN**—(Samuel Goldwyn)—Eddie Cantor as a bull-fighter, surrounded by laughs, bulls and pretty girls. A grand, uproarious comedy from start to finish.

AAAA. **THE MATCH KING**—(Warners)—Flawless drama presenting the story of Ivar Kreugar, the late financial king of Sweden. Warren William gives an inspired performance—ably supported by Lily Damita, Hardie Albright and Glenda Farrell.

AAAA. **THE SON-DAUGHTER**—(Metro)—Helen Hayes delights in this Oriental romance. Ramón Novarro and Lewis Stone do well in leading rôles.

AAAA. **THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED**—(Universal)—Practically perfect comedy of servants getting married in the highbrow way. Roland Young, Slim Summerville, ZaSu Pitts and Verree Teasdale.

AAAA. **20,000 YEARS IN SING SING**—(Warners)—Spencer Tracy as the hardboiled convict, whose honor and love for a beautiful girl sends him to the chair. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot share honors.

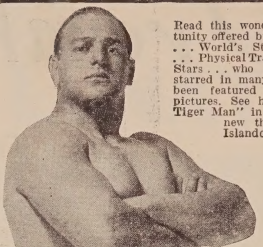
AAA. **UNDERCOVER MAN**—(Paramount)—George Raft as a police undercover man who seeks his father's murderer. Nancy Carroll, Gregory Ratoff, Roscoe Karns and Noel Francis. Good entertainment.

AAA. **UPTOWN NEW YORK**—(World Wide)—Jack Oakie, Shirley Grey and Leon Waycoff in a story of the consolation marriage that developed into true love.

AAA. **WILD HORSE MESA**—(Paramount)—Randolph Scott and Sally Blane in a Zane Grey story which rises above the average western because of sincerity and fine photography.

AAA. **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—(Warners)—Joe E. Brown goes in for channel swimming in one of the year's funniest comedies. Ginger Rogers, Preston Foster and Farina also in the cast.

How Would YOU like to be in the MOVIES?



Read this wonderful opportunity offered by Joe Bonomo . . . World's Strongest Man . . . Physical Trainer of Movie Stars . . . who has himself starred in many serials and been featured in over 100 pictures. See him as "The Tiger Man" in Paramount's new thriller, "The Island of Lost Souls."

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OFFERED BOTH MEN AND WOMEN
WITH SCREEN AND TALKIE TEST

Recently, Studios searched the country for a "Lion Man" and a "Panther Woman." They are clamoring for men with **perfect physiques** and women with **seductive, alluring bodies.** To meet this demand, I am now offering everyone who enrolls for my Home-Study Physical Culture Course the chance to win a **Free Trip to Hollywood with Screen and Talkie Test.**

STRENGTH for MEN, BEAUTY for WOMEN

If a **man,** I'll pack your body with muscles and strength. I'll fill out your chest, broaden your shoulders and give you a pair of mighty arms—I'll make an entirely new man of you in 90 days, a big, muscular, athletic HE-MAN! If a **woman,** I'll correct your weight; give you beautiful, shapely limbs; a firm, well developed bust; an alluring, graceful seductive figure — "Before I took your Course, I was working in a factory for $12.00 a week," writes May Tumminello (see picture to right), "but now I am playing on the Stage."—I will give **you** physical beauty — sex appeal — seductive charm and grace—and help **you** to a stage or screen career.

LOW PRICE—EASY PAYMENTS

Mail coupon for Free Book—**one for men and one for women**—telling all about my Home-Study Physical Culture Course and Movie Contest. Get my amazing low price and easy payments; **no obligation —just mail the coupon!**

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Joe Bonomo, 220-H. Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Please send me your Free Book and all details of your Physical Culture Course and Movie Contest. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way. I am over 16 years of age.
(If a woman, please put Miss or Mrs. before your name)

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Frankly Speaking

Talking Things Over With Screen Book's Editors

Ah, Lovely Helen!

HELEN HAYES has been in pictures only two years—yet she is today the screen's most important actress. Critics all admit that she has an edge, though slight it may be, over Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford in natural ability and depth of characterization.

The selection of her performance in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* as the best of the 1931 season is the most deserved honor ever paid to an actress. Other stars have their "off form" pictures, but to date Miss Hayes has never failed to deliver an utterly delightful performance—a fact that is doubly emphasized by her work in *A Farewell to Arms* and *The Son-Daughter.*

A toast to Helen Hayes! May her career go on and on.

Nominated as the month's best movie gag: Bill Gargan's nifty in Animal Kingdom: *"Say, if all the bad heads were laid out in a row, mine would get up and sneer at the rest of them!"*

No Stopping Them

THE German invasion is on! Since the arrival of Marlene Dietrich, Hollywood has been beset by a steady march of teutonic maidens. Anna Sten, brilliant and alluring, will soon make her début under the Sam Goldwyn banner. Charlotte Susa's first American picture is being held up until she can successfully iron out dot German accent. Now comes Wera Engels, who is wera (pardon it, please) talented and lovely. All are certain to become important stars before long, for which reason it wouldn't surprise us a bit to hear that our American beauties are lobbying in congress for a new immigration law.

Overheard from a Hollywood extra: "Things are so tough I'm living off the interest of the money I owe."

Wives Go To Work

PROSPERITY is just around the corner for a number of Hollywood husbands. Their wives are going back to work. Florence Eldridge, charming wife of Fredric March, will do a featured rôle in *The Great Jasper.* Sue Morris, who calls Chester Morris hubby, has a part in *She Had to Say Yes.* Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al Jolson) is something of a sensation in *42nd Street* and Mrs. Pat O'Brien is listening to studio offers. Well, it all helps in these lean days.

Two years ago Helen Hayes' name was unknown to movie-goers. Today she is recognized as the most talented of all feminine stars

Just in case you missed it, a movie wit threw bystanders into hysterics by declaring he didn't care to meet Kate Smith because he never liked crowds.

We Are Annoyed

WITH all due respect to the stars' rights of privacy, wasn't it just a trifle silly for Karen Morley to make such a fuss about keeping her marriage to Charles Vidor a secret? Even when the actual record of the ceremony had been unearthed and verified, Karen insisted on denying the story. Why not give the fans a break and come clean?

A new bit of Hollywood slang: To "lay an egg at a party" means to commit a social error or to make oneself ridiculous and objectionable. One has to know more than the English language to be in on the know in Movietown.

Call Of The Wild

ANSWERING the question of what movie stars do in their spare time—Jimmy Gleason, Russell, Lucille and the entire Gleason household seem to spend most of their time looking for "Mingo," the Gleason family monkey who as an escape artist would make Houdini look sick. Last week it took the Gleason family plus the Beverly Hills fire department and the police reserves to locate "Mingo." Between times the Gleasons appear in pictures.

Personal to Marlene Dietrich: If you really don't want to be photographed in your mannish attire, better use the side door at the tailor's and that big department store where you shop frequently. There's a photographer who has sworn to "shoot" you if it's his last act on earth. Now, thank the nice men for the tip-off.

Goodbye, Tom

LAST month we took occasion to speak in highest terms of Tom Mix because of the fine entertainment he is offering the world at large—and more particularly the kiddies. In this issue we regretfully print the news of his retirement, knowing that it will bring a storm of protest from the youngsters. Speak up, young men and ladies! Are we right or not?

While Hollywood has been keeping its eye on several secret romances, a most unusual three-cornered affair is going on right in the back yard. Barbara Bebe Daniels, a popular débutante of two years, is being courted boldly by Irving Thalberg and "Duke" Gallagher. "Duke," who is two years older than Irving, has the upper hand to date, probably because Barbara prefers older men.

Up-and-at-'em Kate

KATE SMITH established something or other of a speed record when she arrived in Film Town to essay her movie career. Within the space of three short hours, Kate had (1) found her ideal house; (2) leased it with swimming pool and tennis courts; (3) had all her baggage installed; (4) rehearsed her songs with the studio orchestra.

Speaking of tennis courts: Kate has a wallop that you will hear plenty about The rapidity with which she cavorts about the courts is amazing. Despite her proportions, she has a world of speed and knows how to use it.

Hollywood wits may poke fun at Kate, but they'd do better to follow a few of her examples.

The Editors

WEATHER
Unusual
as usual

HOLLYWOOD NEWS

FIRST
EDITION

MOVIETOWN, CALIFORNIA, MARCH, 1933

BEBE TRAILED BY LUNATIC

Third Escape of Demented Ex-soldier Strikes Fear in Star's Household

FOR more than two years Bebe Daniels has been haunted by Albert Holland, a demented ex-soldier who claims that she is his wife and who insists that she return to the four children she deserted years ago.

The fantastic story of his persistent demands that Bebe recognize their early "marriage" is well-known. Two years ago the star began to receive highly imaginative love letters, but because every movie celebrity is annoyed by many of the same type, she paid little attention. Then Holland began to hold vigil at her home. Almost every evening he stood in the patio at her Santa Monica beach cottage waiting for a chance to renew his plea. He knew Bebe's every move—followed her even when she made trips to other cities. Although Bebe was careful that only the immediate family knew of her whereabouts, Holland followed.

Finally the man was taken into custody and at Bebe's persuasion left Hollywood, promising not to return. But in a few months he was back, renewing his persistent demands. On the advice of friends, Ben Lyon finally arranged to have him committed to an asylum, from which he escaped a short time later.

Then in November, 1931, Bebe and Ben asked for a trial in order to prove

[*Continued on page* 61]

—*Elmer Fryer*

"THE MAN WHO IS CRAZY ABOUT BEBE," used to be a joke, but not now. The star is at loss to know what to do about the strange series of circumstances that has worried her for so many months. Although apparently harmless, the mentally ailing admirer who claims that Bebe is his former wife may at any time become dangerous. Newspaper headlines have done much to complicate matters. Whenever the "love maniac" puts in his appearance, newspapers are tipped off. Then, knowing that he is pursued, Albert Holland disappears into thin air—only to reappear after the hue and cry has subsided

THE BEACH HOME of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon at Santa Monica has been equipped with the most efficient alarm system available since Albert Holland first began his weird siege two years ago

DIETRICH KICKS UP A ROW

Above: A previously unpublished picture of Marlene and her daughter, Maria, with whom she has spent most of her temporary exile. Left: Marlene in one of the mannish ensembles that electrified Hollywood just before the studio announced tbe $200,000 suit as punishment for her refusal to begin work on *Song of Songs*

Pants, Temperament and Cool Indifference Stir Wrath of Studio Officials

WHEN Marlene Dietrich goes on the war path all the other temperamental outbursts of movie stars seem like spats in the old lady's home.

Marlene doesn't rave and tear her hair, but the results are explosive to the nth degree. The decision to sue Marlene for $200,000 was made by the studio after her alleged consistent refusals to begin work on the *Song of Songs,* opposite Fredric March. It was the climax to a series of minor skirmishes in which little Josef of the von Sternberg tribe figured as the directorial knight protecting his shining star from all comers.

But Josef seems to be out of the picture now, rumor having it that he objected violently to Marlene's great craving for mannish attire. While he objected, the rest of Hollywood gasped and admired the dazzling spectacle of Dietrich on the avenue in men's tailored clothes, wearing a derby hat and carrying a cane. By her side walked daughter Maria, also in long mannish trousers and tailored coat. Surrounding the two, suspicious of everyone who approached, lurked her nine (count 'em) bodyguards!

Her Hiding Place

This was on the occasion of Marlene's reappearance after a self-inflicted exile following the completion of *The Blonde Venus.* Where she hid, no one seems to know, but two hikers have an idea. They had been scouting around in the Malibu mountains. Becoming lost, they made their way to a walled estate hidden deep in a wooded canyon. As they neared the place, expectant of food and water, a burly guard stepped out of the bushes, a rifle nestling in the crook of his arm.

"On your way, guys," he growled. "Strangers ain't welcome here. Scram!"

When the hikers explained that they were lost, he gruffly set them on the right road. Just as they turned to go, they caught a glimpse of a woman dressed in man's clothing—her sex revealed by a mass of blonde hair. Here may be the answer to Marlene's disappearance. Where better could she find the solitude she craves than in the well-guarded, hidden estate buried in Malibu mountains?

It is here that she doubtless decided to do exactly as she pleased. Friends say that she is sick of America, weary of the obligations of Fame, fearful of the safety of her little daughter, and that when her contract difficulties are settled she will seek a long-contemplated retirement somewhere in the Black Forest of Germany.

Others say that she is merely putting on an act. And that, already afraid she may have carried things too far, is hoping the studio may agree to a truce. The war may be over even as this is printed, but one thing is certain—Marlene knows how to battle. And so does the studio.

JANET GAYNOR AND CHARLIE FARRELL PLOTTING TO WED?

CLOSE on the heels of the announcement that Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck were divorcing came the rumor that the Charles Farrell-Virginia Valli marriage combination contemplated a similar move.

Although this interpretation of Janet's divorce was doubtless only the work of an imaginative reporter, hundreds of letters have already been received at the studio in celebration of the long hoped for private life romance of Janet and Charlie.

Ardent movie fans who have admired the two ever since their appearance together in *Seventh Heaven* are now convinced that they are scheming to carry on a genuine off-screen romance. Janet, who wed Lydell Peck on September 11, 1929, gives "temperamental differences" as the reason for divorce action. She also states definitely that she has no intention of re-marrying for a long time. Charlie, who wed Virginia Valli in 1931, declares that he is "perfectly happy."

So what's to do about it? There's nothing to stop a man from staying married if he wants to, but Charlie Farrell wishes he could convince the hundreds of fans who think otherwise.

THEY CAN'T WED!—But thousands of fans do not realize it. Charlie is happily (as far as anyone knows) wed to Virginia Valli. Janet may be divorcing Lydell Peck, but it is impossible to become Mrs. Farrell due to the fact that another lady already has a very definite claim to that name

STARS GET THE RAZZBERRY

MORELEGS SWEETRICK, the dashing siren of *Kid'n' Hollywood,* is little Shirley Temple in private life. She's the pride and joy of her parents and a headache to Marlene Dietrich

Hollywood Kiddies Putting Grown-up Screen Rivals on the Spot

AT THE "Swellegant Picture Studio," Freta Snobo is having her troubles. Her big feet ache, so she placidly announces "I tank I go home." The studio is in an uproar! Director Stumblebum is stumped! How can anyone take the place of the great Freta Snobo!

Poor Morelegs Sweetrick has made the rounds of all the casting offices, and even having won the first prize of the bathing beauty contest at Doughnut Center, Iowa, she cannot get a "break." She finally, in desperation, becomes a scrubwoman in the "Swellegant Picture Studio," and while the director Stumblebum is tearing his hair, Morelegs begs for the chance to take Freta Snobo's place. She gets it. After which the leading man falls in love with Morelegs and praise turns her head. She becomes *très* high-hat and snubs him unmercifully.

However, after the première of her picture, she realizes she has proven a failure, and when the leading man proposes again, promising her worlds of lollipops, she accepts.

It's all done by Hollywood kiddies—and are the faces of the grown-up stars red!

JAWN SOURPUSS, "The Screen's Hotcha Lover" is young Georgie Smith. He dares to poke fun at no less a person than John Barrymore, but fame and exalted position mean little to his sense of humor

Tom Mix Quits After 24 Years

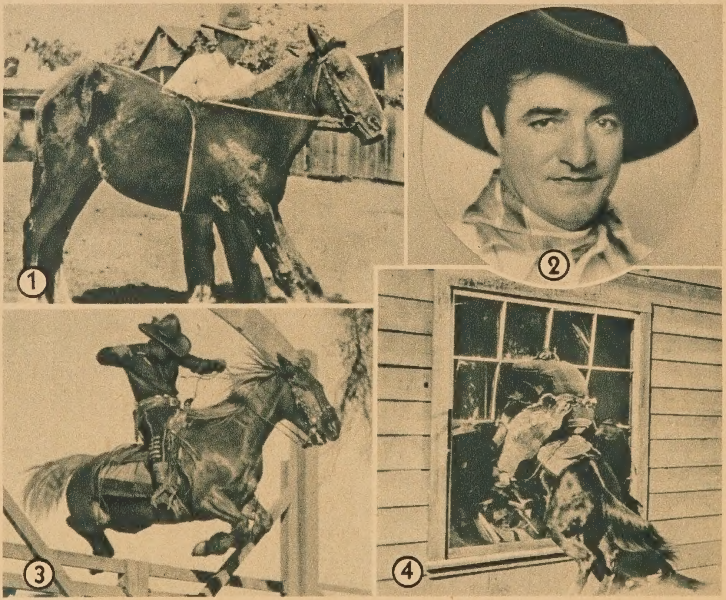
AFTER 24 years in the movies, Tom Mix is seeking retirement to avoid serious complications as a result of illness and serious accidents.

During his career, Tom has appeared in more than 350 pictures, many of which he wrote and directed himself. He has always refused to employ a double and in so doing has suffered twenty-six broken bones and many serious wounds. A year ago he was given up as dead when peritonitis set in following an appendicitis operation. By some miracle he recovered and during the past year has appeared in several of the finest western pictures ever filmed.

Tom, who is fifty-three years old and was born in El Paso, Texas, knows the Old West as few people do. For this reason his pictures with a frontier background have been unusually authentic.

When he completes the two pictures still on his schedule, Tom plans a tour of Europe before one more swing with a circus.

"I began my career as a sawdust performer," Mix declares, "and I want to finish it the same way."



HIGHLIGHTS OF A GREAT CAREER—(1) Tony, the wonder horse that brought fame to Tom Mix, as it appeared at the age of one year. (2) Tom as he appears on the eve of his retirement. (3) The western star doing his stuff for his last picture, *Flaming Guns.* (4) Tom performing one of his daring stunts in an early silent picture

When JOAN

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD JUST A YEAR TO LIVE? THIS REMARKABLE STORY TELLS HOW JOAN CRAWFORD FACED THE GRIM REALITY

CRAWFORD had ONE YEAR TO LIVE!

The story of a miracle that saved Joan Crawford from certain death

By Jack Grant

Beginning his career as a cub reporter on the New York World, *Mr. Grant worked for several years on metropolitan newspapers before coming to Hollywood where he has established himself as one of Movietown's foremost magazine writers. During his six years in Hollywood, Mr. Grant has become an intimate friend of many movie folk, acquiring first-hand knowledge that enables him to write unusually authentic fact articles.*

OVER a year ago, the doctor warned Joan Crawford. It was no idle warning. It was a physician's ultimatum, given simply and directly as an honest opinion of an existing condition.

The doctor said, "Give up this career for which you are sacrificing everything or I can't—I *won't* be responsible for the consequences. You are painfully near a nervous collapse. Not a breakdown, understand me, a collapse from which you may never recover.

"Mark my words, young lady, some day, any day, you'll drop in your tracks if you continue at your present pace. To drive yourself as you're doing is suicidal. You are only signing your own death sentence."

A pleasant prospect, this; one that would send any ordinary mortal among us to immediate retrenchment. But Joan Crawford is not ordinary, seemingly not even mortal. For she thanked her physician kindly and left his consulting rooms headed for the studio—to go to work.

It is not my desire to create melodrama in reporting this previously unknown chapter in Joan's life. There is drama enough in the simple statement of fact. It needs no embellishment from me.

Say that Joan was foolhardy in disregarding the doctor's orders. Say that no career is worth such sacrifice. Say that the light given by a candle burning at both ends is not as lovely as we have been led to believe. The fact remains that Joan weighed her life and her career in the balance—and chose the career.

Amazing? Of course, it is amazing! This Crawford girl is always amazing. Sometimes nearly incredible. But try to understand her—try to see things as she sees them.

The position she occupies on the screen, a position second to none and equalled by precious few, she has made for herself. It is a reward of ceaseless effort, of countless heartbreaks, of consuming ambition. You don't know what ambition really is until you know Joan Crawford.

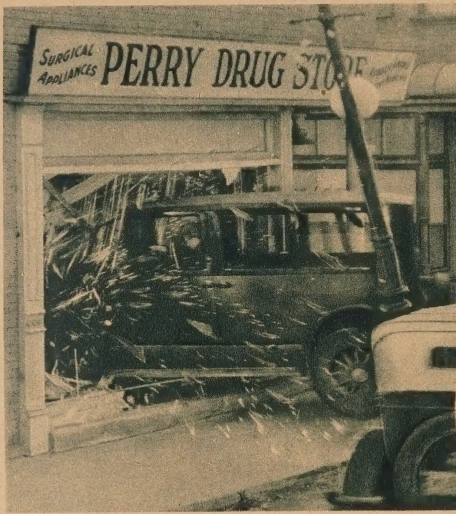
When Joan Crawford and her husband, Doug Fairbanks Jr., went to Europe the ominous warning of her doctor rang constantly in her ears. "Give up this career for which you are sacrificing everything or I won't be responsible for the consequences. Some day you will drop in your tracks—you are signing your own death sentence!"

She drives herself relentlessly, criticizes herself unmercifully, satisfies herself with nothing short of perfection. She has no interest in water that has already passed under the bridge. Yesterdays have been lived. Only tomorrows are important.

Her curious contribution obstructs a true perception of her position today. She does not realize that she could retire on laurels already won and still take her place with motion pictures' immortals. She cannot see herself as a great star but only as one toiling along the road leading to that elusive thing called "perfection." To quit now would be, to Joan, a confession of weakness, an inability to reach the goal she wants to obtain.

[*Continued on page* 60]

THE MAN *who* LAUGHS *at* DEATH


SURGICAL APPLIANCES PERRY DRUG STORE

With Bob Rose, famous stunt man at the wheel, producers know this automobile crash will bring chilling thrills to every theatre-goer. Bob's ability to successfully flirt with death comes from long experience and a complete knowledge of what he is doing but eventually the hazards of his profession undoubtedly will get him!

"Jumping through glass is the most dangerous of stunts," says Bob Rose who declares he would rather do most any other stunt. He performs the feat, however, in *Heroes for Hire*, story of a stunt man's life, in which he is featured and William Boyd is starred. At the left: Bob drinks a toast to everlasting life, knowing full well that the slightest miscalculation may cost his life in any appearance for the movies

Bob Rose may be dead before you finish this story! In this exclusive interview he tells for the first time his thrilling adventures as Hollywood's champion stunt man

By Jack Miles

DEATH is hot on the trail of Bob Rose. He may live a week or a month, but some day he will lose the game of hide-and-seek with the grim reaper.

Bob has seen forty-eight men in his own profession go recklessly to death during eighteen years of an adventurous career before the cameras. He has performed more than 800 dangerous stunts himself, and in all that time has received only two painful injuries—a broken arm and leg.

Like all stunt men who risk their necks for the movies, Bob Rose is not the foolhardy fellow the world supposes him to be. His apparent immunity from death is founded on two things—the possession of an intuitive sense and the fact that he persistently refuses to do a stunt without sufficient preparation.

"I figure my stunts out to the split second," Bob says. "Nothing is left to chance or luck. I owe my success to the fact that I won't be bluffed, coerced or frightened into doing something I'm not ready to do.

"Too many friends of mine have crashed to their death because they didn't figure out the mechanics of a dangerous risk.

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CLARK REACHES HIS GOAL!

Clark Gable always has had one consuming ambition—and it wasn't to be a movie star!

By
J. Eugene Chrisman

SCREEN BOOK'S newly-appointed Western Editor has a remarkable background. He has at various times during his lifetime been a coalminer, farm hand, barber, explorer, telegraph and secret service operator. For several years he wrote feature articles for New York newspapers before coming to Hollywood to become an actor in silent pictures. Preferring to be an observer, he turned again to writing. Today his vivid stories about movie folk are read by an army of screen fans.

CLARK GABLE has at last achieved the one great and consuming ambition of his life although he would be the last to realize it.

Was it to become a movie star, the idol of a million fans? Was it to acquire wealth and fame and glory? These were not the dreams which followed him, like a haunting will-o'-the-wisp through the rubber factories of Akron, the lumber camps of the Northwest and the one-night stands of the kerosene circuit. Clark Gable's one great ambition, ever present in his sub-conscious mind, has been to become a gentleman, in all that the word implies, with proficiency in the accomplishments to which a gentleman aspires.

Being a gentleman to Clark does not mean the ability to wear a tail-coat without feeling like a stuffed toad. It does not mean the ability to use the proper fork or to be able to chatter familiarly about art, science and philosophy. To Clark, being a gentleman means an entirely different sort of thing.

Clark Gable is a throwback. His parents were humble Pennsylvania-Dutch but somewhere, mingling with the red blood of those simple people, ran a gentler strain, submerged through generations, to crop up in the person of the man the world knows as Clark Gable.

Clark's idea of a gentleman is that of a man accomplished in the things in which an outdoor gentleman indulges. In the long years of struggle to the top, he dreamed of being proficient in these accomplishments. He dreamed of riding a spirited horse, sure of his seat; to be called a horseman. He dreamed of becoming an expert marksman, proficient in the chase, stalking the wary deer and bringing home his antlered buck in triumph. He dreamed of being an expert golfer, a strong swimmer, an adept with the tennis racquet and skilled in all the things dear to the heart of an outdoor gentleman.

"I never had any time for those things," Clark told me on the set of *No Man of Her Own*, "and if [*Continued on page* 47]

When you see Carole Lombard and Clark Gable in *No Man of Her Own* you will know that he has realized at last the dreams which followed him like a will-o'-the-wisp through the rubber factories of Akron, the lumber camps of the Northwest and the one-night stands of the kerosene circuit. And that dream was not to become a great movie star, the idol of a million fans but to be—a gentleman. Ever present in his subconscious mind was the all-consuming ambition to become a gentleman, in all that the word implies and to attain proficiency in the accomplishments to which a gentleman aspires

FILM COLONY LOSES FRIEND

Tragic Death of Paul Bern Strikes Deeply Into Heart of Hollywood Picture Group

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

PRODUCER ... DEAD 12 HOURS

Who Will Be Next to Die in Hollywood?

Filmland's Strange Suicide Wave Has Already Taken Three Lives

By CHARLES GESNER

The Truth About HOLLYWOOD

Death takes no holiday in Hollywood where failure and fear of loneliness drive many to self-destruction every year. This remarkable story analyzes the toll of movie suicides, revealing the reasons why persons seek "the easiest way out"

Peg Entwhistle had known the thrill of being a star on Broadway—of being heralded as one of the most promising young actresses and experiencing the joys of the comradeship and friendship of the theatre folk. In Hollywood all was different and death seemed the only end to her loneliness

Helen Halla, known also as Darienne Dove, added her name to the long list of girls who lost their battle for the riches and prestige which a career in the films offered. She swallowed poison

Paul Bern, idolized for his personal qualities and admired for his worldly success, had no surface cause to prompt self-destruction yet he took the suicide trail. Despite all his friendships he lived *alone* and found the burden of life too great

—International

Constance Lygo was a *Follies* star but she failed to continue her success in Hollywood and took "the easiest way" out. It takes courage to live and succeed in Hollywood

BERN DEATH MYSTIFIES

Girl's Suicide Laid to Lost Screen Hopes

Jean Harlow's Mate Suicide

BASQUETTE TRIES DEATH IN MYSTERY

SUICIDES

By Sonia Lee

Editor's Note: Miss Lee, a veteran newspaperwoman, first gained fame through her vivid descriptions of the Kentucky disaster in which Floyd Collins lived for seventeen days imprisoned in a mine shaft before rescue workers discovered they had lost their frantic race with death. Watch for her dramatic stories about Hollywood life each month in SCREEN BOOK

"JANE SMITH—actress—suicide!"

It is a cryptic and oft-repeated formula on Hollywood police records. An unemotional commentary that still another of Hollywood's colony has failed to meet the test of life—and in dying sought quickly the end of the lonesome road.

There is Paul Bern. Peg Entwhistle. Headline fodder because of their importance. But there are others who hide behind the anonymity of failure—and their names ring recognition only in the minds of the few who have seen their struggle, or in the archived brain of some casting director who had said the fateful words—"Nothing for you today."

There was Kitty Coleman, the New York actress, who came to Hollywood and instead of fame found the dreariness of disappointment. She attempted suicide by gas. And Marie Gagnier, beautiful as a dawning day, but who also chose to die because she couldn't penetrate beyond the fringes of Hollywood. She poured poison in a liquor glass and drank her reckless toast to death. Her life was saved by immediate aid.

Irma Harriman and Genevieve Teritan tried to storm the gates of Hollywood together. Success eluded them. Poison seemed to them the easiest road. And again the police blotter recorded "attempted suicide."

Exquisite Constance Lygo, once a *Follies* star, added her name to the list of Hollywood suicide casualties. Alice "Pat" Pemberton, was once a show girl, an extra in films, finally descended to waiting on tables. And when the struggle seemed no longer worth-while, she blew her brains out. Helen Halla, known too as Darienne Dove, added her name to the long list of girls who lost their battle for the riches and prestige which a career in the films offered. She swallowed poison.

IT TAKES courage to live. Courage to face the incessant cross-fire of pitiless competition. It requires an ever-renewing hope, a colossal confidence in self, to a much greater degree than is necessary to carry on in factory or office or in the innumerable occupations removed from Hollywood, where failure of any sort brands its victims.

In this small town, where drama is canned for thousands of theatre screens, there is in the oft-recurrent tragic reality of suicide, an illuminating and vital fact about the moods and philosophies which this brilliant, feverish Hollywood fosters.

Other cities have their quota of suicides. But nowhere is the toll so great in one profession—nowhere is the suicide rate so startling.

But it isn't material failure alone which carries the responsibility for the death of those who no longer wanted to live. There is Paul Bern's death to disprove that.

Rather, it is due to that loneliness of soul—the withdrawal into self from which no one escapes in Hollywood.

—*Hyman Fink*

The famed Arroyo Seco "suicide" bridge over a canyon near Hollywood. More than fifty persons leaped to death from this huge structure during 1932. Even a police patrol failed to stop those who chose to plunge 150 feet to destruction rather than face life's bitter battle

Certainly Paul Bern, idolized for his personal qualities and admired for his worldly success, had no surface cause to prompt him to self-destruction. His life seemed charted through the most pleasant channels. He was the husband of the glamorous Jean Harlow, a producer at the powerful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, the loved friend and benefactor of hundreds. Yet he took that terrorizing suicide trail.

With all his friendships—he lived alone. He fought his personal handicaps in the darkness of his own soul. In the final analysis, there wasn't one person to whom he dared turn with his problems and his griefs; with his self-abasement and his fears. For Hollywood is as quick to laugh as it is to laud. And Paul Bern was afraid of laughter—of that sinister snicker which destroys completely and promptly. He aligned himself and his shortcomings against life, and found the burden too great. And so he died—and the monument of his splendid deeds crumbled under an avalanche of ruthless revelations.

In that final hour, Paul Bern must have re-evaluated his code; he must have given import to unimportant matters; he must have seen the purpose of life and living from the wrong perspective. If there had been

[*Continued on page 65*]

PLAYING AROUND

A fascinating visit backstage during the filming of 42nd Street, *a new picture of theatrical life*

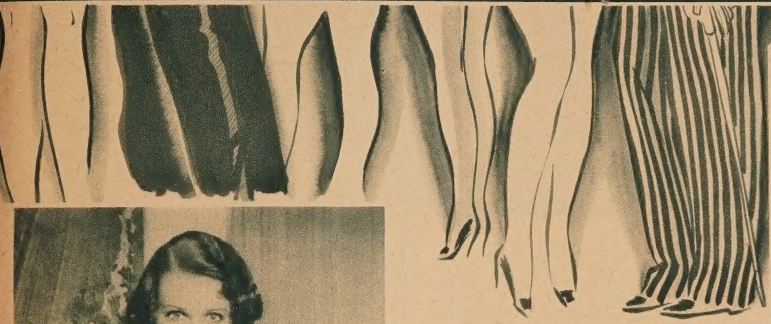
—*Bert Longworth*

With flashing legs and scintillating smiles the chorus goes through a routine for *Forty-second Street*, expected to be one of the season's greatest pictures. Warner Brothers studio is filming the picture from the novel by Bradford Ropes and the cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, George Brent, Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot, Dick Powell and other luminaries

Ruby Keeler, wife of Al Jolson, rehearses a speciality number in preparation for a closeup. Jaded theatre-goers are in for a pleasant surprise when they see *Forty-second Street* for it is an exceptionally glamorous picture

A sextette of dazzling beauties whose comely charms brighten *Forty-second Street*. While the picture is a musical offering, it is minus the faults that marked filmusicals when talkies were in the experimental stage and it also contains a definite story and plot

ON 42nd STREET



—Bert Longworth

June Glory is one of the glorified beauties who glorify *Forty-second Street.* It is easy to see why Broadway and 42nd is such a popular rendezvous for New Yorkers if June is a sample of the scenery to be viewed there

—Fryer

Shure, and Edna Callahan is a winsome Irish miss that's indade a credit to the ould sod! The *Follies*, the *Vanities*, the *Scandals* or any of the other glorified girl shows never offered beauties of greater appeal than those in *Forty-second Street*

Mary Jane Halsey should have a very soothing effect on the tired business man when he views her upon the screen in *Forty-second Street.* Her beauty is typical of the scores of pulchritudinous damosels appearing in this elaborate film

Keep this UNDER

Inside news and spicy gossip hot from Hollywood

KATHARINE HEPBURN is easily the most sensational newcomer in Flickertown history. She's not pretty, but Allah Kerim!—how that gal can act! She's anything but gracious and obliging, but Ye Gods!—how colorful! She's flouted everyone from the producers to the press and made 'em like it. Hollywood swears at her and by her, all in the same breath.

Dressed in a pair of patched (in the seat) overalls, driving a twenty-thousand-dollar Hispano-Suiza (rumored to be rented), talking like a Missouri bull-whacker (with a boil on the back of his neck), she's leading the film set a hectic dance. Everyone is asking questions about her and no one is getting satisfactory answers.

Is the rumor true that she has two children, one fourteen years old? "Perhaps." Is she a millionairess? "Possibly." She evades positive statements as shiftily as an all-American halfback eludes tacklers. Her pet ruse is to intimate that she's being confused with another Katharine Hepburn.

And that's why Aunt (Curious) Beverly is beseeching all good fans to come to the aid of their cause. If you know, or ever knew, a Katharine Hepburn, why not write to me in care of SCREEN BOOK and tell all?

Meanwhile, I'll do my darndest to find out why the elusive one's favorite headgear is a knitted turban without a crown.

Katharine Hepburn is the most tantalizing person ever known in Hollywood. She weaves a fascinating tale about herself and then calmly denies it to tell another glamorous, fantastic tale. The pet gibbon, shown here, will be seen with her in *Three Came Unarmed*

CRACK-UPS FOR GEORGIE

The George Raft excitement is spreading like wild fire with no asbestos in sight. Hollywood Boulevard was decorated with pictures of screen stars during the holidays and there were more automobile crack-ups at the intersection decked with George Raft's likeness than any other place in town. Our idea of a dangerous intersection would be a picture of Clark Gable on the opposite side of the street.

Winner's Margin

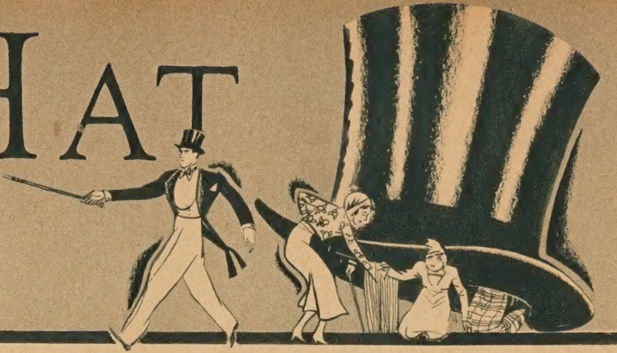
SPEAKING of newcomers, did you know that the studios actually expect ninety per cent of their young contractees to fizzle out during the first year of their screen careers? 'Sa fact, and the moguls have checked the records and proved that the profit earned on the successful ten per cent more than balances the loss on the duds.

Estimating that only one extra in a

Heel, toe and away they go! Busby Berkeley, dance director, rehearses the chorus of beauties which Sam Goldwyn assembled for Eddie Cantor's recently completed picture, *The Kid from Spain*. This colorfully staged picture and *Forty-second Street* may be the forerunners of another cycle of musical films

Your HAT

By Beverly Hill



thousand ever receives a trial contract (a very generous estimate), it requires no Pythagoras to conclude that an unknown has one chance in 10,000 of making a screen hit. And they call roulette, with odds of thirty-six to one, a sporty game.

Safety First

AFTER watching Clyde Beatty, the famous animal trainer, handle thirty-seven lions and tigers for a Universal thriller, Aunt Beverly grew a little hysterical when she learned that the owners of Ringling Brothers circus made Beatty agree never to ride in an airplane—because it's dangerous!

Back To The Big Top

INCIDENTALLY, Tom Mix is taking Tony the Second, his pearl-handled six-guns, his lariat and himself back to the circus this spring for another nationwide tour. Tom's still the highest paid performer in the sawdust ring.

Second Sight

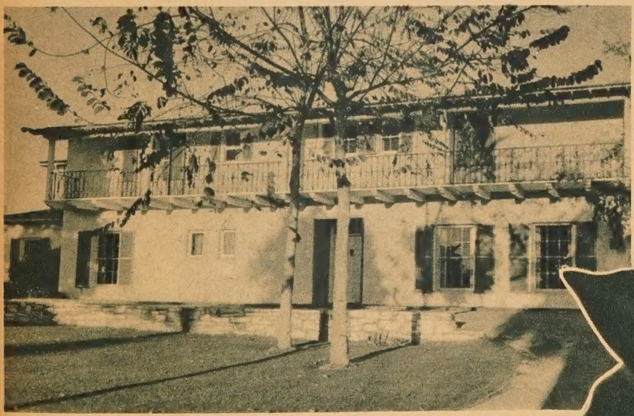
BUSTER KEATON'S colored valet, Carruthers, is positively psychic. Whenever Buster takes a friend to his studio bungalow, his ebony mystic is invariably found in the very act of mixing some soothing beverage. I don't know how the trick's done, but Carruthers never misses.

THE MONSTER GLARES

Poor Boris Karloff has such a tough time trying to be human like the rest of us! Not completely satisfied with the mandate that he no longer be photographed without makeup, the studio has now passed a very broad hint Karloff's way that it would be better if he would not smile at his fans when approached in public. Poor Karloff, they'll be asking him to boo at little children next.

It Is To Blush

IMAGINE the embarrassment of that shrinking flower, Charley Bickford. He went with Wally Smith, a w. k. scenar-a-scribe, to witness the launching of a small lifeboat in which Robert Vale Jr. is attempting to sail 'round



—Roger Kent

Clark Gable has moved again. Now he lives in this quaint house of Spanish design. He won't say just why he deserted the newly acquired San Ysideo Drive home, but the suspicion is that too many admirers discovered his whereabouts and flocked there in great numbers. SCREEN BOOK does him a favor by not revealing the address along with this picture

KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT

Things We Never Knew Till Now—

THAT Jackie Cooper doesn't care for candies or other sweets and goes for spinach in a big way . . . That Stanley Smith can turn his smile on and off like an electric light. He and his orchestra are leaving the Biltmore where they have been stationed for several months . . . That Thelma Todd keeps her elbows beautiful by submerging them in a half grape-fruit weekly . . . That Harry Langdon has written a song called *Lulu,* and it is that . . . That James Cagney joined the staff of a local newspaper to get the lowdown on his rôle of the reporter in *Picture Snatcher* . . . That Joan Blondell and Peter, the Hermit, are such close friends Joan goes to see him once a week . . . That Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s first novel will be on the stands sometime in June . . . That Eleanor Holm can't get rid of her Brooklyn accent.

Fifi Dorsay illustrates the type of attire that would make French maids more popular than ever with husbands. She is part of the decorative element in *They Just Had to Get Married,* the comedy in which ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville co-star

the Horn, through the stormy Straits of Magellan, to New York. While examining the flimsy craft, Charley struck up an interesting confab with a young stranger.

"My word," Charley snorted. "People call me crazy and I guess I am, but this guy Vale's crazier'n I've ever been. The poor sap'll be drowned before he goes very far."

"Thanks for the cheery send-off," the stranger retorted. "I'm Bob Vale."

A Mortgage-Lifter

FOR several years George O'Brien has been the biggest money-maker on the Fox lot—and one of the biggest in the entire industry. His pictures have cost but little to produce, and they've earned millions. Fox would keep George in preference to any other star on their payroll.

But Señor O'Brien is off to Europe and he hinted to me just before leaving that he may not re-sign with Fox when he returns. He says he'd like to free-lance for awhile.

George, by the way, tells me that all the Irish whose names begins with "O" are descendents of the ancient kings of Erin.

Little Understanding

I CAN'T imagine anything more unimportant, but 'tis a fact that Bob Woolsey's tootsies are so small that he has to buy his shoes in the children's department. And is *he* proud!

THE POINT OF VIEW

Tala Birell—who plans to buy a farm in Roumania and retire—sniffs with scorn whenever anyone mentions the "glamor" of European gals. The continentals have no glamor, Tala insists. She says that much-discussed quality belongs exclusively to the American girl who has been allowed to grow up without being subjected to too many restraints.

—Roger Kent

Brothers? Of course! Jimmy Cagney entertained his brother Bill royally on the occasion of his recent visit to Hollywood. They are seen here emerging from the popular La Boheme café, ready to hit all of the high spots of Cinematown

Sue's Orphanage

AUNTIE BEV has first hand information that the baby so mysteriously adopted for someone by Sue Carol is *not* for Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris but for one of Sue's non-professional pals.

But, be that as it may, Sue confides that she is receiving hundreds of letters a day, some asking her to act as agent in adoption of other children, and others beseeching her to find homes for unwanted kiddies. She's beginning to think there might be a great future in the baby adoption agency business.

Touche!

ONE of Hollywood's most supercilious meggers was trying to impress an eastern financier.

"Directing," he orated, "is to me a fine art. When I make a scene I approach it with the same finesse that a sculptor would show."

The easterner couldn't stand it.

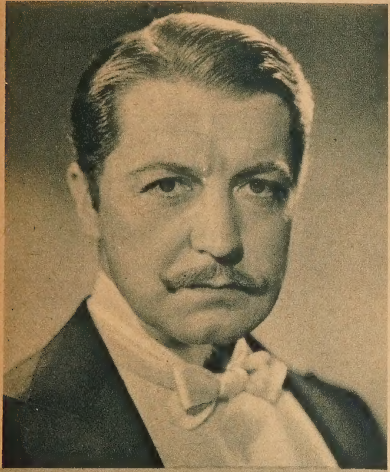
"Yeah," he growled, "I've seen several of your busts!"

Not In The Script

AND that reminds me of C. B. De Mille's impromptu show during the production of his super-colossal, *The Sign of the Cross.*

One evening a group of important business men called to watch him work, and C. B., who's always the showman, started the fireworks. He bawled out his assistant, lectured his cameraman and read the riot act to his actors. Midway through his final eruption, he turned

Interesting facts about the Hollywood crowd



Fans accustomed to seeing Clive Brook smooth-shaven as he usually appears will find it difficult to recognize him in this makeup which he wears in *Calvacade*, a war story of England. In the picture he grows from a young man to an old one

to a friend who stood near him and whispered anxiously:

"How's it going over? Am I doing all right?"

Hand-Censored

THERE'S censorship and censorship, but the most effective brand Aunt Bev ever heard of is in use at a convent near Los Angeles. Once a week the girls are shown a current movie. Sister Agatha stands beside the projection machine and eliminates any scene which she adjudges objectionable by the simple expedient of placing her hand over the projector's lens.

Money Matters

IN CASE you're interested, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce broadcasts the information that during the year just closed, the motion picture industry paid a total of $59,000,000 in salaries to 11,400 workers. Therefore the average salary earned by each studio worker was $5,175.44.

An extra I know says he has no objection to the *average*. His only complaint was the division of the $59,000,000.

Go East, Young Man

ANY ambitious young actor who can say "Old chappie" with the proper accent ought to find an opening in the London studios just now, since all the English players of note are invading Flickertown. In addition to the host of British celebs who played in *Cavalcade*, we have with us: Noel Coward, Jack Buchanan, Sir Guy Standing, and Benita Hume. And Francis Lederer of London stage fame is starring on Broadway.

—*International News*

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are very much that way about each other again much to the surprise of Hollywood for Lupe recently announced she was through with men forever. They were at Palm Springs when Johnny instructed Lupe how not to fall off a bicycle

Did You Know—

ZASU PITTS and Slim Summerville are going to be co-starred in a rib-tickler based on the *Thimble Theatre* comic strip . . . George Arliss started his theatrical career as a clown . . . Eleanor Holm, film dèbutante who holds fourteen swimming records, is the only member of the family who can swim at all . . . Oliver Babe Hardy is trembling on the brink of divorce again . . . Katharine Hepburn is to star in *The Great Desire* which was all set for Ann Harding's next . . . Marjorie Rambeau may come back to flickers in *Strictly Personal* for Paramount . . . among all the prominent femme players in Hollywood there's not one college grad . . . Metro will film *Another Language*, the N. Y. stage hit . . . Charley Farrell is considering a stage offer . . . Ramón Novarro has been under contract to the same studio for eleven years without a battle . . . Ronnie Colman plans to build a house on his 3,000 acre wilderness tract in the Big Sur forest and become Hollywood's most famous hermit . . . the Richard Arlens have completely remodeled their home in anticipation of a blessed event . . .

Times Change

SARI (pronounce it Shar-ee) Maritza made a round-trip airplane jaunt to New York without even bothering to notify the studio. And no longer than three years ago, every star's contract contained a clause expressly forbidding air travel.

[*Continued on page* 61]

Undercover Romance EXPOSED!!

Lee Tracy and Isabelle Jewell provide Hollywood with its most entrancing romance as rumors of their recently consummated marriage gain credence

By Clark Warren

IS LEE TRACY, whose meteoric flight to stardom is one of the highlights of 1932 talkie history, the secret bridegroom of Isabelle Jewell, Broadway stage favorite?

"No! Positively no!" shouts the dapper and dynamic Lee, feigning high indignation at the mere idea of anyone even harboring such an unfounded suspicion.

"Ridiculous!" cries the young, beautiful and brilliant Isabelle.

Strenuous denials, to say the least, yet in view of all the evidence—material and circumstantial—now before me, I find it difficult to suppress a soft "Oh, yeah?" Lee and Isabelle, be it known, are still laboring under the false impression that they have been successful in keeping their great romance hidden from the rest of the universe!

But love, like murder, will out!

Why, they've been ga-ga about each other for three whole years! And, what's more, they've been betrothed for the last two!

The costly solitaire that adorns the third finger of Isabelle's left hand was placed there by Lee himself!

However, we mustn't be too hard on these two for their failure to take the public into their confidence. The case has its extenuating circumstances!

Theatre and celluloid rôles in which he has displayed a strange—and intriguing—nonchalance toward the opposite sex have caused millions of maidens to toss palpitating hearts at his feet, thus sending his boxoffice value skyrocketing. It just wouldn't do to disillusion his victims!

Then, too, Isabelle is an independent lass, insistent upon shouldering the burden of her career unaided. She's proud of the fact that it was on the strength of her own ability, rather than through help from Lee, that she made her screen début in his initial starring film—*Blessed Event*—in which she gave him a stiff race for histrionic honors.

And why not? It was Isabelle who created that characterization of the wronged showgirl in the original stage presentation!

Naturally, you want to know more about this diminutive blonde who could win the affections of a male so long considered impervious to all femininity's charms! So here's the story:

ABOUT the time Lee Tracy, down in Atlanta, Georgia, was devoting his boyish thoughts to a future built around the study of medicine, Dr. Lee Jewell, an attaché of the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, set out for the West on a hunting expedition. He became interested in tick fever then ravaging the populace of the Rocky Mountain states, and settled down in Shoshoni, Wyoming, to devote himself to search for a serum with which to combat the mysterious and fatal malady. It was in Shoshoni that Isabelle was born twenty-three years ago.

A decade after success crowned Dr. Jewell's efforts in behalf of his fellow men, Isabelle was bundled off to Hamilton College in Lexington, Kentucky, to prepare herself for a place in the world of business. After participating in several school plays, she revamped her ambitions, put away her books, and journeyed to Chicago to make her way as an actress.

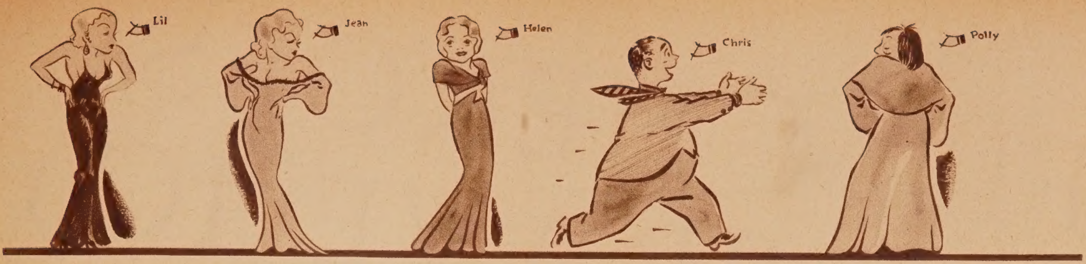
"Ridiculous!" cries Isabelle Jewell and "No! Positively no!" shouts Lee Tracy when asked if they are married. But the very heat of their denials makes Hollywood suspicious. They have been mad about one another for three years and have been engaged for two. It is believed they were married during a recent unexplained absence from Hollywood

The enchanting Isabelle had already gained a toehold in Gotham's canyon of lights when she went backstage during a rehearsal for *Broadway*, and there met Lee Tracy, hero of the cabaret drama. He inveigled her into a dinner date.

From that moment on, no other girl has ever stood a chance!

When Lee became the talk of New York through his outstanding portrayal of Hildy Johnson in the stage offering of *Front Page*, Isabelle was offering him neck-and-neck competition with her performance in the title rôle of *The Church Mouse*. It was during that period that Lee went shopping on Fifth Avenue, and selected the diamond that Isabelle continues to wear.

The months of bliss that ensued climaxed in a tearful parting at Grand Central Station a little more than a year ago, when Lee started Californiaward to play the newspaperman in *The Strange Love of Molly Louvain*. Isabelle might have been tempted to make the trip, too, [*Continued on page 62*]



Clowning with POLLY MORAN

How an incurable cutup keeps Hollywood in uproar

By
J. Eugene Chrisman

LILYAN TASHMAN may be Hollywood's best dressed woman, Jean Harlow its most gorgeous platinum-blonde and Helen Hayes its finest actress but I'll take Polly Moran. Polly is, like Educational pictures, the spice of the program.

Polly is Hollywood's perennial, night-blooming wise-cracker and foremost practical joker. Polly has pulled so many of her famous telephone gags that Hollywood gets the jitters every time the phone rings and a feminine voice comes over the wire. Witness the gag she recently pulled on Bill Haines.

"Hello!" said a very Back-Bay voice, as Bill picked up the phone, "this is Mrs. Cabot Lodge. I just arrived from Boston and I'm simply dying to see your antique shop."

"Delighted!" beamed Bill. "Where are you stopping, Mrs. Lodge?"

"At the Ambassador," said Mrs. Lodge, "and if you just give me the directions, I'll drive right out."

And for twenty minutes thereafter the perspiring Mr. Haines endeavored to give the very dense Mrs. Lodge directions as to how his antique shop might be reached from the Ambassador. At last, tiring of the fun, Polly chortled:

"Why, that's lovely, Mr. Haines! And if you're ever in Peoria don't fail to visit my grandmother's cat shop. She'll be delighted to see you and mention my name!"

Then Bill tumbled to the identity of *Mrs. Cabot Lodge* for *Grandma's cat shop* is another of Polly's well-known gags. She even has cards printed, extolling the virtues of Grandma's cats which she delights in distributing with the injunction to visit it, if you ever hit Peoria.

A certain fashionable Hollywood hostess was showing the guest list of a dinner she planned to a very self-important author. On it appeared the name of Polly Moran.

"But, my dear!" protested the author. "Why invite her? I think it's disgusting the way she uses her position to promote that horrible cat shop of her grandmother's in Peoria. Awfully bad taste, you know."

Of course it's all a gag, for Polly's grandmother doesn't own a cat shop and it isn't in Peoria for she hasn't any grandmother.

Not long ago, Polly, strolling along Hollywood Boulevard, was stopped by two elderly women tourists from the corn belt.

"Polly Moran!' they gasped in unison. "We're so glad to see you!"

"Oh, he—he—he," giggled Polly, adopting a broad English accent. "How flattering! So many, many mistake me for Miss Moran, y' know."

"Well," said one of the ladies firmly after Polly had at last convinced them that she was not Polly Moran but a seamstress from Liverpool, "at least you ought to get a job doubling for Miss Moran."

"I did try," said Polly, "but my accent, so English, y' know, prevented."

[*Continued on page* 54]

Polly Moran is Hollywood's perennial, night-blooming wise-cracker and foremost practical joker. She has pulled so many telephone gags that stars get the jitters every time the phone rings

FILM HEROES BRAVE ICY

The fascinating, exciting story of the filming of "S. O. S. Iceberg," for which lives were risked daily in the treacherous wastes of Iceland

By Miriam Gibson

IN MARCH of last year, Producer Carl Laemmle conceived the idea of a unique picture of the never-before-screened icelands of Greenland. Not as a travelogue but as a dramatic epic—*S. O. S. Iceberg*, a story so gripping in its intensity that people the world over would not miss seeing this unheard-of accomplishment, one which people could not pass by because of its gripping drama.

But of what Mr. Laemmle did not have even the remotest suspicion at that time was the great drama which the members of this expedition would themselves live—a drama within a drama. The story which was to be enacted was thrilling, but no less thrilling in its breath-taking episodes than what actually happened to the courageous souls who faced all kinds of dangers to bring to us less adventurous people at home this unusual epic of the North.

There are 1,200 miles of choppy, ice-filled ocean between Europe and Greenland. The *S. S. Bremen* would make the trip in less than three days. It took the stodgy, 2,000-ton *Borodino* twelve. The crew didn't mind; it was used to rough water and Arctic storms. But the members of this expedition, thirty-eight in number, bravely experienced the new adventure.

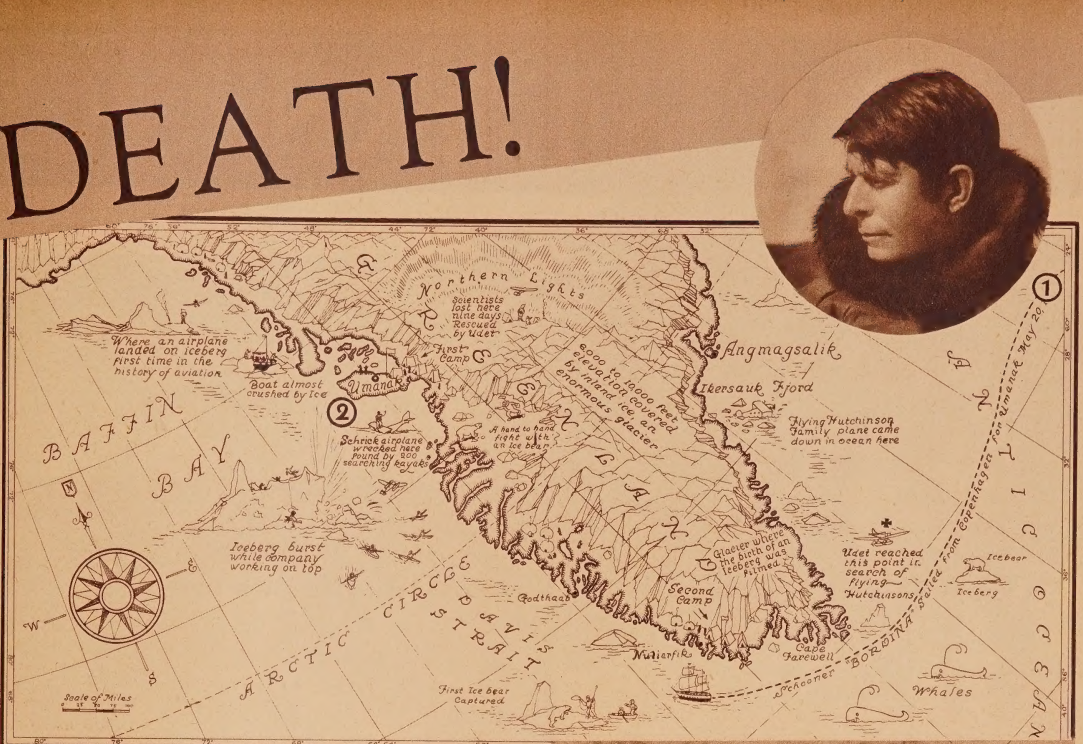
The group included the well-known director, Dr. Arnold Fanck, who has made it possible for you to enjoy many marvelous mountain films. He was accompanied by some of the most noted explorers and sportsmen of the world, among whom were Dr. Ernst Sorge, survivor of the Wagener Expedition, and Ernst Udet, internationally-known German ace whose daring accomplishments during the World War were second only to those of Baron Von Richtoffen.

The *Borodino* carried also a forty tent equipment, three aeroplanes, two motorboats specially built for ice territory, a complete radio set, provisions for half a year, and a cargo of sound apparatus and cameras weighing over 3,000 pounds.

Native Icelanders work frantically to save the dog "Nackonack," rapidly being carried away on a small ice floe during the filming of *S. O. S. Iceberg*

You will see this rescue of Sepp Rist by Ernst Udet, war ace, in *S. O. S. Iceberg*. The expedition spent five dangerous months in Greenland

DEATH!


GREENLAND
Northern Lights
Scientists lost here nine days Rescued by Udet
First Camp
Where an airplane landed on iceberg first time in the history of aviation
Boat almost crushed by Ice
Umanak
②
BAFFIN BAY
Schrick airplane wrecked here found by 200 searching kayaks
A hand to hand fight with an Ice bear
8000 to 10000 feet elevation covered by inland ice an enormous glacier
Angmagsalik
Ikersauk Fjord
Flying Hutchinson Family plane came down in ocean here
Iceberg burst while company working on top
ARCTIC CIRCLE
DAVIS STRAIT
Godthaab
Glacier where the birth of an iceberg was filmed
Second Camp
Udet reached this point in search of flying Hutchinsons
Icebear
Iceberg
Nuliarfik
Cape Farewell
Schooner "BORODINA" Sailed from Copenhagen for Umanak May 20
①
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Whales
First Ice bear Captured
Scale of Miles
0 25 50 75 100
N
E
W
S

This interesting map tells graphically the adventures of the *S. O. S. Iceberg* expedition. (1) The dotted line indicating the ship's progress from Copenhagen to the interior of Greenland. (2) Umanak, the arctic village which served as official headquarters during the picture's making in nearby territory. Circle above: Dr. Knud Rasmussen, famous polar explorer and member of the thrill-seeking crew

THE first few days of the trip were calm and those in charge believed the crossing would be speedily made. But the next word from the expedition was a radio from Dr. Fanck.

"We seem to have boasted too soon about a quick crossing. The foghorn was hooting all night. At 8:30 P. M. there was great excitement. We could distinctly hear an echo of the foghorn. It meant an iceberg was nearby. Too dangerous to continue, we had to stand still for the night. At daybreak we continued. The day was fine. At 10:30 A. M. the first iceberg appeared. A big one with fantastic forms. Greenland was in sight, but on account of increasing icebergs, we kept far from the coast."

Six days later, Dr. Fanck's log read: "The most stormy day of the whole crossing. Happy memories of the calm crossing on the *Bremen*. The boat is rolling to such an extent that everything must be made fast."

On the eleventh day of its journey, the *Borodino* arrived at Umanak where the expedition was to make its headquarters.

It took six days to set up a permanent camp a short distance from the village of Umanak. During that time one man had his finger smashed, the doctor of the trip having to operate without any anesthetic; one of the cast, Gibson Gowland, was extremely ill with influenza; one of the two motorboats was useless because of an accident in the ice. But the group was not discouraged. The first day Udet achieved his first flight in this frozen land, causing great excitement among the natives who saw an aeroplane for the first time.

The Danish government, which permitted the filming in Greenland, put a number of dogs and sleds at the disposal of the expedition. In Umanak, 150 of the best kayak riders awaited them. A kayak is a wooden boat built to withstand the floating ice cakes and yet small enough to go unharmed between large floes of ice.

The camera crew courageously sets out in a frail craft to plough through the ice-filled waters to obtain some of the many thrilling shots that will be seen in *S. O. S. Iceberg.* Members of the unit encountered hardships seldom experienced by a motion picture company

FROM this permanent camp at Umanak in Central Greenland, the company set out for the North. Everywhere were icebergs, protruding as much as eighty feet from the water, seven-eights of the swimming giants remaining under water—steep, crystal walls which could be surmounted only by the most daring and experienced mountain climbers. Icebergs have a disagreeable habit of turning on their own axes, which cannot be reckoned with—it is all a matter of chance. Air bubbles existing in the icebergs

[*Continued on page* 51]

THE STARS GO

Hollywood casts aside conventions of civilization as primitive man becomes the idol of the hour

Alone in the jungle with no mother to tuck him in at night! But Ronnie Crosbey will make out all right in *King of the Jungle* for this lioness has adopted him and will protect him against jungle dangers better than his real mother could

Buster Crabbe's career parallels Johnny Weissmuller's. Buster, like Johnny, won a motion picture contract because of his splendid physique and in his first movie he enacts a rôle like Johnny's Tarzan

—Eugene Robert Richee

Buster Crabbe, the Lion Man in *King of the Jungle* is swimming champion of two Olympic games, is twenty-three years old, six feet one inch tall and has brown hair and eyes

NATIVE

Kathleen Burke won her rôle as the Panther Woman opposite Richard Arlen in *Island of Lost Souls* in a national contest. The picture is H. G. Wells' fantastic story of a man who set up a weird kingdom in the jungle

—*Tzamouzakis*

Johnny Weissmuller is filming a sequel to *Tarzan, the Ape Man,* which proved to be such a powerful box-office attraction, under the title of *Tarzan and His Mate.* Note the remarkable resemblance between Johnny and Buster Crabbe, shown on the preceding page

Fay Wray is captured by natives on an uncharted South Sea isle and her life is endangered by a forty-foot ape in *King Kong*

Raquel Torres and Bert Wheeler give their idea of what romance and life should be like in the jungle pictures in *That's Africa.* The film is one of the travesties that usually follow a cycle of popular pictures

SHE HAS A WAY with Men

Mary Brian reveals the secrets of the technique that has made her the most dated girl in Hollywood

By

Muriel Babcock

Thousands of readers avidly follow Miss Babcock's daily column of movie gossip in the Los Angeles Times. *SCREEN BOOK promises more unusual stories by this nationally famous "chatter writer"*

HOLLYWOOD'S most sensational beauties are looking daggers these days at Mary Brian. In an age when sophisticated, slightly hardboiled ladies are supposed to know everything about getting a man, this demure little Miss has annexed more males than she knows what to do with.

Mary has more beaux than all the so-called Hollywood vampires put together. They're honest-to-goodness, date-you-up-in-advance beaux who take her to theatres, night clubs, to supper, dinner, luncheon, to parties, out riding, out dancing, who rush her to death.

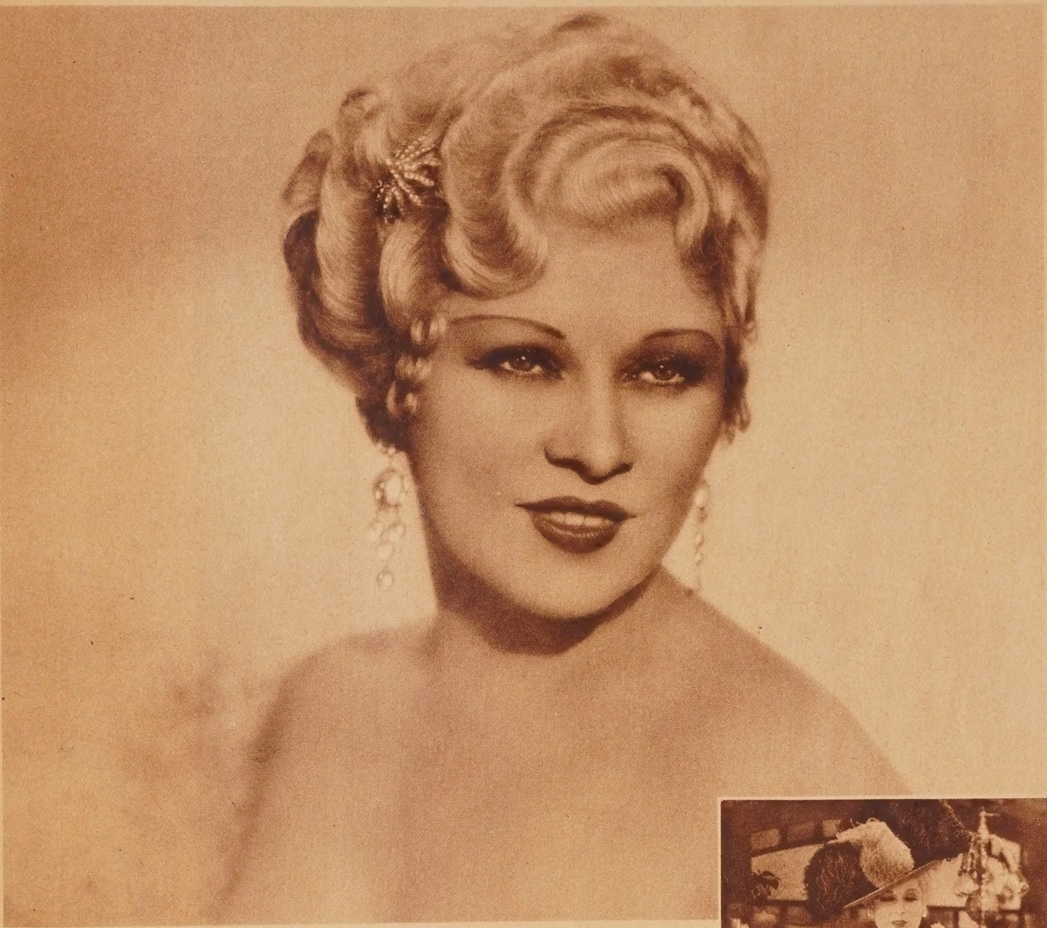
Let's see. Just now, on her steady string are to be numbered Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Fred Waring (famous orchestra leader), Richard Powell (rising young Warner actor, also a band leader), Russell Gleason (actor), Jack Hearst, (publisher), Victor Fleming (director), a banker's son from Boston, a young New York publicity man and—still others.

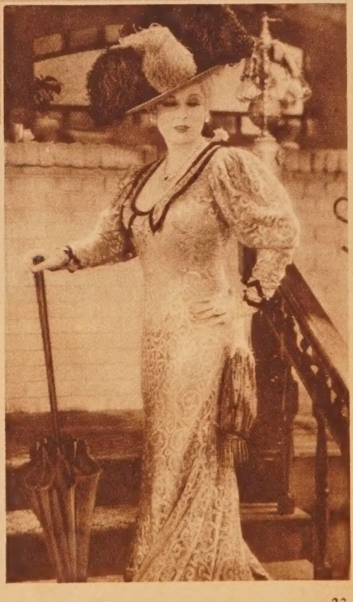
Hollywood, which has heretofore gone for the more obvious in romance, is just beginning to wake up to the fact that demure Mary is giving all the rest of their young ingénues a run for their money. That there is an honest-to-goodness "coquette," not vampire, in their midst. A pretty girl who rolls her eyes, smiles and flirts in the good-old-fashioned way —and gets away with it!

Her technique? Well, I wish I had it. I went to luncheon to question her about her what we shall laughingly call "strange power" over men; why she had so many suitors and how she did it. By accident, I saw an actual example of her technique. And it worked, although it was much too fast and subtle for me.

Handsome young Gene Raymond stopped by the table to say howdy-do to me. He had never met Miss Brian. In two and one-half minutes, by my [*Continued on page 47*]

The SECRET is OUT!





Mae West Leads a Double Life

● Mr. Ripley, you can believe it or not. Mae West possesses the type of aristocratic beauty that brings forth envious sighs from Hollywood's loveliest ladies. But as Lady Lou in "She Done Him Wrong" mind you, she actually wears padded dresses to make herself appear plump and dowdy. Why? Because she's popular in that type of rôle. So she goes on spoofing a public that would never in a thousand years recognize her in private life. Mae is the girl, incidentally, who first sold the idea to a Broadway producer that if he would put "sex" into a show his boxoffice receipts would startle the town. We're telling you, Mr. Ripley

—Powolny

Jimmy says—"Let them Worry Awhile"

● Mr. James Dunn, the likable rascal, has been giving Hollywood reporters the merry old runaround. They are practically certain that he is married to Maureen O'Sullivan—but they can't actually prove it. The try-and-find-out attitude has mystified the news scribes and peeved them a little, too. If a man goes and gets wed, they reason, he might just as well let people know. Besides, the winning of a girl like Maureen should justify shouting glad tidings from the housetops

—Russell Ball

Secretly Wed? Maureen Laughs It Off

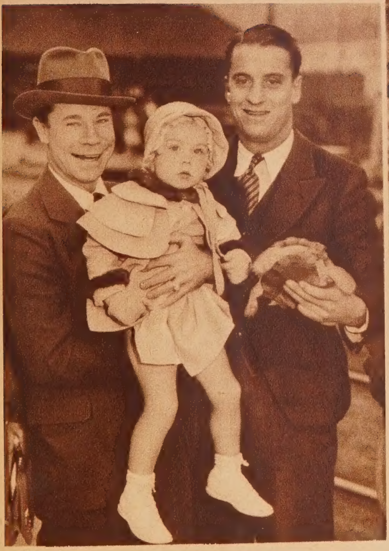
● Just a coy little conspirator, Maureen is, but she can't hide the fact that she's very happy about something. She laughed when reporters asked her if she'd wed Jimmy Dunn on one of their several trips to Riverside. And she giggled outrageously when those same headline snoopers couldn't find a trace of a marriage license. Perhaps they were joined as Mr. J. Dunn and Miss O. Maureen, but don't let anyone tell you they aren't man and wife. Or that they are without the papers to prove it

—*Hyman Fink*

Movie Queens Are Jealous of Kate Smith

● Our own Kate has brought the moon right over the mountains for sure this time, eclipsing the more alluring feminine stars who haven't been able to attract much attention since the Songbird of the South appeared on the scene. The more lissome ladies are jealous, too, over the fact that Kate receives $7,500 each week for her radio programs and almost that much for her work in pictures. After "The Big Broadcast," Hollywood suddenly began to pay attention to Kate. After "Hello, Everybody!" any girl in town will trade her sex appeal for a song. All the while, Miss Smith seems quite unaware of the stir she is creating. She likes Hollywood; Hollywood likes her. So why be excited about it?

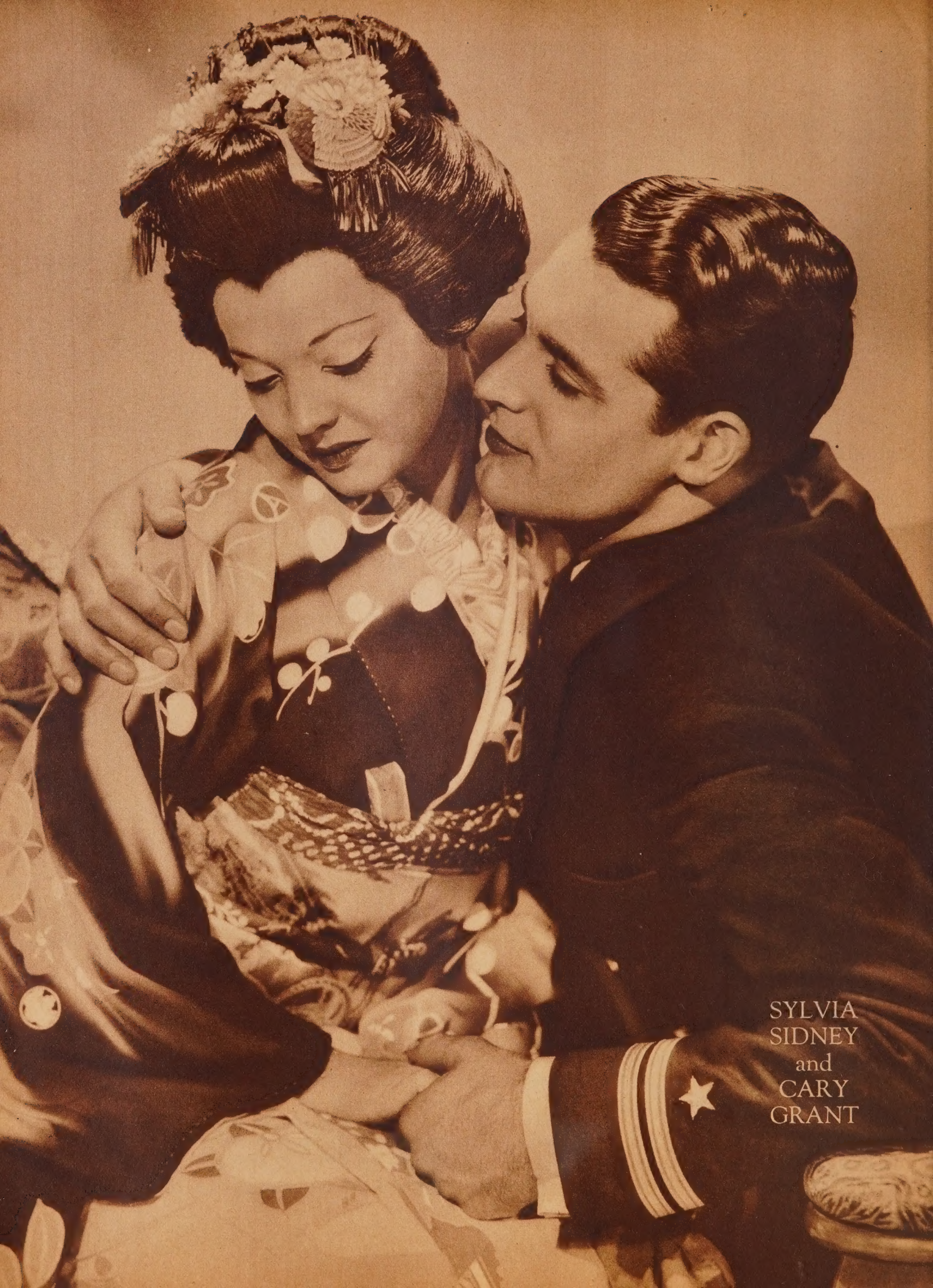
—Lippman



Joe Brown with his little daughter, Mary Elizabeth, and Mike Frankovich, the comedian's protégé who has made a name for himself on the gridiron as U. C. L. A.'s ace quarterback

Joe's Secret is too Good to Keep

● Because few people know what a royal good fellow Joe E. Brown is, this little story must be told. A couple of years ago, Joe became intrigued by the lofty ambitions of the young man who had been employed by his wife as a chauffeur. Mike Frankovich wanted to go to college, but didn't have the cash. So the comedian convinced Mike to take the loan that would see him through college. The young man's whole course of life has been changed by that act of kindness. Mr. Brown, we salute you!



SYLVIA
SIDNEY
and
CARY
GRANT

SHE LOVED - - - *and* LOST!

Sylvia Sidney

How Sylvia Sidney brings a new, unforgettable meaning to the haunting, poignantly tragic *Madame Butterfly*

By Marcella Burke

HAUNTING music from *Madame Butterfly* coming through the air as softly as the plum blossoms falling from the branches of live plum trees.

Curiously and silently we tiptoed across tiny arched bridges which so gracefully complimented a gurgling stream. We gasped at the artistry exhibited in the miniature garden. We hesitated a moment before entering Madame Butterfly's home. For a moment we wished to follow the Japanese custom and remove our shoes.

Silhouetted against sliding walls latticed with rice paper sat little Sylvia Sidney . . . breath-taking, haunting.

Ito, the famous Japanese dancer, was the technical advisor on this production. The first day Sylvia walked on the set wearing an exquisite kimono and one of her elaborate wigs, Ito turned to Marion Gering, the director, saying, "there is a glorified Japanese girl. That is the way it should be."

Quiet, serious little Sylvia spent many months on research for *Butterfly*.

"Japanese *think* so differently from us," she said. "They are mysterious in their strange ways. They are subtle and graceful about life. I don't think we could ever really learn to understand them. We might get a superficial idea of what we *thought* they were like. They are so finished and cultured a race."

Sylvia was intensely enthusiastic.

"This picture is my favorite. I am more excited about it than anything else I have ever done. *Butterfly* is so tragic a character and so nice a person. *Nice* isn't exactly the word I want. *Butterfly* is a poignant symbol of a great love."

SYLVIA sat holding her head up with both slender hands. Two swift little Japanese hair dressers scurried to her side. They pulled from their sashes small wooden combs and smoothed her elaborate wig. One of them, with great authority, took from a lacquer tray several lovely white carved jade ornaments. These were arranged with utmost ceremony.

"It hasn't been easy to readjust myself to this oriental existence. It has been a fascinating, absorbing experience, but even quite painful at times." And to show proof of pain Sylvia laughed as she pointed to the corners of her almond-shaped eyes. There were horrid little blisters there. They looked painful. They were. They brought tears to Sylvia's eyes.

You will be surprised to know that even with the natural almond shape of Sylvia's eyes, the shape was not exaggerated enough. To achieve the perfect result, the makeup man had pulled her eyes out at the corners and held them there with invisible courtplaster.

So what with four pounds of wig on her head, and eyes held in place by burning bits of courtplaster, being a Japanese lady was not all a garden of cherry blossoms for Sylvia.

Ito explained to his interested pupil that Japanese women walk so differently from us because of their tightly wrapped kimonos. There is no chance for long steps to be taken. In order to get the peculiar short stepped carriage, Sylvia placed a magazine between her legs and held it tightly in place. A funny little trick but it worked out most successfully.

Sylvia said she had read so much about the Japanese people that she found herself unconsciously accepting their customs as naturally as her own.

She was greatly amused when an excited little Japanese girl came rushing up to her the first day they worked. She jabbered away to Sylvia in Japanese. Something had happened and the girl had rushed to tell Sylvia. She thought Sylvia was one of the Japanese actresses.

"I don't see how she could mistake me. I thought it was a joke at first but when I turned to Ito for help he questioned the girl in their language. He was convulsed with laughter when he explained her mistake. The first few tests I had with this makeup I got more and more discouraged because I always looked just like me when it was finished."

WHILE Sylvia was called away by her director for another scene I walked around the two rooms which they were not using. Ito pointed out the beautiful simplicity of the rooms. He said "the thing you people call modern architecture here in your country was executed by the Japanese people hundreds of years ago. There are many radical departures in this production of *Madame Butterfly*, from the traditional Japanese customs."

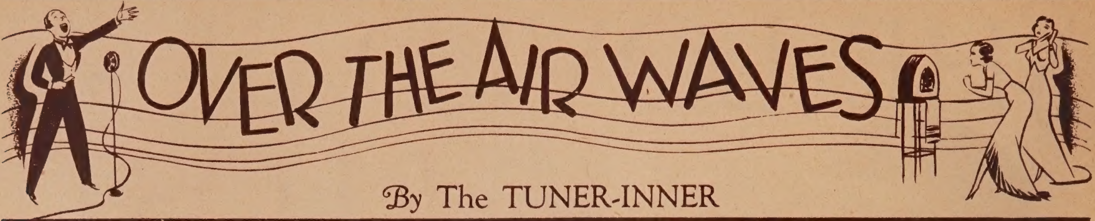
At this moment Sylvia, in her brilliant hued kimono, came towards us. Ito pointed to the arrangement of her sash.

"Forever it has been customary for all women to tie their sashes in a huge tie right across the front of their stomachs," he said. "You will notice that Miss Sidney's is tied in a new way. It is a flat bow so that a straight line is maintained the length of her body."

Sylvia gave a fleeting fashion show, turning around to show how much more graceful the new way was, particularly for use on the screen.

"If some of the innovations won't horrify the Japanese people they may accept them for their own," she said. "The one thing I am curious to know what their reactions will be when they see kissing in the love scenes. For you know that in Japan, kissing is not the

[*Continued on page 66*]



OVER THE AIR WAVES

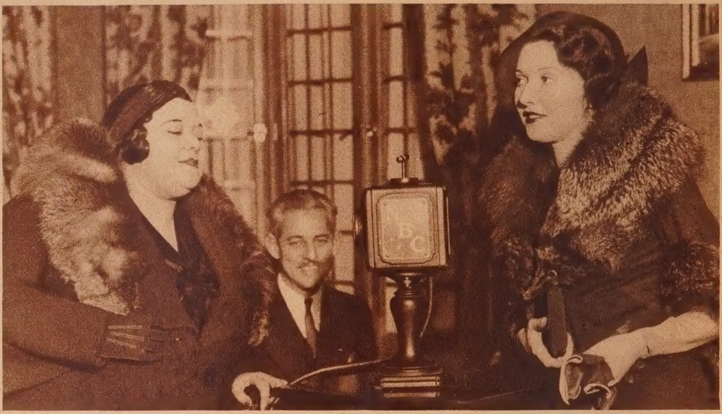
By The TUNER-INNER

What your radio favorites do away from the mike

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?

BRUTHAH CRAWFAHD'S wife, of the Amos 'n' Andy program, isn't the only one who's very unhappy these days. Al Jolson is moanin' low too. Complaints have come in to various stations that the "Mammy" boy is imitating Harry Richman and Georgie Price and Richman and Price fans are plenty burned up. Now the truth trickles out that Georgie got his first good stage job because he could do such a good job of imitating Jolson and Richman was Mae West's piano player back when Jolson was the top star of Broadway. And the irony! Jolson's new picture is *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum.*

When Joan Kay isn't making magic on the Thurston, the magician program, she's caring for her cunning little Pekinese dogs. She has six of them and each has his private collection of blue ribbons



Two veterans of the air, Mildred Bailey and Kelvin Keech, stand by while Wera Engels, Radio's new German star, is initiated into the strange way of the mike

Morton Downey is the boy who is exuding good cheer! While he was waiting for young Morton Downey Jr. to make his world début, with the aid of a friend he scribbled off a little song. That night he sang it from a theatre stage and now several publishing houses are bidding for it. The song is *Welcome Home, Little Stranger.*

Georgie Price is another lucky writer. He wrote a semi-autobiographical play entitled *What Next?* Before it was completed motion picture magnates heard of it and a leading film company has made Georgie an offer for the scenario.

It used to be that getting the air ended a budding career, but it's just a starter now. Radio stars just can't stay at home and from the air they go into the movies and on to the stage. The last ones to peek over the footlights are the Mills Brothers, Morton Downey, Vaughn de Leath, Burns and Allen, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd and Abe Lyman's orchestra.

Just to end those arguments: Jack Benny and Goodman Ace of the Easy Aces program are two different people. Jack broadcasts from New York and Ace from Chicago. Nickle-back Jack doesn't feel natural unless he's being mixed up with someone. When he first started his career he was called Ben Benny, but became confused with Ben Bernie. Jack Benny was the next name decided upon and now everyone has it confused with Jack Denny, the orchestra leader. Jack Benny gives up.

Bobby Brown is the author of the Myrt and Marge story—not Myrt as has been frequently reported.

She's only a country maid but she's wise to the city slickers—it's a scene from Kate Smith's picture, *Hello, Everybody*, with Randolph Scott

Marie Dressler, Wally Beery and Polly Moran are considering a radio program in which they will be triple-starred.

The tiff of the tenors is on—who will come out ahead, the established Morton Downey or the new Donald Novis? They are both appearing on the same program and may the best man get the girlies' fan mail. [*Continued on page 62*]

JOEL FALLS IN LOVE

Hollywood's agog over Joel McCrea and Katharine Hepburn's romance!

By
J. Eugene Chrisman

BOTH Joel McCrea and Katharine Hepburn hotly deny it but Hollywood, wise in the ways of Cupid, believes there is a romance in the air. On the set, in the studio café, along the beaches and over the bridle trails, they are everywhere together, the tall taciturn Joel and the flaming, red-haired Hepburn.

No one knows how or when it began. Perhaps, like *Topsy*, it just happened. There was every reason why it should, for is not Hepburn the most glamorous of all Hollywood's glamorous ladies, exotic, vivid as a splash of scarlet and with more sex appeal than the most daring press agent ever accredited to Dietrich? And Joel is not the boy to overlook such a bet. Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill, Connie Bennett—after such a list of loves, Joel does not intend to rest upon his laurels as a squire of dames. She came, he saw and was conquered.

Finishing *A Bill of Divorcement*, Hepburn vanished from the Hollywood scene. No one knew when she left or where she was going but it is rumored that a tall lad with a shock of blonde hair saw her off at the station. The preview of *A Bill of Divorcement* sent critics into hysterics over the newcomer and the studio, frantically searching, located her at last in Germany and soon she was on her way back to Hollywood, a long-term contract in her pocket and the promise of stardom ahead.

It was *Joel* who met her at the train. What is more, he had a date to go riding that afternoon with another beautiful star but he broke it to be first to welcome Hepburn back to Hollywood. From that moment on, he became her faithful squire but when tongues began to wag, Joel shook his blonde head, as he has so often done before.

"Hepburn and I?" Joel laughed. "Why we're just friends. As a matter of fact I hardly know her. A romance? Don't be silly!"

And Hepburn, tossing her mop of flaming hair, refused to be serious. She cuddled her pet monkey and nibbled at her lettuce leaves.

"Joel's a nice boy. I've met him, of course, around the studio but that's all."

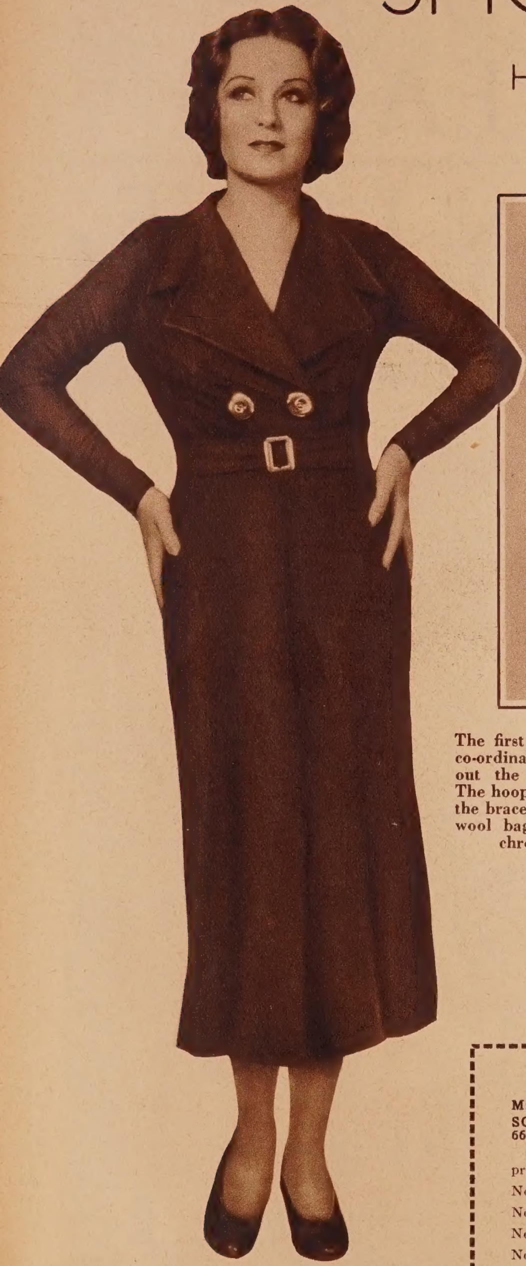
All of which explains, to be sure, why they take long horseback rides through the hills together. It makes perfectly clear why Joel is always to be found at the Hepburn table in the studio commissary and why they are constantly seen taking their dip in the Malibu surf in each other's company.

Glamor enfolds Katharine Hepburn like a shining [*Continued on page* 58]

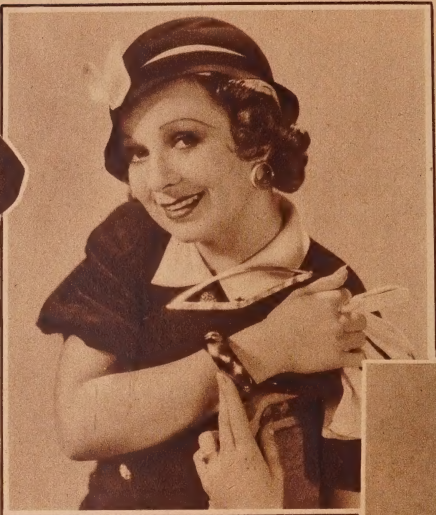
"Just friends," laughingly chorus Joel McCrea and Katharine Hepburn in denying romance in their avid mutual interest but the evidence is all against them!

SHOP with YOUR

How to buy the styles of the stars and keep within the budget

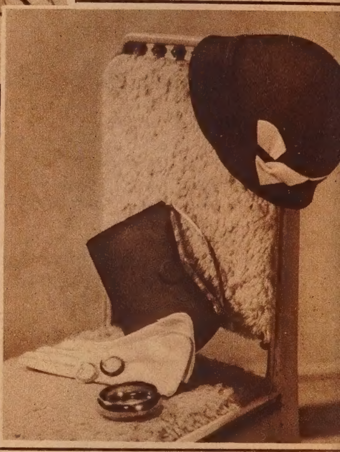


For work or school or gadding there's nothing so practical as jersey. The tailored model Rosalie Roy wears has deep lapels and an inverted pleat in front. Two metal buttons and a buckle are the only trim. The dress may be had in any standard color for $9.75



—Photography by Ray Jones

The first jewelry tip for spring is co-ordination. Rosalie Roy carries out the chromium plate theme. The hoop earrings are $1.00 a pair; the bracelet is $1.00; and the black wool bag with novelty clasp and chromium-plate is $2.95



The shop where smartly dressed stars select their clothes offers this black fur-felt hat with white kid trimming at $5.00 and slip-on pigskin gloves in any standard glove shade as black, brown, tan, etc. at $2.95 a pair

SCREEN BOOK Shopping Service Coupon

Miss Marie Gillen
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, Dept. F 33
6605 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Miss Gillen: I am enclosing a money order for.................... Please send me prepaid the following: (Place an X mark following the material you wish to order.)

No. 1: Tailored jersey dress..............................color..............................$9.75 ☐

No. 2: Earrings ....$1.00 ☐ Bracelet ....$1.00 ☐

No. 3: Black fur-felt hat........$5.00 ☐ Gloves........color..............................$2.95 ☐

No. 4: Rabbit's hair dress..............................color..............................$5.95 ☐

No. 5: Silk crêpe negligee..............................color..............................$7.95 ☐

No. 6: Black wool bag..............................$2.95 ☐

My measurements are: Hat size............Shoulder width............Bust............Waist............

Hips ....Height ....Weight ....Wrist size ....Glove size ....

My Name ....

Address ....

....

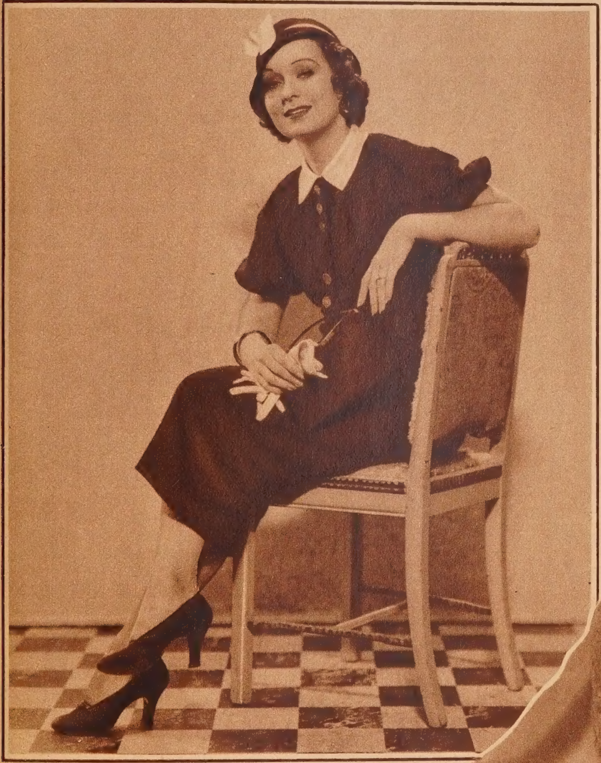
(Attach your money order for only the total amount of goods ordered Stamps not accepted.)

FAVORITES in Hollywood

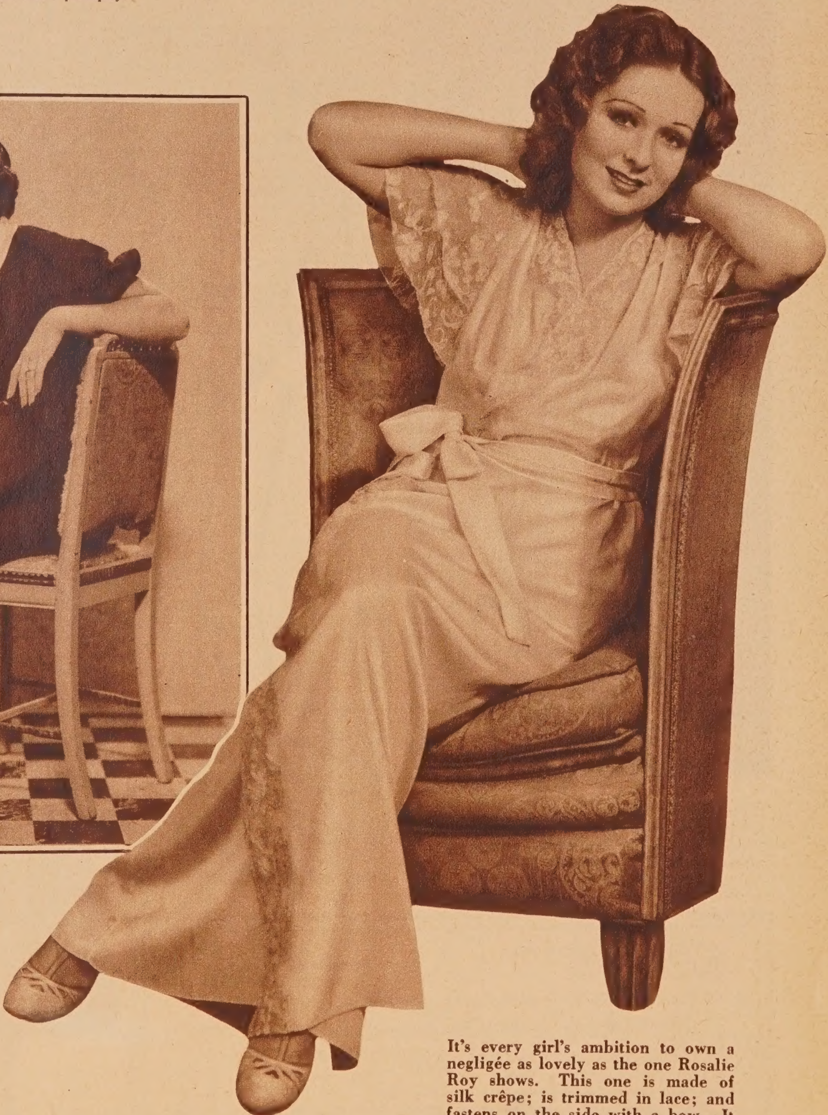
How to order through the Shopping Service

USE the coupon in ordering as many as you desire of the articles listed on these pages. Be sure to send a United States money order for the amount designated. No currency or checks will be accepted. All the articles displayed are offered in standard sizes. Be sure to state your size and color desired in the spaces marked on the coupon. Then clip the pictures of the articles you desire, attaching them to the coupon with a money order. Mail to Miss Marie Gillen in care of SCREEN BOOK'S western office.

Only reliable shops carrying high quality goods are patronized by this department. SCREEN BOOK cannot assume responsibility for the quality of merchandise other than to exercise care and discretion in selecting the original articles. Any exchanges or requests for refunds must be taken up directly with the store which supplies the merchandise. All orders will be filled promptly.



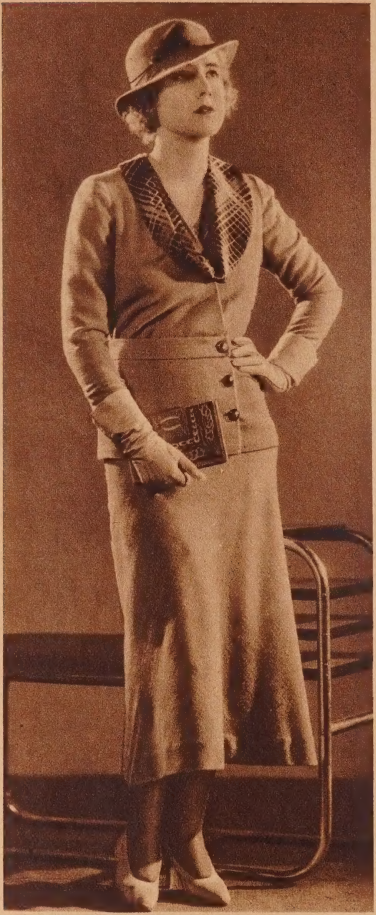
With spring peeking around the corner a smart Hollywood designer got the idea for this youthful rabbit's hair dress. Rosalie Roy models it and boasts that the price is only $5.95. It can be had in any standard color; has a white satin collar; short puffed sleeves; and a row of cut steel buttons down the front



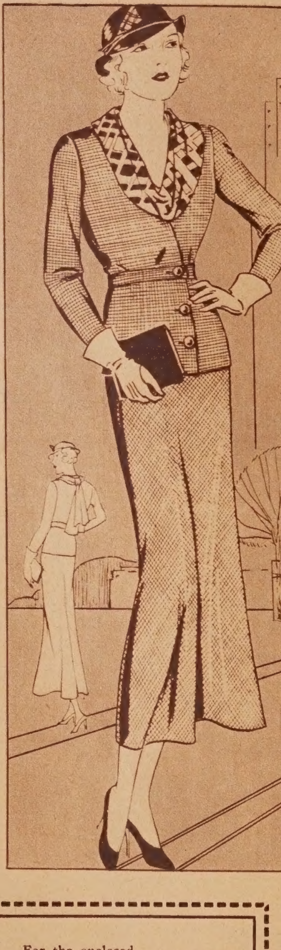
It's every girl's ambition to own a negligée as lovely as the one Rosalie Roy shows. This one is made of silk crêpe; is trimmed in lace; and fastens on the side with a bow. It may be had in blue, peach or pale green and the price is only $7.95

Screen Book's
Hollywood Pattern Service

There's no trick to making this tricky spring suit! Just order a pattern and start right in



Because of the trim, tailored lines and novelty neck treatment this gray kasha cloth suit which Mae Clarke wears in *As the Devil Commands* is one of the smartest patterns of early spring



INTRIGUING interpretations of the two-piece mode are worn this season by our favorites of the screen. Which means we'll all be wearing them soon and here's our opportunity! This stunning two-piece street dress worn by Mae Clarke in the Columbia picture, *As the Devil Commands,* has been loaned to us; we've made a pattern of it and here it is ready to mail to you on receipt of your order. Miss Clarke's frock was made of gray kasha cloth, and trimmed with a scarf of bright Scotch plaid silk. There's a secret about the scarf you'll adore . . . for the soft folds of silk at the throat belie the clever tie treatment of kasha in back. It's one frock that is perfect to wear wherever daytime pleasures beckon.

If gray is not your color there are ever so many other striking colors you might choose; brown, beige, navy or sailor blue, deep green or black. Each will combine beautifully with a gay scarf of plaid, a small geometric print or even a solid contrasting shade. And don't forget some real perky buttons. Besides kasha the sheer wools or matelasse, so popular for Spring wear, would be lovely, easy to work with and insure the smartest results. Pattern B-202 may be ordered only in sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54 inch fabric and 2¾ yards 39 inch contrasting for scarf and jacket lining. Price of pattern 15c.

If you wish an opportunity to choose unusual patterns in dresses, lingerie, pajamas and kiddie clothes, send for the beautiful 32-page new Spring FASHION CATALOG, enclosing 15c. This month's pattern and the catalog may be had in combination for 25c.

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.
529 South 7th Street,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

For the enclosed......................
(in stamps or coin) send me

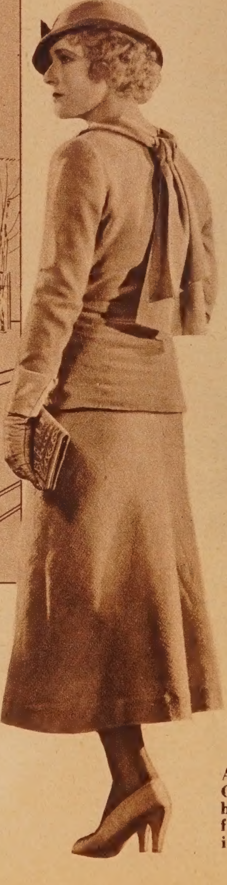
☐ Mae Clarke's dress pattern (15c) B-202, Size....................

☐ Fashion Book 15c (if ordered separately)—10c when ordered with pattern

Name ....
(Print plainly)

Address ....City ....State ....

Note: Outside the United States or Canada, orders must be remitted in coin or international postoffice money order and 5c extra is charged per pattern or catalog. Foreign stamps not accepted.



A back view of Mae Clarke's suit shows how the silk scarf in front ends up in back in a tie of the suit material

Ruth Chatterton has achieved the finest characterization of her career in *'Frisco Jenny,* in which Louis Calhern also appears, but despite her great screen success she plans to leave Hollywood forever to devote her life to being happy with George Brent, her husband

—*Hyman Fink*

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent are unashamed of their love-making in public for they are completely and whole-heartedly in love and care not who knows it

RUTH SPURNS *the* MOVIES

Ruth Chatterton, in this first interview since her marriage to George Brent, tells why she plans to desert Hollywood

By Marcella Burke

Few Hollywood writers have a more complete circle of friends among cinema stars than Miss Burke. Several years of close association with movie great have added much to the intimacy of her stories which are a regular feature in SCREEN BOOK Magazine

"AS SOON as George finishes his contract we are going to France and live the rest of our lives."

Ruth Chatterton speaking, telling of the beautiful plans she has for the future. She doesn't care much about making any more pictures. She refuses to sign any more contracts. She just wants to go along in her own divinely contented fashion.

"We have the place already picked out," Ruth continued. "I found it last summer. The trees are so old. The earth there is rich and fragrant. There are miles and miles of lilies of the valley—you can gather great armloads of them. And the lilac trees—!" Ruth was ecstatic.

"And there is my beloved Paris only a few miles away. I have all the money I need. At least enough to provide for the people I take care of and for the future. You see, I have no desire to own extravagant things. I don't want jewelry. I don't own any.

"George and I want a farm. We want to live in the country and have leisure to putter around a rose garden. We want to study a great many things together. We want our friends we love to visit us and, more important than all else, we want to *take time to live*. Enjoying life is important. Taking time to be alone together. Doing what we have always dreamed of doing.

"George and I sit up every night talking until three or four in the morning," Ruth laughed. "Aren't we crazy? We never seem to get all the things said that we have to say."

The hours flew past as we talked. Ruth's great love and enthusiasm over Helen Hayes was interesting. She talked of the possibility that perhaps she and George might do a play in New York. They certainly might do some abroad. They both speak French like natives. Ruth learned it when she was growing up as a young girl in France.

"After all, the stage was my first love. I definitely intend to do some plays. There is the possibility that I may do one with Leslie Howard.

"Concerning pictures, I am not going to make another one—unless," she qualified quickly, "an exceptionally fine story turns up. I have already refused to sign any new contracts. Of course, if a worthwhile opportunity presented itself I could accept it and then be free as soon as it was finished. I've spent most of my life being held in places because of necessity. I've had enough of it. There is so much more to do in other places."

An enormous basket of white chrysanthemums and tuberoses arrived from Joan Crawford.

[*Continued on page* 59]

Adventures of GEORGE RAFT

George Raft, Florinne McKinney and Nat Goldstone chummily share the same plate at a Hollywood party. George modestly disclaims that he possesses an attraction for the opposite sex but he never lacks for feminine companionship

Revealing the past and present of the screen's most sophisticated man-about-town

By Miriam Gibson

George Raft's name has been linked romantically with many Hollywood beauties but Edith Roark, according to those who profess to know, holds first place in his heart. They were frequently seen together during his stay in New York where he vacationed and made personal appearances

HE'S a funny guy, this George Raft. On the screen he appears to be a self-assured, sophisticated, indifferent, man-about-town. In reality he is a young man—a boy in many ways—who is amazed at his sudden rise to cinema fame.

"I don't know why I'm in pictures," he said in all sincerity as he knocked on wood. "It all seems like a dream—and I don't want to waken!"

He came to New York for a vacation and a few personal appearances not letting anyone know of his arrival. The New York Paramount offices wired him in Detroit to find out just when he would arrive in the "big city"—the one he had left a year ago unknown to the screen.

"I didn't want them to meet me at the station with a battery of cameras. I don't like that kind of glamor. I suppose everyone likes to be in the limelight but I would like to be able to walk down the street without having people turn to stare—the girls saying, 'There's George Raft. Isn't he cute!' " and he imitated a flapper pointing her finger coyly, "or her girl friend saying, 'Oh, I think he's lousy!' You always hear the worst thing! And men looking at me in disgust saying, 'Just an actor.' "

He had just made the first of his personal appearances. His head was aching from worry as to whether or not the audience liked him. And in New York his draw was greater than that of Rudy Vallée or Chevalier! He was lying on a green covered daybed in his theatre dressing room, wearing red silk damask pajamas, his initials G. R. embroidered in black on the pocket, blue wool socks and red kid slippers, sans makeup (he never wears it on stage or screen). Can't you picture the handsome brute? The telephone rang almost incessantly. Girls, girls, girls, wanting to see this new lover of the screen—using every known ruse to attain their desire.

But he remained indifferent to them. "They only want to see me because my name is in electric lights," he explained. "If my next picture is a flop, I'll be a flop to them, too.

"They don't like me for myself. What I'd like would be a voluptuous creature," and he rolled his eyes and puckered his lips, "who would like me just for me—no matter what happened." This from the screen idol who appears to scorn a woman's love. (Don't all crowd, girls!)

When he was in New York recently he went into a haberdashery on Broadway to buy a pair of shoes. In about two minutes the store was crowded and faces were pressed against the windows—everyone eager for a sight of George. He became so fussed when he saw people staring at him, that he said to the clerk, "Give me a hat!

[*Continued on page* 49]

Clark Reaches His Goal!

[*Continued from page* 17]

I did have the time I didn't have the money. The boys in the lumber camps used to make fun of men in knickers knocking a little white ball around but it was just what I wanted to do. I'm no whiz at any of those things yet but I get more kick out of being able to shoot or ride or golf as well as I do than I do out of being a movie star."

CLARK'S first movie break came when he was called for a part in *The Painted Desert.* Clark and his agent entered the casting director's office.

"Can you ride a horse?" asked the casting man.

"Sure," said Clark, "like a cowboy!"

When they left the office Clark turned to see a look of dismay on the agent's face.

"You can't ride a horse, Clark. Why did you tell him that?"

"Don't worry," Clark replied with a grin. "I'll ride when the time comes."

Art Wilson, an old time cowboy, took him in hand to make a rider out of him.

"At the end of two weeks," grins Clark, "in spite of my sore muscles and an occasional loss of my stirrups, Art pronounced me a top hand."

Clark rode and rode well in *The Painted Desert* but that didn't satisfy him. When he returned he once again went to Wilson. He wanted to learn to ride an English saddle. Within two months he was an accomplished horseman, playing polo. Fearing for his neck in this dangerous game, the studio called a halt but Clark only smiled. He had climbed one step toward his goal.

"Golf looked easy to me," he admitted shaking his head, "so I just bought some clubs and started out. I found out different and so I decided that I would quit fooling and become a real golfer."

Clark went to Tom Stevens, a noted pro. On his first round with Tom his score was 118. Ashamed, he buckled in. For eight months, devoting every possible minute, he took lessons. He did not go on a course to play until he was sure. His first appearance at Lakewood resulted in a score of eighty-one. Another of his ambitions fulfilled.

A GROUP of studio officials invited Clark deer hunting. Never in his life had he shot a high-powered rifle. Deep in the high Sierras a deer sprang up before him, an easy shot for a marksman. Clark missed!

"Imagine how I felt? I came home and started to practice. I went out to a desert ranch and practiced shooting at

[*Continued on page* 54]

She Has A Way With Men

[*Continued from page 32*]

wrist watch, he had succumbed. He had pulled up the extra chair and was gazing deep into the Brian eyes. Two minutes more and he had to leave to keep a date with a casting director but he departed with the luncheon check in his hand.

I'll betcha anything, although I haven't a report yet, that he tried to date Miss Brian up before the afternoon was over. He seemed pretty well smitten.

The head waitress in the First National restaurant told me Mary has never been known to pay a luncheon check at the studio. Some big, handsome, strong man always grabs it, no matter if she is lunching with newspaper writers, extra girls, friends or just by herself. Although the latter seldom happens.

IN NEW YORK, recently, Miss Brian established a reputation as the girl with "minute men." She gave them just a minute or two apiece, there were so many of them and so few hours in the day!

Seriously, she admits to six dates a day—any good day in New York. That means luncheon with one man, a matinee with another, a tea date with number three, dinner with number four, theatre with number five and supper and dancing with number six.

"Do they mind? No, because I am always frank and say how much time I have," Mary says. "And then, too, several of my best friends are working. When I was in New York, for instance, Buddy Rogers was leading his orchestra. He could only get away at dinner time, or late in the evening. And being a working woman myself, I know that 'dates' have to be arranged to suit schedules."

Does she ever have one date and another come along which she would rather keep?

"Certainly," says Mary.

Well, what does she do about it?

She keeps her original engagement.

"I am always honest with my dates. Once or twice, in the long ago, I broke a couple. I found myself sitting at dinner next to the original dates. I don't like to hurt people and so now I'm always straight. It pays in the long run. Pays me in my feeling straight and pays—so far as having dates are concerned. Boys know you are on the square."

GETTING back to this "strange power"—I wanted to know the technique of the modern coquette who gets by in Hollywood and New York and gets by big—Mary says that she doesn't say yes and she doesn't say no.

This may sound a little sensational—but don't be alarmed.

She isn't a yes-girl and she isn't a no-girl.

"It all depends upon the man. Some like to argue. They resent being yes-ed. One shouldn't try too hard to please them. Try too hard and everything is very uninteresting, both for them and for me.

"On the other hand, there are men who want me to agree with them. They want girls to approve of them, believe in them. Well, I do.

"No two men are alike and my reaction is different to each one. I never try too hard, in any case, because that isn't me and it isn't fair to the man."

Has Mary ever been in love?

Yes, she has.

What happened?

"Oh, I got sensible. It didn't look to me like a good working arrangement."

What do you mean by that?

"I got so I didn't know who was the darned fool, him or me."

Yeah? And we've just been talking about the technique of the modern coquette and working out rules!

"Rules," remarked Mary sagely, "never apply when you are really in love. They're good to go by when you want to have a lot of men friends and enjoy them."

DO MEN fall in love with Mary? And when they do, how does she handle the matter?

"Well, they just know they can't be serious. I haven't time, I have work to do and until I really fall in love again, I'm not going to worry about romance."

Does Mary think she will ever fall in love and marry?

"I hope so. Life would be very dull, if I didn't."

Would she give up her career? Would she go to live in Minnesota or Dakota or Honolulu, if necessary, with the man she married?

"I wouldn't want to give up pictures, but I hope I'd think enough of the man I married to do so if he wanted me to."

Speaking seriously of Mary's suitors, a very close friend of Buddy Rogers told me that the reason that Buddy hasn't married is that he is hopelessly in love with Mary and has been for four years.

Buddy, just back in Hollywood, is taking her as many places as she will go. Which naturally sort of upsets the "regulars," among whom is Russell Gleason.

Russ, a long-time suitor of Mary's, doesn't care at all for the course of events of the last few months during which Mary has been dividing up her time. In a slightly embittered mood, he told a news reporter who inquired who Russ was squiring currently:

"Who am I going with? Oh, I'm dividing my time between Buddy Rogers and Dick Powell."

Richard Dix was in love with Mary at one time. He admitted it, and said he liked her because she was a roughneck. Then he went on to explain that that was exactly what she was not. "She is like a demure scared little mouse. She never says anything and she always seems to be enjoying every minute of the day."

From my conversation with Mary, I don't think she is a bit "scared." That must have been her technique with the Richard who has since met and fallen in love with someone else. She is demure, but it is a part of the allure. A part of the "strange power" which has upset the other girls a little more than they care to admit.

The BEAUTY CABINET

How the stars keep their eyes beautiful

By Janet Lynn

DURING the last few years women have emerged from the dark ages and decided to give their eyes a break! I am frankly prejudiced on the subject of eyes. I think that they are woman's most potent weapon, her glory, and I believe that they should receive more attention than any other feature.

A brief glance among the women stars of Hollywood will convince you that eyes are the most important facial feature, and consequently are played up more than any other feature. In a private little beauty contest of my own, I have classified the "eyes of the stars." Joan Crawford, beyond dispute, has the most beautiful eyes. . . . Garbo has the saddest, most expressive eyes. . . . Marlene Dietrich has the most mysterious eyes. . . . Tallulah Bankhead's eyes to me are the most magnetic and alluring. . . . Janet Gaynor has the most gentle eyes, I am sure you will agree.

Now let's do a little dissecting and discover just what makes those separate pairs of eyes saddest, most mysterious, and so on. Probably an untutored male, if he were to speculate on the question, would decide that nature made them that way. But we know better. I can remember a time when Joan Crawford's eyes were not the compelling ones they are today. It is true that she was just naturally born with large eyes. But she has done things to her eyes in the past two or three years that are really amazing. When she was new on the screen, she used mascara both on the upper and lower lashes, an uncompromising black shade of heavy mascara. Her brows were quite thick and arched in a most monotonous curve.

Raquel Torres wards off wrinkles under her eyes by daily massaging with tissue cream

To Have Eyes as Beautiful as the Stars follow these tips—

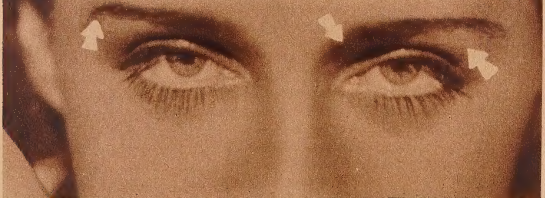
1. Study your type of beauty before applying mascara and other aids.
2. Healthy eyes are the loveliest. Sleep at least seven hours each night. Eat wholesome foods. Exercise every day.
3. Use a good tissue cream on the lids.
4. Bathe the eyes daily with a reliable lotion.
5. Equip your dressing table with the correct accessories.

Readers who desire to discuss their personal beauty problems confidentially with Janet Lynn may do so free of charge by addressing her in care of SCREEN BOOK, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

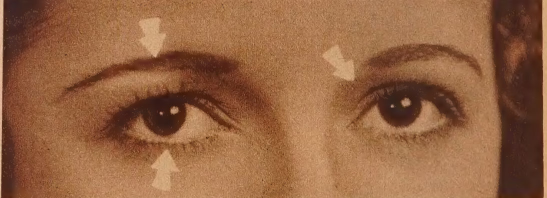
But look at her today! Her hair, in the first place, is swept back off her face, calling attention to a wide, high forehead and those incomparable eyes. . . . Joan still uses mascara, of course, but only on her upper lashes. And she uses it deftly, emphasizing the upward curl she has put in those same lashes. Her brows are arched down at the center, and then decidedly upward and down again in a graceful arc, like the sweep of a sea gull's wing. There is no touch of mascara or eyeshadow on the lower lid to make the eyes look hard and heavy, but there is a bit of irridescent shadow on the upper lids, the length of the eyes.

Do you know what it is that gives Garbo's eyes that sad, heavy-lidded look? It is the heavy, sooty lashes shadowing the eyes and that unique line of eyebrow

[*Continued on page* 56]



Norma Shearer's makeup offers helpful hints to girls whose eyes are set somewhat closer together than normally. She makes her eyes appear larger and further apart by plucking and elongating the ends with eye pencil. The arrows show how the brow is plucked away from the nose bridge and narrowed from beneath at the outer edge



If your eyes are of the dark, snappy Janet Gaynor type, use artificial beautifiers sparingly. The arrows point out these facts about Janet's eye makeup: She plucks only the stray hairs, leaving the eyebrow in its natural state; uses very little mascara; plucks just enough of the inner edge to widen the brows, and adds only a touch of eye shadow

Adventures Of George Raft

[*Continued from page* 46]

Quick! and let me get out of here."

In telling of the episode he pointed to a grey hat hanging on the wall and said, "There it is—terrible. But all I wanted to do was get out and back to my hotel away from so many people."

NO, HE'S not pulling a "Garbo." As I told you, he's a little boy in many ways and can't get used to being singled out from other people—a celebrity. The night of the preview of his picture, *Night After Night*, he was positively jittery.

"I was excited, sitting there with all the Paramount executives." He sat up on the daybed and twisted his hands, remembering that exciting night. "I was in a cold sweat. It meant so much to me. And it was my birthday."

That night his manager gave him a watch on the back of which is inscribed "Success to George from Nat." George says he's not superstitious but he knocks on wood, is never without his rosary, and always wears a ring which a friend gave to him for good luck.

Running away from school when he was fourteen years old, he arrived in Cleveland only to be locked up. "You can't sleep in railroad stations all the time without the cops finding you," he explained with a laugh. His parents sent for him and back to New York he came. Refusing to return to school, he went to work as an electrician's helper at four dollars a week. Three or four weeks later, he was driving a grocery wagon.

"I didn't stay very long at anything. About six months later, I decided I wanted to be a fighter. I'd always loved it as a sport. In two years I had twenty-two fights and was knocked out seven times. So I quit.

"A glove split my ear," he smiled. "It's not a cauliflower—I didn't wait that long. And look at this." He twisted the end of his nose with his two fingers. "It got broken, but Bellevue Hospital fixed it. I got them both in the same fight—with Frankie Gerome, at one time very well-known."

As a boy he had always loved baseball so he joined a semi-professional church team. He had been very religious when a youngster—an altar boy, a member of the choir. "That was when my grandmother, God bless her, was living. See those rosary beads?" They were on his dressing table. "I'm never without them—mostly for sentimental reasons. They were hers and they're ninety years old."

When you see him as the slick gunman, the hard-hearted chauffeur, the unscrupulous forger, think of this!

"I'm not interested in any particular girl. Since I've been in New York, I've been with a different girl each night—one night Grace Martin, another Edith Roark, another a girl named Smith."

During the time he didn't have regular work years ago, he visited the various dancehalls in the evenings. He'd always been able to dance although he had never had any training except to dance with his mother who was once a prize-waltzer.

At these dancehalls, those in charge used to ask him if he didn't want to work, to which he would reply, "No, I can't dance."

One night, there was a special affair at one of these halls and they insisted he dance. After that it was a regular thing for him to perform. From this he went into vaudeville. Night club engagements followed and he was given a contract to be star artist in a London cabaret. While there he taught the Prince of Wales the Charleston. He carries a beautiful lighter which the Prince gave him in recognition.

Upon returning to this country he went into three shows. As he says it, "Three shows and three of them flopped—so I quit."

WHEN the Dempsey-Tunney fight took place in Chicago, he was playing in a show with Ben Bernie.

"After a matinée I took a train for Chicago," he told me. "Tunney is a close friend of mine and I wanted to see the fight. Of course I missed that evening's performance. Ben Bernie didn't know what had happened to me. But I was back for the next evening's performance. Anyway, I only had a small part so it really didn't matter."

A little over a year ago, he took a vacation trip to California with some friends. One day when he was having luncheon at the Brown Derby he was "spotted" by a motion picture executive. He went into *Quick Millions* and it was a "quick" step to stardom—he recently worked five weeks straight without a day off, including Sundays. George isn't afraid of hard work. At one time in New York he worked every day from two in the afternoon to six the following morning.

But all was not a bed of roses before he became a movie actor. He was down to his last cent when a friend gave him two tickets to the opening night of a show. "I don't like these first nights and didn't want to go," he told me. "I happened to meet Mervyn LeRoy, to whom I'd been introduced a day or so before, and wanted to give him the tickets."

Mr. LeRoy offered to buy them at ten dollars but George wouldn't lower himself to accept the money. "And at that time ten dollars would have looked like a million to me," he laughed.

A few weeks later, the director and Raft met again. "What are you doing?" Mr. LeRoy asked. George told him that he was "unemployed," to which Mr. LeRoy suggested that George take a part in his forthcoming picture. But the latter said he was no screen actor. However, later he felt that, due to his early environment, he knew enough about the gangster type of rôle he was offered in *Scarface* to accept it. That was when his picture career really started.

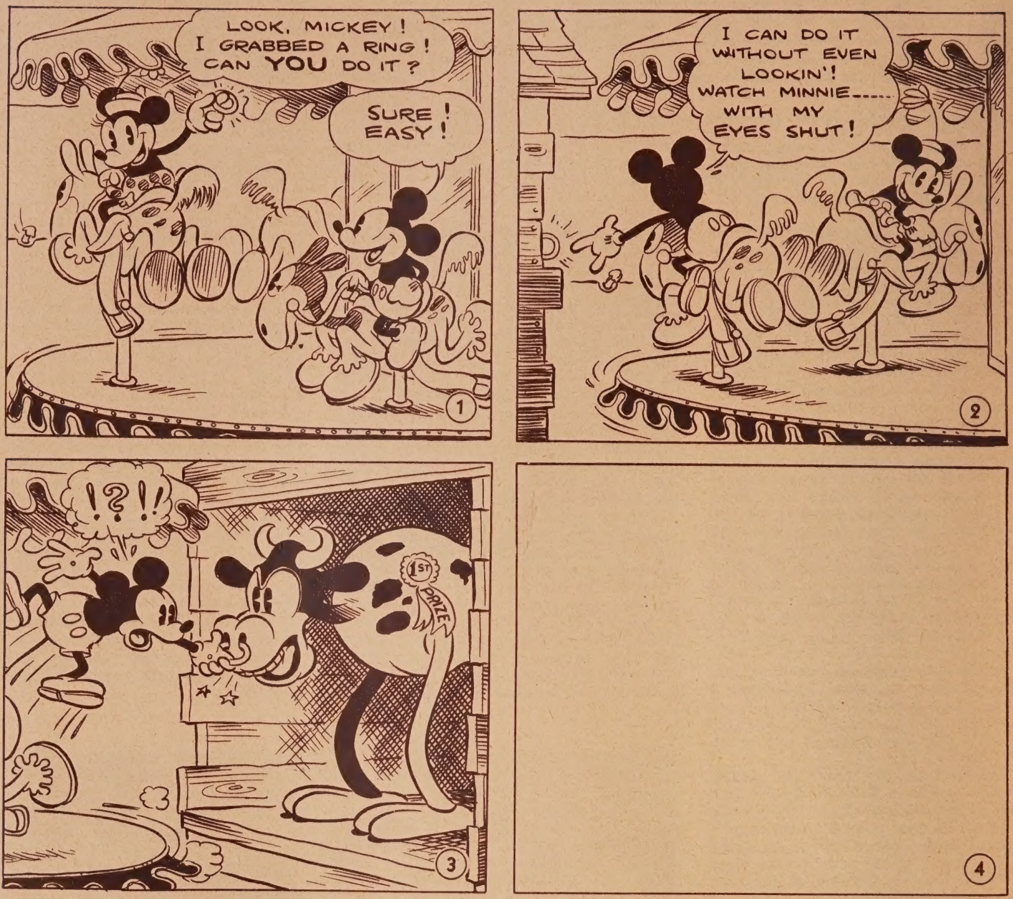
Money means little to him. He never refuses to give a benefit performance and he supports five poor families in Hollywood right now. No, he didn't tell me. His trainer did—the man who looks after George like a brother, secretary, nurse, and helper, all in one. Mrs. Raft (his mother) can tell you how good her son is. He has taken her to Hollywood—the doctor said her health would improve out there—and has set her up in an apartment all her own.

"She wouldn't like it out where I am—my house is in a quiet section and Mother is happier where there is glamor, excitement, people!" Thoughtful Georgie!

—*Don English*

When Doug Fairbanks Sr. arrived home after his jaunt to Indo-China, Hollywood's greatest stars were on the job to help Gary Cooper with the welcome party. This cheerful group includes Leslie Howard, Doug, Gary, Norma Shearer and Fredric March. Mary Pickford was there of course, but too bashful to have her picture taken

Mickey Mouse Has Cash Prizes For You!


LOOK, MICKEY! I GRABBED A RING! CAN YOU DO IT?
SURE! EASY!
1
I CAN DO IT WITHOUT EVEN LOOKIN'! WATCH MINNIE..... WITH MY EYES SHUT!
2
!?!!
1ST PRIZE
3
4

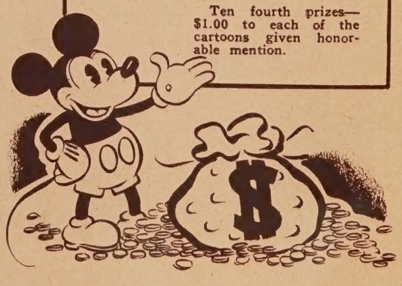
Write or draw your ending to this cartoon and win money!

HERE'S a chance to have loads of fun and win worthwhile cash prizes! Give Walt Disney, who originated the popular Mickey Mouse comedies, an idea for an ending to this comic strip and he will pay you for it! You may sketch your idea in the blank space if you care to—but if you can't draw just write your idea down, mail it to Mickey Mouse, Screen Book Magazine, 529 So. Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn., and if your idea is the best one received, Walt Disney will make the drawing and you will receive a check. Send in your idea today and look for your name as the winner in the May issue!

THE PRIZES

FIRST - - - - -	$15.00
SECOND - - - - -	10.00
THIRD - - - - -	5.00

Ten fourth prizes—$1.00 to each of the cartoons given honorable mention.



RULES: All readers of Screen Book may compete. Ideas for the final scene in the cartoon strip are to be drawn in the blank space or written out on paper. It is not necessary to buy a copy of Screen Book to enter the contest. Decision of the judges will be final and in case of ties duplicate awards will be given. The contest closes on March 1. All entries must be mailed to Mickey Mouse, Screen Book Magazine, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn., before midnight of the closing date. Results will be announced in the May issue of Screen Book when the winning cartoon will be published.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 58 FOR MICKEY MOUSE CONTEST WINNERS

Film Heroes Brave Icy Death!

[*Continued from page 29*]

This remarkable scene taken in the dim dusk of the Arctic Circle shows the main camp of the *S. O. S. Iceberg* expedition. In the foreground is the kitchen and provision tents, which had to be barricaded by iron fences for protection from the dogs who let nothing stand in their way in their search for food

made explosions possible. These were some of the risks faced by this undaunted group.

THINGS went smoothly until the day the flying Hutchinson family was lost—the family that attempted a flight across the ocean last summer. Dr. Fanck received a radio to send a searching party. Udet and Schrick, another able flier, set out. Schrick's motor failed and he went crashing into the broken ice, damaging his plane considerably. Udet followed him, made a safe landing, and towed the damaged plane through high seas to a safe haven. In order to do this, he had to avoid floating ice which was everywhere in the waters of this frozen northland.

That was a red letter day for all concerned. It was that same day on which Udet accomplished a feat which never before had been performed—he made a perfect landing on an iceberg—one of those gigantic pieces of floating ice! An undertaking so hazardous that never before had it been attempted!

While these great performances of bravery and skill were something at which to thrill, the party was greatly worried. Dr. Sorge, being familiar with the land and people of Greenland, had undertaken a ten-day exploration trip alone. He had not been heard from for five days. Everyone was downcast. Searching parties were looking everywhere. On the sixth day after his departure, natives brought back to camp fragments of his wrecked kayak. Finding him was considered hopeless. Nevertheless, Dr. Fanck was determined to make sure whether or not this great man had lost his life.

Thirty kayaks, the remaining motorboat, and Udet in his aeroplane started out at once. The natives' description of the place where the wreck was found was most inaccurate. After nine days of fruitless effort, it was left for Udet to find Dr. Sorge. In utterly hazardous flights he circled iceberg after iceberg where, due to the absolute lack of landing possibilities, he realized constantly that his life was in danger. After hours of search, far off in the glacier fjord he saw a thin spiral of smoke arising. When he neared the spot, he recognized Dr. Sorge on the border of the glacier. Unable to land, the flier directed the motorboat and the famous scientist was brought back to safety. Incidentally, on that same day, September 13, the flying family of Hutchinsons was found.

DR. SORGE was exhausted from his hardships as he had had no tent in which to camp and his only warmth had come from a slight fire of moss. It was not until he had recuperated somewhat that he was able to tell what had happened—that a tremendous glacier break had taken place. He had just taken his kayak up on the glacier shore when a large piece broke off from the glacier. The column of water created by this break swept back against the shore, carrying away the kayak. Simultaneously a dozen icebergs had formed. It was impossible to swim after the kayak, his only means of transportation.

But even this nearly-fatal accident did not stop the expedition from accomplishing its purpose. A few days later the entire party set up temporary quarters on a glacier. Dr. Fanck radioed: "If therefore you do not get any news from us, do not worry, for this glacier is so far distant that a connection with the outside world is impossible to establish."

While in this distant part of the world, Dr. Fanck filmed the explosion of an iceberg—witnessed by few and never before recorded by camera. In his own words, Dr. Fanck describes this phenomenon:

"The motorboat, Ernst Udet's seaplane and thirty kayaks were beside the sea monster when it suddenly burst apart with a thunder-like noise causing a tremendous amount of ice to roll about in the ocean. A wave twice as high as the plane struck it. How Udet was able to start the motor and to get under way was a sheer miracle; his escape at all from the tremendous wave was nothing short of miraculous. The huge wave threw the motorboat onto the ice, and sent the kayaks several hundred yards. A check-up a few minutes later revealed all hands safe. It was a lucky accident that we were able to use both sound equipment and cameras to catch the entire natural catastrophe."

THIS great piece of filming was done immediately following probably the nearest-to-fatal accident of the whole trip. Ernst Udet was flying by the cameras mounted on an iceberg when his motor suddenly stopped and he made a forced landing in the water between the icebergs. He jumped onto the pontoon of the plane, started the motor himself and while the plane with the throttle wide open headed towards an ice wall, he jumped back into the cockpit and managed to clear the ice wall in the last moment.

Time and again accidents occurred, but the iron men and women who risked their lives to film *S. O. S. Iceberg* were unceasing in their efforts, and they were rewarded. The impossible had been achieved. It was not many more days before the company returned to Umanak, broke up camp and set sail for Denmark. Nature had once more been mastered by man.

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• PROOF •

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"My chest was so thin, but it surely is rounding out nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method to write me."
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"I obtained results beyond my fondest expectations. My breasts have grown in size and shapeliness until now I have a very pretty figure. I am especially proud and happy when I wear a bathing suit or evening gown."
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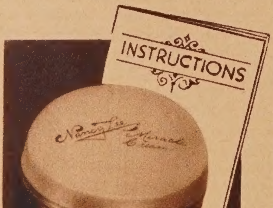

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NANCY LEE, Dept. P-3

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Thousands of grateful women testify that my MIRACLE CREAM Treatment produces results almost magically! Women who were really pathetic looking, with their flat chests and childishly tiny breasts, have developed magnificent busts; fashionable, full, naturally curved. You can do the same. You can have the glorious breasts—firm, rounded, plump—that are the most alluring charm of the world's most famous beauties.

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It's so easy to have lovely feminine contours with my new easy method. And the results are so quick. You will be amazed—filled with joy and happiness when your mirror reflects lovely, firm, rounded youthful breasts—developed with my dainty MIRACLE CREAM Treatment. No clumsy, dangerous appliances. No harmful drugs. Just a fragrant, subtle Cream and my *private instructions*. Just a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own room soon develops your bust to glorious fullness and shapeliness. In an amazingly short time you can have the greatest of feminine charms—a smart, well-rounded figure.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. My Miracle Cream Treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, right now, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, safer way to make your breasts as lovely as you have always wanted them to be. Astonishing results are *guaranteed*. You simply must *try* the Miracle Cream Treatment to convince yourself that you CAN develop *your* bust! Don't miss this chance to get a large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions for only $1.00.

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A Beautiful FORM

Do your girl friends pity you? Do men pass you by because you lack the true beauty of lovely femininity? Do the prettiest frocks "hang like rags" on your flat-chested, undeveloped figure? Don't suffer this embarrassing handicap any longer. Simply mail the coupon or write and watch your bust fill out to that beautiful, cup-like form that is so irresistibly attractive. In 30 days you will be thrilled and delighted with the glorious change. Send only $1.00 TODAY for *your* Miracle Cream treatment, with illustrated Free Book. This offer may not be repeated, so mail coupon or write *at once*.

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Address ....

Town .... State ....

Clowning With Polly Moran

[*Continued from page* 27]

And the two dear old ladies are no doubt still telling of the lovely English seamstress they met on the Boulevard who looked *exactly* like Polly Moran.

WHEN the house of a certain well-known stage actor burned not long ago, a claim for insurance was put in. One evening his phone rang.

"This is Mrs. Evans of the insurance company," said a gruff feminine voice, "and I've something very serious to tell you. We have investigated your claim and we find that you set your own house on fire. Not only are we going to refuse to pay your insurance but we intend to get out a warrant for you, charging arson. You know what that means."

For fifteen minutes the frightened actor pleaded a chance to talk things over before action was taken. He wasn't guilty, of course, but to be arrested for arson would damage his reputation beyond repair. Mrs. Evans was firm.

"Let me meet you somewhere at two o'clock tomorrow and talk it over," pleaded the actor with tears in his voice.

"Can't do it," said Polly who had tired of the gag, "I'm laying the cornerstone of a fish market tomorrow at two!"

And was his face red!

One of Polly's best ones was pulled on Jean Malin, the female impersonator and entertainer in a popular Hollywood night club. Going to the Roosevelt Hotel, Polly obtained a sheet of stationary and on it wrote:

> *Jean Malin;*
> *I am broke and destitute. Send me* $5.00 *at once. You know why.*
> *Mae.*

This missive was dispatched to Jean by messenger. No reply. Polly then went to the Christie Hotel and inscribed another note.

> *"Unless I get that five bucks in five minutes I'll tell all I know."*

Spies sent out by Polly to Malin's night club reported great agitation and when Polly and her gang entered, a few minutes later, they found the entertainer in a state of great perturbation. As he looked up and saw Polly's serene face, he uttered one word:

"You!"

IT WOULD require a book to list Polly's various pranks. She keeps Hollywood in an uproar. When asked by her old pal, Jimmie Walker, erstwhile major of New York, for an autographed photo, she sent him one bearing this inscription,

"To Jimmie, from Miss America, 1880."

Then there was the Vancouver society dame who threw a big party to impress the movie folk and insisted on singing one song after another. Everybody wanted her to stop but it remained for Polly to turn the trick. As the last notes of a song died away, Polly placed a lily in the startled lady's hand and walked out. There were no more songs.

"I'm sore, darn good and sore," said Polly as she posed for photographs in Clarence Bull's studio on the Metro lot. "I've got two straight-laced neighbors at Laguna I wanted to shock. I spent months teaching my parrot until he would make a mule-skinner blush and when I put him on the side of the house where they could hear, the darn bird kept reciting *Mary Had A Little Lamb.* Can you beat it?"

Polly's public career began when, at the age of ten, she won a beauty contest in a Chicago school. The prize was a trip to Milwaukee.

"Well, go on, laugh," said Polly defiantly, "but I did!"

"Lookit the dress," Polly whirled and struck a mannikin pose, "they wanted thirty-nine bucks for it but I got it down to twenty-nine. Some gown, ain't it?"

Polly has always been one of Hollywood's fashion plates. As she herself puts it:

"I am often referred to in Barper's Huzzar as fashion's mirror of the mode. I can either take clothes or let 'em alone. Having always been of a type of fatal beauty which drives men back to their wives, I have been forced to rely upon clothes to keep my position as the screen's most alluring temptress.

"I am always seen wearing the season's most abhorrent atrocities. I had a very flattering compliment not long ago from Bob Montgomery. I mentioned to Bob that my clothes have always attracted attention, even in the company of Lil Tashman. Bob looked at me carefully and said, 'Why not?' Is that a compliment or not?

"There's one thing makes me boil," said Polly as she prepared to leave, "and that is all this talk about how many Big Shots Marie Dressler knows. Humph! Why, I know people Marie wouldn't even speak to!"

Polly gathered up her belongings. Fumbling in her bag she drew out a card.

"And don't forget," she said in parting, "if you're ever in Peoria, drop in and see Grandma's cat shop. 'Bye."

There are whisperings about that Joan Crawford is more than a little interested in Ricardo Cortez, but friends of Joan's say it's a shame that a girl can't be seen in a man's company a few times without stirring up annoying rumors

Clark Reaches His Goal!

[*Continued from page* 47]

running jack rabbits from a moving car with a rifle."

This year Clark and his wife went into the wilds of Arizona after deer and Clark brought back his buck, killed with a single shot.

"A one-armed man taught me to play tennis," Clark said, "but he is a professional teacher. I'm only fair at tennis, that's all."

Still, tennis, according to his code, is a gentleman's game and if he is no Big Bill Tilden, Gable holds his own with the colony's best racketeers.

In spite of the fact that Clark's development as a gentleman has been along the line of outdoor sports, he has not neglected the cultural side of it. Ask anyone who knew Clark Gable when he was a slightly uncouth Dutch boy with broad shoulders, a wide-toothed grin and unable to decide what to do with those big hands of his. His speech, while virile and manly, indicates a deep study of diction and pronunciation. Although he detests parties and social affairs, he can be at ease in any drawing room. He is not a great reader but he has filled his brain with the better type of books until he can discuss them intelligently. He has, in short, become just what he has always wanted to be, a gentleman.

"I'm taking up the study of navigation next," he told me. "It fascinates me and even though I may never use it in a practical way, I want to know all about it. When I master that I'll tackle something else."

No longer do they laugh when Clark Gable picks up a golf club, a rifle, a tennis racket or puts his foot in a stirrup. Clark is only mildly satisfied with the job he has done but there is something in the confident swing of his shoulders, in the lift of his chin and the timbre of his voice which was not there a year ago. The same grim determination, the same virile driving force which lifted the lumber-jack and the small-time actor to the heights of movie stardom has transformed the awkward, almost uncouth rough-neck into the ranks of gentleman.

It is said that it requires three generations to produce a gentleman but Clark Gable has accomplished it in one!

THE FATES OF YOUR FAVORITES

By Madame Helene
Celebrated Astrologer

Does your Fate match that of a screen star?

"THOSE tell-tale lamps, set in the heavens, may somewhat guide." The ancients thought the stars controlled our fate. Astrology, a science and psychology which came along later, has to do with the influences, actions, and motives of the human family. Follow your star! What do the stars say about your favorite of the films?

Warner Baxter first saw the light of day on March 29. Was it his fate that he should be cast in parts that portray the sinister side of life? The stars say "yes." Men born in the latter part of March, under the sign of Aries, are inclined to philosophy and have keen introspective faculties. They are natural actors and have brilliant intellects. Their minds go deeper than the mere surface. According to his stars he will admire everything that is beautiful but may be inclined to disregard the conventionalities of life. He will do his own thinking. He has the acquisitive sense—wish for possession—not, perhaps, for mere property, but for the good things that possession really brings—what can be done with money or influence.

Warner Baxter is more than an actor—he is a personality.

Joan Crawford, so the stars say, came into the world with an inborn tendency to what might be called a public life. She is likely to be extremely generous. Such people are not inclined to discriminate between those who are worthy of their generosity and some who might impose upon them. As a result, they may not accumulate wealth as rapidly as their accomplishments deserve. Had [*Continued on page* 61]

—*Hurrell*

Astrology shows Joan Crawford was intended for public life

Warner Baxter's birth stars indicate he has a keen mind

Those born under Jean Harlow's zodiac are devoted family folk

WHAT DO THE STARS SAY ABOUT YOU?

Most people have within themselves the talents for success or the germ of failure. Do you want to know what your star says? All you need do is write to Madame Helene, in care of SCREEN BOOK, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and she will send you a survey that will surprise and interest you. In your letter give your complete birth date—day, month, and year, and include 10c coin or stamps to help pay clerical expense, and a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Your survey will be mailed in your own envelope. Send for it today!

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The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 48]

pencil that outlines the edge of the upper eyelid and is traced again along the edge of the bony eye-socket. The wide, full arch of the brows, which are kept very thin, make them seem more flexible and consequently more expressive. It's all very simple, isn't it?

EVEN a school girl can understand what it is that gives Marlene Dietrich's eyes that mysterious, exotic look. Those oriental looking brows, of course. Although Dietrich's eyes are naturally rather almond-shaped, this would not be noticeable if she did not pencil her brows in the upward-slanting line that at first glance seems bizarre and after a few glances, seems to fit in so well with Marlene's inscrutable eyes and hollow cheeks.

Tallulah's eyes are like no others in the world. A large part of their glamour and smouldering allure can be attributed to the fact that they are set wide apart and heavily lashed. But another thing that gives them that "worldly" look is the unusually wide space between the upper lid and the eyebrow. Undoubtedly Tallulah has always had this, but she has also emphasized the wide space with skillful use of tweezers and eye shadow. Her trick of keeping her eyes half-closed gives them that sex-appeal look that is so enviable.

One of the big reasons for the gentleness in Janet Gaynor's eyes is the almost absolute lack of makeup. Janet is one girl in a thousand who looks better without eye makeup. Of course, she tends to her eyebrows, but she keeps them very natural looking as she does her lashes so that they cannot overshadow or detract from the intense darkness of her eyes and their definitely shaped irises. There is a lot of warmth in Janet Gaynor's eyes that is not often found in the eyes of modern women. That's why, for her, a lack of makeup is artful instead of innocent.

There are other interestingly made-up eyes among the movie stars. Norma Shearer's eyes, more than any others, show what can be accomplished by skillful makeup. Her eyes are quite small and much too close together, you will notice if you study her pictures closely. But you never notice that when you see her on the screen, because she uses every eye makeup trick possible. She is generous with tweezers, mascara and eye shadow. She widens the space between her eyes by plucking the brows in the center and elongating them at the ends with eye pencil. She plucks them from underneath so that she achieves a wider space between lid and brow—to give a wider appearance to the eyes. She even elongates the eye by drawing a slanting downward line from the outer corners of the eyes, and then smudging it out so that it is not conspicuous. She never puts eyeshadow on her lids toward the nose. Instead, she places a firm line of shadow on the outer half of the lids, making the eyes seem larger and again adding to the illusion that her eyes are spaced correctly

If you want your eyes to be your best point, study the methods employed by the stars and copy them. Be sure, though, to select a star who is most nearly your "type." If you will experiment with eyeshadow in different shades, try curling your lashes, plucking your brows in a different shape, you can often change your appearance marvelously.

It won't take a vast investment to buy some cream eyelash grower, a good pair of tweezers, an eyebrow pencil some mascara and eyeshadow. When you have outfitted yourself with these things, take a few minutes off every night to experiment . . . The result at first may be "freakish." But don't let that stop you. With pictures of the movie stars to guide you, try weeding out stray hairs in your eyebrows to produce a more becoming and flattering arch. Learn to apply mascara so that you don't look as if you were dripping it . . . Practice with a bit of eyeshadow and your little finger until you can apply the shadow so that it enhances rather than disfigures.

BEFORE you start beautifying your eyes by means of cosmetics, let me insert a word of solemn warning about your eyes themselves. If they are tired and inflamed from strain and worry, if the lids are crinkly and dry from lack of natural oil, and there are spare tires under them . . . then you might just as well throw away your eyeshadow and mascara . . . You must keep your eyes strong and healthy if you want them to be beautiful. Get enough sleep. Eat wholesome foods. Don't fail to get some brisk outdoor exercise *every day*. Wear glasses if you need them. And don't sit up half the night reading fine print. Use a good muscle oil or tissue cream on the lids . . .

If you have unavoidably tired your eyes in the course of a day's work or a sleepless night, try applying alternately hot and cold packs. This stimulates the circulation and rests the eyes marvelously, giving them back some of their beauty. If you are tired and drawn-looking as to eyes just before an important date, try these alternate hot and cold applications for a few minutes. Then saturate cotton pads (there are some ready-made ones on the market that are most convenient) in a soothing eye lotion and apply these to your closed lids. Lie down and rest for half an

NOTICE TO SCREEN BOOK READERS

Remember, a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter sent to Miss Janet Lynn in care of SCREEN BOOK will bring you her confidential advice on any specific beauty problem.

hour or so with the pads in place. When you get up your eyes will be rested. The lines and puffiness will be gone from the lids and the eyes themselves will sparkle with renewed life. Most people neglect the basic care of their eyes shamefully. Eyes should have a daily bath with a good reliable lotion.

THERE is a firm specializing in eye accessories that puts out two gadgets which I think should be on every woman's dressing table. One is an automatic tweezer, so made that it plucks the eyebrows quickly and hence, painlessly. (You know, don't you, that if you pluck a hair very, very quickly, it doesn't hurt at all? It's only when you drag the hair out slowly, torturously, that the flesh rebels.) You can work faster with this tweezer and get a much cleaner line than you can with the old style tweezers. You have no idea, really, how simple the arduous task of eyebrow plucking can be, until you have tried this automatic jigger. It costs only $1. And by the way, if you will keep after your eyebrows every other day, instead of letting them go for a week or two, you will find that it is much easier to keep them shapely and neat.

The other gadget is a mechanical eyelash curler. No matter how long and thick your eyelashes may be, their charm is completely lost unless they curl up. More men have renounced bachelorhood on account of curly lashes than for any other single reason, I'm sure. This particular eyelash curler always produces a lovely effect. It can't harm the lashes, of course, because its action is purely mechanical. I know you'll be curious about these two items, so don't hesitate to write and ask me where to buy them. The curler, too, is $1.

I know something else, too, that my readers will be eager to hear about. It's a triple eye-beautifying outfit—permanent eyelash and eyebrow coloring, artificial eyelashes and correct eyeshadow for blondes, brunettes and red heads. The eyelash coloring is for those whose brows and lashes are discouragingly light and sparse. It really is remarkably permanent and it can't hurt the skin or lashes. You have probably heard of the artificial lashes. They're the kind that are awfully natural looking. They are attached one hair at a time to your own scanty lashes, with a nice-smelling adhesive paste. With a little care, they last for two or three weeks, then can be removed in a jiffy to make way for a fresh set. The eyeshadow completing this triple alliance is very doggy for it consists not of one but three shades arranged cunningly on a tiny palette, with an eyebrow pencil, too. The different shades are those suitable for sports, afternoon and evening wear. These three—dye, lashes and shadow—are $1 each.

There are just lots more interesting types of mascara and eyeshadow I'd like to tell you about, but space won't permit . . . Why don't you write to me and I'll send you the names of them? If you want any information on the color of eyeshadow or mascara you should wear I'll be glad to send you the information in a personal letter—but don't forget the stamped, return envelope, please.

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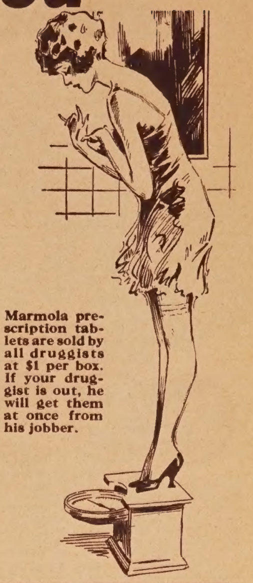

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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36 39

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Mae Clarke has a delightful new spring outfit. Would you like one exactly like it? Turn to page 44.

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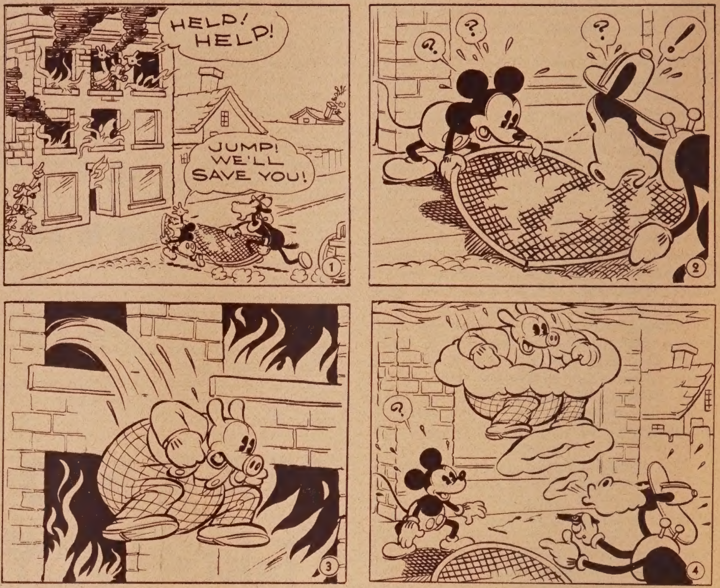

Horace Horsecollar saves Mr. Pig from disaster by quick work with smoke rings from his cigar—

The above solution to the cartoons drawn by Walt Disney for January SCREEN BOOK won $15 in cash for Jack Barlass, 35th and Ingersoll, Des Moines, Iowa. Other winners were E. Broderick, 97 Union St., St. John, N. B., Canada, who captured second prize of $10; Robert Meyer, 1819 Lemon St., Alhambra, California, who placed third and received $5; and Frank Case, 409 Court Street, Sunbury, Penna.; Robert G. Kelley, 981 Willard St., Galesburg, Illinois; John Smith, 101 W. Fourth St., Covington, Kentucky; Hugh A. Napier, Jr., 223 93rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; John C. Phelan, 229 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio; Phyllis Moore, Joplin, Missouri; Clarence Thorpe, Augusta, Kansas; Rupert Hicklin, Jr., 1413 Washington St., Gary, Indiana; Maxine Wagner, 3114 15th St., Columbus, Nebraska; and E. T. Fant, Jr., McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn., all of whom receive one dollar each as the winners of fourth prize.

HUNDREDS of ideas were received for extricating Mr. Pig from his unfortunate predicament but many contestants had the same idea for saving him, such as using his trousers for a parachute, having him bounce on his corkscrew tail which formed a spring, and many thought this was the end of him for they had him converted into choice pork cuts when he struck the sidewalk. In this issue is published another fascinating cartoon by Walt Disney for which he would like a solution. You, too, can win cash prizes for your ideas just as the lucky persons listed above did. Turn back to page 50, study the cartoon and send in your idea now!

◆

Joel Falls in Love

[*Continued from page* 41]

cloak. She has been rumored heiress to a fortune of $16,000,000. Maintaining her mantle of mystery, she has refused to divulge anything of her past life to interviewers.

Joel McCrea's friendships with many beautiful ladies of the screen has earned for him the title of Hollywood's Great Lover. Always Joel has denied a romantic interest. Since Connie Bennett's marriage to the Marquis, Joel has been a freelance. Tallulah Bankhead publicly expressed her preference for him but Joel shied away.

Of course there is the rumor, unsubstantiated but persistent, that Hepburn is now married to her third husband and is the mother of several children. You pays your money and takes your choice. Who knows?

Ruth Spurns the Movies

[*Continued from page* 45]

It was a fragrant interruption. Ruth was delighted. She was as pleased as though it never happened to her—to get lovely flowers continually.

As a matter of fact, Ruth inspires people with a desire to send her flowers and wild duck. The latter are her great passion. Ruth's duck dinners are famous. She would really prefer eating all of them herself, admitting great selfishness when it comes to one of those birds.

A young German was ushered into the drawing room to wait. Ruth's butler began to look worried. He assured the young man that "Miss Chatterton would be there in one moment."

It was Ruth's German teacher. She has been studying for hours every day.

We talked of Brent's home in Ireland, of Irish poets and Irish plays—of George's career in the Dublin theatre.

Radiant, full of laughter, Ruth says in her inimitable way, "I am perfectly happy."

When you hear Ruth utter those four simple words, you have heard much. Those words do something magical, like Irish fairy music. How many years of work, of searching—of loves—great ones and little ones—of friendships which have lasted and always will? How much has gone into the creation of that most important of all statements—"I am perfectly happy?"

On the outside looking into the brightly illuminated windows of Chatterton's world one might have said that Ruth has always been happy. To those on the inside who helped light Ruth's world—it was a different story.

They know the *alone* courage with which the slender, provocative woman fought her numerous battles. For everything Ruth has ever had, a strange psychic force compelled her to pay a hundred times over. Her marriage to George Brent has given Ruth everything. It isn't easy to uproot. It isn't fun hurting people unintentionally.

"Divorcing is a sad experience any way you look at it," Ruth said sadly.

IT HAS been a fascinating thing to watch the extraordinary faculty Chatterton has for keeping eternally at her side the people who have loved her. Truly it is a gallant lady who is capable of such things. Today Ralph Forbes is George and Ruth's closest friend.

Ruth is so unashamed, so un-self-conscious in her great joyousness.

Surely these two, Ruth and George, have an ideal life, working, studying—laughing—busy at the art of making dreams come true. Irish gypsy dreams.

Ruth quoted Fiona MacLeod, the Irish poet—"I believe there is, in *fate*, first the destiny which we make and invite, and named *fatality*. And above it the *destiny* which calls to us as a tide calls in the night, and to which we respond from within, as creatures which must inevitably go with that tide, whether we know it or believe in it or ignore it."

And this is the new, vibrant Ruth Chatterton who has dared to find happiness and having found it, is going to cherish it!

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When Joan Crawford Had One Year to Live

[*Continued from page* 15]

IN THIS light, can you more readily understand why Joan chose to continue her career even at the possible cost of death? Without her work, life would be empty indeed, not worth the living. Health is a small sacrifice on the altar of an ambition as tremendous as Joan's.

She kept secret her disobedience to doctor's orders. She did not even confide in Doug Jr. She doubtless knew that young Fairbanks would exercise his powers of persuasion to force her retirement. Besides, Joan had no wish to worry her husband with pre-knowledge of this dread sentence. Time enough to tell him when it occurred.

It would be absurd to say that impending death did not worry Joan. In her ears, ever rang the doctor's warning. She heard each word he had said repeated again and again. Her one surcease from her fearsome secret was work—the very thing that she had been cautioned would bring nearer her collapse.

During this period, Joan began to seek seclusion. Her friends did not know of the problem with which she was wrestling and therefore failed in understanding her detachment. Several acquaintances openly charged, "Joan has the swell-head." If they had only known what thoughts were rioting through that head! They called her "The Girl with the Haunted Face" without realizing why her face might really be termed haunted.

At this time, too, Joan first suffered from insomnia. Taut, overstrained nerves refused to relax and sleep was impossible It was not unusual for her to toss and turn for several hours, only to give up the fight for sleep and arise to dress and go driving. Some modicum of comfort was found in tearing through the night at the wheel of a high-powered car. Her control of the car gave Joan a manufactured security. Here, at least, she was master of her own fate.

Frequently, after a sleepless night, her nerves broke while at work. I recall an instance on the stage where Joan and Clark Gable were filming *Possessed.* The action called for Gable to slap the girl's face. Perhaps you remember the scene.

It was rehearsed a time or two without the slap. Then, on the first take, Gable went through with the action. His hand landed as lightly as possible on Joan's cheek. She was not hurt but she fled in tears to her dressing room.

Poor Gable, a gentle soul despite his screen reputation. In vain, Joan attempted to explain through her dressing room door that he had not hurt her—that it was only nerves. Gable possibly believes to this day that Joan was injured by his blow and was merely trying to soothe his feelings by denying it. He was still outside the door waiting to apologize, three hours later, when Joan regained composure enough to face the cameras again. She was nearer to revealing her secret then than she ever had been before.

I discovered her secret quite by chance. I saw Joan at the studio recently in a mood, gayer, more jubilant, than any I can remember.

"It's the best of news," was Joan's reply. "I have just seen my doctor and he tells me the danger is past. More than a year ago, he warned me to give up my work and retire—or die. Now he says that, despite the fact that I did not follow his advice, I am likely to live to a ripe old age.

"I believe his professional pride is slightly ruffled because I failed to collapse as expected. He says he doesn't understand how the cure was effected for I have done everything he told me not to do. But I know what cured me.

"It was my trip to Europe. I can't begin to tell you what it meant to me. I played and laughed and was happy, happier than I've ever been before in my life. I got a brand new perspective on things. It's amazing how unimportant Hollywood seems when you get away from it.

"And I rested on the trip. I slept—slept sometimes fifteen and sixteen hours a day You have no idea how grand it is to sleep, until you have gone practically sleepless week after week.

"My insomnia is gone. My worries are gone. I am no longer nervous. I'm in the best of health and nothing can stop me now.

"There are so many things to do and so little time in which to do them. I've already started, though. I've resumed my French lessons, two hours a day. Dancing takes another two hours and tennis one more. Then there is singing, as much as I can get in daily. I've always wanted to sing, just as I've always wanted to dance. But there's plenty of room for improvement. If I can develop a voice that is good enough, I want to do a musical picture."

Good enough by whose standards, Joan? I have it on fairly good authority that Irving Thalberg, your production chief at Metro, is well satisfied with your voice right now. Wants you to do *The Merry Widow,* in fact. But if we have to wait until you are satisfied, it may be some time before we see you in that picture.

No, Joan, you are up to your old tricks, driving yourself without mercy. You have found new happiness but have you found contentment?

That schedule you have laid out. It's a mighty stringent one. Just as if you didn't have enough to do with managing a household as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and being one of the world's biggest drawing cards in motion pictures as Joan Crawford you take on additional tasks; lessons in singing, dancing, tennis and French!

You have experienced one miraculous escape from a death sentence pronounced upon you by a reputable physician. The sacrifice of again placing your life in jeopardy is too great.

I can speak as a friend and voice, I believe, the wish of your millions of ardent admirers. We do not ask that you become self-satisfied or static. Complacency would devitalize you, make you less vivid.

Go on, Joan, on to the greater glories you are thoroughly capable of achieving. But go on more slowly. Curb your impatience.

In other words, take care of yourself.

The Fates of Your Favorites

[*Continued from page* 55]

she not chosen a film career she would, without a doubt, have been a good business woman as her business judgment is excellent. She was born March 23. Her only handicap in her business career would be emotions with which she is so generously endowed. It is exactly that abundant gift of emotion that makes her so successful in the field she has chosen. Aries people are naturally gifted with wonderful intuition and when this intuition and their keen mentalities are allowed to develop, the people are almost sure to succeed in their chosen field.

JEAN HARLOW has a perfect dynamo of emotions which may be responsible for her success, but at the same time may prove a veritable handicap if they are not properly directed. She was born on March 3 and her sign of the Zodiac is Pisces, represented by the Two Fishes. It is said to be a distinctly feminine sign. If your birthdate corresponds to hers, if you have ambitions to be an actress, to shine in the films, on the radio or stage, the stars are said to favor you. Like Jean, you may be misunderstood sometimes, you may have ups and downs, but you are following in the path which the planets are presumed to be working out for you. Not only that, but you may be destined for a position of trust, for Pisces people are said to be extremely reliable and trustworthy. You may have a born disposition to travel and see the world but once that is overcome you are likely to be devoted to home and family. It is Jean's innate soundness of character that helps her to overcome the buffets of fortune that she has experienced.

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Bebe Trailed By Lunatic

[*Continued from page* 11]

Holland's insanity. At the hearing, the ex-soldier's condition was found so pitiable that a kindly judge sentenced him to the Agnew state hospital for life.

Now, only recently, he has returned again. How he managed to escape has not been revealed and at this writing he has not yet been apprehended. Because his letters to Bebe speak of the persecution he endured during imprisonment it is feared that his tortured mind may dwell on vengeance.

Guards have been watching the Santa Monica home closely and police are tracking down every clue in an effort to recapture the elusive Holland. Bebe and Ben agree that the crazed suitor is hardly to blame for the actions dictated by his warped mind, but they insist that this capture must be his last.

◆

Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 27]

Liquorati

COLUMNIST HARRISON CARROLL tells a honey about two Hollywood boon companions, one of whom is a noted comedian. They got woefully high at a party recently, and as the evening progressed and they grew hazier and hazier, they indignantly decided that it was too long between drinks and that the host was being stingy.

So they put on their coats and hats and walked majestically out of the comedian's own house.

Small World

RUSSELL GLEASON'S back from Europe and commenting on the oft-mentioned smallness of old mother Earth. He landed in Havre, went to Paris and then caught a plane for Berlin. When he stepped out of the sky-chariot in the German capitol the first person he saw was Louella Parsons, newspaper movie columnist.

No matter where our celebs go, they can't escape us chatter-chuckers.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot to mention that Russell saw quite a lot of Peggy Hopkins Joyce in Paris. He says he can easily credit her irresistible appeal for men. Tsk! Tsk! Mr. Gleason.

Clever, Eh What?

AUNT BEVERLY knows a young extra who has a nifty racket. Knowing that every studio casting director prides himself on being acquainted with all the importants in Cinemaland, this schemer calls by telephone and launches the following conversation:

"Hello, Jack (or Jim or John). This is J—urshgj (a vague mumble, if you get the idea). How are you, old boy, old boy? Listen, pal, I want to claim that favor you promised me. I'm sending a friend of mine, a swell actor, by the way, around to see you in an hour or so. Fix him up with a few days work, will you? And let me know when I can do as much for you."

The crafty one quickly hangs up, and dashes for the studio. And it's astonishing how much work he gets.

Heart-Throbs

ANDY DEVINE has engagement-ringed Aline Carroll and reports that it must be love since she's the only femme who's ever persuaded him to wear soup-and-fish . . . George E. Stone and Irene Ware are going places together . . . Buddy Rogers says he's serious about Mary Brian, who's still

[*Continued on page* 66]

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If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, it should be just the thing you want. All you have to do is to send your name and address and we will send absolutely **FREE**, in plain wrapper, a trial package of **Golden Treatment.** You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 1053 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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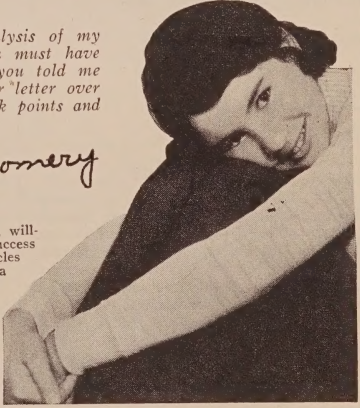
Peggy Montgomery, who won fame as Baby Peggy and now is enjoying further success in the talkies, says:

"Thank you for your wonderful analysis of my handwriting. It seems as though you must have known me all my life by the things you told me about myself. I am going to read your letter over each week to study my strong and weak points and improve myself by your suggestions."

Peggy Montgomery



In Peggy's signature we can see determination, will-power and enough initiative for her to win success in the field she is talented for—acting. Obstacles will never stand in her way. She possesses a keen, logical thinking type of brain and enjoys going new places and meeting new people. Her imagination adds much color to her life and there is enough cool poise in her makeup to keep her from ever losing control of her feelings.

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Over The Air Waves

[*Continued from page* 40]

The "flu" epidemic required a number of last minute substitutions on the air. Myrt's part in the Myrt and Marge story had to be taken out of two broadcasts while she recovered and Connie Boswell missed a few broadcasts on account of that old devil, the flu. Even Heywood Broun slipped up while a friend substituted.

IT'S IN THE AIR THAT . . .

Kate Smith has leased Monte Blue's residence for her stay in Hollywood while she makes *Hello, Everybody!*

Donald Novis has been vacationing in California between contracts.

Fan mail isn't what it used to be. Maybe the three-cent stamp has done it, but anyway the volume of radio fan mail isn't more than half what it was a year ago. Picture fan mail is said to be decreasing very little.

Grand Duchess Marie of Russia faced the mike for the first time recently.

The "Gwen" of Myrt and Marge is Patricia Ann Manners off the air.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF RADIO PERFORMERS

"I'm not making any New Year's resolutions," says Jane Ace of Easy Aces. "They just go in one year and out the other."

"LaFayette is America's best-loved Frenchman," quoth Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, "because he's the only Frenchman who ever came across."

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Undercover Romance Exposed

[*Continued from page* 26]

had it not been that she was winning new footlight laurels in *Blessed Event.*

With a whole continent separating them, there were many lonely weeks for both Lee and Isabelle. Lee put in long hours in the studio, and when evening came, he went home to his books. Frequenters of the Hollywood bright spots did not have an opportunity to make his acquaintance. He was a lone wolf. Back in New York, Isabelle devoted her leisure to letter-writing—letters to Lee.

Then the Fates smiled down on them!

Roy del Ruth, assigned by the Warners to direct Jimmy Cagney in the filmization of *Blessed Event,* traveled East to view the stage play. Thrilled by Isabelle's sensational characterization, he presented her with a contract, and agreed to hold up shooting until she could complete her Broadway engagement.

When she eventually alighted from the train in Los Angeles, the beaming Lee was on the platform to welcome her with the news that Cagney had walked out of the picture and that he had been awarded the columnist part with her.

Ignoring physicians' warnings regarding a bothersome appendix, Isabelle plunged into her new task with a doctor and two nurses in constant attendance. When the final scene was in the bag, she toppled over into unconsciousness, and was rushed off to a hospital for an emergency operation.

Throughout the three days and nights during which her life hung in the balance, Lee, red-eyed and exhausted, sat at her bedside, holding her wan hands. When she started to convalesce, it was he who pushed her wheel-chair down the corridors, and out onto the roof-garden.

As soon as she was well again, Isabelle disappeared from Cinematown. So did Lee!

UPON their return, Isabelle imported the information that she had been in Shoshoni, visiting her parents. Lee explained that business had required his presence in New York.

But I have a theory—and not without reason:

If Lee Tracy and Isabelle Jewell were not already married before Lee made his initial trek to the land of sunshine, then they took the vows right after Isabelle's illness!

Night Mayor, *Washington Merry-Go-Round* and other important pictures followed in rapid succession for Lee. Radio studio had signed him for *The Half-Naked Truth*, and he was on the verge of a collapse from overwork. Ten pictures in as many months are too much for anyone, but Lee insisted on going on.

Twice during the filming of *The Half-Naked Truth* he was forced to his bed, with Isabelle donning the robes of chief nurse. Each time he pulled himself together and went back to the studio. But when the offering was finished, he found himself flat on his back.

True, Lee was deeply worried while the surgeons not long back had battled to save Isabelle from what seemed certain death, but his mental state then was nothing compared to that of the actress as she sought to soothe the jumping nerves that now tortured Lee.

The medicos told her it would be months before Lee could resume his work. She redoubled her efforts. She took him to Palm Springs, then to Indio.

Lee's in harness again—in the title rôle of *Private Jones* for Universal—and his health has been restored. He thanks Isabelle for that!

Isabelle has bid adieu to Broadway forever. She's going to continue in pictures, too!

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The Man Who Laughs at Death

[*Continued from page* 16]

"Back in 1921 I was engaged to do an original aerial stunt for *Broadway Bab*. I was to do a parachute jump from a moving plane five thousand feet over the Santa Monica hills. As the 'chute descended, another plane was to come along trailing a thirty-foot rope and hook onto it. If that was successfully done I was to climb up the shrouds of the 'chute and continue hand-over-hand up the rope to the 'plane.

"I spent weeks preparing for that one and wouldn't be rushed. My life was going to be at stake. For more than two weeks I practiced climbing a sixty-foot rope suspended from the rafters of a stage. If you don't think that kind of climbing is hard, just try it.

"In two weeks I was sure of myself, then I spent another week strengthening the 'chute against ripping when the hook struck it at some sixty miles an hour. That was a job. I had to be careful not to make it too heavy. Heavy 'chutes don't open.

"The day came. I jumped from the ship. My 'chute opened and pretty soon the second ship hove in sight. I jockeyed as best I could, saw the trailing hook slap viciously into the 'chute and tear the silken fabric to shreds.

"Five thousand feet below lay the Santa Monica hills.

"I wouldn't have taken a ten cent bet on my life right then, but suddenly I felt a jerk. The hook had caught in one of the heavy cords I had used to reinforce the bag. I was saved.

"The hills looked far away as I commenced my climb, hand-over-hand. I got through that swirl of torn silk, rested for a moment and continued upward. Desperately I climbed, but how I tired! It seemed I would never reach the top. I could feel the taste of blood in my mouth—my lungs were bleeding. But I got up there finally and the late Leo Nomis pulled me into the 'plane.

"Preparation saved the day for me that time. My pernickety attention to details had caused that extra strengthening of the 'chute and the weeks of practice climbing a rope.

"THREE men were killed shooting the Copper River cataract in Alaska during the making of *The Trail of '98*, a fact which is not generally known. One of them was 'Red' Thompson, with eighteen years of stunting experience. The others were Howard Daughters and Jerome Bautin.

"'Red' had a hunch that conditions were not just right for him and he confided that fear to me. When I have a hunch of that kind I won't budge an inch until I feel that my mental state and conditions are perfect.

"I pleaded with 'Red' to lay off for a day, but company executives were pressing him and intimating that he was scared. He was a sensitive man and the taunts hurt. He knew and I knew that death was in the air but he decided to shoot those rapids regardless.

"'Red' started out in this forty-mile an hour stream and headed for the falls. Within fifty feet of the drop he missed a chance to swerve his boat towards the shore; it swirled dizzily several times, smashed against a rock and hurled 'Red' into the boiling water.

"He clung desperately for a moment to a submerged safety line but his frozen hands couldn't grasp it longer and he let go to drop over the falls to his death.

"Two other men, Jerome Bautin and Howard Daughters, were killed in a rash attempt to rescue 'Red.'

"It was with this handicap of death against me that I was asked to under-

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take the venture. I replied that I would at my own convenience. My life was to be the stake and I felt I had a right to protect it. I won't be rushed into foolhardiness and so I took my time to think things over.

"It seemed to me that there was a possibility of escape from death if I carried some contrivance which would permit me to cling to one of the jagged rocks in the stream once the boat got out of control. Accordingly, I twisted one end of a stout rope about my shoulder and arm and looped the free end in the form of a lasso.

"The morning of the stunt came and I didn't feel right—the air smelled of death—and so I delayed until late in the afternoon.

"I sent my boat, made out of green wood, into the middle of the stream and guided it in the racing stream to the danger point, studded with rocks. I was traveling with the stream at forty miles an hour when the boat began whirling and struck a rock broadside. The impact shot the craft beyond the safety point.

"The whirling had become so rapid that it was impossible to operate the oars. My chance of gaining the shore had passed. The falls were rushing at me when I saw my chance. The waters five feet ahead showed the head of a pyramid-shaped rock. I threw my lasso, saw it encircle the stone and then leaped for safety. I clung to that ice cold rock for twenty minutes before a line reached me from shore.

"I mentioned the above episode to again prove the value of preparation and also to warn any future stunt men not to risk their necks when the air smells of death.

"NERVOUSNESS is the stunt man's worst enemy. Nervousness makes you lose that split second of timing necessary in a safe performance of the work. I know that. I know that my calmness is one of the main reasons why I am alive today.

"No matter what the danger ahead, or the pressure put upon me, I try to be calm—almost fatalistically so. I don't believe I shall ever be killed as a stunt man—but if I am, be sure of one thing. I will at least have known about it well in advance and my death will come about as the result of nervousness brought about by insufficient preparation.

"I allow myself a safety margin of sixty per cent. That means that I have taken six-tenths of the foolhardiness out of the adventure through adequate and studied preparation. The safety factor in the remaining forty per cent lies in quickness of mind and instinct. This last is really an important item in the equipment of a stunt man."

Bob Rose is one of the featured actors in *Heroes For Hire* which Radio Studio is making from incidents in the stunt man's life. The picture, which presents Rose in the first featured acting rôle of his career, naturally would feature many original stunts designed from the aspect of thrills. William Boyd is the star.

In one scene Rose performs the feat of jumping forty feet, passing through a skylight of plate glass and a fire.

"Jumping through glass is one of the most dangerous of stunts," Rose claims. "And this is because there is no way of determining just how glass every time. There is no way to guard one's self against gougings and serious cuts. I would rather jump a sixty-foot cliff on horseback—as I've done numerous times—than risk the unknown dangers of a tumble into glass.

"While I consider that one of my most difficult stunts, I have done many that are more spectacular from a dramatic point of view. The most spectacular stunt I ever did (from the point of view of others) was running a locomotive off a burning trestle and diving it fifty feet into a stream of water.

"I did that many years ago doubling for Pearl White in *The Midnight Express.* While it seemed extremely difficult to those who saw the picture, it was comparatively simple and certain of success. All I had to do was to stand in the cab of the locomotive, wait until it was well started on the dive into the water and then leave the cab in a private dive of my own.

"I did that stunt for $750—a record at that time. Now stunt men are often paid as high as $1,500 for each successful conclusion of a difficult assignment. I generally get that much for difficult parachute jumps.

"AS A general rule, however, stunt men are poorly paid. Many of them risk their lives for as low as $50. I hold my life dearer, although early in my experience I took many unnecessary risks for mere cigarette money.

"Prices vary for stunts because some trick men are business fellows and others are not. Then again, a man is able to raise the standard rates by inserting novel twists and angles to an old stunt.

"It may interest many to know what these standard rates are. Tumbling down a long stairway (it's a difficult thing to do without sprains and dislocations) is priced at $50.

"A barroom fight, involving the ducking of many beer and whisky bottles, costs another $50, as do various acrobatic stunts, high dives and short cliff jumps.

"A sixty-five foot dive from the mast of a rolling ship is priced at $150 and up, according to conditions. I once made a dive from a mast into a billowing sail and collected $250.

"Jumping a horse off a sixty-foot cliff generally brings in the neighborhood of $500. This is a dangerous stunt, requiring split-second timing and considerable dexterity getting away from the tumbling horse.

"Various forms of wing walking, changing from plane to plane, or from ground vehicle to plane, bring from $500 to $1,500, depending on the risk involved.

"As a whole I should say that we stunt men in Hollywood are poorly paid for our work. We cannot get insurance while we are in the business and if we once get hurt it is definitely certain that we never will be given further motion picture work.

"The studios, realizing the risks we take and the tax upon our nerves of an unsuccessful stunt, won't take a chance on a broken stunt man for fear he will crack up. That situation is one of the great drawbacks of this business, at least from the point of view of many.

"To me it is a Godsend. Realizing that a serious injury would spell an end to my professional career, I make certain that there will be no injuries.

"This, as I have said before, I guarantee with endless study of my problems, long preparation and absolute obedience to that inner command which says: 'Bob, death is in the air. Wait! Wait!'"

The Truth About Hollywood Suicides

[*Continued from page* 19]

someone at hand to bring sane thought, to wipe out the cruelties in his heart, possibly today he might have been alive—respected, loved. But in a town of distrust, where every man and woman travels alone to a fanciful fame or doom, with a thousand hands as ready to slap down as lift up, Paul Bern walked alone. And he died—a suicide's death.

"OH, DO come to see me!" Peg Entwhistle begged an acquaintance just a few days before she hurtled herself from the Hollywoodland sign which beckons nightly from the steepest mountainside in the foothills. "I am so lonely," she had cried.

Lonely in a town where dash and glamor are on parade! Lonely in a town of a hundred distractions and amusements!

Peg Entwhistle had known the thrill of being a star on Broadway—of being heralded as one of the most promising younger actresses. But she was accustomed to the easy comradeship of the theatre—where fortune and misfortune can be shared with others—and in the sharing see all despair evaporate to the tune of encouragement and an easy wave of laughter.

But in Hollywood no one stopped to talk to her. No one cared about this girl who had a small rôle in *Thirteen Women*—who still had her mark to make. Her days were punctuated by the impersonalities of casting offices and minor executives. And after that there was isolation, until it squeezed her dry of fear and emotion—until it closed all paths to her except that of death.

In Hollywood—she was alone. With no re-humanizing contacts, with no shock-cushion of companionship. She, like Paul Bern, was driven to carry her burdens alone. The gully below that huge sign held forgetfulness. Possibly beyond that limitless gateway there was understanding and fellowship. And she was lonely. She leaned forward. Her pitiful note with its few revealing words was found not far distant from her broken body.

ON JULY 29, Lina Basquette, famous dancer and actress, central figure in numerous romantic episodes, was taken from her Hollywood apartment to the city emergency hospital. She was writhing in pain and the police reported it as an attempted suicide. It marked her second effort to die—to forget.

With all the acclaimed attention which this girl has received, first as the wife of Sam Warner, and more recently as the sweetheart of Jack Dempsey, she still found it difficult to find serenity of mind—to find compensations for a devastating aloneness. For Hollywood has been quick to censure Lina Basquette—to withdraw its acceptance of her moods and her manners. With beauty, financial assurance, and talent—she yet failed to find redeeming virtues in living. And it is so primarily, because with all her seeming gaiety, with all the spot-lighted devotion which has been hers, she could not and cannot share her inmost problems and tribulations. These she has to solve alone. Hers, too, is the secluded way to which the great and the near-great of Hollywood are sentenced.

Assuredly it takes a terrible state of self-centralization, of self-dramatization, to commit suicide. It means seeing yourself and others out of perspective. It implies a disproportionate regard for the world and its opinions. To some extent it argues an incapacity to take it on the chin.

Others in Hollywood history, who had more cause to wish for death than Peg Entwhistle, Paul Bern, or Lina Basquette—or even those numerous unimportant others—faced the responsibility of their allotted years with high courage.

There is that sad triumvirate—Mabel Normand, Alma Rubens and Barbara LaMarr. And add Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle. And Clara Bow. If ever five people were more harried and driven—if ever five people were more subjected to that inhumanity which is peculiarly man's—there is no record in Hollywood of them.

Yet they had the fortitude to carry on. To give fate knock for knock. Three died in pathos and in pain. Arbuckle came through to see a more kindly face of fortune. Clara Bow staged a great comeback to the screen. And it wasn't that their paths were bestrewn with cheering throngs to bolster their intrepid spirit. They too were heirs to the Hollywood legacy of loneliness.

But both "Fatty" and the flaming "It" girl possess the quality of mirth—the daring to turn a humorous and amused look on the fleeing galaxy who desert a waning star.

DAVID MANNERS, that personable gentleman who is rapidly acquiring a mound of laurel wreaths for his screen characterizations, once said that every time he considered suicide, even objectively, someone nearby was baking biscuits. Life suddenly presented a benign countenance.

It takes a sense of humor to confound hate and persecution, disloyalty and unfairness, with satisfaction of the senses or with an intangible creed of sportsmanship.

Hollywood is a place of hyper-sensitive nerves; of emotions on parade; of intense drama; of compact experience which packs years of living into days. The route to fame for many of the screen darlings has been by no means easy. They have had their share of disappointment and travail. But each of them has dredged his own depths for strength—and has found it.

Many of them saw the trail marked "Suicide"—but they passed it by. Many of the stars in moments of confidence, admit as much. Death is so easy. It solves so many perplexing problems. It is so much harder to live. And so much more courageous.

The wonder is not that there are a bewildering number of suicides in Hollywood. But rather that they aren't more common.

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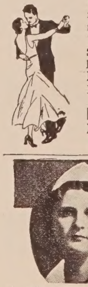

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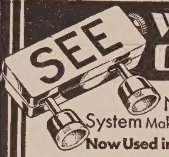
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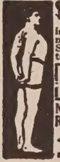

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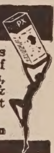
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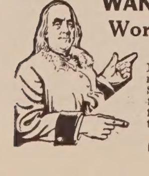
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Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 61]

a platinum blonde . . . Gloria Gray and Matty Kemp are that way . . . Madge Evans and Tom (ZaSu Pitts' ex) Gallery are rumored engaged . . . Jackie Coogan, now in college, is rushing a cousin of Lina Basquette . . . Gwili Andre's gadding around with Willis Goldbeck and Billie Dove's fox-trot partner is Bob Kennison . . . Carl Laemmle Jr. is courting Eleanor Holm and it isn't because he's a swim fan . . . Lyle Talbot's big moment is reported to be Helen Mann. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Dunn (this is getting serious) are still mooning-it . . . the Donald Cook-Evalyn Knapp romance is rumored on the wane . . . Helene Costello and Hugh Trevor, Julanne Johnson and Ralph Forbes and Janet McLeod and Pat Lester are Cupid prospects . . . Peggy Hopkins Joyce is coming to Hollywood so stand by.

Such Innocence

THEY tell about the limpid-eyed little gazelle from the Gotham stage whose girlish innocence so impressed a studio publicity chief that he made all his henchmen swear to protect her and keep her from ever learning the horrid facts about life.

Within a week of her arrival, she introduced the p. c. to two of her ex-husbands and acquired a minor scandal!

◆

She Loved—and Lost!

[*Continued from page* 39]

custom. The older generation never has experienced the sensation of a kiss. Japanese censors would not permit it to be shown. It has only been of a recent date that they have become more lenient. It was necessary to modernize our screen production of *Butterfly* in some rare instances. I do not think they will offend. I hope they will be accepted with understanding."

Then Sylvia showed me her beautiful wardrobe for *Butterfly*. At least four hundred Japanese kimonos were imported for this picture. Great care was taken in the selection of these lovely garments. For different kimonos are worn on different occasions. Each one has a particular significance.

Sylvia's wedding kimono was such an exquisite thing she bought it for her own use after the picture was finished. Japanese wedding kimonos have the very long sleeves which almost touch the floor.

The little stand-in girl for Sylvia was a Japanese dancer. The entire set was a poetical fragment out of the land of cherry blossoms.

The never-to-be-forgotten music from *Butterfly*, the tragic love of little *Butterfly* for the handsome American who sailed away, the beauty of that far-away country has been skillfully blended in this production.

It is interesting to watch Sylvia's progress from the turbid realism of the factory girl in Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy* to the ephemeral, delicate heroine in *Madame Butterfly*.

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$800.00 Cash Offered to Name Movie Actress

Reward Will Be Paid Everyone Who Submits Most Suitable Name

MAKING good in her first movie in Eddie Cantor's new picture, "The Kid From Spain," seems to be only a part of this winsome little blonde's worries, for she must now seek a new name, one that sounds more like a movie star, than her present name, Edith Roark. A name, of course, does not mean everything, but it is important enough to Miss Roark and her publicity director, George Blake, to have them deposit $800 cash and agree to give this sum to anyone who sends in the most suitable name. Miss Roark says she hopes everyone who reads this announcement will send her a name, for any name may be chosen and win. Every reader who sends the name selected for Miss Roark will be the lucky owner of this $800 cash prize. The rules to follow are very simple. Only one name must be submitted by each person. You may submit your own name, the name of a friend, or a name you make up, but all names should be mailed at once because $200 of this prize money will be given all winners whose name is mailed within five days after this announcement is read, otherwise you can win only $600. All suggested names must be mailed to George Blake, Publicity Director, Studio 308, 1023 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, California. Miss Roark says, "No reader should hesitate to send in a name, for the very name you send may be the one selected, and win the $800 prize if sent on time." Miss Roark's dream came true because she tried for the movies, yours may also come true if you try for this prize.

Send your suggestion for a name at once to
GEORGE BLAKE, Pub. Director, Studio 308
1023 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

"After all, there's nothing like a CAMEL"—

For once a smoker has experienced the taste of *real quality tobacco,* he can't be happy with a substitute. Try Camels. Get to know the solace of choice Turkish and mellow, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, *never parched* or *toasted.* Then your voice will be heard in the chorus: I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL!

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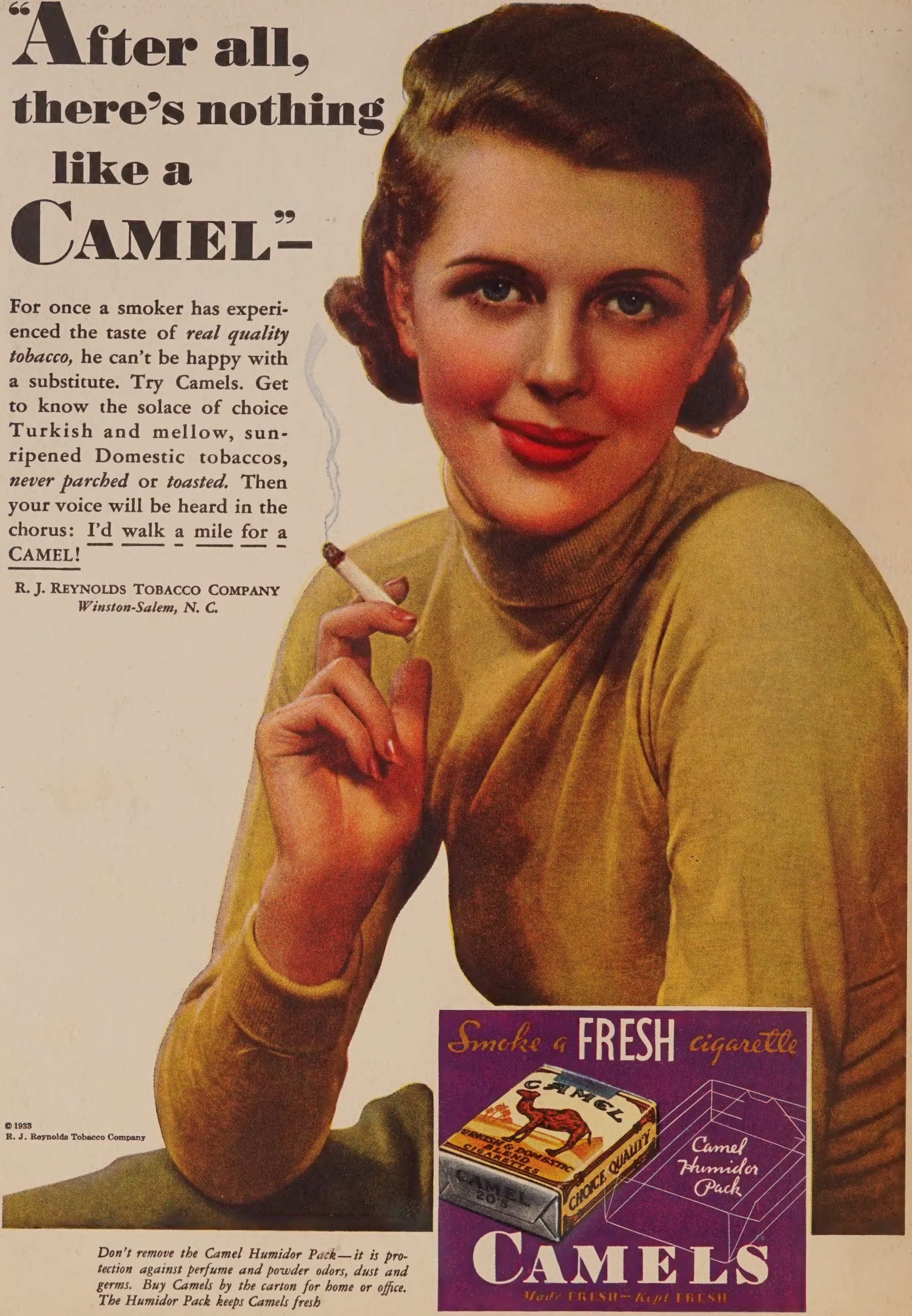

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Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

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Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S PAST REVEALED

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

10 CENTS

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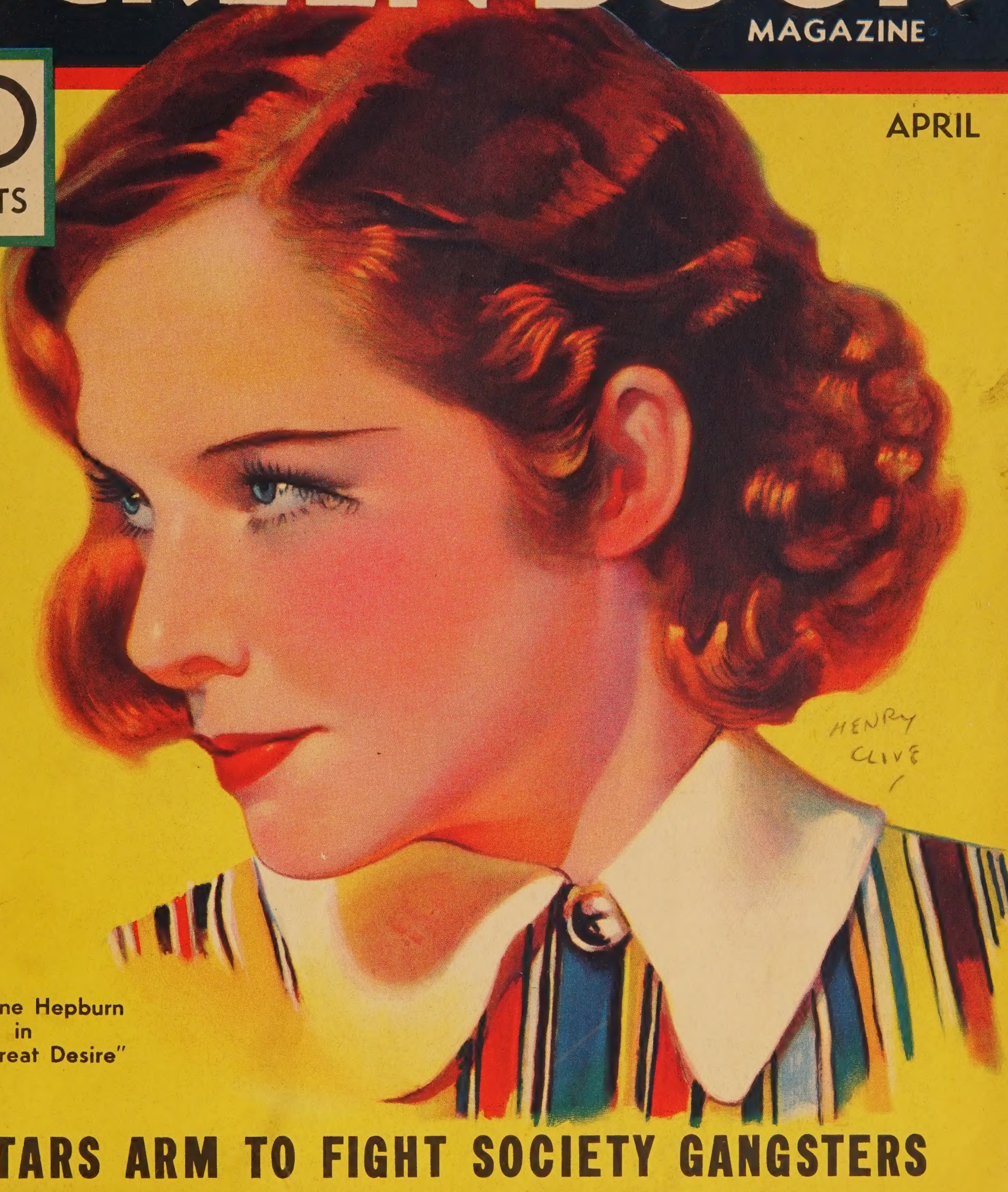


Katharine Hepburn
in
"The Great Desire"

STARS ARM TO FIGHT SOCIETY GANGSTERS

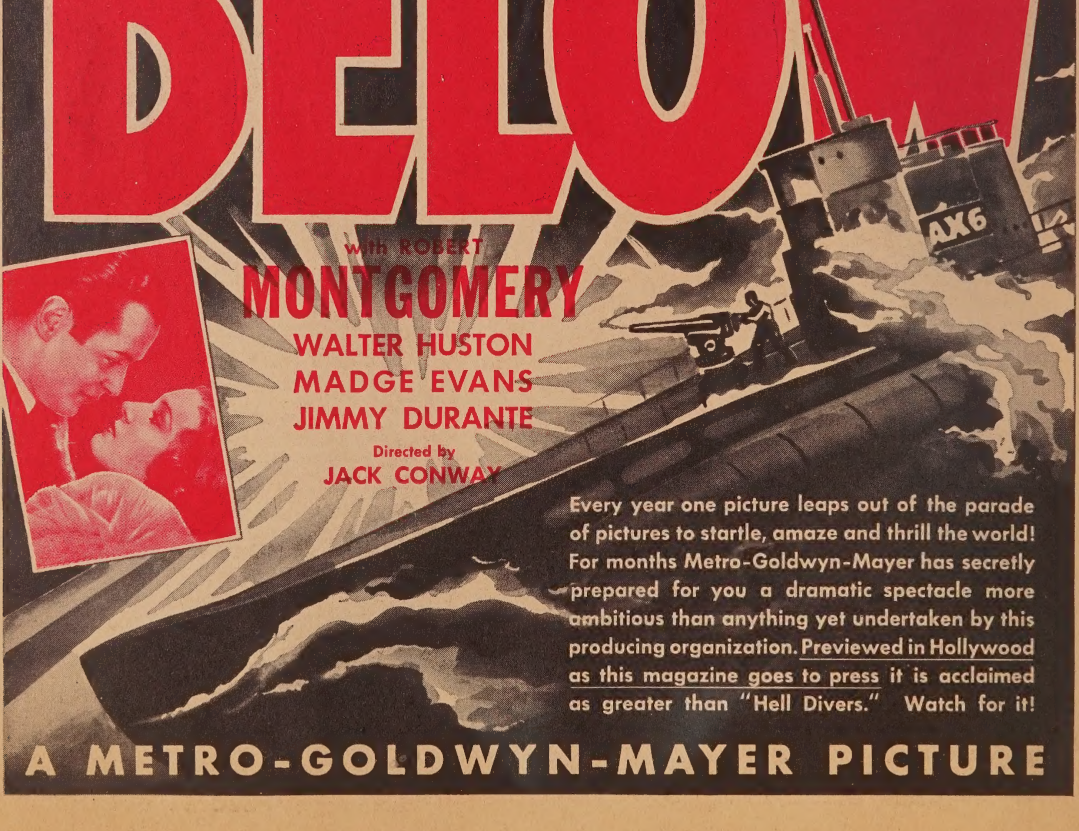
Hollywood, Calif., (Special to SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE). Hollywood is an armed camp today as stars prepared to defend themselves against the invasion of Chicago mobsters who already have robbed motion picture celebrities of $200,000 in money and jewels and caused three "ride" deaths in a crimson outburst of underworld activity.

"Shoot to kill" is the edict of the police department, as permits to carry firearms are being issued. Claire Windsor was among the first to join the rush for permits, her application being sponsored by

(Continued on page 11)

1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW



with ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
WALTER HUSTON
MADGE EVANS
JIMMY DURANTE
Directed by
JACK CONWAY

Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Never fails to use Lipstick—
Neglects her Teeth and Gums
***and she has* "pink tooth brush"!**

It has never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth — or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm — or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily — if you have "pink tooth brush"— the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good-looks of your teeth — and sometimes to the teeth themselves.

Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums firm and healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Almost immediately your teeth will brighten. Soon, you'll see an improvement in your gums. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you needn't be bothered about "pink tooth brush."

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

The Observation Post

Lilian Harvey arrives on *Europa*

- When Garbo began stalking the streets of Hollywood in corduroy trousers, we sighed. When Marlene Dietrich covered those glamorous legs with long pants, we viewed with alarm. And now comes delectable Lilian Harvey, with eighteen trunks filled with frills, and she wears—slacks! Look at 'em! Fans, arise before this menace spreads! Arise, and crush this revolt before it is too late, and the women of the nation start stealing their husband's trousers.

- Good news, Screen Bookers! Frederick James Smith, dean of movie magazine editors, has joined the staff of SCREEN BOOK magazine in charge of the eastern editorial office. His reviews, which have guided millions of fans, will appear each month in this magazine. Frederick Smith ranks high among movie magazine editors, the dean of them all. He was Jimmy Quirk's managing editor on *Photoplay,* reviewed films for *Liberty* for five years, and is a former editor of *Motion Picture, Classic, Shadowland* and *Screenland.* SCREEN BOOK is fortunate in adding this youthful veteran to its staff.

- *Sign of the Cross,* DeMille's spectacle of the Christian martyrs eaten alive in Roman arenas, proved too harrowing for some audiences . . . The film had to be snipped rigorously for showing in many spots, exhibitors claiming it out-horrored all the horror pictures . . . Claudette Colbert, prominent in this film, is nominated by Artist McClelland Barclay as the type who appeals to more classifications of men than any other Hollywood beauty . . . but we're still faithful to Garbo . . . after our fashion . . . The only actor who ever convinced us in a drinking scene is William Gargan, who buttled in *Animal Kingdom* . . . others may be funnier, but Bill looked drunker . . . You should see Lilian Harvey's Mercedes car . . . cream white with silver pipes and trimmings . . . but those trousers! Hopeful warning to all: Minna Gombell caught her heel in her slacks and sprained her ankle . . .

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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

Vol. X Contents for April, 1933 No. 3

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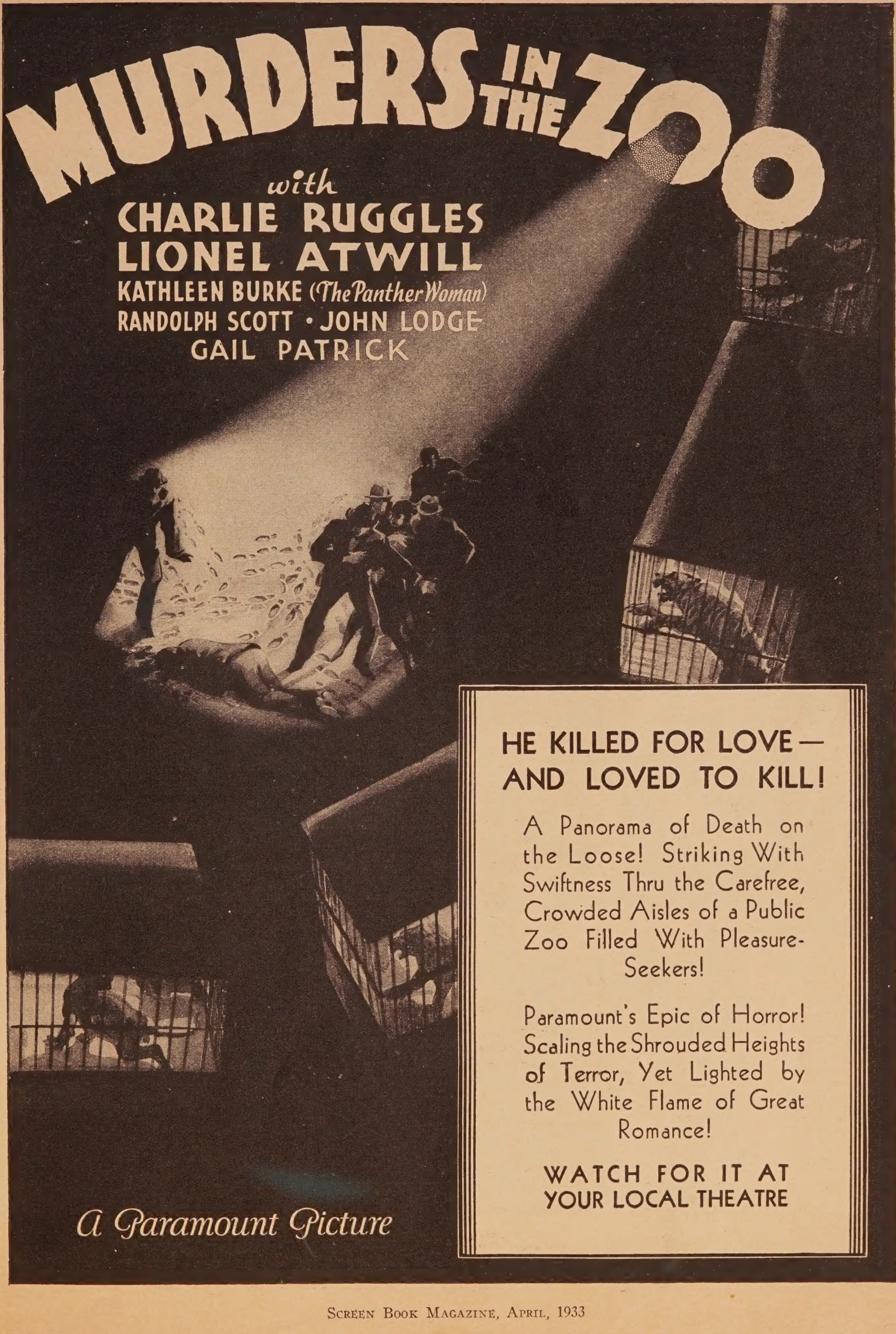


MURDERS IN THE ZOO

with

CHARLIE RUGGLES
LIONEL ATWILL
KATHLEEN BURKE (*The Panther Woman*)
RANDOLPH SCOTT • JOHN LODGE
GAIL PATRICK

HE KILLED FOR LOVE—AND LOVED TO KILL!

A Panorama of Death on the Loose! Striking With Swiftness Thru the Carefree, Crowded Aisles of a Public Zoo Filled With Pleasure-Seekers!

Paramount's Epic of Horror! Scaling the Shrouded Heights of Terror, Yet Lighted by the White Flame of Great Romance!

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

A Paramount Picture

SCOOPS from the NEWS CAMERA!

HURRAH FOR MOTHERHOOD! This late portrait shows Helen Twelvetrees signing a Paramount contract with her new son, Jack Bryan Woody looking on. Brief retirement didn't hurt Helen. She's back now as Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in *A Bedtime Story*

—*International*

HERE COMES THE BRIDE! Judge and Mrs. Benjamin Shalleck they are now. Lillian Roth, whom we suspect shouldn't be bothered with traffic tags now, snaps her fingers at a career on the stage and screen. Being domestic is her chief occupation from now on

—*Roger Kent*

SEEING DOUBLE? It isn't so. The gentlemen are not both Jimmy Cagney. At the left is brother Bill, who thrills the natives who don't know any better by signing autographs while posing as Jimmy

—*Roger Kent*

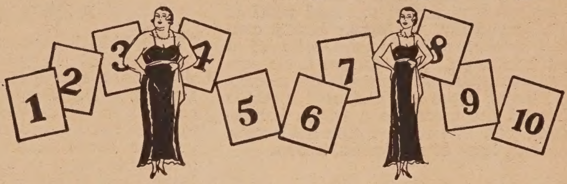
OFF ON A VACATION! Connie Bennett and her Marquis husband on deck of the Holland-American steamer, *Deltfdyk*, bound for Europe by way of the Panama canal. Read about Connie's "quota trouble" on page 8

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

..or it won't cost you a penny!



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● This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, it will not chafe, itch or irritate you for a special inner surface, of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today.

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny. . . try it for 10 days. . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage.

The coupon brings you FREE BOOKLET and sample of the Ventilated PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

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It seems almost impossible, that since last May when I first started wearing your corset **my hips have been reduced nine inches.** This reduction was made without the slightest diet.

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Before wearing the Perfolastic girdle, I was so heavy about the hips — after its continued use for a year *the fat seems to have melted away.* It prevents the accumulation of fat around hips and waist.

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"MASSAGES LIKE MAGIC"

Have really reduced five inches through the hips and two and one-half inches in the waistline—the most marvelous secret is that it massages like magic, even while you are breathing.

Miss KAY CARROLL

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic Rubber and particulars of your 10-day FREE Trial Offer.

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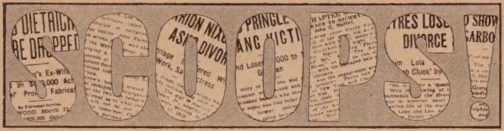
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post-card



STORIES *from* BEHIND THE HEADLINES

THERE is plenty of vital news hidden behind the screaming newspaper headlines these days—amazing stories. Some filled with laughter and gaiety; others with tears. And there are a few that are better left untold.

Tragedy

AS THIS is written, Corliss Palmer, a former Georgia peach, lies destitute and despondent in a San Francisco hospital—a victim of the mad whirl of Hollywood life. A former beauty contest winner and divorced wife of a millionaire publisher, Corliss made several unsuccessful attempts in the movies.

Blasted hopes and shattered romance hurried her career to a tragic, humiliating end. What the future holds now, no one, least of all Corliss, knows.

Gangster Menace

WITH amazing boldness and daring methods, bandits are continuing their systematic looting of the film colony while police work frantically to solve the mystery of "inside jobs."

Aileen Pringle is the latest victim, and how shocked the movie community would be if it knew the name of the light-fingered gentleman responsible. It is common suspicion that he is an intimate of well-known movie personages and a close friend of a famous couple who were his recent victims.

And So Divorce

CARDS are being dealt off the bottom of the deck to petite Marian Nixon, one of the more sensible and delightful cinema ladies. Not so many years ago she divorced prizefighter Joe Benjamin after a hectic and short journey along the marital road. Now, backed by the sympathy of the entire movie colony, she is closing the door on Richman Hillman, with whom she claims life has been no Mayday outing. Marian blames "too much money" as the cause, and it is well-known that she made attempts at reconciliation, including the recent adoption of a baby.

Peggy Fibbing?

"NO MORE husbands for me!" So declared Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who has annexed and discarded four husbands. But Peggy seems not to be quite on the up-and-up. Inside dope is that she has a great (if not permanent) yen for David Manners, a handsome, personable chap whose romance with Billie Dove is not yet ancient history. Engagement pending.

Gimmee That Child

IT SEEMS that Maurice Chevalier would like to adopt that little tike, LeRoy Weinbrener, who appears with him in *A Bedtime Story*. But there's a merry battle in the air because Peggy Joyce has the same thought. The idea! With all the men in Hollywood, la Joyce has to go cradle-robbing.

Romance At Sea

CHARLIE CHAPLIN wants to hike down the well-worn path to the altar for the third time—with the dazzling Paulette Goddard. Matrimonial seas don't worry him. The marriage plot (if it has not already been carried out by these two) will doubtless be put into execution while Paulette and Charlie spend a four weeks' vacation cruising on the Schenk yacht. Bon voyage, Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin.

Driving Us Crazy

THAT'S a batty idea—the proposition made a while back that Buster Keaton take a sanity test. Buster, who thinks that life is a gag anyway, agreed but stipulated that the gentleman of the press be present. And so-o-o—the investigation was postponed.

Those Immigration Hurdles

THE old meanies, immigration officials, are stirring the melting pot violently in Hollywood these days, with some amusing results. Connie Bennett's Hanky, the Marquis, remains in this country only as the husband of Gloria Swanson. Connie's trip abroad is no assurance that husband Hank will be granted permission to enter under the new marital arrangement. She has half a notion to throw her picture career to the winds rather than endure the thought of residing in Hollywood with a husband whose right to be an American citizen is dependant on a former marriage.

It all started with the conviction of Duncan Renaldo on the charge of claiming he was an American when he was really a "furriner." Now there are a lot of others who are quaking in their boots.

Capone Goes Hollywood

WHY did two trusted lieutenants of Al Capone hole in at one of Hollywood's leading hotels for a couple of weeks stay recently? Probably figuring to give the movie crowd a little first-hand information about gangster pictures.

Mobsters, Take Warning

THE light-fingered gentry had better stay away from the homes of Mary Brian, Adrienne Ames, Glenda Farrell, Gwili Andre and Mae Clarke. These gals have organized a pistol practice club and are looking for a nice crime wave to practice on.

Highlights In The News

KATHARINE HEPBURN, near collapse from over-work, ordered to take a complete rest after finishing *The Great Desire*—Lillian Roth gives up her career after wedding Municipal Justice Benjamin Shalleck of New York—Ronald Colman temporarily retires from the screen to appear in a Broadway play—Irene Dunne to impersonate the late Jeanne Eagels in a picture called, *No Greater Love*—Constance Cummings goes into a battle with Columbia studio in which she protests her wage rate—Maurice Chevalier discovers Leah Ray singing in the Cocoanut Grove and signs her for an important part in *A Bedtime Story*—Helen Kane weds Max Hoffman Jr.—Fifi Dorsay and Jack Dempsey romancing.

—*Newberg*

BEFORE disillusionment sent Corliss Palmer along the path of despair —a beautiful girl with high hopes for a successful career

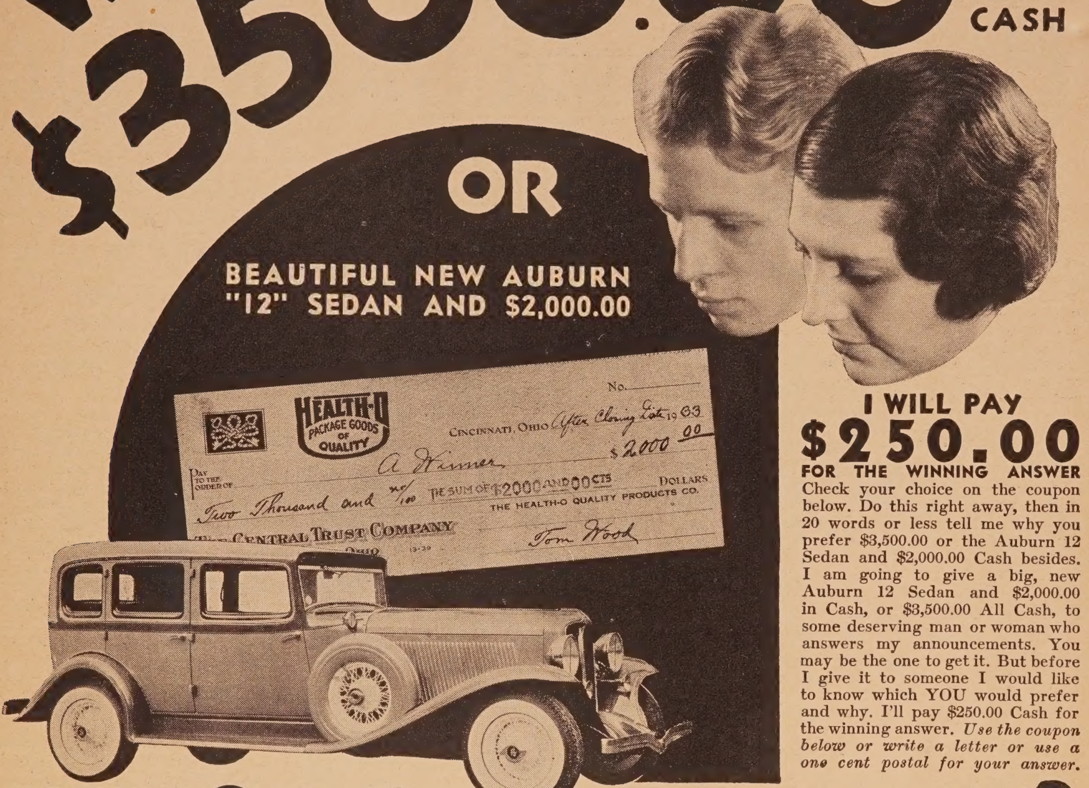
—*Acme*

AFTER failure and love disappointment—Corliss Palmer fights for recovery in a San Francisco hospital where she was brought for treatment

Win $3500.00 ALL IN CASH

OR

BEAUTIFUL NEW AUBURN "12" SEDAN AND $2,000.00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I WILL PAY $250.00 FOR THE WINNING ANSWER

Check your choice on the coupon below. Do this right away, then in 20 words or less tell me why you prefer $3,500.00 or the Auburn 12 Sedan and $2,000.00 Cash besides. I am going to give a big, new Auburn 12 Sedan and $2,000.00 in Cash, or $3,500.00 All Cash, to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. You may be the one to get it. But before I give it to someone I would like to know which YOU would prefer and why. I'll pay $250.00 Cash for the winning answer. *Use the coupon below or write a letter or use a one cent postal for your answer.*

WHICH *do you prefer... why?*

WIN $3,500.00 OR Big Auburn "12" Sedan and $2,000.00

We will distribute more than **$6,000.00** in **Grand Prizes** in a plan which is entirely separate from the Cash Prize of $250.00 which I am giving for the prize winning answer to my question, "Which Do You Prefer and Why?" **Picture for yourself what $3,500.00 would mean to you.** Yours to spend as you like—for education, home, furniture, clothes, to pay old debts or mortgages, or a small fortune for the rainy days . . . Worries quickly forgotten. Carefree, happy days yours again!

20 Simple Words Win $250.00 Cash.

Nothing more to do — Costs nothing.

Just tell me in 20 words or less: "Which Do You Prefer and Why?" Nothing more to do toward the $250.00 Cash Prize! No selling—nothing to buy. Sounds easy? It is easy. Nothing "fancy" is needed. Just write in your own words—in your own way. The very answer you are thinking of right now may be the one to win. Who knows? Send your answer today.

HUNDREDS HAVE WON

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . We have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. J. Walsh, Pennsylvania, just won $4,700.00 — E. Gritzke, New York, won $1,500.00 — Hundreds more from every state made happy with huge prizes and cash rewards. Now is YOUR opportunity — ACT TODAY!

READ THESE RULES:

Only one answer from any person or from a family. You must be over 16 years of age and reside within the United States. Style, neatness, and penmanship do not count. The judges will consider only the reasons and motives given. Your answer must be postmarked on or before May 31, 1933. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of duplicate winning answers. All replies become the property of Tom Wood, Manager.

TOM WOOD, Mgr.

H. O. Building **Dept. G-306-D** **Cincinnati, O.**

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H-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

My CHOICE IS:

☐ **Auburn "12" Sedan and $2,000.00 Cash**

☐ **$3,500.00 All Cash**

I have checked my choice and here's my answer to "Which Do You Prefer . . . Why?" (Write your answer plainly —in 20 words or less.)

....

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NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

TOWN........................... STATE.............

A Letter From the Publisher to Our Readers

Home Grown Movie Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

AMERICA needs its spirit of Nationalism jolted, and jolted hard. Throughout the world other nations are urging patriots to buy native products. In the British Empire, the slogan is "*Buy British.*" In France, billboards and newspapers exhort with: "Frenchmen, *Buy French!*"

In the last several months, William Randolph Hearst has prodded the American public through his twenty-five great newspapers, urging us to "*Buy American!*" This is the first concerted effort to "sell" Americans on the merits of American products. It should get results.

How does the campaign to "Buy American" affect the motion picture industry? Like all industries, the movies are suffering from a financial headache. We don't want to demand only American players be used in American films if barring foreigners would hurt business. Nobody wants to add to the producer's troubles.

But Hollywood teems with movie people out of work. Capable players are growing gaunt and threadbare while producers continue to import foreign players by the boatload. Where did the movie makers get the idea that a picture must have a foreign star in order to pull at the boxoffice? Our home grown product certainly is as easy to look upon and a lot easier to listen to.

Yet there is a persistent idea among producers that they must look abroad for another Garbo or another Chevalier in order to save the industry.

THERE is no need to object to the Garbos, Dietrichs, Chevaliers and other foreign stars who have made millions of dollars for American producers. The idea behind "Buy American" is not to hinder business. What should be objected to is the continued importation of foreign players, unknown and therefore without "box office" for American audiences. Let the foreign born stars who are established in the hearts of the fans remain here to make money for American producers in theaters of this country and Europe. But it's time that we gave our home grown products a chance. Garbo was a hit, so there was a stampede to duplicate her. No producer has yet succeeded, and although American audiences boost such good Yanks as the Clark Gables and Jean Harlows, producers are still busy chasing for a will-o-the-wisp successor to Garbo.

SCREEN BOOK and its sister magazines, Screen Play and Hollywood, with a following of millions, naturally have the best interests of the industry at heart, and are not campaigning for a boycott on foreign players. Just the same, American producers will be wise, when shopping for players, to BUY AMERICAN and help this country by patronizing home products.

What do you think, fans?

W. H. Fawcett
Publisher.

SCREEN BOOK
The Newsmagazine of the Movies

Vol. 10, No. 3 APRIL, 1933 10 Cents

STARS ARM TO FIGHT GANGSTERS

Betty Compson Reveals True Story of Theft!

Special to Screen Book by BETTY COMPSON

MY LIFE is more important to me than the few jewels I possess. That is why I have obeyed gangster instructions, under pain of death, and refused to *talk* about the theft of my jewels. I have been criticised for that silence.

I had no intention to hinder the Detective department, and give here the facts I later revealed to them.

The day of the robbery I had a terrific cold. It was the servants day off, but my personal maid volunteered to remain with me. During the afternoon, Bebe Daniels 'phoned and invited me to a party at her beach home, but I declined on the ground that I might carry germs to little Barbara Bebe or some of the guests.

At 6:30 P. M., I told the maid I was feeling much better, and that she might as well go out. She hesitated about leaving me alone, so I suggested that she 'phone Mr. Leshin, and ask him over. He arrived in a few minutes, and the maid departed.

We were playing Russian Bank in the living-room. The entire house was illuminated, and the blinds were up as usual.

I glanced at the clock above the fireplace, and it registered 10:10. Before I could turn my attention back to the cards, the doorbell rang. I excused myself, and went into the reception hall, opening the door about six inches.

I was greeted by a man in overcoat and slouch hat, whom, I would judge, was about thirty years old. He held out an envelope.

"A message for Miss Compson, and it requires a reply," he said.

"I am Miss Compson," I told him, and [*Continued on page* 12]

Mae West, Zeppo Marx and Ruth Chatterton Are Among Those Robbed By Hollywood "Raffles" Directing Gangsters' Depredations

(*Continued from cover*)

HOLLYWOOD is an armed camp today as stars prepared to defend themselves against the invasion of Chicago mobsters who already have robbed motion picture celebrities of $200,000 in money and jewels and caused three "ride" deaths in a crimson outburst of underworld activity.

"Shoot to kill" is the edict of the police department, as permits to carry firearms are being issued. Claire Windsor was among the first to join the rush for permits, her application being sponsored by District Attorney Buron Fitts.

Following the mysterious return of the Compson jewels after payment of "ransom," Chief of Detectives Taylor declared that the bandit depredations are the work of Chicago gangsters operating under a "finger man" intimately acquainted with Hollywood stars. The new racket is directed by a Hollywood playboy, Chief Taylor asserts, and backed by Chicago gunmen who will stop at nothing.

Betty Compson wearing the diamond necklace and earrings from the stolen collection valued at $40,000. Left: Joe Taylor, Chief of Detectives, who failed to persuade Betty to aid police, while under the bandit's death threat

"I AM positive," he declared, "that a prominent and highly-respected playboy pal of the movie people is serving as *finger-man* for the invading racketeers, marking the sheep to be sheared, reporting their movements and suggesting methods of approach."

The official insists he actually knows the identity of this Society Raffles!

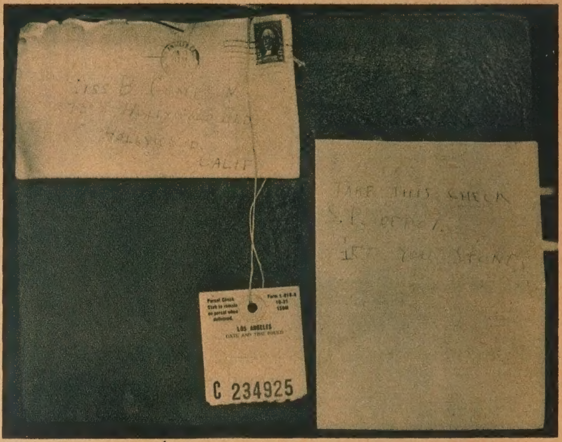
Meanwhile, the movie colony announces through actions rather than words that it is through paying financial tribute to the underworld!

Sporting goods dealers report heavy increases in sales of revolvers, rifles and ammunition to the luminaries, more than 100 of whom, including Claire Windsor, have applied for and been granted permits to tote pistols on their persons. Police dogs, long passé with the studio "400", are again in demand. Unemployed veterans possessing sharp-shooters' medals are finding jobs as bodyguards and residential watchmen.

The war is on!

Perpetrators of this current crime [*Continued on page* 12]

Betty Compson's Stolen Jewels Are Recovered



—*Acme*

Through this baggage check, received in the mail, Betty Compson's attorney recovered $40,000 in stolen jewels. Betty refused to sign a police report, preferring to use other means to get her jewels back

—*International*

Ever since gangsters threatened to kidnap Marlene Dietrich's little daughter, Maria, unless she paid $100,000, the star has employed several bodyguards. Her chauffeur, Harry Wright, who attended the king of Belgium during the war, is expert at protecting her from "cranks" and menacing racketeers

$5000.00
WANT Cash
MONEY
When Beware
double-cross
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET
KIDNAPING or Your Life

—*Acme*

Newspaper clippings pasted together warned Baron William Von Brinken, noted writer, to deliver $5,000 under threat of kidnaping or death

Betty Compson Reveals Story of Theft

[*Continued from page* 11]

reached out for the letter, but he pushed open the door and strode into the room.

"You'll have to wait outside!" I insisted, and I guess my startled tone alarmed Mr. Leshin, for he rushed out to my side.

The intruder then drew a revolver, jabbed it's barrel into my stomach with such brute force that it jolted my backbone, and announced:

"Sorry, but this is a *stick-up*, and no foolin'!"

I was paralyzed with fright. Playing gangsters' molls on the screen had broadened my education, but no part of my histrionic training had ever prepared me for this.

"You can take what you want," I said, pleadingly, "but please don't harm us!"

He demanded the whereabouts of my jewels. I replied that they were in a box on top of my dresser.

Instructing me to lead the way, and pushing Mr. Leshin ahead of him, that awful gun now in Mr. Leshin's back, we started up the

[*Continued on page* 57]

Stars Arm to Fight Gangsters

[*Continued from page* 11]

wave, which really had its inception with the kidnapping of Jake Caress, millionaire betting commissioner to prosperous Hollywoodians, and threats of a similar fate for Marlene Dietrich's little daughter, Maria, unless the mother passed over $100,000, have daily grown bolder in their depredations.

Close on the heels of the recent robbery of Betty Compson of $41,500 worth of gems in her own home, two automatic-equipped hoodlums walked into the Hollywood abode of District Attorney Buron Fitts, stripped his official protector of weapon and badge, and relieved Fitts and his guests of their cash and trinkets. Two weeks later, the same pair called at the Beverly Hills residence of Acting Federal Prosecutor Gwynn Redwine, forcing the lawyer and his dinner companions to "shell out."

Authorities are convinced that Capone's minions pulled the Fitts and Redwine "jobs" solely for the purpose of heralding their contempt for the law!

It was but a month after the Caress kidnapping and the demand on Marlene that Josef von Sternberg, then Marlene's director, was seized by three men as he stepped from his apartment in broad daylight, bundled into a waiting sedan and whisked off to an isolated spot in the Hollywood hills, where he was robbed and tossed from the car.

It was this nerve-racking experience that caused him to have his home equipped with steel doors and iron window

[*Continued on page* 54]

Script Boy Dies In Crawford's Arms

A great studio mourns as tragedy claims the life of the script boy whom Joan Crawford befriended

Paul Schrebnick, the script boy who was admired and respected by Hollywood's greatest stars, with Joan Crawford on the set of *Today We Live.* Only a few short hours after this picture was taken he passed away in Joan's arms

Director Richard Boleslavsky and Paul on the set of *Rasputin.* The famous director-writer made it possible for Paul to give Joan Crawford a valuable set of books for a Christmas present. Joan cherishes the gift as the vivid memory of a great friendship

By JACK GRANT

HE WAS only a script clerk, just a boy earning thirty dollars a week. But he was a personality with a million dollars worth of friendships.

Quietly, unobtrusively, he has been sitting on this stage or that on the big Metro lot "holding script" for the greatest stars in the business. If Greta Garbo, the Barrymores, Ethel, Lionel and John; Norma Shearer or Clark Gable made the slightest mistake in their lines, it was his duty to correct them.

Now he has gone and his passing threw an entire studio into mourning.

Paul Schrebnick was fatally injured Christmas Eve in an automobile accident. Taken to a hospital, he moaned one name—"Joan Crawford!"

A hospital physician phoned Joan at home. He told her of the boy's condition and said an operation was necessary to give him a fighting chance for life.

With her personal physician, Joan rushed to the hospital. She stood by while he operated in an attempt to relieve a blood clot on Paul's brain. But death had marked Paul and he breathed his last as Joan held him in her arms. Had he known, he undoubtedly would have died with a smile.

JOAN had long been Paul's favorite of favorites. He admired her from afar in that quiet way of his. But not until *Letty Lynton* was he afforded the opportunity of working on one of her pictures. The happiest moment of his life, he always said, was when he was given the script of *Letty Lynton.*

Joan was immediately attracted to the youngster. In a land of artificialities, he was a genuine person unspoiled by his surroundings. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. met the lad and became so absorbed in talking to him that he forgot a dinner engagement with Joan. She came upon them, deep in conversation, and packed them both off to dine.

During the meal, Paul hardly touched his food. Accustomed though he was to being the guest of famous folks—he was a frequent visitor to the homes of Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery, Jean Hersholt, John Miljan and countless others. He is even said to have lunched once or twice with Garbo in her dressing room.

He became one of Joan's most ardent champions, willing to fight any person who spoke in even slight disparagement of her. How far he took his championship of Joan is illustrated by his feud against John Barrymore.

It is doubtful if the full details of this feud would ever have been known had not Barrymore, himself elected to tell the story.

[*Continued on page 70*]

Dick Powell's Divorce Revealed

By BOB MOAK

Stuart Erwin, Mary Brian, June Collyer and Dick Powell at a recent first night. Mary and Dick are now constant companions

Dick Powell

Startled by the revelation that Dick Powell has an ex-wife, Hollywood expects his divorce to be followed by marriage to Mary Brian

IF DICK POWELL'S overwhelming weakness for the beautiful Mary Brian eventually leads them to the altar, they will tread a marital path paved with the sincere blessings of the ex-Mrs. Powell.

That *is* news, especially in view of the fact that there are hundreds of Dick Powell fans who have simply taken it for granted that their favorite was a bachelor.

Dick, however, was actually a benedict until a short while ago, when an understanding judge down in Little Rock, Arkansas, his old home town, severed the ties that had bound him to the aristocratic and charming Mildred Maund since 1925.

It was Mildred's inbred dislike for the theatre that brought them to a final yet friendly parting of the ways nearly two years ago, long before the fellow with the million dollar personality boomed his way to fame in the talkies.

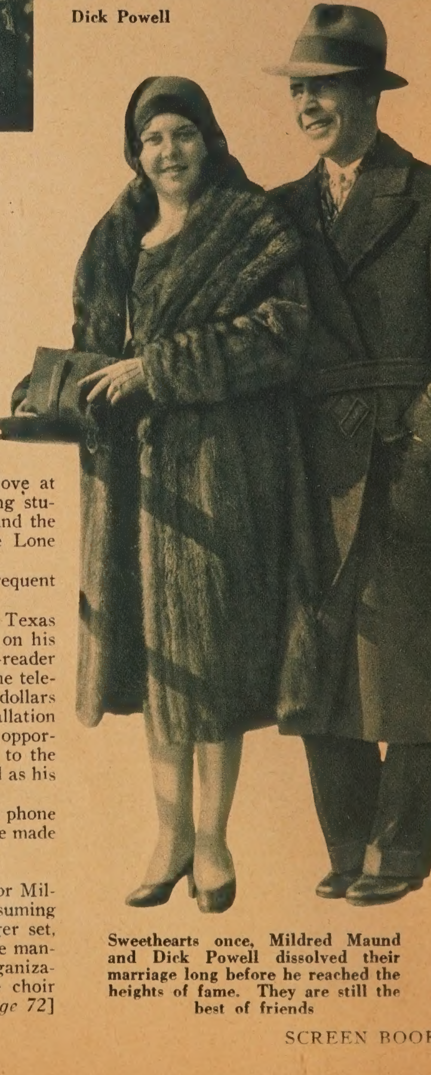
Dick's ill-fated marriage was the culmination of a romance that had its inception during his early high school days. He met Mildred, whose wealthy parents resided in Hemphill, Texas, while she was the guest of an aunt in Little Rock. It was a case of love at first sight for the handsome young student, cornetist and choir-singer and the pretty and refined lass from the Lone Star State.

Mildred found excuses for frequent trips to Little Rock after that.

She was already enrolled in a Texas university when Dick struck out on his public utility career as a meter-reader for the gas corporation. When the telephone company offered him five dollars more a week to work in its installation department, he jumped at the opportunity, for it brought him nearer to the hour when he could claim Mildred as his bride.

When he was made head of the phone company's new business bureau, he made a date with the parson.

THERE was a period of bliss for Mildred and Dick—Mildred assuming leadership of Little Rock's younger set, Dick driving for his dual goal, the managerial post with the telephone organization and the directorship of the choir in which he [*Continued on page* 72]

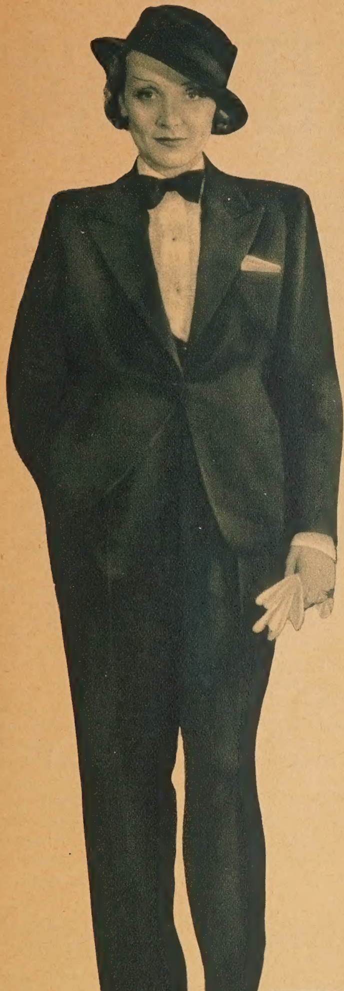


Sweethearts once, Mildred Maund and Dick Powell dissolved their marriage long before he reached the heights of fame. They are still the best of friends

Dietrich Declares A Truce

At peace with her foes, Marlene Dietrich prepares merrily for temporary retirement

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



When Marlene Dietrich appears in public women stand and stare and men gaze open-mouthed but in Berlin, where she is returning soon, people will think nothing of her mannish garb, she says

IN HOLLYWOOD today it is a question which is causing the greatest sensation, Marlene Dietrich's full-rigged trousers or her new Pollyanna-like personality.

Until recently the glamorous Dietrich hid her mannish attire behind the eleven tough mugs who form her bodyguard. She had a scowl for the public and a frown for the press and woe to the candid cameraman who tried to focus his little box on Marlene. Today she beams like a Congressman up for re-election. She poses, pants and all, for any cameraman who feels the itch to click a shutter and the boys and girls of the press are her own little palsy-walsies.

Hollywood, delighted, grins back at her and opines that it is because she is for the first time away from the malign influence of Von Sternberg. Marlene smiles gaily and tips her neat grey hat at a more jaunty angle.

"Poof! Jo, he has nothing to do with it. I am going home, that is why I am happy!"

And Marlene is going home! The minute the last scene of *Song of Songs* is in the can, she and little Maria are going to trade Hollywood Boulevard for *Unter den Linden*, as fast as train, plane and boat will let them. Marlene, attired in grey flannel suit, tan pumps and four-in-hand tie, told me all about it.

"Why make so much mystery because I want to go home?" she demanded, a slight frown on her pallid brow. "I am German and I am homesick for Germany, that is all. They say I hate Hollywood and America but that is not so. I will be glad to go away for it has been nothing but trouble for me here—fighting with the studio—protecting Maria from the gangsters, but I do not hate it. Will I come back? Certainly; if I find a story I like to make, why not?"

On the Boulevard and in the cafés, Marlene is still the perfect model for what the well-dressed young man will wear. Women stand and stare while men gaze open-mouthed as she swaggers along. At openings and in the night clubs, she treats the natives to a well-cut Tuxedo with wing collar, bow tie and all the [*Continued on page* 65]

Marlene made dire threats against the cameraman who caught this picture as she supervised the daily swim of her little daughter, Maria, in the outdoor pool at the El Mirado hotel in Palm Springs

Little Maria has a complete wardrobe of male attire to match her mother's. They were snapped informally at Palm Springs while dressed for an outing

Exploding those HARLOW

Sitting over there on the other page is the Harlow we see in the movies. But is she like that in real life? We asked Jerry Lane, one of her good friends, and Miss Lane blew up the Harlow myth with this explosion of inside information

Would you give your best dress to an extra girl? That comes pretty close to being the sort who'll give you "the shirt off his back"—and that's descriptive of Jean Harlow

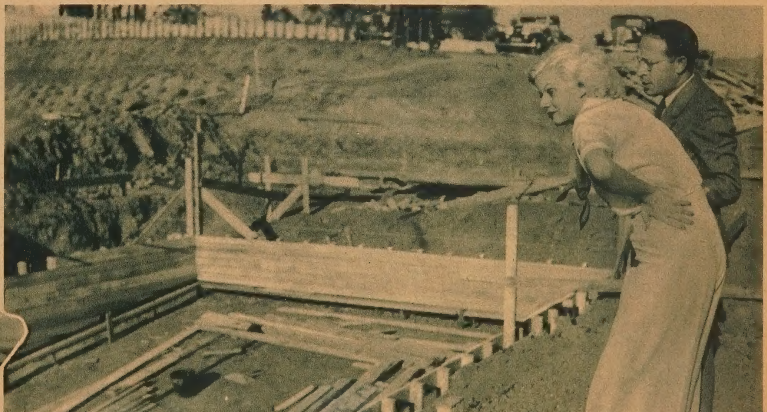
TAKE your last look, lads and lassies, at that voluptuous vamp, Jean Harlow. The so-called siren of the screen who is supposed to be as devastating to the male of the species as the Seven Sisters of Capri. The eat-'em-alive Harlow.

Take your last look because I am about to explode the lady. Yes, I realize that isn't done in the best circles but, you see, she's only a myth anyway. A mere illusion done up in celluloid.

The flesh-and-blood Jean Harlow is as far removed from that popular conception of her as—but wait. I'm going to tell you a few things and then you can draw your own conclusions.

We'll have to begin one day late last summer. It was the kind of morning that makes you heady, like very old, very fine wine. You know? Stillness and golden lights and enchanting greens. A time for confidences. From her perch on the edge of the swimming pool Jean looked up at me. She has a clear candid look, the unconscious gaze of a child. Her white bathing suit contrasted vividly with the deep tan of her skin and she lay stretched out in the sun, hands beneath her head. We were talking about fear—fear of what life can do to you.

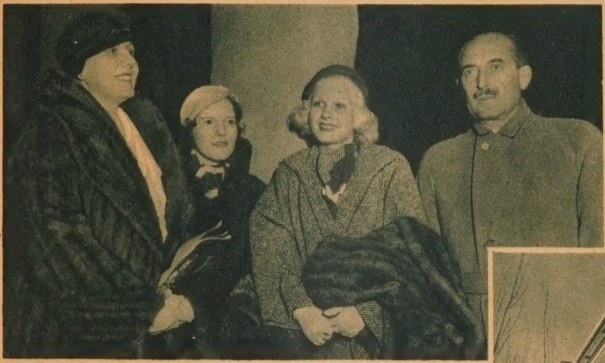
"You know," she said slowly as if she were thinking aloud, "I think fear is *faith in evil instead of faith in good.* Believing always that the worst is going to happen. What if it does? Nothing can hurt you, the real *you,* if you're honest with your-



A homewrecker in the movies, Jean is a homebuilder in real life. Here she is inspecting her new home, with her manager

By Jerry Lane

MYTHS



Jean is the "Baby" to her family. This snap, taken recently by SCREEN BOOK's cameraman, shows her mother, Mrs. Bello; her secretary, Jean, and her step-father, Marino Bello

Jean Harlow's new home, started before her marriage and now completed

Jean's philosophy of life, revealed in this intimate story, shows why she is not afraid to play hard-boiled rôles

self and everything you go into. The biggest sins to my mind are being scared to accept what life offers you . . . and hypocrisy . . ." She threw a pebble into the pool and watched the ripples for a long moment.

"My grandfather taught me that. He was rather a wonderful old man. He told me, 'Kidlet, just remember that life is like a huge department store. There are a lot of things in it to choose from. Gaudy things without value, tinsel, and beautiful stuff. But *everything* has a price tag. Know what you're getting before you buy it—and once you've bought it don't be the kind of person who throws the bill in the waste basket.' That was his creed. It's my mother's too. And I've made it mine.

"When I'm old I don't want to look back and think, 'Harlow, you've muffed your cue. You've let life slip through your fingers—like water. *You have been afraid . . .*'

"As long as I'm true to myself it doesn't matter what people say about me, Jerry. I am twenty-one. I've known some pretty grand moments . . . and some pretty black ones," her eyes clouded. As I look back on it now, I wonder if it wasn't a prophetic shadow for the blackest moment of all lay just ahead of her.

Less than five days later Jean, the bride, became Jean, the widow. And Hollywood in general was getting its first real glimpse of Jean, the woman . . .

The Jean Harlow I know and whom I have come to love. A girl of warm, generous impulses and loyalty and an honesty that amounts to a magnificent religion. She came through the severest trial a woman has ever been asked to undergo, sorrowful but unscathed. She lived up to the truly beautiful philosophy she outlined for me that summer morning in a way that had me—mentally at least—saluting her. A royal salute.

But I wasn't surprised. Not after knowing her past. Her past, did I say? Every "vamp" has one, of course, and wait until I tell you about *hers!* I stumbled onto it some time ago quite by accident.

An extra had been singled out by a director for a test and, woman-fashion, the first thing I noticed was the gown she was wearing. It was one of those luscious soft white satins trimmed with sable.

"There's a story that goes with it," she said, her eyes shining, when I remarked about it. "It made me believe in Santa Claus all over again . . . You know how hard it is to get work as an extra if you haven't a wardrobe? I didn't have a job for months and you could see twice through my coat it was that thin. Then one night a casting director called me and said there was a place for me on a ballroom 'set'—good for four days' work—if I had the proper clothes. I was so desperate I didn't know what to do. On a chance I 'phoned Jean Harlow. I'd been in one of her pictures once and she was so friendly.

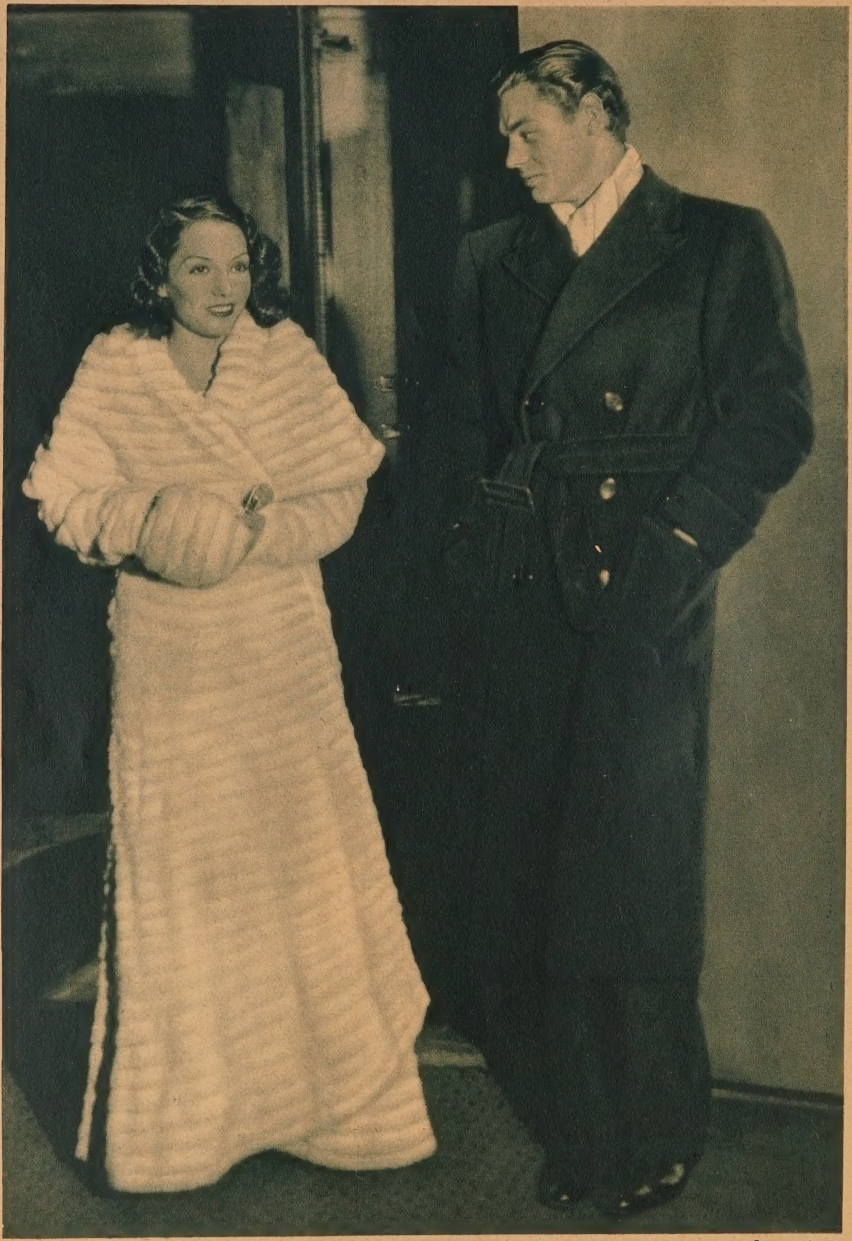
"Do you know what she did? She hopped in her car right away and came over with an armful of clothes. This was among them. Those clothes have enabled me to work ever since and now I'm lucky enough to get this test!"

All of which set me to thinking. So I delved a little deeper—Jean never has enough dresses hanging in her closet to donate an armful at any time. She has a small, exquisitely planned wardrobe, and for the most part she lives in the simplest of sport togs. I sought out her mother for a light on the matter and she gave it to me with a reminiscent chuckle.

"Jean believed in this girl's ability—she's a lovely young person—and when she telephoned, the Baby said: 'Mother, with the right clothes to help her

[*Continued on page 60*]

A Boy and a Girl Romancing



—International

Lupe and Johnny

Will it end at the altar? That's hard to say. Lupe, the fiery Mexican man-catching Velez, says she no stick to one man forever. Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller is on record against wedding again. At any rate, this merry romance still flames. But how long, Hollywood wonders? How long?

A fiery answer to the vicious whisperings about Hollywood's most famous young married couple

By
Miriam
Gibson

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

DOUG JR. BLASTS DIVORCE RUMORS!

RUMORS may come and rumors may go but Doug and Joan go serenely on together.

"I can't tell you *why* our marriage is a success. It just is." Douglas Fairbanks Jr. makes no pretense. He says this in absolute sincerity.

"Every six months, people start some kind of talk about Joan and me—either that we're mushy, or nasty, insinuating tales such as have been going around lately. They just won't leave us alone.

"At first we used to be terribly upset—particularly Joan. Now we merely look at each other and shrug our shoulders.

"It's very much like the innocent man who is condemned to die. Every court may declare him guilty, but if he knows himself to be innocent he is unafraid—indifferent to the opinions of others. That is exactly the way we feel about rumors. We know they're not true and that is all that matters.

"These stories are just the semi-annual thing that has been going on ever since Joan and I became engaged. There's no stopping Hollywood. Although it's a city of over a million people, the small group of movie folk is just like a small town. They're ready to pounce on everything with the worst thoughts. They're positively vicious. They just dare you to be contented. They resent your being happy!

"But it's unfair! If a man is in the shoe business and makes a pair of shoes, you can say to him, 'I don't like your work,' but that doesn't mean that you object to him personally. He can rectify the error in workmanship.

"But with us—people try to tear down our personalities. They pull us apart, bit by bit, and we can not retaliate. It's the most cruel thing in the world."

Although Douglas Fairbanks Jr. was practically born in show business, he has a sensitive nature that must revolt at such crudities, such insinuating fallacies, such downright lies, as are flung at him. He has the temperament of an artist—keen, fine, idealistic. His hobbies are sculpturing, painting, music, all the higher and finer arts.

DID you know that when he first met Joan, they disliked each other to the nth degree? She was being escorted by Doug's closest friend, and nearly broke up this friendship.

"I thought she was terrible—and the feeling was mutual. She thought I was the most con-

[*Continued on page* 59]

All Over the Lot

Intimate little inside stories revealing what goes on behind the scenes during the shooting of new pictures

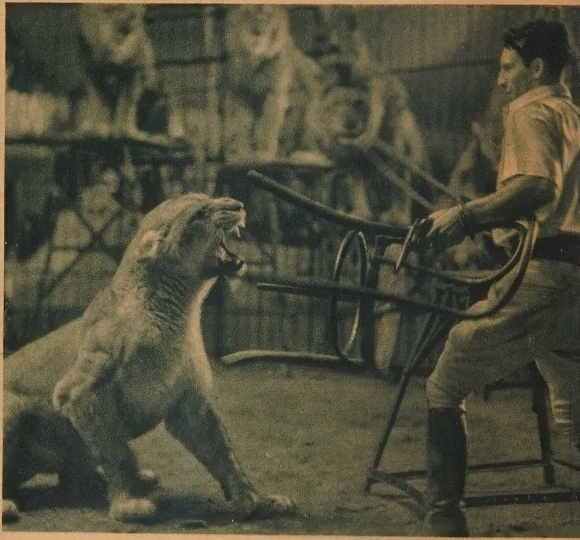
"EVERYBODY quiet—we're turning!"

It's a magic cry on studio sets. The moment for a "take" is here. There is a last gentle tiptoeing. Sentences are left hanging in mid-air. A prop boy rushes out with a card on which the number of the scene to be taken is registered. There is a clap of hands. The director has given the signal to the actors that they are to begin their lines.

This is the *Today We Live* set. Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper. The scene is a dismal London dock. A lone watchman paces up and down. The fog is sifting down, rain is drizzling. The mood is caught and held. Behind scenes a red light flashes—it is the signal for Joan—in slouch hat, in laced boots and breeches, with a raincoat girdled close around her, she steps into the picture. She walks hastily, and suddenly stops—she asks the watchman a question—and he answers, and midway blows up in his lines.

"Cut," the director calls. Cameras stop. The scene is animated again, and Joan laughs until the tears come. For you see instead of saying, "The ships are coming in—I've just had a call fom the lookout" the bit player had said, "I've just had a call from the outhouse."

Oh, well, the scene is ruined, and Director Howard Hawks gets ready for another take.



There's plenty of noise and excitement at Universal studio where Clyde Beatty puts his animals through the paces for *The Big Cage*. The gun in his hand is loaded with "blanks"

Who is it? None other than the four times wed Peggy Hopkins Joyce, appearing in Paramount's *International House* with Rudy Vallée. Grant Withers was the first Hollywood man to take the lovely Peggy night-clubbing upon her arrival

Rough Comedy

ON THE *What, No Beer!* set, that hilarious comedy in which Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton are partners in crime, the air is heavy with the fumes of beer. The scene is in a brewery. There are hundreds of barrels—and some have memory-tickling names of long defunct breweries on them. There is a gay informality about extras and players. In a corner Buster Keaton is tap-dancing while a long arm is put on the "mike" for the next scene. His seventy-year-old father comes in and shows Buster what tap-dancing should be, and for good measure does acrobatic stunts, reminiscent of the time when the Three Keatons—Mr. and Mrs. and little Buster were specialists in that line.

The informal air disappears with Director Ed Sedgewick's "All right, we're ready, Buster." And so Keaton climbs to the platform from which a twenty-four-foot chute descends. And John Miljan, unconscious seemingly, is trundled towards that chute by Buster and dumped down. It's the end of a bad racketeer who is trying to muscle in on Jimmy's and Buster's illegal business. Down comes Mr. Miljan—thump—thump—and he lands outside of camera focus. Fortunately—for friendly hands are there to help him to his feet—and a nurse is inspecting him for bumps and abrasions.

That scene wasn't any good. So Mr. Miljan is dusted off and takes that trip down the chute again. Somehow, there's a hopeful look on that nurse's face. The afternoon is young, and by the time that scene is taken to the satisfaction of the director, who can tell, Mr. Miljan *might* need her attention.

with Sonia Lee

Clark Gable and Helen Hayes perform a poignant love scene for *The White Sister*, a picture immortalized in silent days by Ronald Colman and Lillian Gish

Gable Is Wounded

METRO seems to have gone hospital. On *The White Sister* set with Helen Hayes and Clark Gable there is another attentive nurse, but this one is supervising the correct way of putting Gable's arm in splints. America's Heart-throb is ostensibly a wounded aviator, who has been taken in by kindly Austrian peasants. A row of pig-tailed children and girls are gathered about his bed.

The bandages are a light blue, incidentally, because blue photographs a dead white. "Now, if somebody will only give me a nail, I can put this splint on permanently," the prop man remarks. Clark vetoes the notion—after all, it's *his* arm. And now Clark is all bandaged; the gay little peasants have taken their place, and assumed the proper expressions of awe. The scene is set. "Everybody quiet—we're rolling." The cameras continue their record of a story immortalized in 1923, in the days of silents, by Ronald Colman and Lillian Gish.

Comedy Stuff

LOOK! A hotel room. A dresser. A telephone. A table with a pitcher of water and a single glass on it. Sitting on the bed are three sailors. Jimmy Dunn, Sammy Cohen and Frank Moran. Three sailors on shore leave and they're hunting through the telephone book—for telephone numbers of casually-met girls. They're having trouble remembering whether the lady lived on Oak or on [*Continued on page* 52]

Buster Keaton is given a shave by Jimmy Durante in a scene from *What, No Beer!*

Jimmy Cagney as the flippant newspaper cameraman in *The Picture Snatcher* tries his wiles on Alice White, with whom he appears for the first time on the screen

"Cocoanuts to you, you big ape!" leers Charlie Ruggles as Coy, the four-year-old chimpanzee, begs for a kiss. *Murders in the Zoo* has one of the most interesting sets at Paramount studios

Hollywood Returns to Its First Love ~ *Reviews by*

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Eastern Editor of SCREEN BOOK

Mr. Smith is the dean of movie critics for magazine readers. Millions have been guided by his reviews in Photoplay, Liberty, and other publications. He will review pictures exclusively for *Screen Book* Magazine

Benita Hume, Lee Tracy and Lya Lys in *Clear All Wires*

Joan Blondell and Chester Morris in *Blondie Johnson*

MUSICAL films are coming back!

When the sound films first began to crawl around and squawk, the Hollywood producers plunged into the making of musical pictures. Hundreds of song writers were imported from Tin Pan Alley, dance creators were shipped West by the carload, and every Hollywood studio looked like back stage at the *Follies*. *Broadway Melody*, the first of the musicals, was a crash hit. In fact, it was never equalled, either in popularity or merit. The musical films finally flopped—because the movie producers lacked ingenuity. Lubitsch, Chevalier and a few others turned out an occasional song-and-story film but essentially the making of musical pictures stopped.

Now Hollywood, seeking a new field of film activity, is going to try it all again.

42ND STREET—AAA

THE Warners believe they have a real hit in *42nd Street*—and I am inclined to agree with them. If it turns out to be a success, as it should, then watch for the deluge of musical pictures. This has adroitness of presentation, an all-star cast, hosts of pretty girls, hot and furious dancing, enough plot to carry the thing along. The story? A producer's last stand. He has to have a big hit or else. Does he do it? With that cast? Don't ask! You can pick your own hits of the cast but my selections are Bebe Daniels and Ruby Keeler, who, you know, is the wife of Al Jolson. Al may never repeat his first great hit on the screen but Mrs. Jolson is going on to do bigger and better things, or I miss my guess. This picture landed a contract for her, so watch. *(Warners).*

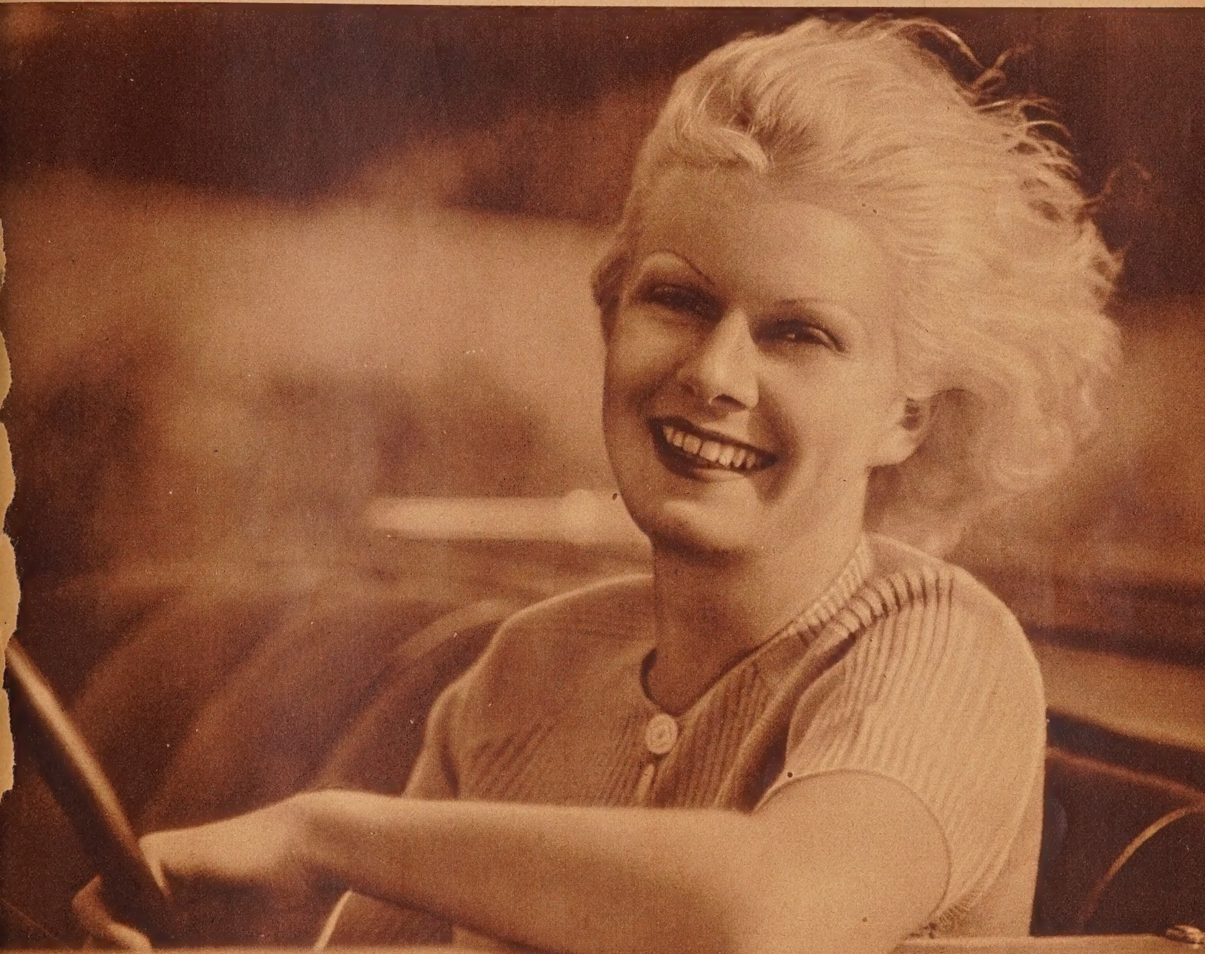
STATE FAIR—AAA

PHIL STONG'S novel attracted a lot of interest because it showed farmers as getting a little fun out of life. Mr. Stong's farmers were not the dour, beaten tillers of the soil you usually encounter in bucolic fiction. The film has retained this. It is a simple, unobtrusive tale, this story of a family's annual trip to the state fair: Pa Frake to exhibit his prize Hampshire hog; Ma Frake to try for a prize with her pickles and mincemeat; Wayne and Malissa Frake in quest of excitement. Pa cops first prize with his Blue Boy, Ma gets her blue ribbons, the son and daughter break their hearts (or think they do) in brief romances. This film boasts a star cast, with Will Rogers (no longer the international philosopher with the weight of the ages on his shoulders but

Famous Faces

Each month a different studio will be represented in Screen Book's gallery of portraits. Here Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, whose trade-mark lion roars with pride over its Famous Faces, presents some of its favorite players

Photographed exclusively for Screen Book by William Grimes



Jean Harlow

● She has gone through sorrow that would have wilted a less courageous lady. She has enacted rôles of loose-lived sirens and kept her make-believe screen life from echoing in her private life. And you'll fall in love with her all over again after reading the straight-from-the-shoulder story in this issue about Jean Harlow, whom Hollywood nominates as one "stout fella"

Jimmy Durante

● Technocracy? Jimmy invented it. Jig-saw puzzles? Jimmy jigged the first jig. But it is on the subject of Love that Schnozzle Durante shines, and he proves it in his new comedy, "What, No Beer!," with Buster Keaton. Listen to Schnozzle explain it all to Keaton while he is giving Frozen Face a shave, and there won't be a laugh left in your system. That pair will get 'em all

Clark Gable

● This fortunate young man, still amazed at his own good luck, wears the same size hat as when he started in pictures. That dizzy sensation of standing on the heights has given Gable the poise and mental equilibrium he needed, in both his private and his public life. In "The White Sister" with Helen Hayes, Gable takes another step toward a fame that will be hard to pass

Joan Crawford

● In that big book which lists the boxoffice favorites of America, Joan Crawford's name is at the top. The public put her there with votes registered in ringing coins on the counters of the theatres showing her pictures. No foreign importation competes with Miss Crawford's top position. To her all the credit, for she is self-made and an all-American product

Robert Montgomery

● When the part calls for a gay lad with a twinkle of mischief in his eye, the director thinks immediately of Bob Montgomery. Given a "schnozzle" he might have been a premier comedian. As it is he is a premier leading man, a star in his own right and one of the most popular of the young gentlemen who roam the Metro lot. A tip—don't miss seeing him in "Hell Below"

The TRUTH *about*

Revealed by a former Georgia Convict to Jack Grant

"Jack Miller"
He slaved in Georgia convict gangs. He knew "The Fugitive" and suffered the tortures described by Burns. Here he tells the truth about that strange little fellow who won freedom because of a motion picture

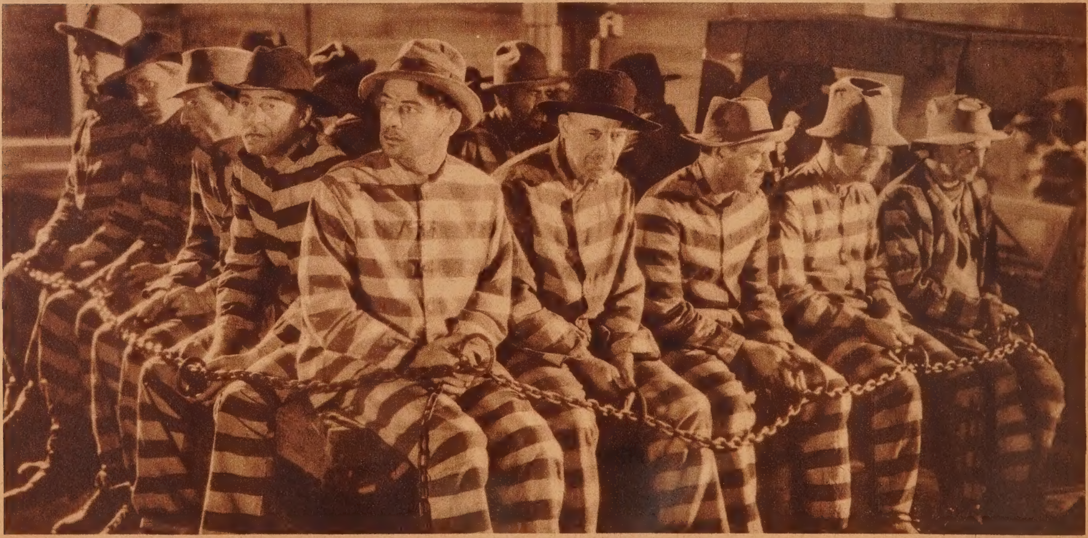
A MOTION picture titled I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, *saved that same fugitive from his fate. Public opinion, stirred to high pitch by depiction of chain gang brutalities on the screen, moved to prevent a man being returned to a chain gang. The Governor of New Jersey denied the application of the Governor of Georgia and refused extradition of a prisoner, thereby flaunting Constitutional decree. Such were the far-reaching effects of a single motion picture.*

When the news was flashed, "Fugitive Freed," hundreds of thousands who had seen the picture visualized Paul Muni as the man concerned. The power of Muni's magnificent portrayal in the film made the two men one. As a matter of fact, the actual "James Allen" was quite a different sort of person. The following interview reveals the truth about "the fugitive" as told by one who knew him, as well as the astounding truth about the chain gangs.

"ROBERT ELLIOT BURNS, author of the book on which the picture, *I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,* was based, wrote from observation, not from experience. The book was true enough, all right. But Burns was not the central character he painted himself to be.

"It was common knowledge that when Burns 'escaped,' he was allowed to get away. He was a trusty, a water boy, at the time. Just whose palms were crossed, just how much money he paid for his 'escape' was never definitely known. But this, if you want the real lowdown, is how he became a fugitive."

The authority for this startling statement once slept in the same bunk-house with Burns—a fellow prisoner in chains. He is known to Hollywood as "Jack Miller," though he freely admits this is not his real name. He assumed it years ago when he went on the stage and retained it after he turned rum-runner. Convicted for liquor trafficking in Georgia, his native state, he served forty-nine months in chain gang camps. Then because he could not pay fines attached to his sentence, he took



"Miller" was technical advisor to Mervyn LeRoy when this scene was shot, and vouches for its accuracy. For fifty months he lived in iron shackles

THE FUGITIVE

His back bloody from the lash, "Miller" bolted his guards and displayed his lacerations on the Atlanta capitol steps. He can vouch for scenes like this

Robert Burns, shown here between his guards during the New Jersey hearing which saved him from going back to the convict camps, amused Hollywood with his studied stealth, and wanted the movie changed so that the heroine would be a violinist—in white silk tights!

a pauper's oath and served an additional thirty days.

Released in April, 1932, Miller came to Hollywood. In June, he was working with Mervyn LeRoy as technical adviser on the filming of *I'm a Fugitive.* When he started on the picture, Miller's ankles were still raw with the marks of double chains. "Shackle poisoning," he called it, in the jargon of the prison camps. As long as he lives, his legs will show the scars.

MILLER is the same fellow who crashed the headlines a few years ago because of a daring stunt. He bolted from his guards on the streets of Atlanta and running up the steps of the state capitol building, tore off his shirt that all might see the bloody welts on his back and arms, marks of a black snake whip. Partially as a result of Miller's bold stunt, whipping prisoners was made illegal in Georgia and the dreaded black snakes were taken from the guards.

"But they didn't take away the guards' fists or the butts of their rifles with which they clubbed us," Miller says. "People will tell you that brutality in chain gangs is greatly exaggerated. They used to say the same thing about whippings. They didn't say so much after I showed them my lacerated back. You can't exaggerate blood.

"How is anyone going to explain away the presence of implements of torture as part of the standard equipment of most chain gangs—the stocks, the sweat boxes, the sun crosses. State officials can not be ignorant of their existence. Simple logic must tell them that if such things exist, they are used.

"There is a law to the effect that prisoners must be examined by a physician before being put in the stocks. *I've been in the stocks many times but not once was I examined by a doctor.* There's another regulation setting the period of punishment in the stocks at one hour at a time. I'll tell you from a personal experience how they get around that.

"I guess I was considered a bad prisoner. Anyhow I refused to allow them to break me. Once you're broken in a chain gang, you stay broken the rest of your life. It isn't enough that you do your work. They attempt to inflict injustices on you. And I rebelled against any injustice. Consequently I was always in hot water.

"As the saying went, we worked 'from kin to kaint.' That meant from the time you *can* see in the morning until the time you *can't* see at night. The fact we might be ill had nothing to do with the case. We still worked.

"One of my pals was sick one morning, sick from the terrible grub they gave us—fat meat, biscuits, syrup and something they called coffee for breakfast; a half-cooked fresh vegetable and cornbread for dinner; greasy gravy and cornbread for supper. My buddy was so sick he couldn't get up from his cot. So the guards did what they always did—upset the bed and dumped him on the floor. I might have stood that but when they kicked him while he was down, it was too much. I called the guards a few unprintable names.

"They hauled me in front of the warden, charged with insubordination and refusal to work. I got the stocks. This pleasant little punishment, in case [*Continued on page* 68]

PUL-E

Bert Longworth, the Warner Brothers photographer, framed William Powell with the assistance of (swaying from left to right) Lynn Browning, Donna Roberts, Loretta Andrews, Jane Shadduck, Toby Wing and Geraine Green

Girl's *Past*

as it snorted to a stop and a thin, angular, freckled faced young lady in a funny looking hat jumped off in a flutter of greetings.

But in that half minute conversation was born the myth of "the millionairess." The price tag of $16,000,000 which became attached to Katharine Hepburn her first day in Hollywood was written because a press agent needed an angle to put a new face on the front page.

THERE have been a lot of myths added to the legend of Katharine Hepburn since that day. Myths and mystery.

The real story begins in Hartford, Connecticut. Twenty years ago in Hartford, there was a gawky little girl whose front teeth were beginning to fall out . . . whose freckles were in full bloom.

To her five brothers and sisters . . . to her father, a surgeon, and to her mother, a suffragette leader of the Connecticut capital, this youngster announced:

"I'm going to be an actress."

You can be sure there were no family conferences of criticism, no wringing of hands or hearts that is always recorded as following such a proclamation among what we have come to know reverently as "good families."

In fact Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn tendered the child every aid in her ambition to make her playroom the community theatre of the neighborhood.

Remember the famous show Penrod and Sam staged . . . with pins for admission . . . in Booth Tarkington's novel?

Katharine Hepburn was director-producer-star of many such a childhood creation. Once her juvenile company attempted an act from *Peter Pan*. The redhead romantic, of course, cast herself in the title rôle until the roars of the first matinée audience convinced her that the crocodile who had swallowed the alarm clock was the real hit of the play. At the next performance the Hepburn freckles were covered by canvas and a new face helped Tinker Bell search for its shadow.

For the first twelve years of her life, she lived in one of Hartford's famous houses, the Charles Dudley Warner home on Hawthorne Street. This great, rambling home was part of the group of buildings known as "Literary Lawn," for nearby had lived Mark Twain and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Kate was the second of six children. Her older brother died at sixteen. Richard is a senior at Harvard, Robert a sophomore at the same University, and her sisters are named Marion and Margaret. Kate went to public school for several years, then spent three years at the Oxford School for Girls, which is one of Hartford's smartest schools. She was ready for Bryn Mawr when she was sixteen.

There she did well, except to flunk in Latin and was caught making snoots at the teacher. That gave her a B in deportment, which places her outside the category of the goody-goodies, praise be!

Kate has been an excellent athlete from the time she first began to follow her brother Tom around. The Hartford Golf Club pro wanted her to enter the national championship tournaments, for she had been a runner-up in the Connecticut State meets, but she wasn't sufficiently interested.

Such are the facts of Kate's childhood, duly arrived at after much poking about and inquiring, and from sources close to the family. Her reluctance to discuss her private life is notorious. In fact, a Hollywood writer asked her:

"Isn't it true that on your last trip to Europe you registered as Mrs. Smith?"

[*Continued on page* 62]

—*Photo by Haley*

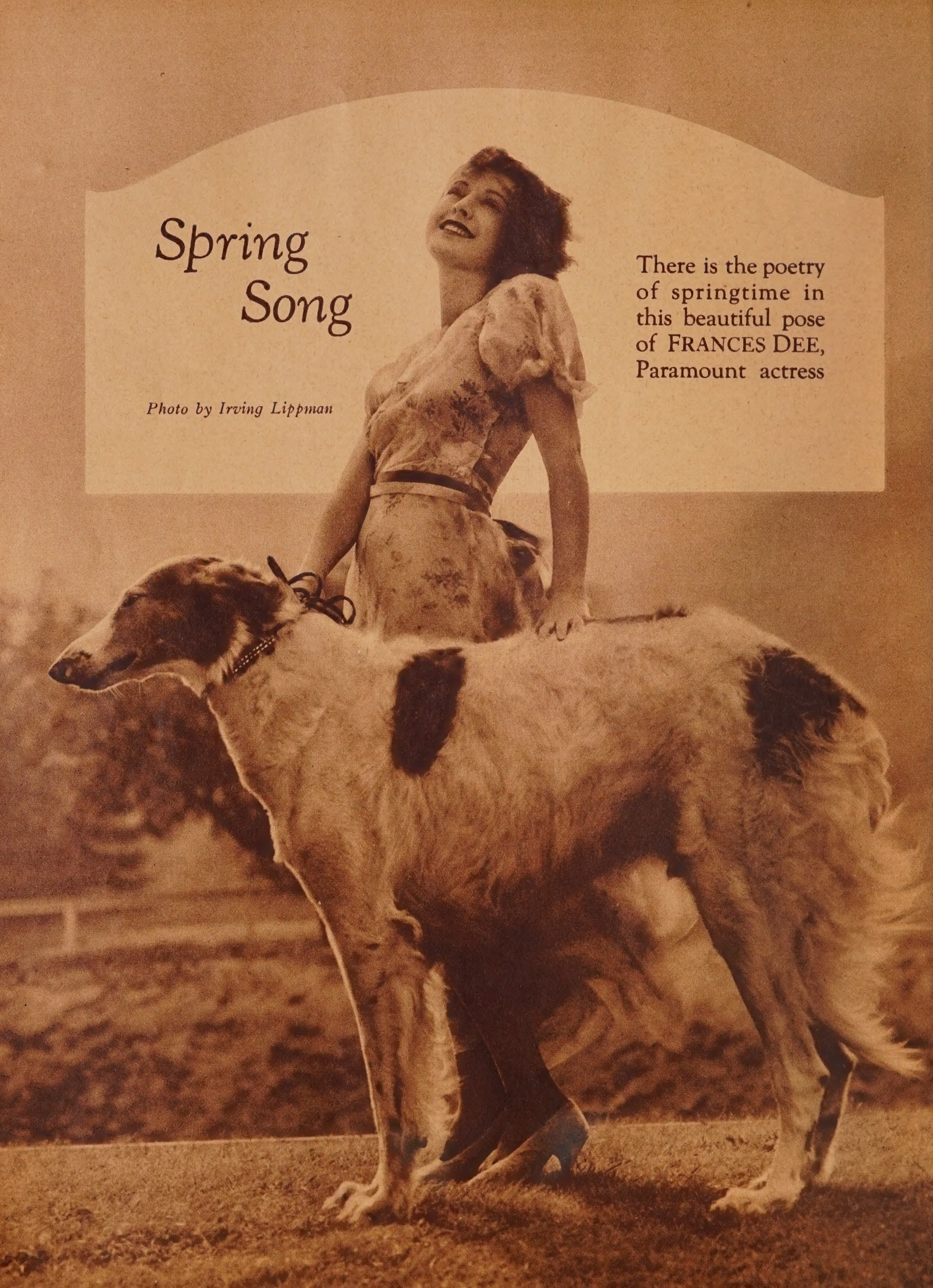
This portrait was taken when Katharine was a student at Bryn Mawr, and wore her hair in a little knot at the back

Another unpublished pose from the Hepburn family archives at Hartford, Conn., shows Kate and her baby sister Marion

Spring Song

Photo by Irving Lippman

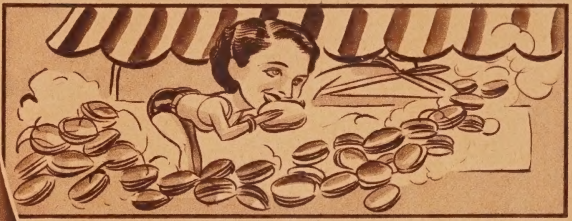
There is the poetry of springtime in this beautiful pose of FRANCES DEE, Paramount actress



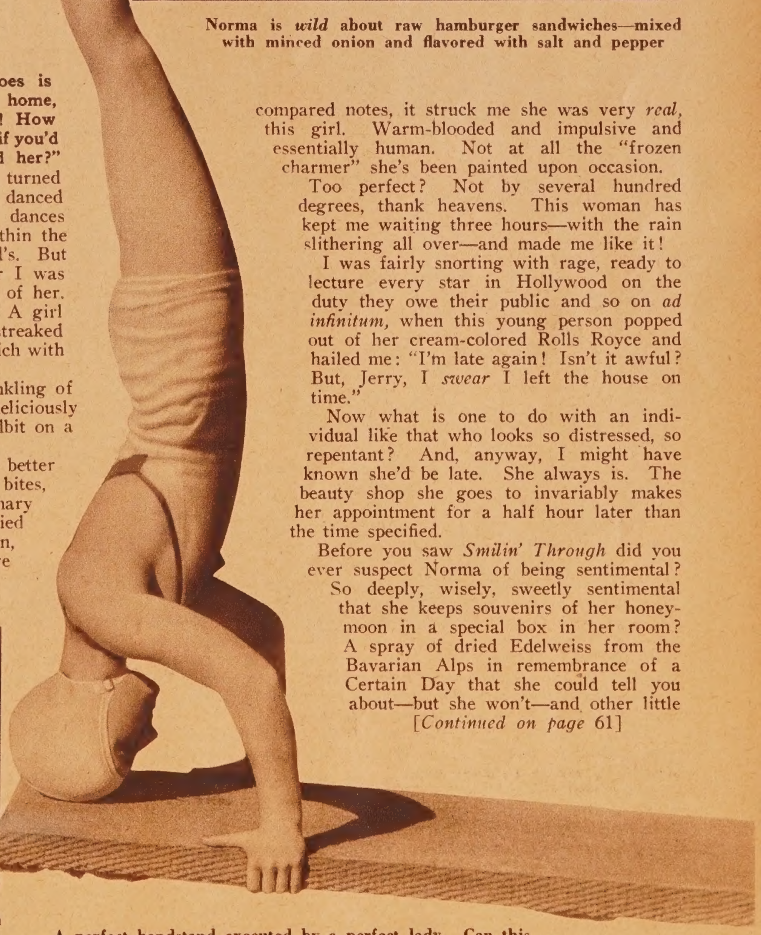
You Were All Wrong ~about~ NORMA SHEARER

Discovering for the first time a Norma Shearer the public has never known. Read this fascinating story of her private life

By Jerry Lane



Norma is *wild* about raw hamburger sandwiches—mixed with minced onion and flavored with salt and pepper



"SHE'S *too* perfect. Everything she does is so absolutely right—her career, her home, her clothes. Oh, my dear, those clothes! How can any mortal woman look so immaculate—as if you'd just unwrapped the tissue paper from around her?"

The two women, both prominent actresses, turned to eye Norma Shearer speculatively as she danced across the floor at the Mayfair ball. She dances divinely, like a lambent gold flame caught within the circle of a man's arm—in this case her husband's. But it wasn't of that sparkling, seductive Shearer I was thinking. People too often see only that side of her. It was of the Shearer I had seen that noon. A girl with her hair blowing wildly, a smudge streaked across her cheek, and enjoying an onion sandwich with a gusto worthy of a stevedore.

A sweet Spanish onion, it was, with a sprinkling of mustard . . . and the coffee was hot and deliciously fragrant. If there's a more tasty luncheon tidbit on a cold day I've yet to find it.

"There is just one kind of sandwich I like better than this," Norma had said pensively between bites, one foot curled beneath her in her customary fashion. "That's a raw hamburger. Ever tried it? Delicious! It's mixed with minced onion, you know, and salt and pepper . . ." And as we compared notes, it struck me she was very *real*, this girl. Warm-blooded and impulsive and essentially human. Not at all the "frozen charmer" she's been painted upon occasion.

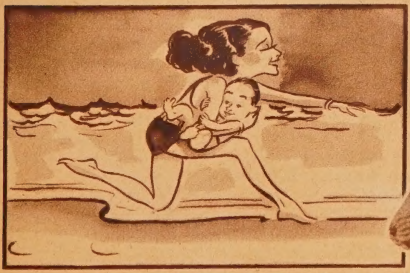
Too perfect? Not by several hundred degrees, thank heavens. This woman has kept me waiting three hours—with the rain slithering all over—and made me like it!

I was fairly snorting with rage, ready to lecture every star in Hollywood on the duty they owe their public and so on *ad infinitum,* when this young person popped out of her cream-colored Rolls Royce and hailed me: "I'm late again! Isn't it awful? But, Jerry, I *swear* I left the house on time."

Now what is one to do with an individual like that who looks so distressed, so repentant? And, anyway, I might have known she'd be late. She always is. The beauty shop she goes to invariably makes her appointment for a half hour later than the time specified.

Before you saw *Smilin' Through* did you ever suspect Norma of being sentimental? So deeply, wisely, sweetly sentimental that she keeps souvenirs of her honeymoon in a special box in her room? A spray of dried Edelweiss from the Bavarian Alps in remembrance of a Certain Day that she could tell you about—but she won't—and other little

[*Continued on page* 61]



Norma forgets all dignities when she romps with her son, Irving Thalberg Jr., on Malibu beach. Her dignity is all for the screen

A perfect handstand executed by a perfect lady. Can this be the same fragile, sweet heroine of *Smilin' Through?*

He Threw

Warren William turned his back on Wall Street and his uncle's wealth to marry his wartime sweetheart. Here is a story-book romance as dramatic as the pictures he now plays in out in the land of Make-Believe.

Warren William, who preferred love and the theatre to a wealthy uncle's fortune. William is a Warner Brothers-First National player

WHEN Warren William, then a struggling young actor, took the gorgeous Helen Barbara Nelson as his bride in 1923, he deliberately turned his back on a fortune!

Yet by merely delaying his nuptials for a few years, he probably would have carried off both Helen and the fortune.

While almost a decade has elapsed since he so unhesitatingly made his choice, Warren today faces the future without regrets.

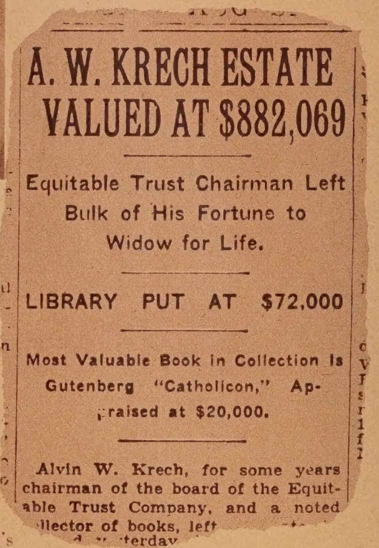
He wouldn't swap his memories of the marital happiness that has come to him during that interval for the world's entire bullion supply!

Because the tall and handsome Warren has seen fit to remain aloof from the talkie colony, he has been stamped by studio colleagues as Garbo's male counterpart. But penetrating his somewhat stolid exterior, as I recently did, one sees him in his true light as an adoring husband whose universe revolves around his charming wife . . . a cultured and retiring fellow, reluctant to talk about himself because of an idea that his histrionic career may be embarrassing to his two wealthy and socially-prominent sisters . . . an inventive genius who would rather tinker about in his little workshop than participate in a brilliant social function.

There is nothing mysterious about Warren William when you slash that imaginary web that has been spun about him since his coming to Hollywood!

It was from Warren himself that I dragged, bit by bit, the story of his colorful life and his romance. Confronted by the printed evidence I had culled from Minnesota histories, Who's Who in America and the files of New York newspapers, he was forced to speak in self-defense.

Warren William Krech (that's his real name) was born in Aitkin, Minnesota, thirty-six years ago. His father was Freeman E. Krech, an Aitkin newspaper publisher with extensive lumber, flour milling and railroad interests.



A. W. KRECH ESTATE VALUED AT $882,069

Equitable Trust Chairman Left Bulk of His Fortune to Widow for Life.

LIBRARY PUT AT $72,000

Most Valuable Book in Collection Is Gutenberg "Catholicon," Appraised at $20,000.

Alvin W. Krech, for some years chairman of the board of the Equitable Trust Company, and a noted llector of books, left

terday

This clipping from the New York *Times* contains the plot for a real-life romance! Warren William, who dropped the last name of Krech when he entered pictures, was disinherited when his wealthy uncle died, because Warren married for love instead of following a financial career

His uncle, Alvin William Krech, was a picturesque man of wealth, Wall Street banker and internationally famous railroad financier.

Warren grew up in Aitkin, where he was looked upon as the richest boy in the county.

As a youth he fostered an ambition to be a marine engineer, but turned his attention to the stage after his initial visit to his uncle in New York, during which he was taken to see Montgomery and Stone.

When Warren completed his high school education, he went to New York, took up his residence with his uncle at 17 East Seventieth Street, just off Park Avenue, and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

He had finished his two-year course and landed his first job—a bit player in a Brooklyn repertoire company—when Uncle Sam tossed his hat with the Allies in the conflict against the Central Powers.

Mechanically inclined, Warren sought to enlist with the Lafayette Flying corps, only to meet rebuff after rebuff because of his German name.

He went back to Aitkin, registered for the draft, and

Away A Fortune FOR LOVE

By E. R. Moak

was shipped to Fort Deming, New Mexico. Next his regiment was sent to New Jersey, where it was made part and parcel of the thirty-fourth division for embarkation for France.

IT WAS in the Eastern camp on the day before he was to sail that Romance with a capital "R" caught up with him.

His sisters, Mrs. C. S. Lyon and Mrs. Stephen Martindale, came down from New York to bid him goodbye. With them was Helen Barbara Nelson of Brainard, Minnesota, who had been Mrs. Lyon's roommate during her finishing school days.

Warren was introduced to Helen. From that moment on, he was lost!

Day and night, throughout the drab and weary months that followed, Private Krech lived in a dream. While his machine gun swept enemy trenches, his thoughts were only for Helen. He became Corporal Krech, then Sergeant Krech.

When his company was hauled back from the front lines, and assigned to military police duties in a rest area, he balked. He hated all "M. P.'s"—a hatred churned by his own unpleasant experience with them.

In a "Y" hut, he spied a bulletin calling for volunteers to try out for a dramatic troupe to tour the camps.

For six months, he played Stephen Denby in *Under Cover* on the "Over There" Theatre League's circuit. That suited him fine, for it not only gave him an extra fifty francs a month, but plenty of leisure in which to pen a daily letter to Helen Barbara Nelson back in the United States.

When the ship that brought Warren back to the land of the free docked in Hoboken, Helen was at the wharf to meet him. So was Uncle Alvin William Krech!

Warren William and his wife, who was the former Helen Barbara Nelson of Brainard, Minnesota. Their romance is stranger than fiction!

Now Uncle Alvin William thoroughly approved of Helen, who had been a frequent guest in his mansion, but, being a hard-headed business man, he did not want his nephew entertaining visions of marriage before carving a suitable niche for himself.

The elder Krech was eager to have Warren devote himself to the Wall Street banking establishment.

Continued bachelorhood, Warren was informed, would make him a beneficiary under Alvin William Krech's will disposing close to a million dollar estate.

Warren turned to Helen and the theatre!

There were lean periods for Warren in the years that ensued. He joined the road company of *I Love You*, tried stock in Erie, Pennsylvania, and reached Broadway in *Expressing Willie*. It was in that era that Alexander Woollcott wrote of him: "He has a Barrymore accent in his speech, a Barrymore tone to his voice, and he looks the very image of the young John Drew who played Petruchio."

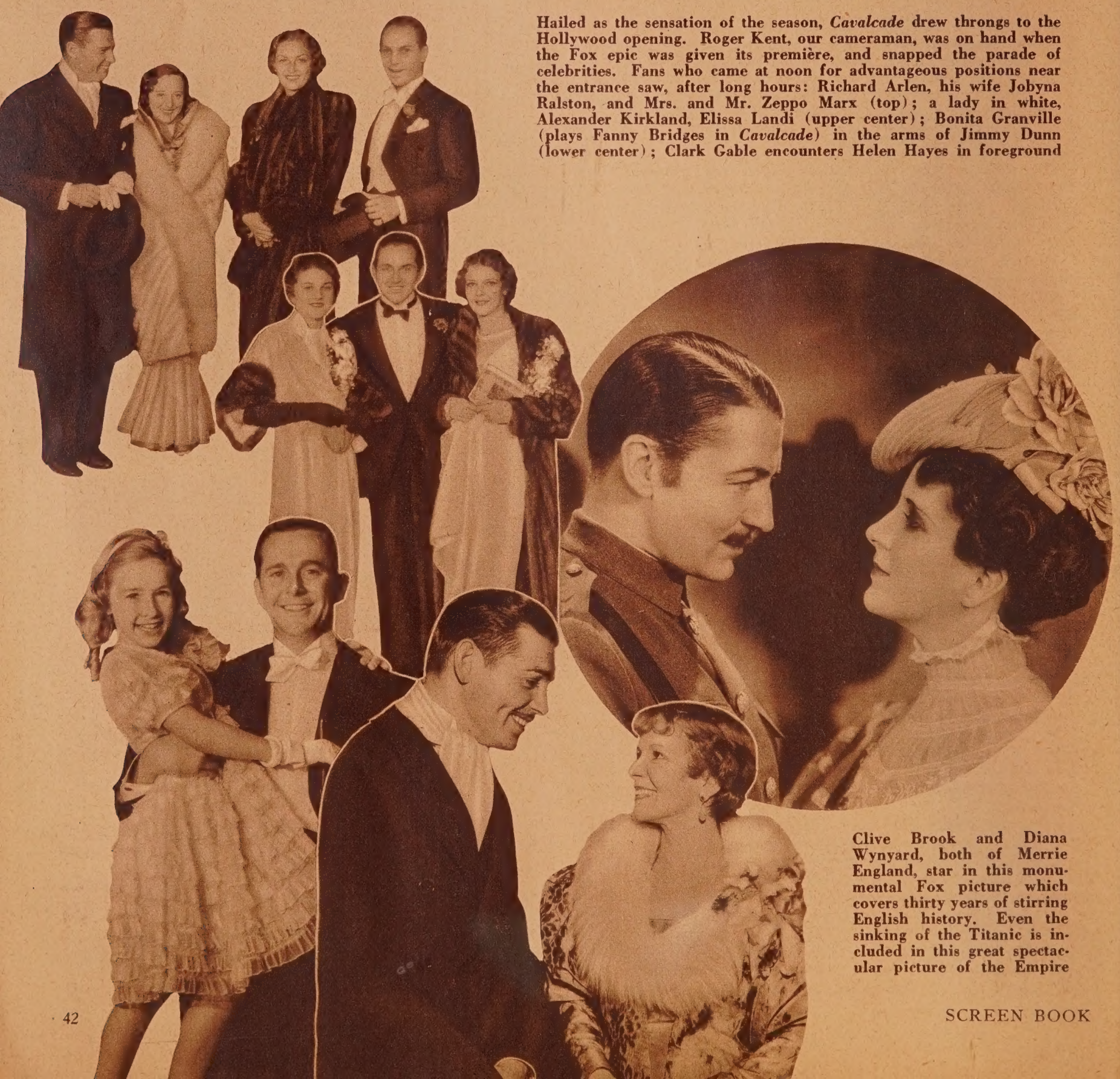
When he believed himself firmly enough entrenched behind the footlights in 1923, he led Helen Barbara Nelson before the parson.

Alvin William Krech died in 1928, leaving his fortune to his widow and to Warren's two sisters—and nothing to Warren!

Warren was playing the male [*Continued on page* 71]

ROOSEVELT HOTEL
CAVALCADE
SID GRAUMAN'S PROLOGUE
CAVALCADE

CAVALCADE DRAWS A PARADE!



Hailed as the sensation of the season, *Cavalcade* drew throngs to the Hollywood opening. Roger Kent, our cameraman, was on hand when the Fox epic was given its première, and snapped the parade of celebrities. Fans who came at noon for advantageous positions near the entrance saw, after long hours: Richard Arlen, his wife Jobyna Ralston, and Mrs. and Mr. Zeppo Marx (top); a lady in white, Alexander Kirkland, Elissa Landi (upper center); Bonita Granville (plays Fanny Bridges in *Cavalcade*) in the arms of Jimmy Dunn (lower center); Clark Gable encounters Helen Hayes in foreground

Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard, both of Merrie England, star in this monumental Fox picture which covers thirty years of stirring English history. Even the sinking of the Titanic is included in this great spectacular picture of the Empire

Cupid's Column

Checking up on Hollywood romances

By
THE SNOOPER

BOY, bring Dan Cupid an Aspirin! Hollywood romances have given him a severe case of the "jitters." A love today is a hate tomorrow and vice versa.

Take the case of Elinor Fair, William Boyd's ex. Engaged to one Mr. Frank Clark, she embarked on a peeve elopement with aviator Thomas W. Daniels. The groom's check for the airplane ride didn't catch on at the bank and when the couple arrived back in Hollywood after the ceremony, the John Laws were on hand to threaten hubby with a trip to the Bastile. The bride saved the day by making the check good with a ring, but the marriage was off. Elinor started divorce proceedings that very day.

The boulevard is buzzing with speculation over the latest hot-and-heavy affairs. Some say Paulette Goddard is wed to Charlie Chaplin and some say it isn't so. Anyway, Paulette marched Charlie into a shop the other day and made him buy a new hat to replace the old one he's adored for years. Only a near-wife or the Mrs. could get away with that.

James (fit-as-a) Fidler is ready for love now that the aches of his unfortunate marriage with Dorothy Lee have vanished. He's seen here and there with the cuter cinema ladies, including Rochelle Hudson who favors Tommy Brown. Jimmy has been golfing these Sunday mornings with Katharine Hepburn.

Cecilia Parker has so many boy friends they get in her hair. So do "announcements" like the rumor that she is to wed Noah Beery Jr.

Tom Brown and Rochelle Hudson are flitter-fluttering all over the place, but the flame is not permanent, Tom being the sort who plays the field and Rochelle the same.

George Raft is being very attentive to Barbara Weeks, which gives gossipers something to think about. They want to know what happened to Marie King whom George courted passionately via telegraph.

Bert Wheeler's new girl is Sugar Geis, who is just as sweet as her name.

Helen Kane has said, "boop-I-do," to Max Hoffman, Jr., a handsome screen heavy.

John Wayne is ready to unite with Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Panama counsel to Los Angeles.

Dick Powell and Mary Brian are still at fever heat.

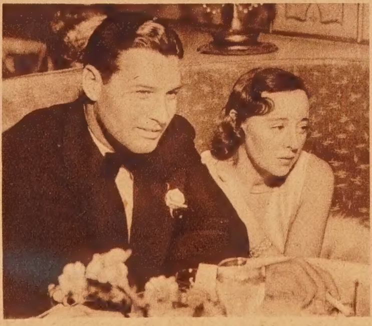
Ann Harding is denying that she intends to re-wed Harry Bannister with whom she talks frequently over long distance 'phone. Also denying are Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, who state that their marriage vows are in no danger of being shelved.

Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dilloway are completely cold. Now she's knee deep in

[*Continued on page 65*]

Intimate Glimpses of Hollywood's Heavy-Daters in Action

Lupe Velez is that way about Johnny Weissmuller, but Randolph Scott still takes her night-clubbing



Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston are long-time romancers. Four years wed, they still hold hands

Sweetheart cocktail! Tom Brown and Rochelle Hudson are doing everything together these days

The MOVIES GO

Roaming from the
to the torturous cold of
are proving that the

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Goona Goona, conceded by critics everywhere to be 1932's finest educational picture, was made by enthusiastic explorers on the island of Bali in the Dutch East Indies. *The Virgins of Bali* is another of the same type. *Eskimo,* just completed under the direction of S. S. Van Dyke, promises to be a sensation of 1933

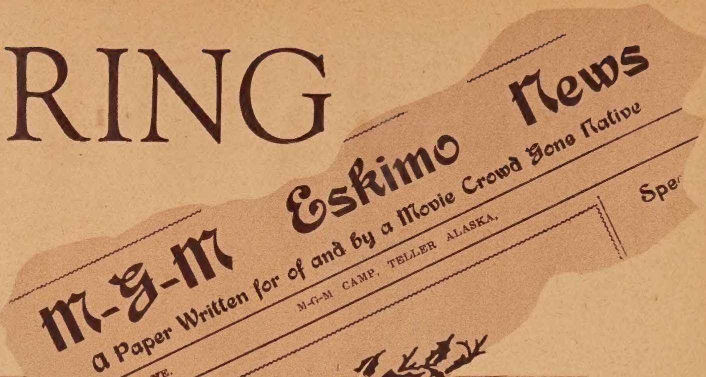
Native Bali maidens seen pursuing their daily tasks in a scene from *Goona Goona.* A hardy, healthy race, the Balinese are industrious and friendly, but loath to accept the ways of civilization

A native girl seen at a shrine in the new adventure picture, *The Virgins of Bali.* The inhabitants of Bali, more than ninety per cent of them natives, worship mainly in the Hindu religion

A primitive flour mill showing both the old and young women crushing grain. Although hard-working, the Balinese have great enthusiasm for feasts, games and dancing. An extremely friendly race, they have no objection to the camera's intrusion

EXPLORING

romantic isles of the South Seas the Arctic circle, motion pictures world is, indeed, a small place



M-G-M Eskimo News

A Paper Written for of and by a Movie Crowd Gone Native

BER ONE.

M-G-M CAMP, TELLER ALASKA,

Spe

Members of the *Eskimo* company snapped with a group of natives between scenes. Above is a partial reproduction of the newspaper issued by the movie company during their six months' sojourn in the frigid zone

Eskimo in the making, showing the native actors encountering microphones and cameras for the first time. The life of these arctic natives finds its first romantic history in this picture

Frank Messinger, the company's business manager, with a giant polar bear captured during the expedition. Hazardous and eventful, the location trip for *Eskimo* is one of the most expensive ever attempted

VALENTINO'S

A tiny kingdom set in the Hollywood hills where stars could live as they chose, under the throne of King Rudolph! Impossible? So thought his manager, until--but read this astounding tale of a dream of empire cut short by Rudy's death!

By
Clark Warren

Rudolph Rex and Queen Pola, as they might have looked had Valentino's death not ended a plan to buy a kingdom for himself and his beautiful fiancée

DEATH mowed down the beloved Rudolph Valentino on the very eve of his coronation as a real-life emperor! Granted a few months more of life, the glamorous movie star might have donned a jewel-studded crown and ascended a throne to reign over the smallest and most unique kingdom in the history of the world.

Other rich and famous celluloid personalities were to have been his homage-paying subjects.

Pola Negri, then his fiancée, was to have walked at his side as the royal consort!

The fantastic dream of a great dreamer, only Valentino's untimely end prevented it from becoming a reality. He had actually paid out $25,000 in an initial move toward acquiring the site for this kingdom of his own. He had already christened it *Beverly.*

It was in the ancient palaces of the king and queen of his native Italy, where he toiled as an apprentice gardener while still a mere boy, that Valentino's idea was born. It was this burning ambition to wear regal robes and wave a scepter that carried him to the heights in his screen career. It was his belief that the cherished goal was within his grasp, when his illness in New York in August, 1926, ended in death.

Nearly seven years have passed since I sat in his den at Falcon Lair, and listened in amazement while Valentino himself unfolded to me the details of his startling scheme, then pledged me to secrecy—a pledge I have respected throughout court litigation against the Valentino estate as a result of the executor's refusal to go through with the proposition which ultimately—had the actor survived—would have involved millions of dollars. With these legal entanglements finally cleared away, the story may now be told for the first time.

S. George Ullman, long Valentino's capable manager and later steward of his estate under the terms of his will, and Lorin Andrews, noted Los Angeles lawyer, also were in Valentino's confidence on his plan for the creation of his made-to-order monarchy. He had Ullman carry on the negotiations, and sign and deliver the $25,000 option check. He had sought out Andrews, former attorney-general of the Hawaiian Islands and one-time deputy attorney general of California, for advice on the possibilities of setting up a complete autonomy.

Valentino's empire was to have been situated in the hills overlooking Hollywood and Beverly. Its western boundary would have skirted Pickfair and the home of Charlie Chaplin.

The original purchase was to have included 110 acres, valued at $1,250,000.

An additional three hundred acres were at his disposal when and if he could use them.

The tract was to have been surrounded by a nine-foot fence to obscure its inhabitants from public gaze.

It was to be cut into two to five-acre plots, and sold only to the élite of Filmdom.

Rudolph intended to dispose of Falcon Lair, half a mile away, and build for himself a moated castle, duplicating one he had visited during a jaunt down the Rhine.

Pola Negri had an architect prepare drawings and specifications for a harmonizing structure to adjoin it.

There was to be a broad park with a gigantic swimming pool and a rambling clubhouse containing gambling and other amusement facilities.

Amazing Dream Kingdom

Falcon Lair

Rudy paid $25,000 down on this million dollar tract and planned a castle overlooking his dream kingdom

Rudolph had even commissioned a Paris antique dealer to scour Europe for a throne, preferably that formerly occupied by the tragic Russian czar.

He was convinced the crown that had adorned the head of the late Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, could be had for a price.

It was mainly for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of that crown that he made his last journey to New York.

Rudolph believed that he had selected the opportune moment for his daring venture. Motion picture stars of that era were wearied of the pitiless glare of the spotlight of publicity that had been turned on the colony as a result of the deaths of Wally Reid and Barbara LaMarr, the Taylor murder case, the Arbuckle affair and the unfounded bigamy allegations against Rudy himself.

Valentino's walled-in empire would have offered them a haven where they might live as they chose!

Rudolph's unexpected demise hurtled the Beverly Ridge Land Company, owners of the property, into the bankruptcy courts with a resounding crash. When John S. Beyer was appointed trustee of the corporation's assets, he filed suit for $1,250,000 against Executor Ullman and other Valentino heirs.

It was set forth in the complaint that the dead star's failure to conclude the deal was alone responsible for the wrecking of the realty corporation. The action dragged along for years, and was finally dismissed.

While Valentino's dark eyes were centered on the romantic side of his proposed Utopia, Ullman, his manager, was viewing the undertaking solely from the profit-taking angle.

"Without a doubt, Rudy was the greatest romanticist of his day," Ullman recently declared, "and when he first broached the subject of setting up a kingdom for himself, I struggled to choke back a laugh. But when the financial possibilities dawned on me, I was with him heart and soul.

"I investigated the Beverly Ridge deal, and found we could swing it with an

[*Continued on page 67*]

Rudolph I, King of Beverly

Keep in Step With the Chic Women of Hollywood

GLORIA'S GOWN for YOU

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.
529 South 7th Street,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

For the enclosed........................(in stamps or coin) send me

☐ Gloria Stuart's dress pattern (15c) R-300, Size....................

☐ Fashion Book 15c (if ordered separately)—10c when ordered with pattern

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Order a SCREEN BOOK pattern today and make yourself an exact duplicate of Gloria Stuart's smart new afternoon gown

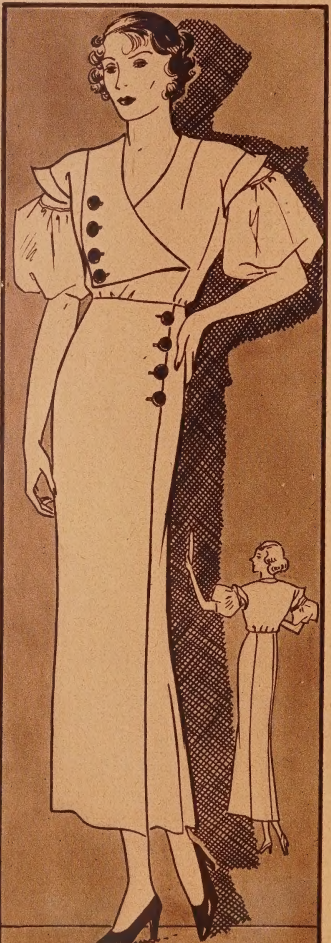
SCREEN BOOK'S new pattern department has a genuine surprise for its readers in offering patterns of frocks worn by famous Stars of Moviedom. Those of you who worship at the shrines of Constance Bennett, Marion Davies, Claudette Colbert, may now have frocks exactly like those worn by these lovely ladies. You will be amazed at the simplicity of the very smartest of the models, and if you are your own dressmaker, you will have an extensive wardrobe of delightful frocks at very little expense.

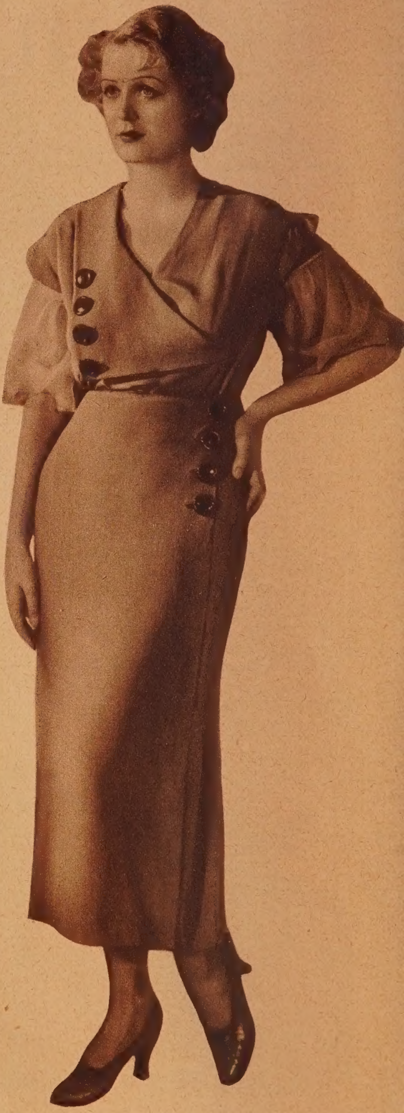
The first pattern we are offering you, is this frock worn by Gloria Stuart, Universal's charming leading lady. It was made by Vera, Universal's costume designer, of heavy blue crêpe, trimmed with large black buttons and contrasted by fluffy, puffy sleeves of cream net. What a stunning model, and how very easy for you to make! You'll love the broad revere, the wrap-around skirt and the tiny epaulets creating the chic broad shoulder of Spring vogue. And you'll rave about those dainty, feminine sleeves . . . although they may be omitted if you prefer.

If blue is not your color, we suggest beige, grey, brown or black and with the last two colors you might use yellow crêpe or a bright plaid taffeta in place of the net. There are any number of perfectly stunning color combinations you may use for this frock, and the results will more than justify the few hours spent in planning and making. The pattern, No. R300, may be ordered in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting. PRICE OF PATTERN FIFTEEN CENTS.

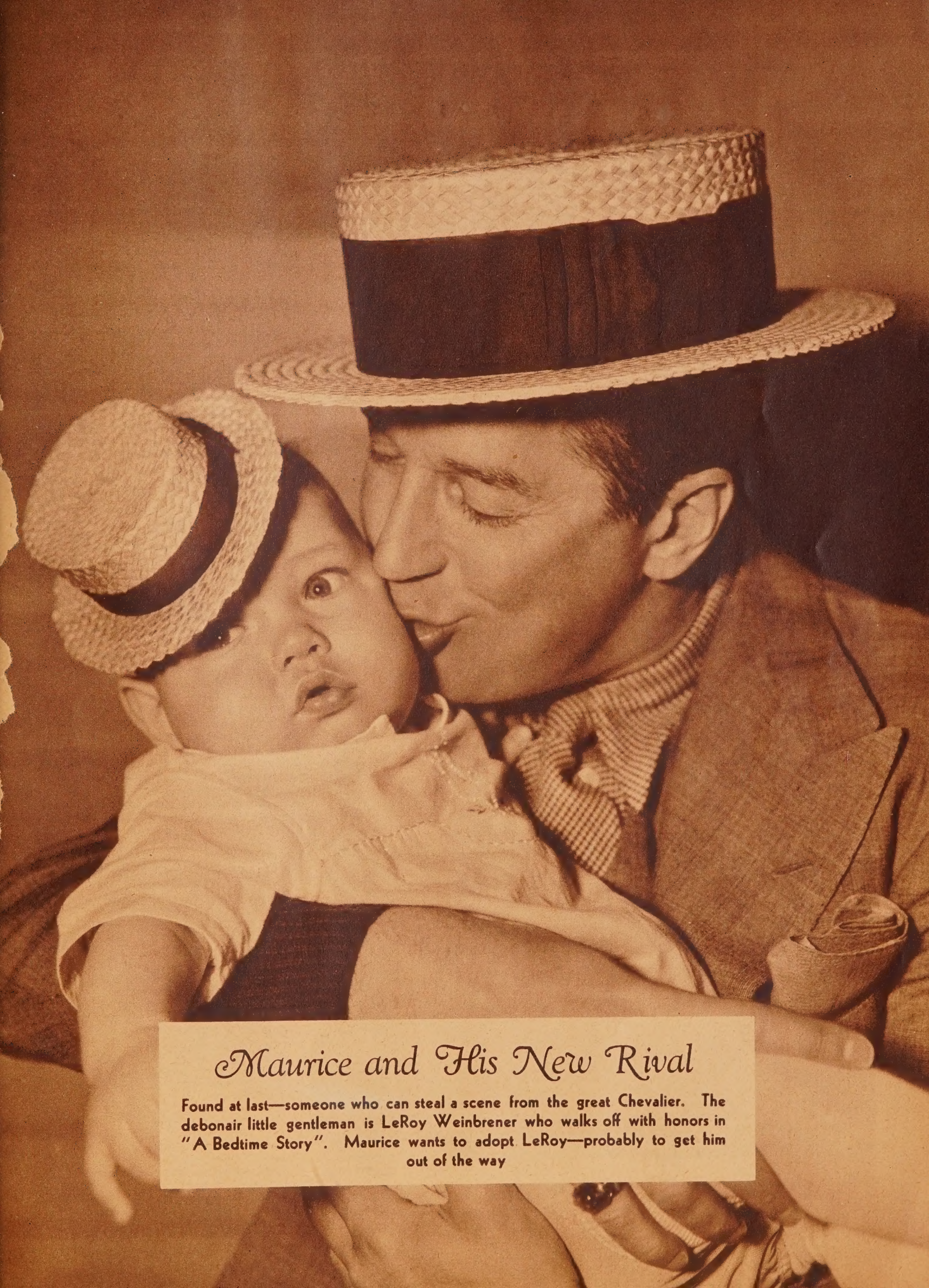
IF YOU HAVE NOT YET ORDERED OUR SPRING FASHION MAGAZINE, SEND FOR YOUR COPY. This delightful book contains 32 colorful pages of styles which may be worn right now and well into the Summer. If you wish to replenish your wardrobe with an afternoon or evening dress, or a few house dresses or some lingerie, this book offers many suggestions for patterns that are easy and economical to make. There are pages devoted to juniors' and kiddies' styles and special models for the larger figure. Attractive accessory patterns are also featured. PRICE OF CATALOG, FIFTEEN CENTS. CATALOG AND PATTERN TOGETHER, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Address all mail orders to SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.





Direct from the workshop of a famous Hollywood designer comes Gloria Stuart's snappy informal frock. Its full blouse, epaulet shoulders and voluminous puffed sleeves are a prophecy of the spring and summer mode. SCREEN BOOK readers have a chance to copy this early in the season only because Gloria has allowed a pattern to be cut of the model



Maurice and His New Rival

Found at last—someone who can steal a scene from the great Chevalier. The debonair little gentleman is LeRoy Weinbrener who walks off with honors in "A Bedtime Story". Maurice wants to adopt LeRoy—probably to get him out of the way

All Over the Lot with Sonia Lee

[*Continued from page 21*]

Cedar street. It's *Sailor's Luck*, a Fox production, and eventually Jimmy will meet Sally Eilers. Then it won't be a three-some anymore, but a two-some. Director Raoul Walsh suggests that there isn't enough interest in the name hunt. And the boys try again while the cameras turn.

Shooting In A Zoo

THE public insists on crying for new faces, so the animals mugging for *Zoo in Budapest* are brand new—never faced a camera before. The gazelle is nervous, and the doctor gives it a sedative. But the stork insists on developing temperament. After half a dozen retakes, he calmly reaches over and takes a bit out of an assistant director. That's one way of getting even.

Down in the bear pit, Gene Raymond and Loretta Young are being chummy with a bunch of bears. It's wet and dismal. Most anyone would select other kinds of playmates. But Gene and Loretta do it nicely, and the camera is pleased.

The problem during this picture has been to keep the animals happy, and, what between feeding the seals fish and the monkeys and elephants peanuts, the poor prop boy goes around looking like a balloon with his food-stuffed pockets.

With Bill Gargan

A DEPARTMENT store. Counters of merchandise. Lingerie, toiletries, gloves, handkerchiefs. Realism, even to the four-faced clock in the middle aisle. *Sweepings*, under John Cromwell's direction, with Lionel Barrymore, William Gargan, Gloria Stuart, and Eric Linden is in the making. Bill Gargan in evening clothes plays with his top hat; another player does his imitation of a Hollywood producer. "All right, let's go." The scene is instantly cleared. There's only Bill Gargan, walking through the Men's Hat Department. As the cameras record his rapid pace, the mike picks up his foot-steps and all is silent until his receding steps are faint. "Cut." Another scene "in the can."

Get That Kiss!

UP HIGH in the rafters an electrician looks down. Dear me, what's this going on? Violet Kemble Cooper, an English import, and Gilbert Roland. It's for a scene in *Our Betters*, starring Constance Bennett. Luxury everywhere. Miss Cooper, in a black sequined gown is leaning towards Gilbert. She's crying. "Don't you love me any more?" Suddenly she has an idea. Of course, any young man would pout if a slightly older lady who was fond of him—and oh, so very rich, had refused him a very grand car. She leans forward. She wants to be kissed. And Gilbert dutifully turns his cheek. It doesn't quite please Director George Cukor. He explains exactly how the cheek should be turned. Gilbert calls for his makeup box. A pat with the powder-puff. His hair put back in place. And now for another take. "That's good. We'll print that," directs Mr. Cukor. And another day's work is done.

Gold-digger De Luxe

AND if this isn't a director's board room. Polished mahogany. Pompous gentlemen sitting around the long table smoking cigars. At the head is George Brent, very quiet, very calm. Barbara Stanwyck, slim and young, sits at his left. She has come to sell them a story for exactly $10,000 which the newspapers want. A story which, if printed, wouldn't do the gentlemen's company any good. Her offer is accepted—but she quickly raises the ante to $15,000. That, too, is finally given her. After all, what's to be done with a lady who has successfully worked her way from the first floor of an office building to the pent-house on the roof? The lady knows her way about. It's all in *Baby Face*, a Warner production.

More Mystery

THE hot, humid smells of the Tropics. It is the *Murders in the Zoo* set at Paramount. Director Eddie Sutherland looks critically over the half hundred alligators to select those which will have the honor of sharing that part of the pool into which Kathleen Burke is to be ruthlessly thrown by villain Lionel Atwill. There is a tenseness, a breathlessness, for the most thrilling part of the picture is about to be shot. A narrow bridge spans the pool. Soon, Kathleen, drenched from top to toe, is clinging to the bridge. The alligators flap their tails. She cries for help—and well she may. But Lionel only stamps on her hands, she slips into the pool, flat on her tummy. She doesn't need the help of water buckets now to make her look wet for another shot. And so poor Kathleen stands there shivering under the glare of cameras, waiting for that "Everybody quiet. Cameras turning." The alligators look sleepy.

MILLING extras. A mob such as would storm a court-room to hear a sensational trial. Girls. Men with curiously set expressions. A cross-section of intense citizenry. It's for *The Kiss Before the Mirror*, a Universal production, under the able direction of James Whale, who made *Journey's End* memorable.

There can't be retakes on this scene. The mob must bring reality to their effort to get into the court-room where the trial of Paul Lucas for the murder of his wife, Gloria Stuart, proceeds. Frank Morgan is the defense lawyer who is testing the faithfulness of his own wife, Nancy Carroll.

The exterior of the Hall of Justice is imposing. It's an outdoor shot, staged on a vast parade ground. "Everybody quiet—we're shooting!" A last plying of powder-puffs. The extras huddle out of camera sight. Then one by one they enter the scene—running, walking, pushing, shoving, until they're a screaming, shouting rabble storming the gates. Admission tickets held high, they force their way past the enclosure, through the great doors. The onlookers feel the physical tension of the scene.

The cameras grind.

But with make-believe drama there is intertwined the real drama of one of the guards at the gates. He's playing only a bit. But in the days of silents, when pictures were still in their incubator, his name was listed among the great. He is Francis Ford, once a star and now a bit player. With Grace Cunard, he brought thrilling, vivid serials to the baby screen. They are married now. No longer renowned stars. For Francis Ford's destiny now is to be only a momentary flash in a scene—and if you look close you might find in crowd scenes—a remembered face—that of Grace Cunard.

Brief Notes:

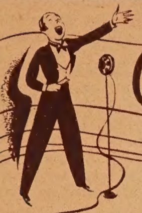
Mary Brian's next is *Public Be Damned.*

Buddy Rogers' first for Fox will be *Five Cents a Glass.*

Connie Bennett steps into *No Bed of Roses* for her newest rôle.

—Bachrach

If there's a lovelier lady in the world than Wera Engels, Radio Pictures' new discovery, we'd like to know where. You'll see her for the first time in *The Great Jasper*, with Richard Dix



OVER THE AIR WAVES

By The TUNER-INNER

Broadcastings about your radio favorites

THE impossible has been accomplished. At the première of the contest between the tenors—Morton Downey versus Donald Novis—the studio was closed to any and all visitors outside the press, while the first round of this "Battle of Singers" proceeded. First nights are always exciting whether they be of the stage, screen, or radio. This, however, was something more. It was a début of singers who were duelling, using voice, personality, and showmanship as weapons. Morton and Donald are as different in person as their singing is in style. Downey was in full dress—Novis in a dark business suit. Between songs, Morton couldn't stand still—he dashed back to gossip with visitors in his free moments. Donald stood quietly in the corner when he wasn't on the air. When broadcasting, the "whistling tenor" sang *across* the mike; Novis sang *into* it. But at this point their differences stopped. Both were as nervous as you would be if someone told you to substitute for Sidney Franklin in the bull ring. (Morton Downey held in his hand the large collection of lucky charms with which his pocket is always laden.) Each received the same number of congratulatory telegrams and telephone messages at the end of his program. Each told the other that he was "swell."

This same night was full of débuts. Bing Crosby also made his first broadcast since returning from Hollywood. Cinemaland took nothing away from this lad. If anything his voice is better than ever. After the Prince of Wales saw Bing in *The Big Broadcast* in London, he bought phonograph records of *Please* (Bing's hit number) and now all Britain is humming the tune.

And Ken Murray was on this "Night of First Nights." He is the comedian who rambles on the new Royal Gelatine program over NBC.

The favorite of all Saturday night programs is made up of Ethel Shutta's bewitching singing and George Olsen's rhythmic dance band. Ethel is Mrs. George Olsen off the air

Ruth Etting was the first girl singer to win fame over the ether. Today she's as popular as she was five years ago. Besides her radio programs she makes musical picture shorts

Kate Smith is only twenty-three, but at that age she has won the highest honors radio grants a singer and in *Hello, Everybody!* she firmly establishes herself as a film star

The Lowdown On Them Is That—

JESSICA DRAGONETTE was playing small bits with the Grand Street Follies in 1925.

Rosario Boudon won first prize in a competition for 'cellists at Ghent, Belgium, when he was only thirteen.

Eddie Cantor carried school books for Ida Tobias in 1906. Now she carries the bank book for him.

Paul Whiteman was first viola player in the World's Fair Orchestra in San Francisco in 1915.

Jack Pearl turned down an offer of $10.00 a week from Gus Edwards to sing in a chorus formed twenty-two years ago. Members who accepted were Walter Winchell, Eddie Buzzell, Georgie Jessel, Eddie Cantor, and the Duncan Sisters.

Cliff (Sharlie)

[*Continued on page* 73]

Maurice Chevalier and Helen Twelvetrees appear together in *A Bedtime Story* a film distinguished by at least two outstanding things—it is the first screen appearance Helen has made since she retired to become a mother and it is the first picture in which an original song written by Maurice will be heard

Stars Arm to Fight Gangsters

[*Continued from page* 12]

bars, and install two private detectives and a vicious dog for self-safety.

MRS. JOHN F. DILLON, whose husband directed Clara Bow in *Call Her Savage,* was playing with her children in her Beverly Hills mansion, when bandits swooped down on her, herded the youngsters, the maid, the cook and herself into a closet, and made off with $10,000 in jewels.

Mrs. William LeBarron, wife of the producer, and her escort, Max Ree, noted fashion designer, were the next victims. They motored up to the fashionable Town House's entrance, only, to be confronted by three automatics held by as many masked bandits, who escaped with $500 in money and jewels.

During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx from their apartment in the Colonial House, burglars gained admission by use of a key that released a Yale lock on the front door, looted the place of $36,500 in jewelry, and made a clean get-away.

Afternoon was the time selected by the bandits for their invasion of Helene Costello's manor, where they had to subdue a Japanese houseboy before fleeing with $30,000 in precious stones. Helene had departed for a beauty parlor five minutes before the robbers drove into her grounds.

It was not yet dark when Mae (Diamond Lil) West applied the brakes to her coupe before the apartment building where she lives, half an hour after purchasing a $16,000 ring in a boulevard shop. Mae passed over the ring and $3,600 in currency after sighting the long barrel of the six-shooter that menaced her.

Thugs hiding in the driveway of the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent home in Beverly Hills, awaiting the big-salaried pair's return from a New Year's eve party, relieved the butler and cook of their earnings as they disembarked from their flivver in the Chatterton-Brent garage. Apparently, the bandits had been tipped that Ruth was wearing a fortune in diamonds.

Luck, though, saved her and Brent. They remained away until after dawn, although it had been their intention to bid good-bye to their hostess at midnight.

Baron William von Brincken, well-known screen writer, and his wife, were nabbed as they walked away from the Hollywood Music Box to their auto, parked around the corner. They gave up $1,675 in cash and jewelry.

Von Brincken pleaded with the trio to be allowed to retain a gold watch—a keepsake.

"You'll have a chance to buy it back," replied one of the mobsters. "We know your name and address, so you can expect a call from us!"

Early next evening, Mrs. Von Brincken heard a noise on her rear porch, and, investigating, watched a mysterious figure disappear into the shrubbery. Pinned to the door was a note demanding $5,000, with possible death as a penalty for failure to comply.

William M. Stephens, an oil engineer, was mistaken for a motion picture producer as he left the annual Hollywood auto show, hurled into a waiting car, and rushed to a shack in the Ventura Hills, only to hear the gang boss inform his aides that they had grabbed the wrong person.

Guns barked in Hollywood's exclusive Irving Boulevard section the other night, and carried death to two men, who had shot it out in an automobile before the new residence of one of the victims—Harry Meagher, for years kingpin of Movietowns wholesale liquor dealers. The other who lost his life was Allan James North, ex-Chicago gangster long sought by local police as a suspect in the movie star robberies.

The following night, pistols roared again when police came upon Mauro King, aged twenty-eight, also wanted in connection with Hollywood terrorism, as he was attempting to drive off in a stolen car. He, too, paid with his life.

He clutched a double-barrelled derringer as he fell to the pavement. A weapon of that type figured in some of the Hollywood hold-ups.

Director Tay Garnett, husband of Patsy Ruth Miller, and his assistant, Robert Fellows, were kidnapped as they disembarked from a trans-continental train in Chicago, and held prisoners in the back room of a speakeasy for hours before they were freed through a raid by rival gangsters, directed by the notorious Spike O'Donnell, whom Garnett had once befriended.

Tay's captors had fixed $10,000 as the price for his release, but were driven away by the O'Donnell outfit's sawed-off shotguns before collecting.

June Clyde, visiting at the home of an aunt in Chicago, was relieved of a $3,500 fur coat, her jewelry and some cash.

"The Garnett-Fellows seizure and the Clyde robbery, both in Chicago, were brought about on information supplied by the Hollywood *finger-man,*" Chief Taylor declared.

CHIEF TAYLOR has been somewhat bitter in his condemnation of the stars—particularly Betty Compson—for negotiating with the gangsters for restoration of their property, instead of cooperating with the police in an effort to bring the felons to justice.

Insurance companies carrying policies on the Zeppo Marx, Helene Costello and Mae West loot brought about its return through a Chicago attorney, supposedly retained by the gangsters. They paid twenty per cent of the cash value of the stones for those of Marx and Miss West, and a larger amount — $8,500 — for Helene's.

Betty, however, fearing for her life after being warned by telephone, dealt with the thieves herself. She will neither deny nor admit that she made a cash settlement on them.

It is for the same reason—the threat of being put on the spot—that other stars are reticent about going to the authorities when they have been preyed upon.

"We have the key man—the *finger-man*—of the Compson and other jewel robberies under constant surveillance, and he cannot escape us," Taylor told me, "and through watching his movements, we have obtained the names of two others involved in these crimes.

"When the time is ripe, and there is no loophole left in our case against them, we will bring them in and lock them up. The fact that Miss Compson declined to sign the police report does not interfere with our plans to prosecute these robbers to the limit of the law.

"We believe that by allowing the spotted trio their liberty under the eyes of our men, we will be able to make a clean sweep of the entire mob."

WHEN news of the Betty Compson jewel robbery reached headquarters, police made a hurried trip to the Compson home. She was about to relate full details when she was called to the 'phone.

When she came back she was white-faced.

"I can tell you no more," she declared. "I have been told my jewels will be returned and I will go unharmed if I refuse to sign your report and do not make a claim against the insurance company." Her mental condition was revealed by the ghastly pallor of her countenance. "The man who just 'phoned warned that if I disobeyed him, his gang would *take me for a ride.* My life means far more to me than the jewels!"

Five days elapsed between the robbery and the restoration of the diamonds. In the mail, she received an envelope printed in a childish scrawl. Inside was a baggage claim check and a note.

"Take this check to S. P. (Southern Pacific) depot. Get your stones."

That was all. Betty's attorney carried out the instructions, and returned with a cheap suitcase, inside which was a cold cream jar containing the loot. The thugs had kept their promise!

"One incident like that is sufficient for a whole lifetime!" Betty declared. "I'm glad I didn't meet the police demands that I sign their report. Had I done so, I wouldn't have regained my diamonds, and they wouldn't have had their man, either!"

There is no doubt in the mind of Chief Taylor but that all the Hollywood crimes since the von Sternberg kidnapping are the work of ex-Chicagoans. This fact alone is enough to stir the stars to action.

Guards over their off-spring, engaged when Marlene Dietrich covered the doors and windows of her home with sturdy bars after receipt of the threats against Maria, have been increased recently. A never-ceasing vigil is kept over Maria, as well as the children of Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, Ann Harding's daughter and the child of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

Marlene, herself, who used to have one husky, quick-eyed "shadow," now has several, all armed.

Back-yard target practice has become a popular pastime in Hollywood.

Esther Muir and William Gargan indulge in a somewhat alcoholic debate for a scene in *Sweepings*, a picture with the action laid in Chicago following the historic burning of that city. Lionel Barrymore is starred

GERMS
fill handkerchiefs during colds

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

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Avoid self-infection and infecting others . . . use

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MILLIONS of germs in a single handkerchief! Scientific tests show this condition actually exists during colds.

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Kleenex Tissues are handkerchief-size squares, made from rayon-cellulose. They are soft and soothing, gentle, absorbent. And *inexpensive.* It costs less to use Kleenex than to have handkerchiefs laundered.

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Kleenex is now put up in handy rolls and packages, containing generous quantities, at 25c. In addition, an extra-size Kleenex is made, the tissues three times the usual size, as large as a man's handkerchief.

Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Ask to see 'Kerfs, too. They are real, bordered handkerchiefs of downy tissue —disposable, like Kleenex, though the texture is firm and cloth-like.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

TABLOID REVIEWS

The handy guide to the best in movie entertainment

MYSTERY

Wynne Gibson has throat trouble in *Crime of the Century*

A SUCCESSFUL BLUNDER—Amateur boy detective solves the murder of his sweetheart's father. Cast: Junior Durkin, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Arthur Vinton. Amusing and different.—*Radio.*

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Society thief falls in love with girl detective. Cast: Warner Baxter, Miriam Jordan. Excellent comedy scenes.—*Fox.*

MIDNIGHT WARNING—The nocturnal disappearance of a hotel guest puzzles detectives. Cast: William Boyd, Claudia Dell.—*Mayfair.*

THE CRIME OF A CENTURY—Jean Hersholt, psycho-analyist, plots a perfect crime, but a second murder gums the works. Sixty seconds given the audience to find a solution. Cast: Stuart Erwin, Wynne Gibson and Frances Dee. Swell stuff for mystery fans.—*Paramount.*

THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Lawyer turns killer to gain his cousin's inheritance. Three murders in this fantastic plot. Cast: Allen Dinehart, Mae Clarke, Neil Hamilton.—*Columbia.*

THE WOMAN ACCUSED—Can a woman murder for love and get away with it? Nancy Carroll discovers the answer. Cast: Cary Grant, John Halliday.—*Paramount.*

WHISTLING IN THE DARK—Gangsters kidnap a crime story author and force him to plot a murder. Cast: Ernest Truex, Una Merkel, John Miljan. One of the better screen mysteries.—*Metro.*

DRAMA

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Taxi dance girl becomes wealthy man's mistress. Marriage, the death of a baby and divorce add to the plot of this modern problem play that is worth seeing. Cast: Nancy Carroll, John Boles, Buck Jones.—*Columbia.*

CLEAR ALL WIRES—Lee Tracy as a war correspondent becomes enmeshed in Russian intrigue. Good comedy moments. Supporting cast: Una Merkel, James Gleason and Benita Hume.—*Metro.*

DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Was it Christ who saved the twelve men and one woman lost at sea on a rum-runner? Decide the answer by seeing this subtle, powerful drama. Cast: Pat O'Brien, Tom Brown, Betty Compson.—*Universal.*

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Barbara Stanwyck shoots the man who sent her to prison; then falls in love with him. Supporting cast: Preston Foster, Lilian Roth, Dorothy Burgess.—*Warner.*

LUXURY LINER—Grand Hotel plot on an ocean liner. Murder, suicide, natural death, birth and a drowning. Cast: George Brent, Vivienne Osborn, Alice White, Zita Johann.—*Paramount.*

PRIVATE JONES—A draft-evading coward faces death for an officer and through his adventures delivers a vivid lecture on patriotism. Lee Tracy in a perfect portrayal. Supporting cast: Russell Gleason, Gloria Stuart and Donald Cook.—*Universal.*

STATE FAIR—Country family becomes involved in strange dramatic situations at the state fair. A great cast: Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Louise Dresser, Norman Foster. Highly recommended.—*Fox.*

THE GREAT JASPER—Brilliant, brutal portrayal of an unmoral man whose life is wrecked by affairs with women. Richard Dix in his greatest rôle. Supporting cast: Florence Eldridge, Bruce Cabot, Edna Mae Oliver.—*Radio.*

Lew Ayres and Janet Gaynor as lovers in *State Fair*

THE KING'S VACATION—What happens when a king marries without love. Simply told, unusual dramatic love story. Cast: George Arliss, Florence Arliss, Dick Powell, Patricia Ellis.—*Warner.*

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES—A youth stands convicted of murder by the testimony of his embittered mother. Cast: Eric Linden, Helen MacKellar, Skeets Gallagher, Jean Arthur.—*Radio.*

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE—A mother assumes guilt for a crime her son committed. Cast: Phillips Holmes, Irene Dunne, Lionel Atwill.—*Metro.*

TOPAZE—A professor learns that books don't teach all there is to know about life. A great performance by John Barrymore. Supporting cast: Myrna Loy, Reginald Mason. Don't pass it up.—*Radio.*

Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes in *The Secret of Madame Blanche*

20,000 YEARS IN SING SING—Spencer Tracy as the hardboiled convict, whose love for a beautiful girl sends him to the chair. Supporting cast: Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot.—*Warner.*

WHAT WOMEN GIVE—Spectacular preachment against a future war, with Diana Wynyard, Phillips Holmes, Lewis Stone and May Robson contributing great performances.—*Metro.*

MUSICAL

42ND STREET—Dramatic story of the joys and sorrows of theatrical life. Scores of pretty girls, beautiful songs and settings. Cast: Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and George Brent.—*Warner.*

BE MINE TONIGHT—Light operetta featuring the glorious voice of Jan Kiepura, Polish opera star. Okay for music lovers.—*Universal.*

COMEDY

Jimmy Cagney has a big yen for Alice White in *The Picture Snatcher*

GRAND SLAM—Comic satire on bridge that will amuse even those who don't play the game. Cast: Paul Lukas, Loretta Young, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh.—*Warner.*

HARD TO HANDLE—Jimmy Cagney turns promoter and promotes everything from dance marathons to a romance for himself. Supporting cast: Mary Brian, Ruth Donnelly, Claire Dodd. *It's a hit!*—*Warner.*

SHE DONE HIM WRONG—Mae West makes the gay 90's gayer. Rough, good fun. Cast: Cary Grant, Noah Beery, Gilbert Roland.—*Paramount.*

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Jungle picture parody of the first order, starring Wheeler and Woolsey.—*Columbia.*

WHAT! NO BEER?—Two dumb clucks start a brewery anticipating prohibition repeal. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante supply the laughs.—*Metro.*

ROMANCE

Sally Blane and Randolph Scott in *Hello, Everybody!*

FACE IN THE SKY—Doubtful plot concerning a tough sign-painter who falls for a simple country lass. Cast: Spencer Tracy, Marian Nixon, Stuart Erwin.—*Fox.*

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Kate Smith saves the embattled farmers and a pair of lovers. Her songs are great. Supporting cast: Randolph Scott, Sally Blane.—*Paramount.*

TONIGHT IS OURS—Love makes a queen forget her royal dignity. Cast: Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Alison Skipworth.—*Paramount.*

FOR KIDDIES

CRASHIN' BROADWAY—Broadway actors turn cowboy and clean up a gang of hoss thieves. Doris Hill and Rex Bell are the lovers.—*Monogram.*

MYSTERIOUS RIDER—A hard-riding hero leads the homesteaders in a battle against a villainous sheriff. Kent Taylor and Lona Andre.—*Paramount.*

SCARLET RIVER—A movie acting cowboy muscles in on ranch thieves. Tom Keene and Dorothy Wilson.—*Radio.*

DON'T MISS THESE RECENT HITS

Laughter in Hell
A Farewell to Arms
Central Park
Lawyer Man
Call Her Savage
King Kong
Rasputin and the Empress
'Frisco Jenny
The Kid From Spain
Animal Kingdom
20,000 Years in Sing Sing
42nd Street

Betty Compson Reveals Story of Theft

[*Continued from page* 12]

stairs. The bandit called out to me that one false move on my part would mean my guest's death as well as my own.

But he needn't have worried. As I told Chief Taylor, I don't go about looking for grief!"

When we walked into the dressing room, I reached out for the metal box, but the bandit stopped me.

"There it is," I said.

"Is it locked?" he wanted to know.

"Yes."

"Then open it, and no monkey business, either!" he commanded.

I was trembling so, I had difficulty with the combination lock, and he moved nearer, reached out a heavy shoe, and scraped the skin from my ankle with the edge of its rough sole, to impress upon me, I thought, that speed was necessary. I finally got the box opened.

That accomplished, he ordered Mr. Leshin and me to lie face downward on the floor, and from his pockets took a roll of piano wire, a spool of three-inch adhesive tape and a pair of scissors. First, he bound Mr. Leshin's ankles, then forced his hands behind his back, and wired his wrists. He wound the adhesive around Mr. Leshin's head and face, sealing his mouth.

"Now you!" he instructed, turning to me. He bound my ankles, tied my hands behind my back, put adhesive over my mouth.

That finished, he scooped up the jewelry, and crammed it into his pockets.

"If the police come, tell them you were held up by an old man in a Western Union uniform!" was his parting sentence and after what seemed an hour, but was probably less than a minute, I heard the front door close after him.

Twisting my head so I could see out into the hall, I sighted a costly ring. He had dropped it in his flight. I pointed it out to Mr. Leshin by wriggling my head in the direction of the diamond, and in so doing I sighted on the dresser the shears the gunman had brought along to cut the wire and adhesive.

Propelling myself across the floor much after the fashion of a caterpillar, I got to my knees, and reached for them with my bound hands. Then I crawled back to where Mr. Leshin was lying, and, working into position, snipped a strand of the wire on his wrists.

He freed me and rushed to the 'phone to summon the police.

◆

SCREEN BOOK Contest Announcements

Turn to page 74 to learn the winners in the final Mickey Mouse Contest. A new cash prize contest is also announced on this page.

★ Wynne Gibson
in Paramount's "Crime of the Century" Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.

Do *you* Know Your Color Harmony *in* MAKE-UP *as the Screen Stars Do?*

Blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead! Discover how powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, creates beauty that fascinates.

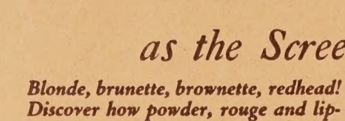
"To enhance charm and attraction, the individual beauty of complexion colorings must be emphasized," explains Max Factor. "Powder, rouge and lipstick must be in color harmony to vividly accent the personality of each type."

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Exquisitely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness. It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen...and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury, Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up...Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

★ ***How to Make Up your Lips to last all day***



1. *Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger.*

2. *Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together.*

3. *Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips... and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, permanent in color value ...smooth in texture.*

Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

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Max Factor Make-Up Studio,
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WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade.

Complexion	*EYES*	*HAIR*	*SKIN*
Fair.......☐	Blue....☐	BLONDE	Dry....☐
Creamy....☐	Grey....☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily...☐
	Hazel ..☐	BROWNETTE	Normal ☐
Medium ...☐	Brown ..☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	*LIPS*
Ruddy......☐	Black...☐	BRUNETTE	Moist ..☐
	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry....☐
Olive......☐	Light...☐	REDHEAD	*AGE*
Sun Tan ..☐	Dark ...☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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Max Factor's *Society* Make U
Cosmetics of the Stars ★ HOLLYWOOD
Face Powder... Rouge... Lipstick... *in Color Harmony*

The BEAUTY CABINET

How screen stars keep the bloom of a youthful skin

By
Janet
Lynn

NOT long ago I was talking with a young movie actress who had just been through a drastic reducing régime. She had lost almost twenty-five pounds by means of massage, exercise and a strict diet, but now that she had lost the weight, she had another problem. Her skin had become dry and scaly and refused to respond to tissue cream.

I learned that her diet had excluded all fats and oils and that she had been living on little more than lettuce and grape-fruit for weeks. No wonder her skin glands failed to produce sufficient natural oils when her entire system was starved for want of butter and cream! Since reducing has become common, it is one of the most frequent causes of dry, wrinkled skin. Although it is necessary to cut down on fats when reducing, they should not be eliminated altogether. Each day, regardless of your weight, you should include a pint of rich milk and two one-inch cubes of butter in your diet.

With the addition of a few fats that did not add a single inch to her hip measurement, I revised the star's diet, and her skin became quite normal again. If you have always been dry-skinned, no matter what your weight, you should include more fats in your diet. Of course, persons with chronic cases of dry skin must take external measures too, but the internal measures should not be neglected.

Readers who desire to discuss personal beauty problems confidentially with Janet Lynn may do so free of charge by addressing her in care of SCREEN BOOK, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped (U. S. postage only) envelope for reply.

—Coburn

Julie Haydon has that fine dry skin typical of blondes—which is lovely but requires so much care. She keeps it protected, lubricated and stimulated gently by patting on a rich tissue cream

—Longworth

Eleanor Holm, an athletic girl who spends many hours in the sun, must guard her complexion well. Twice daily she uses a pore-penetrating cleansing cream and stimulates the skin by vigorous patting

The external treatment for a dry skin should include four things: cleansing, protection, lubrication and stimulation. Women with sensitive skin are so apt to neglect perfect cleanliness because frequent cleansing irritates the skin. They complain that soap and water leave their skin red and raw for hours, and that it is difficult to find cleansing creams that do not leave the skin blotchy. As a result, they cleanse their skin sketchily and are surprised when blemishes appear. Usually they provide protection in the form of vanishing cream and lubrication with a tissue cream—but they skimp on stimulation more than the cleansing.

Dry, sensitive skin can never be "cured" unless it is stimulated from within and without. The dry-skin victim should get vigorous outdoor exercise so that the quickened blood stream will rush to the skin with nourishment. She should stimulate the skin surface by applying skin tonics and by slapping the skin till it glows. This may seem harsh treatment but the skin will soon be so benefited that the stimulation measures will exhilirate instead of hurt. Applications of soothing tissue creams can be

[*Continued on page* 64]

Doug Jr., Blasts Divorce Rumors!

[*Continued from page* 19]

ceited, most insipid, person she had ever met."

But this feeling was reversed a short time later when Doug appeared in a play. Joan wired him congratulations. He telephoned his thanks. And thus began the courtship of the happy couple which Hollywood is attempting to separate in the most malicious manner—by insidious undercurrent. But listen to this, you gossip hounds. Hear what Doug has to say:

"I believe Joan will become the greatest actress on the screen. This is not merely prejudice. Even before we were married, I knew she had the ability to become a fine actress. And I am very proud of her—proud that she is my wife.

"I shall be eternally grateful to Joan for what she has done for me. She understands me perfectly. I have come to know myself through her. That's the greatest compliment I can pay my wife.

"Marriage has given me greater ambition. It has made me take my work more seriously—myself more lightly. It has helped me to develop a sense of humor. I have learned that life is too serious to be taken seriously."

The last remark may sound ambiguous, but Doug goes on to explain that if anything vital is analyzed too minutely, a person loses his perspective.

"That's why I say that I can't tell you *why* our marriage is a success. I can't analyze it. It's too important. Joan and I appreciate it from our own standpoint. What matters whether others do or not? We went into it happily, doing things as we saw fit. We still do.

"For instance, we do not talk shop. So far, we have found this idea to work out perfectly. If, ten years from now, this arrangement is not satisfactory, we shall try some other plan."

"Ten years from now," he said. It looks as though Joan and Doug were going to keep the Mr. and Mrs.

Another new and promising feminine discovery—Barbara Barondess. She makes her début in *Fever,* with Jack Holt and Lilian Bond

HERE'S A

NEW HEALTH HABIT

AS OLD AS MAN . . . .
AS FUNDAMENTAL AS BREATHING
AS IMPORTANT AS THE REGULATION OF THE BOWELS

YOU SHOULD ACT ON THIS MESSAGE NOW

REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

SPECIAL WARNING - Tooth brushing, mouth washes, gargles do not take the place of the daily Dentyne chew. These cleansings while very helpful, cannot strengthen muscles, increase the blood flow to the tissues of the oral cavity, (including the gums, tongue, cheeks and throat), bring the saliva flow back to normal, develop the structure of the mouth or make it normally self cleansing.

WHY do teeth decay in spite of daily cleansing and much serious propaganda on preventive measures?

Why do we suffer from so many diseases of the throat and gums?

It is a disgrace that these troubles continue in spite of bettered living conditions and the rapid strides of medical science.

Perhaps the report at the left may revolutionize our health habits. When we received it we hesitated to print it, important as it is. Would the world believe that anything so simple could be so helpful? Would fathers and mothers believe that *a chewing gum*—even though it is unlike any other gum made—could be so important to their children and themselves? Read it and see for yourself.

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO—When you consider these facts, we suggest that you do as follows: See to it that each member of your family over three years of age chews Dentyne for five minutes every day without fail. Twice a day is better. Be as insistent on this as you are about other daily habits. See that your husband keeps Dentyne in his desk and that he carries it with him while travelling.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE—Here is an easy pleasant way to help your family to have healthy mouths and white, beautiful teeth. Dentyne is delicious. And it keeps the teeth white.

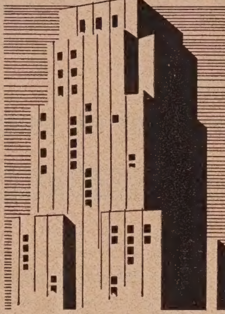
Chew delicious

Dentyne

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM 5¢ KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Now OKLAHOMA CITY HAS A BILTMORE HOTEL



Perfect service, with all modern conveniences, satisfies the most discriminating guest at the Oklahoma Biltmore. Radios in every room, circulating ice water, ceiling fan with up and down draft, air cooled public rooms, and other conveniences make your stay one to be remembered.

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(MOVIE SERIES)

the JOAN CRAWFORD jig saw puzzle is a beautiful reproduction of an oil painting of this popular star. It is cut into tricky pieces and is on sale at your newsdealer's at

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Exploding those Harlow Myths

[*Continued from page* 17]

she'd get somewhere in pictures.' Before I could stop her, the Baby had taken some of her new things out and one of her two white evening dresses. She had intended to wear it that night because the other was due for the cleaners, but that didn't keep her from giving it away. . . . "

Strange sort of siren! As you turn the pages of the Harlow history you're apt to come upon a number of such revealing incidents. Like the case of that studio friend of Jean's, a very young stenographer. About a year ago she rang up in great excitement. She was going to have her first date! Do you remember yours—and the electrifying thrill of it? Just fancy this happening to you *then*: Supposing you had nothing but the plain little frock you'd worn to the church picnic to put on. And about the time your heart was ready to sink heavily into your old slippers, a fairy god-mother appeared (in this case a platinum-haired one) carrying over her arm everything a girl could want from the grandest undies to a *perfect* gown. The kind you see in visions. And there were gloves, a formal bag and silver pumps. That's what happened to this little steno.

Jean was as excited as she was. "You know, it's good luck to wear something borrowed on your first date!" was the way she over-rode the other's polite protests. Jean even supervised her makeup. She explained to her in a strictly maternal tone of voice that she should refuse all cocktails since they might go to her head a bit. Then she left her—a scintillating Cinderella if ever there was one—to dash home and dress for her own date only two hours late!

CLASS distinction? Jean's never heard of it. She has the contempt of all genuine, well-bred people for snobbery. Just to illustrate—we were going into a famous beauty parlor the other day and a star of much-publicized "culture" was making a grand exit. A script girl who had been on her last three pictures spoke to her pleasantly. The star gave her a frozen stare . . . and passed on. Jean saw it. She flushed angrily but she went up to the script girl as if nothing had occurred.

"Hello there, Molly! It's good to see you, dear. When are you coming back to *our* lot to work?" Before she went on into the booth she made a luncheon engagement with Molly for the following day and all the pinched, hurt look had disappeared from the girl's face.

When you get the true angle on Jean this type of thing gives you a tremendous laugh; she was walking into the hotel with her step-father, Marino Bello, down in Agua Caliente and a society leader from New York, smothered in furs, took one frenzied look at her and cried out, "Good heavens, where's my husband? Here comes Harlow!"

I'm not sure what it was that the Social Registerite expected her to do to the poor man—to pounce, leap or snatch at him. But then, people are always waiting for her to shock them. When she meets them for the first time they're on guard, ready to criticize her every action. Five minutes later they begin to suspect you can't believe all you hear. Ten minutes later they're sure of it. Within twenty minutes she usually has made another friend for life.

Because, you see, you *feel* Jean's honesty like a tangible thing reaching out to you. The men call her a "square-shooter"—which, after all, is the highest compliment they can pay. One of them, a writer noted on two continents, said of her, "She has immense physical attraction, of course. But that alone cannot hold a man. Jean has—what is far more important—a personality. She is a witty, charming woman of deep gentleness."

I like that last particularly. "Of deep gentleness. . . . " It reminds me of so many perfectly *swell* things that Jean has done.

FOR instance, there's the hairdresser who has waited on her for five years, ever since Jean came to California, and who—But let her tell her own story as she told it to me in between latherings. She isn't given to talking much. It was my saying that I'd heard Jean had been at her house for dinner the night previous that started the conversation.

"She comes about once a week," said the little hairdresser softly. "Imagine a great star dining with *me*! Ah, but she is sweet. She takes so great an interest in anyone who works for her. That is the *real* sign of quality, madam, no? Several years ago when I was married, she took me up to her house and said I must do *her* a favor. I must accept the oh! so lovely ensemble that she wore at the première of *'Hell's Angels.' Imagine,* madam! It was heavenly white bordered with white fox. And she gave me four other costumes. I—I cried I was so happy. . . . She did me the honor to make my house the first one she visited after her tragedy. . . . "

And then there's the cabinet maker. A wizened old man of nearly seventy. Sort of slowed up in his work with Time's hand laid heavily upon him like that, and he hadn't been able to get a job for months. He had an invalid wife, too. Always the way, isn't it? One day when Jean was in an architect's office discussing the plans for her new house in Bel-Air, the old fellow walked in. No work in sight yet. He was too slow, the architect explained to Jean, and promptly forgot him. But she didn't. All the fine panelling, the beautifully matched woodwork in that new home of hers has been done by him. A nicer job you've never seen. It's an expression of gratitude from the old cabinet-maker. And now Jean has secured enough work for him from her friends to keep him busy for many a day to come.

I don't suppose there are three people in Hollywood who know she has been the entire support of four girls for the last four and a half years—kept them in school, providing their clothing. . . . Just as, on the other hand, very few people know that she and Paul Bern entertained the biggest royal catch of the season during the Olympic Games. Entertained him frequently and with little or no formality. Where other stars would have publicized such a thing in headlines, Jean said nothing. She had met a goodly number of dukes and princelings and whathaveyou before and wasn't especially impressed with them. This royal person happened to be different. He was "regular." So he became Jean's friend along with the hairdresser and cabinet-maker and steno and extra.

Recently she has been playing eighteen holes of golf a day while waiting to start on her new picture. That gives her the exercise and she comes home too tired to think—I have a vivid mental picture of her in blue slacks and a white turtle neck sweater standing on the fairway and watching a man chop down a tree over in the "rough." "That," said Jean, hands on hips and feet wide apart, "is the exact reproduction of Harlow swinging a club."

Sex? The stress laid upon it in her pictures came near ruining her career. Very near. She was built up professionally as the epitome of sex appeal. It came to be something of a jinx that dogged her footsteps, that persisted in overshadowing her real self wherever she went. And then Jean deliberately sidestepped it in so clever a manner that Hollywood is still marvelling. She injected a note of comedy into her rôles—did it so adroitly that the critics shouted their approval, lauded this new, gay Jean to the skies.

The Jean who isn't afraid to accept what life has to offer. . . .

◆

You Were All Wrong About Norma Shearer

[*Continued from page* 39]

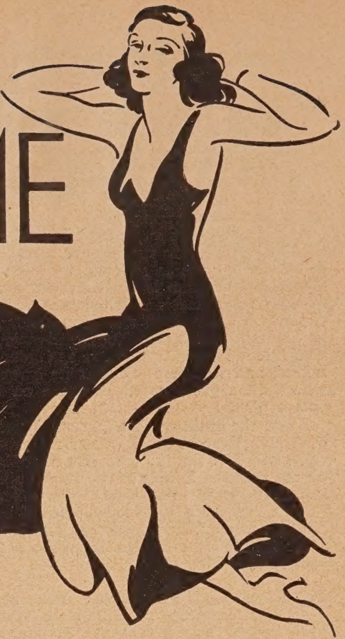
NORMA herself said a surprising thing about the change she has experienced in her own personality during the past few years. We had been discussing the truly sophisticated people we knew. Those who have the manners of the world at their fingertips and the newest *bon mot* on the tip of their tongue.

"Do you know," she said slowly, "when I was playing rôles such as I did in *Strangers May Kiss* and *Private Lives,* I found myself unconsciously talking in the same brittle way as those women I portrayed. I had slipped into that spirit without realizing it. It's impossible to be so close to such characters without having them make some sort of impression on your own individuality. I studied and lived those women for months. They taught me things—foremost among them, that you must have a knowledge of all sides of life to be a real sophisticate.

"Then came *Strange Interlude,* offering me a wonderful transition for this reason: While the woman in it was also of that brilliant metallic mold, she was romantic at the same time. An out-and-out romanticist, in fact, and I suppose that's what I am at heart. Perhaps that is why I loved the girl in *Smilin' Through* so much. I think she's my favorite—independent, subtle when she wanted to be, but underneath it all she had an exquisite tenderness. It was she, I believe, who taught me that romanticism goes hand in hand with sophistication."

And maybe *that's* why she lets her hand

[*Continued on page* 69]



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. . . Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win A COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs (16 years of age or more), so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter. Prize Awards made by the Federal Schools, Inc., will be accepted as partial payments on the regular Federal Course in Commercial Designing or Modern Illustrating.

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1. **Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfit. (Value of each course $185.00.)**
2. **All Contestants grading 70% or over will be awarded a $25.00 credit.**

No Art Scholarships will be awarded to drawings graded less than 70%, as the Federal Faculty feels the study of Commercial Art would not be justified in such cases.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

NOTE THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Make drawing of girl about 6½ inches high, on paper 7 inches high by 5 inches wide. Draw only the girl and not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by March 25, 1933. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

The quality of instruction in the Federal Course develops your natural talent to a practical earning ability in the shortest possible time. It has been the start for many Federal Students, both men and girls, who are now commercial artists and illustrators, earning $2,000, $4,000 and $5,000 yearly — some even more. The Federal Schools has won a reputation as the "School famous for successful students". Enter this contest . . . a splendid chance to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to

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Telling Tales on that Hepburn Girl's Past

[*Continued from page* 37]

A tantalizing grin wrinkled Hepburn's mouth. She looked at the bulky lady with impish impudence.

"Haven't you ever registered as Mrs. Smith?" she chuckled. "That is—when you were younger!"

As a matter of fact, Katharine did go as Mrs. Smith, for that is her name in private life. She is married to Ludlow Ogden Smith, who is an insurance man in New York. He is a descendant of the Ogden who came long ago from England and bought an island on the St. Lawrence river. It is known to this day as Ogden's Island, and whispers are that its owner, who built a great castle of stone on it, was a pirate.

As to the truth of that, SCREEN BOOK's own investigators in New York couldn't tell me. Mr. Smith, who has an office on the thirteenth floor of the same building that houses the New York offices of this magazine, barricades himself behind a most efficient secretary and is an utter failure as a source of information about his wife.

IN A way, it really is her own fault that so many press people have poked their noses into Katharine Hepburn's private life. She's such a vital person, the natural impulse of anyone who meets her is to ask about the background from which so Quixotic a character could have come.

And if ever a girl was the product of her background, Katharine Hepburn is. She was brought up utterly uninhibited.

Before she had reached her teens she had learned to think and talk in adult terms. When other little girls of her age were playing house in their Hartford backyards, Katharine Hepburn was sitting in the back of a huge touring car listening to her mother, a militant suffragette, harangue outdoor political meetings on whirlwind tours through Connecticut.

From her mother, Katharine Hepburn caught something of the flare—the intenseness—the straightforwardness which made that lady so charming.

And from her father, one of Hartford's most respected surgeons, the girl learned that almost anyone may have a vision but that it takes courage and conviction and a certain calmness to win wisdom.

Long before she entered the halls of college, Katharine Hepburn had acquired the culture that comes with an appreciation of art and music and fine writing.

But it was at Bryn Mawr the girl rounded out that background and served an active apprenticeship in the career she had chosen by taking a leading part in undergraduate productions.

It was in the spring of her senior year that the young Bryn Mawr girl left her classes to take a fling at the professional theatre. And it was to Edwin Knopf, who was then running a stock company in Baltimore, that she carried her ambitions.

Kenneth MacKenna was the guest star of the Knopf company in the first play in which Katharine was given a rôle and it was this gentle cavalier of the boards who encouraged the vivid, redhaired girl to try her luck on Broadway.

Katharine Hepburn and Billie Burke again are to be seen together in *The Great Desire*. Katharine is cast as the madcap aviatrix in the film which is a picturization of Gilbert Frankou's novel, *Christopher Strong*

THERE followed two years of alternating failures and triumphs.

The Big Pond . . . "They tried it out in Great Neck and I was so excited I got to the theatre an hour early and then sat in a field nearby and ate blueberries until fifteen minutes before the performance.

"When I was finally dressed and standing in the wings, waiting for my cue, I began fidgeting with the elastic belt that held up my underpants. Suddenly I had a spasm. Suppose the darn thing should break when I was out on the stage!

"There was no reason in the world to think it would but the thought had me terrified. So right in front of an astonished stage hand, I peeled off the pants and handed them to him just before I walked on for my first speech.

"The picture of that flabbergasted man, wide-eyed and mouth gaping, holding those pink panties, remains one of my most amusing memories."

Holiday . . . "Understudying Hope Williams for months and then going to Paris and the afternoon of my return from abroad being called up and asked to play the part that night. I hadn't looked at a script for ten weeks but I went on!"

Death Takes A Holiday . . . "Five weeks of endless rehearsals . . . then the tense excitement of an out of town tryout . . . and then the bitter let-down of getting my notice just before the show came into New York."

Art and Mrs. Bottle . . . "My first real hit . . . The night it opened I was staying all alone in an eighteen-room apartment on Park Avenue . . . loaned me by a friend who was out of town . . . I dashed through the empty rooms, shouting at the top of my lungs!"

The Animal Kingdom . . . "I'd waited three months for the lead . . . turned down three other good offers . . . We'd been rehearsing six days . . . I was sitting in front of the fire in my apartment with two Harvard boys . . . We were planning what fun we'd have in Boston if the show opened there . . . There was a knock at the door . . . I felt a chill chase itself up and down my spine . . . I knew . . . I knew it was my notice. It was . . . and somehow all the fight suddenly went out of me."

So many times in those first few years that lanky lady carried her red head in the clouds only to be brought down to earth with a sickening thud.

And then came *The Warrior's Husband* and Katharine Hepburn was an undisputed star.

Again it is a single flash that Katharine Hepburn remembers best of the long run this show enjoyed.

"Romney Brent and I used to makeup together. Every night he'd either come into my dressing room or I'd go into his and the makeup man would work on us at the same time.

"Now our makeup went on . . . well, just about all over. So Romney used to wear just a pair of shorts and I'd wear just shorts and an athletic shirt.

"One night a distinguished old gentleman came backstage to call on me. As he entered the room, Romney and I both had our backs to the door. The old gentleman chatted a moment with Romney, thinking he was in the wrong dressing room, when suddenly I turned part way around.

"I saw him give a quick look from my shorts to Romney's . . . from Romney's chest to mine. He hesitated a minute and then marched out with this exit line: 'Well, I guess you *fellows* are in a hurry. I'll be running along. Tell Katharine I was looking for her!'"

There's no false modesty about this Hepburn. She's too utterly clean. She has the same lack of self-consciousness about her body that athletes or dancers show.

Which is probably why several more prudish people have excitedly expressed their shocked horror at seeing Katharine Hepburn lying on her stomach on the studio lawn, pointing her heels at the sky as she read her mail.

But if she has little regard for social conventions, she has even less for society itself.

Now Hollywood, in its way, is pretty social minded. There are more important deals made after dark . . . over dinner tables . . . than at office desks.

Katharine Hepburn, however, refused all Mayfair invitations, all preview parties . . . even when they came from her studio bosses.

In the privacy of her home she robes herself in rich, red silks and shiny satins. But in public she's mostly seen in ragged old overalls and sloppy sneakers.

She demands gentility in her friends but she ridicules it in business.

Her brusqueness endeared her immediately to John Barrymore, whom she supported in her first picture, *A Bill of Divorcement*. She was the first young actress who had approached him without self-consciousness, called him . . . even kidded him . . . at every turn and made him work for his footage.

She's a shrewd business woman this Hepburn. When her contract was drawn up, it was the actress, not the attorney, who phrased most of the "whereases."

The first option in that contract expires in another month or so but it is our bet that it will be renewed promptly.

Katharine Hepburn has something different to offer Hollywood and Hollywood is hungry for something new.

Hollywood Returns to Its First Love

[*Continued from page 23*]

seems to me a pretty weak refilming of what was once a vivid character study and one of the outstanding pictures of its day. *(Radio).*

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—A

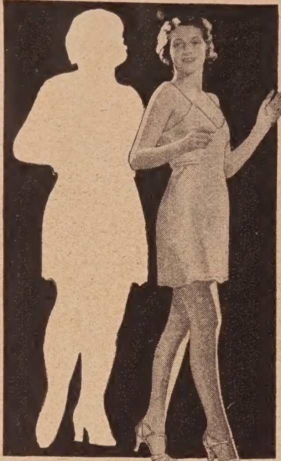
KATE SMITH, the friendly voice of the radio, in a homespun story written around her ample figure. Kate outwits the evil power trust, makes a hit when she sings at a party broadcast over a small station, is graduated to national radio fame. Indeed, the funds obtained through her radio success constitute the ammunition with which the nasty, grasping old Trust is beaten. Kate Smith plays Kate Smith and seems to me to give a good performance. She sings, manages to get by the emotional moments without much damage and dances in a way to surprise you. Of course, your interest in *Hello, Everybody!* will be in direct ratio to your interest in Kate Smith and her mighty efforts to get the moon over the mountain. *(Paramount).*

SHE DONE HIM WRONG—AA

MAE WEST as a rowdy belle of the Bowery in the good old days of '98. Mae represents the last word in garish nineteenth century seduction and her wiles, blonde and blatant, in extracting diamonds from cash customers will at least hold your attention. This plot looks suspiciously like the *Diamond Lil* Hays banned, but maybe I'm wrong. Nobody would fool Deacon Hays, would they? With a figure that would have graced the front cover of *The Police Gazette* in its palmy days, Miss West is both opulent and intriguing. Of course, beneath the '98 decollete beats a heart of gold. After a few murders, Mae and her man, who turns out to be a detective, go off to visit a parson and live happily ever after. *(Paramount).*

—Roger Kent

Adrienne Ames goes shopping for Easter flowers at Halchester's



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Women, men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR". No "dyed" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 23 W. 30th St., New York City.

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Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! In addition to cleansing, it gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out hidden beauty! You'd never dream such a simple little "touch" could make so much difference in your appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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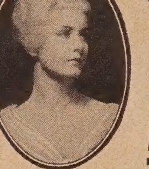

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VALGENE A FEMININE SUPPOSITORY

Married Women! Stop worrying. Use VALGENE, the safe, sure, feminine suppository. Old fashioned methods now unnecessary. Dangerous chemical mixtures, sprays, washes, etc., can be discarded. VALGENE alone gives you the dependable protection you want, without clumsy douches or dangerous, poisonous solutions. VALGENE has been in use for 15 years. It is recommended by doctors.

SURE AND DEPENDABLE—Easy to Use

See how easy it is! A tiny VALGENE cone is inserted as required. Body heat melts it in four to five minutes. Antiseptic, germ-destroying ingredients are released and reach every fold and crevice. You are then protected—safely—surely—dependably. This is the new, modern way!

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Rush your order to-day. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman $1.00 per box of 12 suppositories—or $2.50 for three boxes (plus few cents carrying charges). All shipments unmarked. Be sure to state how many boxes you want. Act now. Enjoy new freedom.

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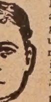
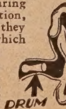
DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 665, 70 5th Ave., New York

The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 58]

made, after particularly drastic stimulation.

Treatment For Dry Skin

ALL dry-skinned individuals should be introduced to a particular pair of liquid preparations. These liquids together provide the four necessary steps I mentioned above. The clear amber liquid cleanses and stimulates. It reaches deep into the pores, ridding them of all dirt and at the same time it makes the skin tingle. For sensitive skin the cleanser can be diluted with water.

The second liquid provides lubrication and protection, (a nourishing cream and powder base). It is a milky fluid containing rich oils which are broken up into such minute particles that they penetrate the pores and replace natural oils. One of the features of this cream is that it can be applied generously and yet it disappears into the skin. I'll be glad to tell you the name of this set upon inquiry.

A Handy Complexion Gadget

IF YOU are a busy woman you know how hard it is to give your skin the complete care it needs. There is a solution to your problems in one of the simple all-purpose creams which comes in a convenient oval push-up container. This cream cleanses quickly and thoroughly, melting the instant it touches the skin. It also has tonic properties that guard against enlarged pores and blackheads. Smoothed on the skin it acts as a lubricating agent, gradually erasing wrinkles, lines and coarseness, and when it is applied in a thin film it forms an adherent protective powder base.

The cream is pale pink and delicately almond-scented. Because of its unique container it can be used in a jiffy without even touching the fingers. For that reason many women carry it in their purses to use during the day. They also find it useful after their skin has been exposed to the wind or sun. This famous cream costs only sixty cents. Write to me if you wish the name.

What To Do About Freckles

POETS and fiction writers are always praising early Spring days but when a beauty editor thinks of the season she sees only the millions of freckle crops it will produce. Since it would be treason to suggest staying indoors on spring days, it might be well to consider some means of preventing this freckling. It is usually the dry, sensitive skin that freckles easily, so the four necessary steps already discussed should be heeded. In addition, the cream used for cleansing should have slight bleaching qualities. I know just the cream that will answer the purpose.

It has a romantic sounding Spanish name and a delightful lemon fragrance. This pale yellow cream is made with lemon oil from Sicily. Not lemon *juice* but the pure oil of Sicilian lemon skins which has been known for generations to be a most effective beauty aid. Its bleaching and softening qualities make it ideal for use on a dry, sensitive skin and in preventing and treating sunburn and windburn. If you would like to try this lemon cleansing cream you may send ten cents (stamps or coin) to the manufacturer and receive a generous trial jar. I shall be glad to send you the name of the maker if you are interested in this offer.

How To Have Lovely Lashes

ONE of the most frequent questions I receive in my mail is this: "How do the movie stars acquire such gorgeous lashes?" Apparently, most of the feminine world is set on having long, dark eyelashes now that they have seen on the screen just how much lovely lashes add to a woman's allure. Well, it isn't a bit hard to achieve them. If you were to take a privileged trip through the dressing rooms of most of Hollywood's famous actresses, you would find a certain mascara box perched on nearly every dressing table. In that little box is the answer to my readers' eager questions.

This mascara, which was introduced fifteen years ago, has always been a favorite of the stars, and now that it is offered in new and improved form, it is indispensable to them. This mascara is easy to apply so that you can achieve any desired effect. The stars know that this lash darkener will not cause their eyes to burn, nor will it "run" during tearful scenes. In addition, this mascara, unlike others, contains emollient oils that tend to stimulate the growth of the lashes and to keep them soft and silky. Naturally, no star can afford to have her lashes become brittle through the use of a harmful lash cosmetic.

Besides using this beautifier, the stars, of course, take extremely good care of their lashes, brushing them upward to encourage that curl and always applying a reliable cream eyelash grower at night. The maker of this mascara also has a cream for promoting the growth of the lashes. If it is used consistently over a period of time it will actually cause the lashes to become thicker and longer and will keep them healthy and well-nourished. If you would like the name of these products, drop me a line, enclosing a stamped return envelope.

A New Hair Trick

SO THAT your new spring bonnet won't be ashamed to consort with your hair, you'd better inaugurate a Spring Clean-Up Campaign, beginning with a series of oil shampoos and ending with a rinse after each shampoo. The hats are exposing more and more hair this season, so it's up to you to make your coiffure presentable. The easiest way to make drab hair glossy is to use a commercial vegetable rinse. I've been using an excellent one that comes in twelve distinct shades among which you can choose the exact complement for your own hair.

Using this rinse is not a bit of trouble. After you finish shampooing your hair simply give it a final dousing in this preparation. To prepare the rinse, dissolve one of the packets of powder in a quart of warm water and pour water over the hair until all color is absorbed. Follow with a clear water rinse and there you are! Two rinses cost ten cents.

Cupid's Column

[*Continued from page* 38]

heaven with Merian Cooper, a prominent studio exec.

Lilian Bond is hitting the high spots with Grant Withers, Loretta Young's ex-hubby.

Helene Costello, former wife of Lowell Sherman, surprised everyone by up and marrying a Dr. Arturio del Barrio, young Cuban lawyer. He's twenty-five; she's several years his senior.

Jimmy Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan are still purring. They battle every now and then because it's so much fun to patch up a scrap.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are telling it to the divorce court.

The Romantic Past

Remember when—George O'Brien paid long, ardent court to Olive Borden, now out of films? . . . Sally Eilers was engaged to Mattie Kemp? . . . Hoot Gibson planned to wed Ruth Elder, mistress of the air? . . . Rudy Vallée and Mary Brian were on the verge? . . . How Doug Fairbanks Jr. once pined for Merna Kennedy? . . . And Clara Bow played around with Guinn (Big Boy) Williams.

◆

Dietrich Declares a Truce

[*Continued from page* 15]

fixings and at Palm Springs where she and Chevalier often are seen vacationing, she wears the more accepted slacks and sweaters.

AND Chevalier! The usually glum Maurice seems to have caught some of Marlene's infectious mood. Dietrich's wit matches Chevalier's own these days. During intermission at the opening of *The Sign of the Cross* it was Marlene who remarked to Maurice:

"I have never seen Alison Skipworth so good. Is she not wonderful as Nero?"

Despite the fact that Hollywood's exclusive women's shops are stocking full lines of mannish attire for women, it is Dietrich's opinion that American women will never follow the style.

"They have not the courage," she remarked, "but for me it is an old custom. In Germany, before I came over here, I often wore these things but never in public. When I go back I shall wear them in Berlin just as I do in Hollywood and in Berlin people will not stare as they do here."

Dietrich's laughter rang out as I mentioned the *Trilby-Svengali* legend which has grown up around her and Von Sternberg.

"Oh, yes, Jo and I; we get many laughs out of that. Jo and I are still good friends, as always. They say that I would sign a contract with Fox if Jo is to be my director. How foolish! I will sign with nobody, no matter who is my director, until I have rested in Germany and maybe not then. We have no plans to make a picture in Germany but if a good story is ready—maybe."

"If Jo has an influence over me, like they say, it is the influence of a good friend whose opinions I respect. He understands me, other people do not. If he tells me a picture is not good for me, I believe him and why not? Was it not Jo who has made me a star?"

Despite Marlene's denials of a sinister influence over her, it is well known that her aloof attitude and her lack of close friends in Hollywood was due to the Machiavellian interference of Von Sternberg. A great admirer of Joan Crawford, Marlene was well on the way to a close friendship with her. Subtly, craftily, Von Sternberg broke it up.

The same thing happened with each new friendship that Dietrich formed. It was Von Sternberg's habit to sit nearby when Dietrich was being interviewed and with his caustic comments on the interviewer's questions, place her in a bad light. But Von Sternberg is in Germany and Marlene is a different girl.

Decisively she sets at rest the speculation as to her effectiveness with another director.

"I suppose I must show them that it is Dietrich and not Von Sternberg who is the actress," she smiled. "Mamoulian, my new director, I like. The *Song of Songs* is regarded in my country as a great masterpiece of fiction and I am going to do my best to make *Lilly Czepanek* one of my best characterizations. I do not know; the other pictures I like best, the public does not, so who can tell?"

And so Marlene Dietrich will return to Germany with her famous legs, her mannish attire and her glamour and whatever her faults, Hollywood will lose one of the most vivid personalities ever to grace the screen.

Dainty Loveliness and *Marchand's*

Simple daintiness. It attracts, charms. Be sure of it—and you'll be sure of yourself under any scrutiny. If dark fuzz mars the white smoothness of your arms, legs or cheeks—banish it at once! Marchand's will make it invisible in 20 minutes.

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Mail coupon today and dollar bill for tube of Pariogen Tablets, enough for 12 times use, in plain wrapper. Instructions. Feminine Hygiene truths included FREE. Try them. Then if for any reason you want to return balance, the dollar will be refunded.

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THE FATES OF YOUR FAVORITES

By Madame Helene
Celebrated Astrologer

Does your Fate match that of a screen star?

Persons born under Rudolph Valentino's astrological signs possess some of his characteristics

MARS and Venus, mighty planets of love and war, wealth and sex, rules the skies for those born in April, and the early part of May. Almost every one of your daily acts is governed by the stars, according to the rules of Astrology. You do not eat when you are hungry—go to bed when you are sleepy—rise when you get ready—go to work when the mood strikes you—but *time*, which comes from the stars, tells you when and how.

One of the best known daughters of Aries is Mary Pickford. Do you recognize these qualities in your favorite—vitality, intellect, ambition, bravery, tenacity? The stars say she might have shone on the operatic stage. She must be careful of her health and curb somewhat that driving instinct that might cause her to overdo. True to her stars she has won both love and money. She seems to be favored by the stars, but she has done what the astrologer finds she should do—she has followed the stage.

David Manners was born on April 30, so he is ruled by Taurus, his planet being Venus, patron of love and money, and he is also influenced by the planet Mercury. David himself proves that all the good things his stars provide may be his for the asking. He is able to do many things well. He finishes the thing he starts. Love always will be hovering about him but may be a bit fickle with him. His health should be good but he is mentally highstrung and must not worry. He will always have money.

And here is another son of Taurus who carved a niche for himself high up in the Hall of Fame—Rudolph Valentino, born on May 6. Was there ever a man who bore out in his career the destiny that the stars say will come to those born under the signs of Taurus and Venus, more truly than Valentino? Money came to him—but it meant nothing in itself. It was what he could do with it—what he could buy—that interested him. As for love, he was called "the world's greatest lover."

Taurus men are emotionally strong but in general the emotion is properly controlled. Such men are physically and mentally strong. The film world cannot forget him. He is still the great artist-lover.

WRITE FOR A READING! ONLY TEN CENTS!

What should you do to make a success—to be happy? Your stars will point the way! Write Madame Helene, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn., and she will send you a survey that will surprise you! Give your complete birth date—day—month—year—and include 10c, in coin or stamps, with a stamped self-addressed envelope. Send for it today!

Valentino's Amazing Dream Kingdom

[*Continued from page* 47]

outlay of less than $150,000. The company had already put in the necessary improvements—pavements, water, sewers, gas and electricity—over half the area, which would have permitted us to proceed at once with the resale. Our collections from the individual purchasers would have taken care of our future payments to the Beverly Ridge company.

"With Valentino's colorful plan to wear a crown and sit on a throne, plus the pulling-power of his magic name, he would have netted millions in a very short period. However, that part of it never entered his thoughts, for he was too engrossed in the romantic side of the affair.

"We made the $25,000 option payment, and were ready with the rest of the financing, when Rudy was stricken in New York. We had wired the Beverly Ridge officials that we would be on hand to take up the option on the appointed date. But Rudy died on the very day of its expiration!"

ATTORNEY ANDREWS was approached by Valentino at a party at Pola Negri's Beverly residence less than a month before his demise. The star had led him off to a quiet corner, and asked his opinion in a hypothetical case of an American community lifting itself above city, county, state and federal laws.

"By long and costly manuevering, you might crawl out from under city, county and state statutes, but there is no escape from the constitution of the United States," the lawyer informed him.

Rudy wasn't satisfied.

Next morning he appeared in Andrews' office, admitted he was fostering an undertaking such as he had referred to the previous evening, and requested Andrews to delve into the problem carefully, and draft a written report on his findings. This was to be ready for him on his return from New York.

Rudy's inbred fear of ridicule accounted for his efforts to keep his dream under cover until the start of actual construction on his palace.

"I wouldn't blame the world for laughing at the thought of an ex-gardener setting himself up as a king," he confided to me that day at Falcon-Lair, "but to me it will be my supreme accomplishment!"

Then, as I took my departure, he shouted after me:

"Watch the fireworks when I get back from the East!"

But Rudy returned in a casket!

And resting with him in a crevice in a Hollywood mausoleum is his fantastic dream of an empire of his own!

◆

Little Heart Throbs

Allan Jenkins and Glenda Farrell still romancing . . . Mae Clarke and Leon Waycoff still going places . . . Wedding chimes are in tune for Lila Lee and Director George Hill.

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Mrs. M. M., New York, N.Y.

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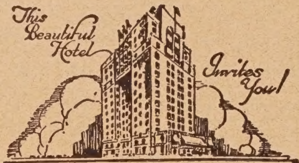
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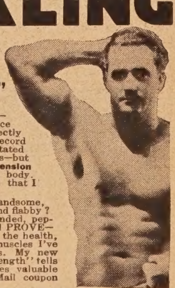

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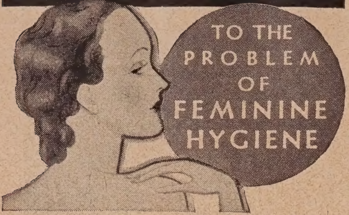
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The Truth About the Fugitive

[*Continued from page* 33]

you don't know, consists of placing a prisoner's feet through two holes in a board and his arms through another pair of holes directly above the feet. If you believe this to be a comfortable position, try sitting flat on the floor, legs straight and hands clasping your feet. Your back begins to ache in no time.

"THE stocks in which they put me were an improved device in torture. There was a lever on the boards through which my arms were passed so that I was pulled up off the floor. I wasn't sitting down at all. *I was hanging* with my entire weight supported by ankles and wrists. I couldn't bend either my legs or arms without suffering horrible agony.

"Still it would have been endurable for an hour as specified by regulations. But at the end of an hour, they took me out of the stocks and slapped me in the sweat box. This meant that I was compelled to stand erect in a compartment no larger than a coffin. You can't even move your arms in a sweat box. They are pinioned too closely to your sides.

"The circulation, constricted by hanging in the stocks, returns to legs and arms in the sweat box and bruised ankles and wrists begin to swell, increasing the torture. After an hour of this, back you are slapped into the stocks. This alternating is how they get around the regulations.

"For what I had said about the ancestry of the guards who had kicked my pal, I spent nearly *five days* rotating between stocks and the sweat box. After the third day, I had to be carried back and forth, so swollen were my ankles. My wrists were like hams. The only respite I got was when the warden hit me on the jaw and knocked me cold for an hour. He was being kinder than he thought. Meanwhile my pal dropped dead when compelled, despite his illness, to work on a road construction job.

"But to return to Burns. The man wasn't physically strong enough to stand the rigors of construction work. Even after he escaped the first time from the Troup County Camp and returned, voluntarily according to his story, he was in chains only a brief two months before being made yard boy, then water boy again.

"As a trusty, he had many privileges. He wasn't locked up on a bunk chain with the rest of us. You saw how this was done in the picture. As proof that Burns wasn't required to work beyond his strength, he frequently paced the floor long after the others had fallen asleep. Many's the night Burns' voice was the last thing I heard.

"He loved to talk and his favorite subject of conversation was himself. Some of the yarns he spun were difficult to believe, particularly those that depicted him as a ladies' man. He was such a strange little guy, most of the men were afraid to trust him. A few openly called him a stool pigeon which may or may not have been true.

"I'm glad Burns won his case against being returned. If he had been the worst criminal in the world instead of a fellow who stole $4.80, he wouldn't deserve a sentence in a chain gang. No man, whatever his crime, deserves such punishment. It passes human understanding. I know. I spent fifty long months in a Georgia chain gang.

"I wouldn't have given a nickel for Burns' life had they brought him back. He would have had it hard enough for what he wrote about them in his book. But only a few thousand people read the book. Compare that to the hundreds of thousands who saw the picture and multiply the punishment accordingly.

"They wouldn't have killed Burns. *They would have made him commit suicide.*

"Why even what I have dared tell you here for publication will keep me away from my home for the rest of my life."

There is no gainsaying that Burns, as an individual, failed to impress the few people he met in Hollywood. His personality was negative and he made no friends in an industry noted for its friendliness.

BURNS came to Hollywood uninvited. He had some idea that he might be put to work by Warners-First National in the course of producing his book on the screen. There is no truth to the report that the studio imported him, then helped to hide him in a bungalow on the lot. He really lived in a furnished room in a small apartment house in Burbank.

The studio, as a matter of fact, was quite nervous about Burns' arrival in Hollywood. He talked too much for one thing, a proclivity that later was to cause his arrest in New Jersey. When he was stealthy, it was a studied stealth that directed attention by reason of the unnatural attitude assumed. Anyone observing his movements would have marked him as a fugitive. He behaved like one except when he found an audience. Then he literally blossomed forth.

Coming to the studio in the day time, he announced himself at the gate under an amazing number of different aliases. One day he would be "Richard Crane," the next "Richard Bates." The resultant confusion may well be imagined. Those who expected his visits took to inquiring, "Has the gentleman a cigar box under his arm?" Receiving a reply to the affirmative, they knew the stranger to be Burns.

This little box, resembling a cigar box and no more substantial, was the fugitive's trade mark. He had fitted it up with a tiny padlock that could have been opened by a child. Still he had faith in his "strong box." In it he carried his "important papers."

Among these papers were notes for a story he always intended to write but never got around to doing. This might be deemed strange in the face of his claim that he had written his first book in one sitting—a single night in a hotel room, aided by a couple of bottles. His second story, he said, had a plot which dealt with a man who made himself invisible—a natural psychological reaction for a fugitive.

Burns stayed around Hollywood for less than six weeks. He met Mervyn LeRoy who was to direct the picture and Paul Muni who was to play "James

Allen." Both were interested in the man at first but their interest waned when they discovered he had nothing more to contribute than they had already gleaned from his book. LeRoy even refused to have him as technical adviser when he proved hazy regarding certain details. Instead LeRoy used the services of Jack Miller.

As a matter of courtesy, Burns was shown the completed scenario by Brown Holmes who with Sheridan Gibney wrote the screen play. Burns announced himself satisfied with the result except for one or two points. These points dealt entirely with the love story. The other changes were all right. But this love story—

He believed in love at first sight. It always happened that way. A man and a woman met and knew immediately that they were in love. Didn't Brown Holmes agree?

"No," said Holmes. "I don't agree. And I'll have nothing to do again with this first sight business. The last time I wrote such a situation, the title of the picture was changed to *The Strange Love of Molly Louvain.*"

Meeting a stone wall of opposition on his theory of love, Burns urged the woman in the script be made a violinist. "I've always liked violin music," he said. "Make the girl a violinist—in white silk tights," he added, as an afterthought. "That's good, isn't it? A girl in white tights with a violin under her chin. Any man would love a girl like that. And she'd be pictorial, too."

Holmes promised to see what he could do about it.

Shortly afterwards Burns left Hollywood and the entire studio breathed a sigh of relief. The picture was made without his aid—a picture that saved his life by presenting so graphically, so powerfully the brutalities of a penal system that the whole country rose to protest a fugitive's, any fugitive, being returned to such torture. Burns happened to personify that fugitive and it was he who was saved. The matter, however, was bigger than a single individual. The question was not whether Burns was worth saving but whether anyone should be subjected to torture. The answer by the American public was so positive as to leave no doubt.

And it cleared up another little thing. At last we know what the Governor of New Jersey said to the Governor of Georgia!

You Were All Wrong About Norma Shearer

[*Continued from page* 61]

slide into Irving Thalberg's at the movies now. Just like Mary and Sam next door or you and Johnny. They attend the preview of every picture, skip dessert to be on time and have it when they return. It's fun to sit in back of them in a theatre and watch them laugh together. Something funny happens on the screen—Irving chuckles, Norma giggles. Then they turn to look at each other and laugh joyously together.

You feel, somehow, sitting quietly behind them in the shadows, that those two have held fast to glamour even after five years of marriage. Or perhaps it's all due to the Shearer technique. She wants Thalberg to have the same sense of freedom to come and go as he pleases as he had during his bachelor days. Not for a single instant does she let him feel tied. The only time Irving has been made to realize that he is a family man was when he had an attack of the flu recently. Norma bustled about nursing him herself, reading to him for hours at a stretch. And did he love it!

FIVE minutes after Norma has left a dignified studio conference you're apt to catch her leaning over the gate in her dressing room door and swinging on it with an abandon worthy of Irving, Junior.

He's nearly three, by the way. A young man-about-town. He can identify a Rolls-Royce, a Packard, a Buick and a Ford. A day or so ago people on the boulevard were astonished to see a regal town car careening around corners in pursuit of a bouncing puddle jumper. They would have been still more astonished had they known the cause of it. Miss Shearer and her son were inside trying to settle a bet as to whether said puddle jumper was a Chevrolet or a Ford. Junior said it was a Ford. He won.

His best-loved ride, however, isn't taken in the rear seat of a luxurious auto. It's taken on Norma's hip. She holds him on her side in the fashion of mothers the world over and runs along the beach in front of their home. Junior shrieks delightedly and they wind up by having a tussle in the sand.

Next to the hip ride, he likes one on a pony. I suppose the Thalbergs could buy him a hundred ponies without it making an appreciable difference in their checking accounts. It would be a bit difficult to manage them, though. Even one, because they have no pasture there at the beach. So Norma goes with him to one of those children's riding stables that dot the highways, sets him on a pony (ten cents a ride) and walks around the track with him until he's tired, in dirt that is sometimes ankle deep.

They swim together almost the whole year around in spite of falling temperatures. Norma is justly proud of her ability to stand on her head on the springboard. Sometimes when you see her in that leopard gown of hers coming into a room and taking everybody's breath away with her cool loveliness, you wonder if you're not mistaken. Perhaps it was two other people you saw standing on their heads that morning. But no, she sees you. She's coming over.

"My dear, you know where I ripped my bathing suit on that board? I've got a bruise *that* long . . ." So it's true. She *is* the warmly human, gay, giggly Norma you thought you knew.

The Norma who is made of flesh and blood—not of icy perfection.

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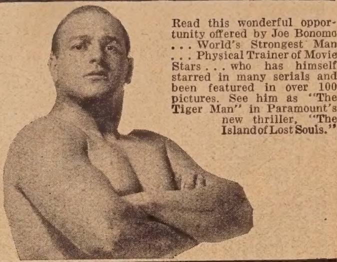

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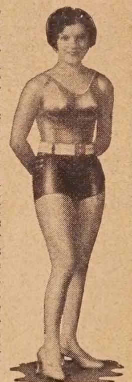

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33x4	2.75	0.85
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33x4½	2.95	1.15
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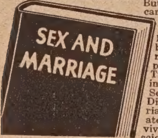

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Script Boy Dies In Crawford's Arms

[*Continued from page* 13]

It all began during the making of *Grand Hotel* for which Paul held script on the largest aggregation of stars ever assembled on one set. The very air was charged with temperaments and tempers, nearly to the point of overcharging many times, as you know.

Paul took it into his head that John Barrymore was not showing Joan the proper courtesies in *Grand Hotel*. The exact reason for this opinion he never revealed. But he conceived an intense, though passive, dislike for Barrymore as a result.

His dislike was not abated when he again worked with Jack on *Rasputin*. Of the other Barrymores, Ethel and Lionel, he was obviously fond, in fact he quickly struck up a *camaraderie* with Ethel who spent long hours talking to him on the set. But when John came by, Paul would shut up like a clam and find an excuse as soon as possible to take himself elsewhere.

This procedure continued without change for the eleven long weeks that *Rasputin* was in production. Meanwhile, Joan Crawford was preparing a new picture. Paul counted the days, hoping against hope that he would be available to work again with Joan. The schedules, however, overlapped a few days and another script clerk was assigned the Crawford vehicle.

Paul was not too old for tears. He actually wept with disappointment.

A fellow-worker, suspecting the cause, took occasion to speak to Joan. She arranged for Paul to come to her unit after finishing *Rasputin*.

THE final day of shooting on the Barrymore picture included the scene where John walks down the staircase dragging the body of Rasputin by the feet. It was late at night before they reached the sequence and a double was not available. As only a pair of feet were needed, it was decided to use someone on the set. Paul was chosen.

For several takes, the boy walked on his hands down the stairs while the camera registered the hated Barrymore dragging him by the feet. It was the last scene and upon finishing it, the company prepared to go home.

Paul was assembling his papers when John Barrymore approached him.

"There's something in your pocket," Jack remarked.

Paul felt in his pocket, found an envelope that had not been there before and though knowing it to contain a gift of money, thrust it unopened into Jack's hand.

"I can't take this, Mr. Barrymore," he said.

"Why not?" was the surprised question.

"I just can't take it. I know it is your custom to give presents upon a picture's completion but I can't accept a present from you."

"Most extraordinary," Barrymore said. "Won't you tell me your reason?"

"It's very simple." Paul did not lack directness. "I don't like you."

"Have I done something to offend you?" asked the astonished actor.

"Nothing. It is an instinctive dislike."

Barrymore threw back his head and

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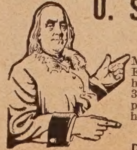

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roared. He said, "You may not like me, my boy, but I like you. You're honest. You're frank. Two unusual traits. Come to dinner with me soon and we'll thrash this out. Perhaps I can change your mind."

But Paul did not live to have dinner with Barrymore. He reported for work with his beloved Joan the following morning. On Christmas Eve, he lay dying in a hospital calling her name.

After Paul's death, Joan returned home to find his Christmas present awaiting her. Richard Boleslavsky, director of *Rasputin*, had given Paul copies of his two books, *Way of the Lancer* and its sequel, *Lances Down*. Lacking money to buy Joan a present, the boy had asked Boleslavsky's permission to give her the books. Receiving permission, he then obtained the author's signature on each copy.

Paul left another vivid evidence of the esteem in which he held his shining star. Picking up a script the first day of work following the holidays, Joan chanced upon Paul's own script. Between its pages were scores of photographs of herself. Joan rushed sobbing to her dressing room.

A few days later, the whole studio had cause to call to mind afresh and again to mourn Paul's passing. The drawing was made in the annual lottery held for the sick fund benefit with first prize a pair of tickets to the New Year's football game in the Rose Bowl.

Paul's ticket won.

◆

He Threw Away A Fortune For Love

[*Continued from page* 41]

lead in *The Vinegar Tree* in Gotham's canyon of mazdas two years ago, when Warner Brothers' scouts signed him and brought him West to appear opposite Dolores Costello in *Expensive Women.*

Helen liked California so Warren stayed.

His father passed on in the meantime, and Warren put in a busy year as the executor of his estate. Warren inherited considerable money from his Dad.

When I found him at home on the Los Feliz hilltops, from where he can gaze down over Hollywood and the city of Glendale, he could easily have been mistaken for a chauffeur or caretaker of the William grounds.

Clad in khaki overalls, he was engrossed in putting the finishing touches on a makeup kit of his own design and manufacture. He's going to ask for a patent on his new contraption, which is really a complete dressing table, electrically-illuminated mirror and all, that folds into a compact case for transportation about studio sets and on location.

Warren William asks nothing more from life than he was enjoying right then.

His beaming countenance told me so!

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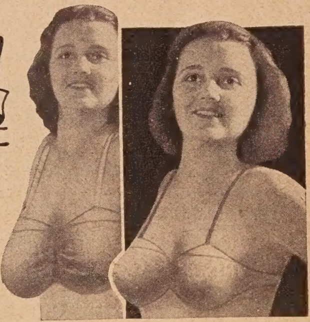

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Dick Powell's Divorce Revealed

[*Continued from page* 14]

had been singing since he was ten. But the Fates ruled otherwise!

A LOUISVILLE orchestra manager, in Little Rock on a vacation, heard Dick's fine voice when he appeared as soloist at a Ladies' Aid Society bazaar, and offered him four times his current income.

Tears streamed down Mildred's pink cheeks as they said goodbye to their friends. It was with a heavy heart that she set out for Louisville.

There Dick turned from classical music to popular tunes, and it was only a short while before he was singing to orchestral accompaniment in a Louisville theatre. His popularity spread like wildfire. Within a month he was presiding over the program as master of ceremonies.

Indianapolis claimed him for a time; then Pittsburgh called him. What started out as a month's engagement in the latter city lengthened into a three and one-half year sojourn.

Mildred's stays in Louisville, Indianapolis and Pittsburgh were interrupted by long visits to Dick's parents in Little Rock and her own in Hemphill.

She could not attune herself to Dick's new profession, despite her realization of their changed financial circumstances. To have Dick appearing, often as a clown, before the footlights, was heartbreaking enough, but his hours of toil robbed her of his companionship.

She made a brave fight to survive the situation, but failed!

Meanwhile, Dick Powell's name became a household word in Pittsburgh—a condition easily understood when you know the kindly, charitable, smiling Dick. On those afternoons when the Stanley theatre served tea to its patrons, it was Dick who *poured.* At the Saturday kiddies' matinées, he was out front to greet the youngsters by their first names. He never refused a request to aid in a benefit performance. Sabbath mornings and evenings found him singing from some Church pulpit.

He organized the Pow-Wow club among his radio listeners, and its membership included ninety per cent of the men, women and children in the Smokey City and its environs.

Dick Powell wasn't merely a fad in Pittsburgh. He was a craze!

It was while he was still master of ceremonies at the Stanley theatre there, that he first rested his eyes on Mary Brian—in the flesh, and not a motion picture. Mary had a week's booking in the cinema palace where he ruled as king.

About Mary, he discovered, there was a sweet, refreshing something he hadn't noticed in the other film actresses who had made personal appearances in the city of his adoption. He couldn't entirely erase her from his thoughts.

Now please don't misunderstand. He didn't commence showering his affections on her then and there. Mildred had gone from his life, never to return, but Dick never for a moment forgot that he was still a married man.

Warner Brothers signed him to come West for one picture—*The Crooner.*

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Once more the Fates stepped in!

The very day before his arrival in Hollywood, studio plans were switched. David Manners was assigned the title rôle in the production, and Dick was shunted into *Blessed Event,* where he played with Mary and gave Lee Tracy, the star, a stiff battle for the honors.

Dick Powell was *made* as a movie actor —and how!

Before *Blessed Event* was one-third finished, he had been handed a long-term contract by Warner Brothers. The reasons were two-fold:

Dick had displayed hidden histrionic ability of which he never had been suspected. And more than 20,000 letters poured in from Pow-Wow club members back in Pittsburgh, carrying dire threats in case Dick wasn't done right by!

Dick's mighty proud of his past because of the friendships it has won for him.

"In a town like Pittsburgh, what you do inside the theatre counts a lot, but not nearly as much as what you do outside."

Lonesomeness soon caught up with Dick in Hollywood, and he turned to Mary Brian. They were seen everywhere together, much to the discomfiture of Charles (Buddy) Rogers and Russell Gleason, her beaux of a by-gone era.

Dick had told Mary all about Mildred and the divorce, and he had written Mildred about Mary. These days they are being seen everywhere together.

The Hollywood wiseacres insist it won't be long now!

◆

Over the Air Waves

[*Continued from page* 53]

Hall ran away from Culver Military Academy in his sixteenth year and joined the U. S. Navy.

Lawrence Tibbett joined the Tyrone Powers Shakespearean Repertory Company sixteen years ago and played lead rôles in the dramatic presentations up and down the Pacific Coast.

Lanny Ross won the National 300-yard indoor championship in 1928, repeating his track victory of the preceding year.

Groucho Marx, back in 1917, spread black grease over his upper lip as substitute for a "stick-on" mustache he previously used. A "burning-up" of the "stick-on" caused the change.

Ben Bernie, violin prodigy, gave a concert at Carnegie Hall, New York, at the age of fourteen.

Al Jolson was singing mascot for an army regiment during the Spanish-American War.

Rudy Vallée's first professional engagement was as saxophone soloist at the Strand Theatre, Portland, Maine, in 1921. He had been head usher at this theatre two years previously.

When Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, returned to the CBS airwaves he was spotted at mid-day on Sundays. This is the time he was singing when he first gained national recognition. It looks like a good omen.

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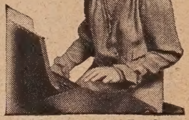

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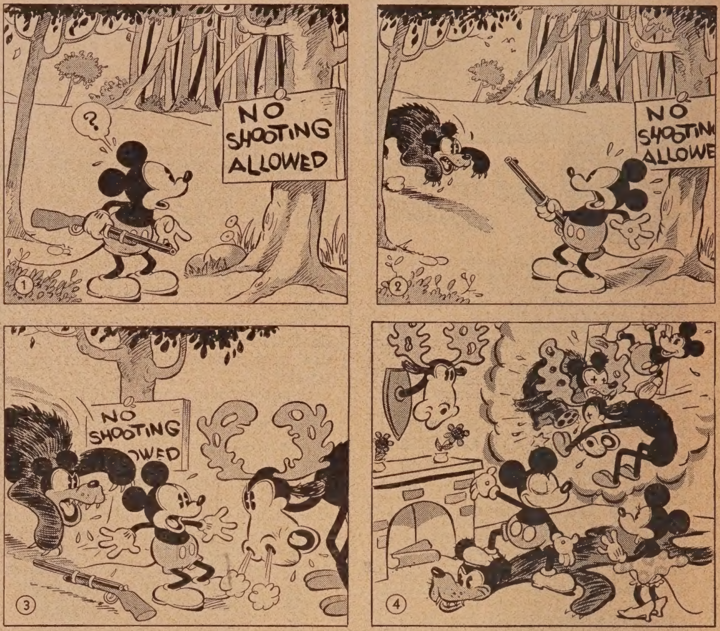

Mickey Mouse wins Minnie's heart with his eloquent explanation of how he escaped a dire fate—

Robert C. Gayhart, Box 376, Arcata, Calif., won $15 for this solution to the series of incomplete cartoons drawn by Walt Disney for the February issue of *Screen Book* Magazine. Second prize of $10 was won by Helen Hinkle, in care of Whiteway Food Store, Wewoka, Okla., and third prize of $5 was captured by A. O. Wiggenjost, Box 1135, Lincoln, Nebraska. The following persons received $1 each as winners of fourth prize: H. W. Worster, Box 468 Connolly St., Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada; Mrs. D. J. Haddenham, 404 Carbon St., Kemmerer, Wyo.; Don C. Thomas, Box 373, Miami Beach, Fla.; Elliot B. Millspaugh, 28 Arlington Ave., Paterson, N. J.; Stella Smith, 5817 N. E. 29th Ave., Portland, Ore.; Eugene Gehring, 741 Green St., Toledo, Ohio; Frank Williams, 220 Stanton St., Bay City, Mich.; Theodore Torrison, 4023 Quail Ave., Robbinsdale, Minn.; Ed Szarzyuski, 1451 Benton St., St. Louis, Mo.; and Mrs. H. E. Norwood, Tappan, N. Y.

Jig-Saw Puzzle Contest Announcement

Jig-saw puzzle fans are now sending in their entries for the contests announced on the envelopes containing the TARZAN OF THE APES puzzle and the THREE JIG-SAW PUZZLES, which are now on sale at all newsstands.

These puzzles are displayed where you buy your copy of Screen Book. Look at the announcement and send in your entry—today! The contest closes March 15, 1933, and winners will be announced in a later issue of Screen Book Magazine.

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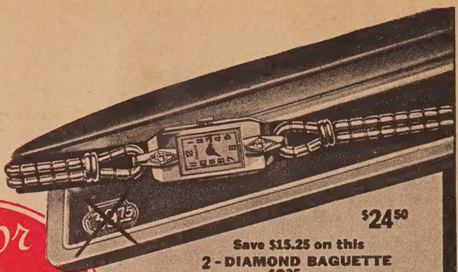

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Save $15.25 on this
2-DIAMOND BAGUETTE
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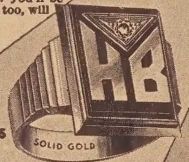
GO-11 . . . Here's value which challenges all comparison! Latest style Baguette Wrist Watch. Slender, dainty, white lifetime case set with **2 sparkling, Genuine Diamonds.** Guaranteed dependable movement. Newest style, bracelet to match. Complete in handsome gift case. Formerly $39.75. *Sale Price Only* $24.50 — $2.35 *a month.*



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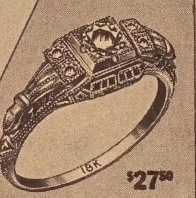
GO-4 . . . Gentleman's massive initial ring of Solid White Gold. Genuine black onyx set with a brilliant genuine diamond and two initials in raised White Gold. Specify initials desired. *Sale Price Only* $16.95—$1.59 *a month.*



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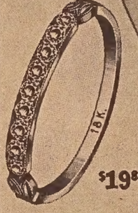
GO-10 . . . Exquisitely hand engraved, pierced and milgrained 18-K Solid White Gold, prong ring. Fiery, genuine blue-white diamond in center and 2 genuine diamonds on each side. A most outstanding value! **Cannot be equalled anywhere at this price.** $27.50—*only* $2.65 *a month.*



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A Most Precious Gift!
9-Diamond Wedding Ring
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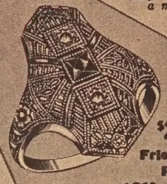
GO-5 . . . Exquisite, newest style wedding ring set with 9 fiery, genuine diamonds. Beautifully hand-engraved and daintily milgrained. 18-K Solid White Gold mounting. *Sale Price Only* $19.85—$1.88 *a month.*



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Friendship Ring
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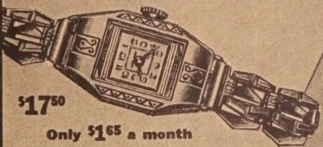
GO-12 . . . Exquisitely hand pierced, newest lace design. 14-K Solid White Gold Ring, set with 2 fiery, genuine blue-white diamonds and square cut simulated sapphire. **Defies duplication anywhere.** *Sale Price Only* $22.00—$2.10 *a month.*



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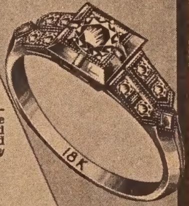
GO-16 . . . Beautifully engraved, ultra-modern case fitted with a fully guaranteed movement. Open link bracelet to match. One of our greatest values! *Sale Price Only* $17.50—$1.65 *a mo.*



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Only $4.15 a Month

GO-17 . . . Beautifully styled, new 1933 creation! Hand engraved and daintily milgrained, square prong mounting of 18-K Solid White Gold. Set with a large, brilliant, genuine blue-white center diamond and eight (8) expertly matched genuine diamonds—four (4) on each Baguette-effect side. Made to sell for $67.50. *Sale Price Only* $42.50. $4.15 *a month.*

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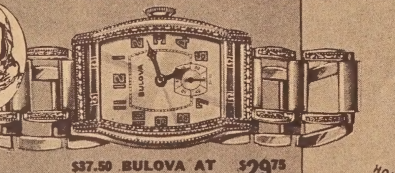
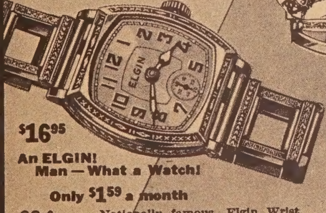


$37.50 BULOVA AT A NEW LOW PRICE **$29.75**

GO-14 . . . Guaranteed dependable, 15-jewel Bulova, precision movement, Radium hands and dial. Handsomely engraved, **"Bulova quality"** case. Patented "dust-tite" seal. Engraved bracelet to match. Another amazing Royal value — This watch was originally presented as the **Bulova** "Lone Eagle" at $37.50: *Now* $29.75. *Only* $2.87 *a Month.*



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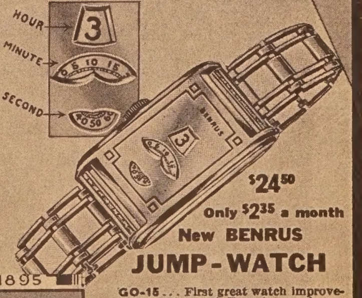

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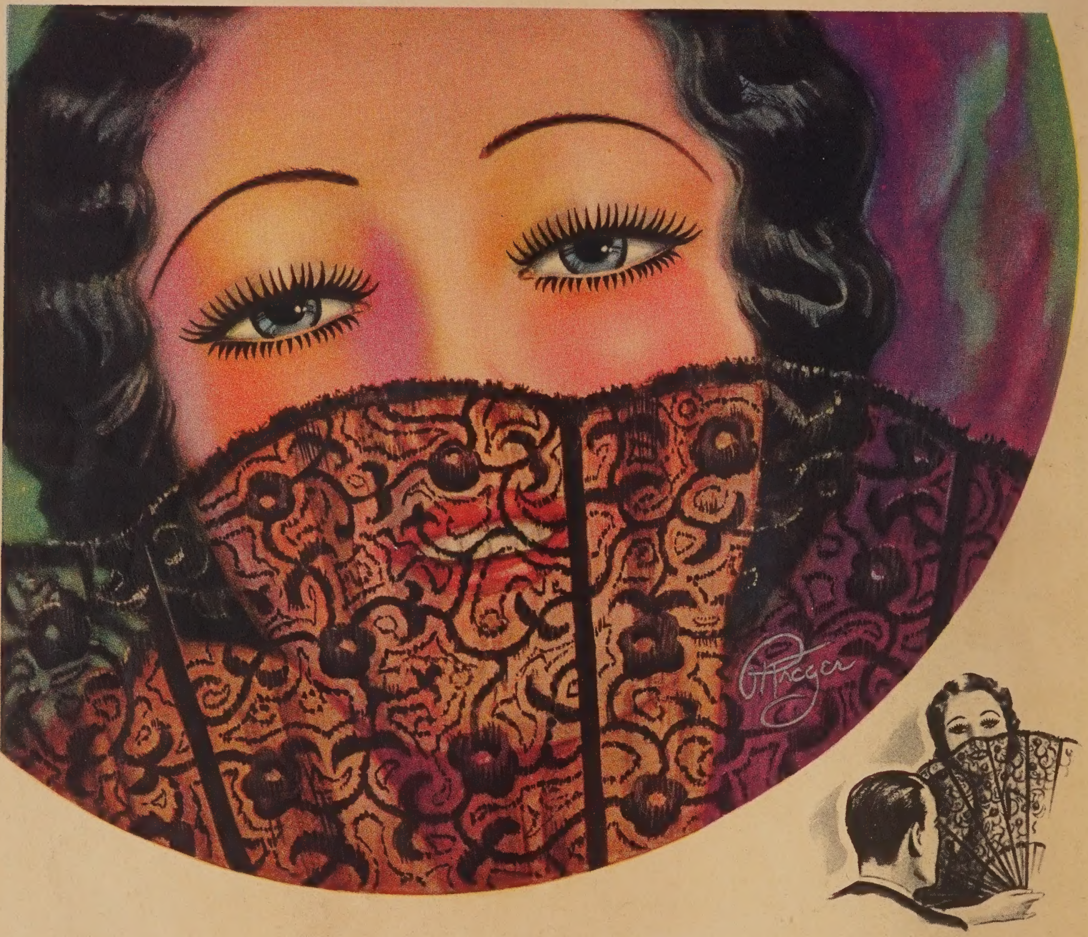

Beautiful teeth make for beguiling smiles—a lovely skin is desirable too—but, allure, the essence of life's thrills, is most assuredly a matter of eyes. Make *your* eyes alluring, and you will suddenly find yourself as alluring as your eyes. It's easy with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This wonderful mascara will instantly transform your lashes into dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear as deep pools of loveliness—bewitching to all who come within their influence. You must, however, be sure to use only genuine Maybelline, otherwise the necessary note of allurement is more difficult to obtain. Moreover, Maybelline is non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, and it has a wonderful oil base that will keep your lashes soft and sweeping. Obtainable at toilet goods counters. Black or Brown, 75c.

The
PERFECT
Mascara

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EYELASH DARKENER

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SCREEN BOOK

JOAN AND DOUG SPLIT

evealing the True Story of Their Separation

By Jack Grant

wood, Calif.—Authority for nite announcement in Screen of the separation of Joan rd and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., ven me by Joan immediately ig the decision of this famous couple to go their separate Their glamorous romance had They would part — just

ors concerning their marriage n many and varied when Joan ned me, as a privileged friend, the truth about the situation. ly, her saddened gaze seem- xed upon the past and the ig parade of happy hours that en hers during this splendid e, she told me that her love as ended.

Their plans were simple. Both Joan and Doug would finish their present picture schedule toward the last of March, and so announcement to the press would be delayed until that time, she said. Then they could both escape from public life for a brief while, for Joan dreaded the ordeal of questions and interviews that must follow such an announcement.

Ironically enough, Joan's birthday in 193 was to be her most unhappy

(Continued on Page 12)

UNTOLD STORY OF GABLE'S ROMANCE

By E. R. Moak

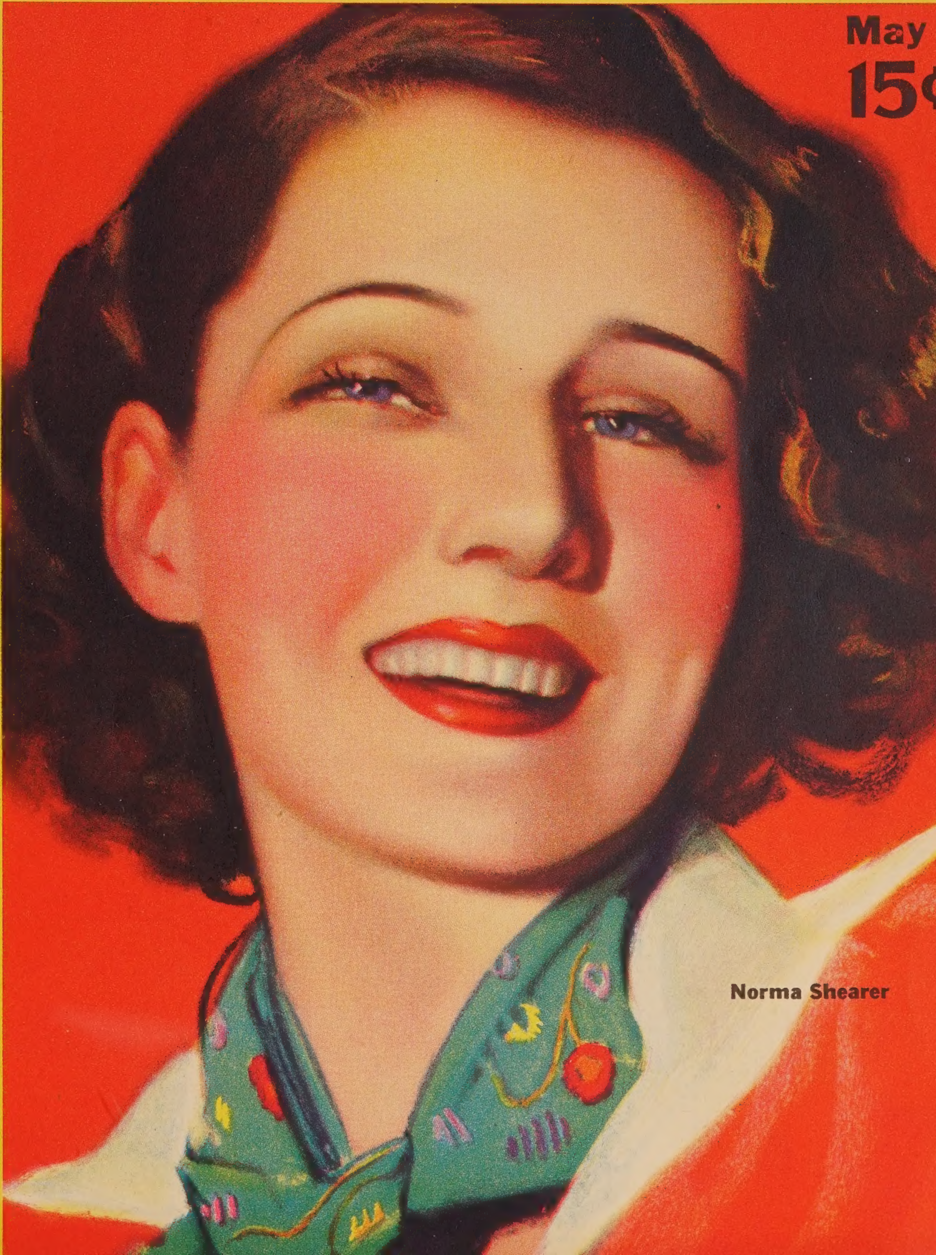
Ria Langham Gable's daring experiment in love is finally returning dividends that are rich in happiness.

Clark Gable, femininity's greatest passion since the demise of the glamorous Rudolph Valentino, has recently passed through a startling mental metamorphosis, from which he has emerged a less erratic, more considerate husband, and this wealthy and charming widow who staked her heart on an acknowledged 1000-to-1 gamble in Cupid's mart is reaping a just reward for her unbounded faith and rage.

ess has rid Clark of an afflic- oodiness—that has trailed him ildhood, wrecked a previous

(Continued on Page 11)

May
15¢



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Most for your money!

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

SHE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

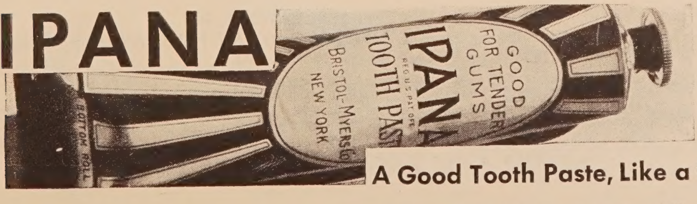
Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

The Observation Post

Jean Harlow deserves better . . . .

R. I. P.

● Let Paul Bern rest in peace. His was a personal tragedy, and to persist in rehearsing idle and fantastic rumors does no one any good. Yet the other day a former servant, after vainly trying to peddle the "inside story" to SCREEN BOOK and other publications, caused authorities to reopen the case. Again that splendid girl who was Bern's wife was forced to undergo the nerve-wracking ordeal of futile questioning, and again the verdict of suicide was affirmed. Let us hope that ends the matter. Jean Harlow deserves more considerate treatment from a public that adores her.

THE BOMBSHELL

● Metro tossed a bombshell into the political situation with *Gabriel Over the White House* and that explosion is going to echo for months to come. The film is one of those rare phenomena of Hollywood—a true sensation, and will make scads of money for the producer. But more important to the general public is the salutory effect it will have on office holders. Millions will see this film, go pop-eyed with its vision of what actually could be done to solve our national problems, and then shout through the streets that here is a picture that should be heeded by those in high places. And perhaps those shouts will be heard above the confusion of a national bank holiday and the bellowings of big business with the cramps.

A STAR GOES DOWN

● Once John Gilbert was the reigning favorite. Once he was loved by Greta Garbo, once he commanded more money than any salaried star. Strange to think upon are the changes that have come in a few years, to read the devastating taunts tossed at his last pictures. *Fast Workers*, the latest, was ruined by a punk story. It was his misfortune to get a bad start in talkies, and the breaks stopped coming his way. John Gilbert's luck just played out.

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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
Editor

JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

Vol. X

Contents for May, 1933

No. 4

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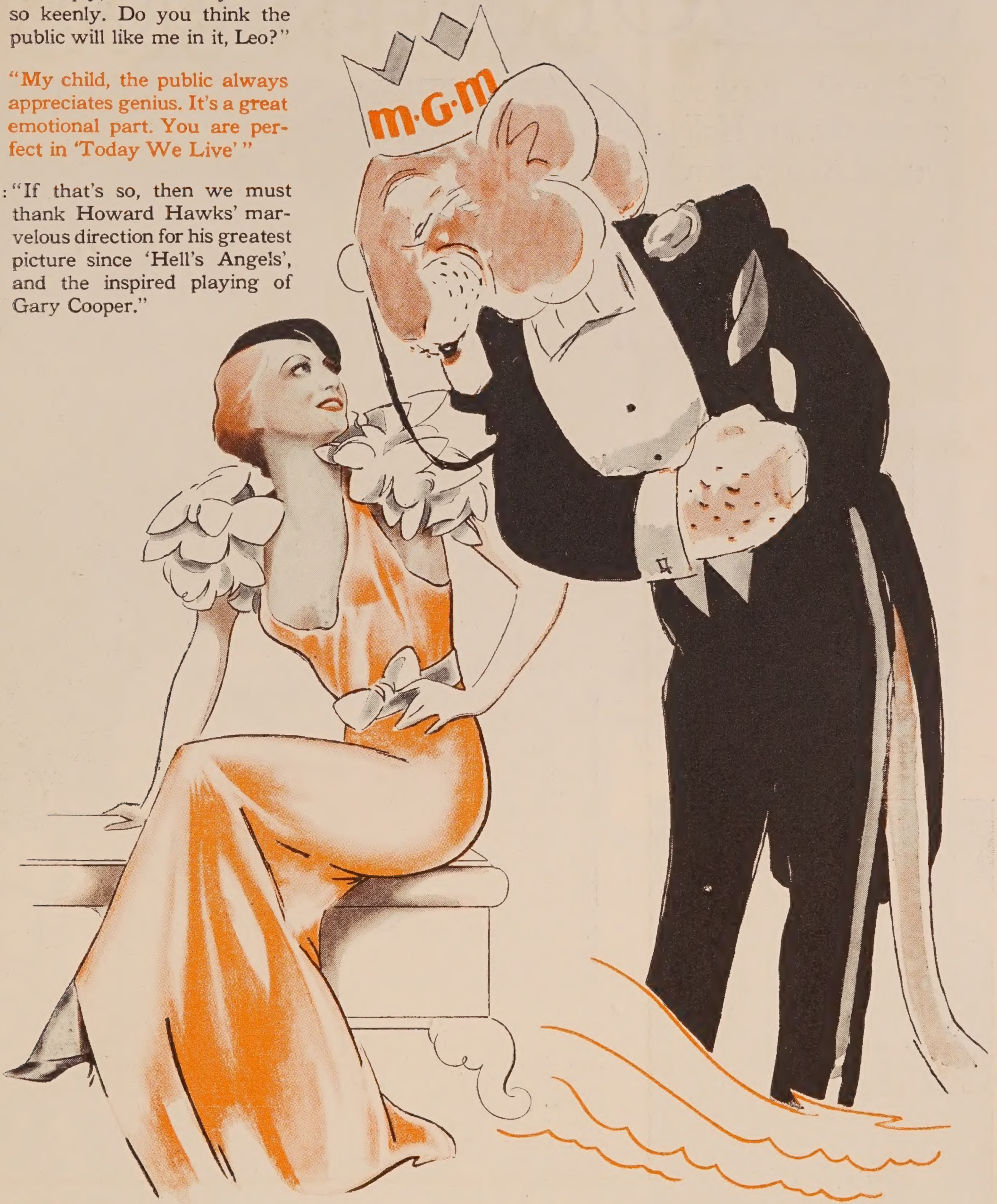
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

JOAN: "I love my role in 'TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'"

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper."



The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.

SCOOPS from the NEWS CAMERA!

How the new romances look to Hollywood cameramen

—*Acme*

Kathleen Burke, the "Panther Woman," didn't forget the boy back home. She and Glen Rardin, a photographer, are now man and wife

—*Roger Kent*

When Buddy Rogers arrived in Hollywood, Mary Brian forgot all about Dick Powell and George Raft. She hurried to the station to renew her old heart interest with a great big kiss

—*Roger Kent*

Jack Oakie, after growing a mustache and discarding his old sweat shirt for more swanky attire, is a man after Peggy Hopkins Joyce's own heart. How much Jack is after her heart is shown in the grand rush he's been giving her these past weeks

Mr. Paul Ruppa takes on the unofficial rôle of chaperon for Lilian Harvey and Maurice Chevalier as they philander around Hollywood these days—to all appearances being completely devoted to each other. Lilian's interest in Gary Cooper seems on the verge of a fadeout

WE DON'T **DARE** TELL YOU HOW **DARING** IT IS!

Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!

Introducing...
filmdom's newest favorite in the stardom she earned in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

BETTE DAVIS in "EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi . . . Directed by Robert Florey . . . One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from **WARNER BROS.**

SCOOPS

STORIES from BEHIND THE HEADLINES

—*Wide World*

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, seen dancing together at Hollywood's Club New Yorker, give personal evidence that the trouble over their musical comedy, *Tattle Tales*, has not blighted their romance

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, wife of the president, saw *Cavalcade* twice at the Gaiety Theatre in New York before the inauguration. The first time she came unattended and had to sit in the balcony because she had no reservations—the house being sold out. One audience recognized Mrs. Roosevelt; the other didn't.

All For Love

FROM Nice, France, comes the exciting news of Doug Fairbanks' welcome for his wife, Mary Pickford. Fairbanks raced in a motor car to Villefranche to meet Mary, who was on board the *Rex*, bound for Genoa. Fairbanks missed the *Rex*, however, and hired a speed boat, in which he caught up with the liner. He clambered aboard the moving ship, embraced Mary and then went over the side again, racing back to Cannes, where he had an appointment with Lord and Lady Mountbatten.

Stop It, Greta

GRETA GARBO has been having a lot of fun with her agent, Harry Edington, even if he doesn't look at it that way. One day she sends him a cable saying she is on her way back. The next, she says she's going to stay in Sweden. It gave Harry the jitters, but she's on her way now.

Burn-up!

ELISSA LANDI went right up in smoke when she ankled in to a special studio preview of *State Fair* the other evening to find that all the vacant seats had been reserved for Lilian Harvey and party!

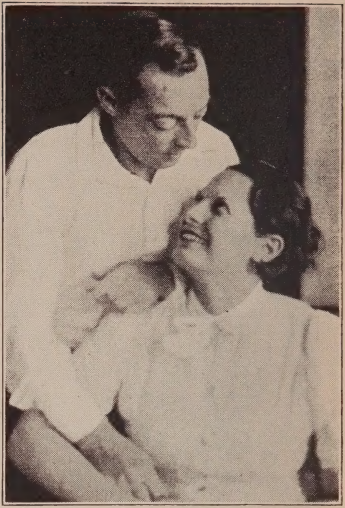
That Feud!

"ELY CULBERTSON is not the best bridge player in this country, nor the second best, nor the third," Chico Marx stated in an interview. "Furthermore, I am of the opinion that the Culbertson-Lenz match wasn't on the up-and-up either. I can't prove it, but I got my ideas. Culbertson's system is all 'screwy' and I can prove it!"

"Why should I play against the Marx brothers," retorted Ely, "when I have nothing to gain and everything to lose? Would Jack Dempsey get credit for slapping over Jackie Cooper? No—but if Jackie knocked out Dempsey, what then? Who are the Marx brothers, anyhow?" (Editor's note: More of these insults on page 43.)

Speaking of Accidents

RUTH CHATTERTON'S chauffeur closed the door of her car too soon and nipped two of the star's fingers. Whether the air turned blue and Ruth forgot her accent isn't recorded, but she went to the hospital and the studio got along without her for a day. Next morning the studio was to have shot Ruth in the act of doing a "rhumba," but decided it too strenuous, because of the pain she was enduring. Someone got a bright idea and they put her in bed for a hospital scene.



—*International*

This fellow Buster Keaton just can't keep out of the headlines. Now he has taken as his bride in a surprise wedding, May Scribbens. Since it will take a year to wipe out all traces of his marriage to Natalie Talmadge, who divorced him last August, Buster's wedding isn't legal in the U. S. A.

Mae on the Job

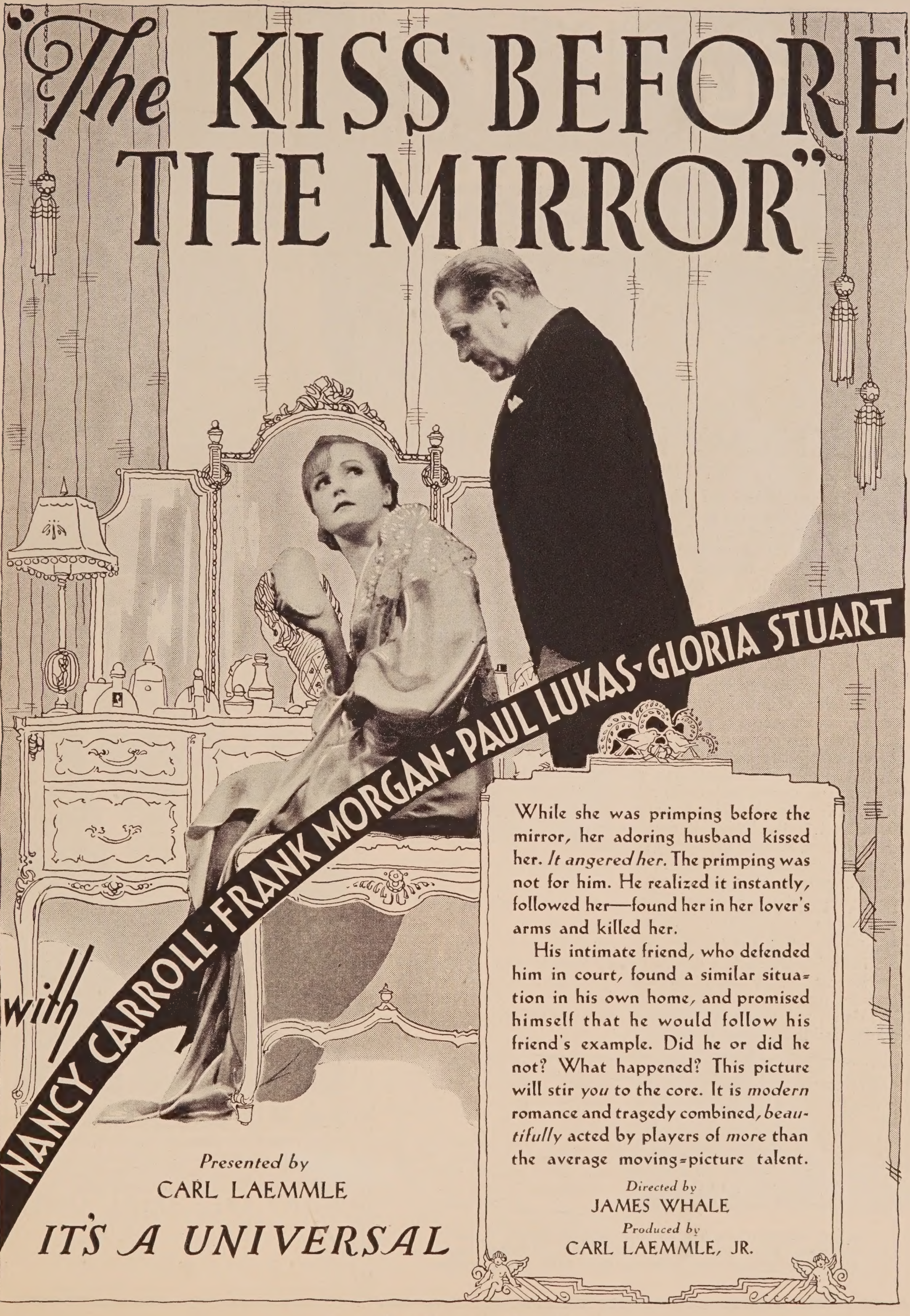
MAE WEST, having stolen the spotlight from all the other Hollywood femmes with her new picture, *She Done Him Wrong*, is keeping it. Now she's discovered a "find" in the person of Don Mario, a wealthy lad from Venice. Mario ran through his allowance, got a job singing in a night club, and there Mae found him.

Blessed Event

BOB MONTGOMERY is passing out cigars these days to celebrate the arrival of a new colt. He spends a lot of his time perched on a fence at the Riviera Country Club stables, watching the youngster cavort.

Loyal Barbara

BARBARA STANWYCK and Frank Fay have always furnished plenty of headline fodder, due mainly to the latter's antics. Not long ago, Frank "walked" on their new musical comedy, *Tattle Tales*, because of a disagreement. But Barbara, who even let his name go above hers in the billing, didn't mind. Now they've decided to take the show on a road trip as far East as Kansas City—that is, if something else doesn't happen.



"The KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR"

with NANCY CARROLL · FRANK MORGAN · PAUL LUKAS · GLORIA STUART

While she was primping before the mirror, her adoring husband kissed her. *It angered her.* The primping was not for him. He realized it instantly, followed her—found her in her lover's arms and killed her.

His intimate friend, who defended him in court, found a similar situation in his own home, and promised himself that he would follow his friend's example. Did he or did he not? What happened? This picture will stir *you* to the core. It is *modern* romance and tragedy combined, *beautifully* acted by players of *more* than the average moving-picture talent.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

Presented by
CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

We Want
YOU
TO TRY THE
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
FOR 10 DAYS
AT OUR EXPENSE

... **if**
YOU DO NOT
REDUCE
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN **10** DAYS
... it won't cost you one penny!

"*I have*
REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
... WRITES MISS JEAN HEALY!

TOO miraculous to be true? That is what they all say .... until they try it. THEN they tell us "I reduced 9 inches"; "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"; "The fat seemed to have melted away" .... and so on through hundreds of enthusiastic letters.

You don't have to take our word for it. We want you to try it. Test it yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if, without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, return the girdle and your money will be refunded without question, including the postage!

REDUCE QUICKLY, EASILY, AND SAFELY!

The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

And it is so comfortable! The perforations ventilate the body, allowing the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

DON'T POSTPONE BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS—ACT TODAY!

Act today! Away with the excess fat that makes the smartest, most expensive dress look dowdy! Each day you delay sending for a Perfolastic Reducing Girdle is a day of beauty thrown away. Read what these four women say about Perfolastic—they have found new beauty this marvelous, quick, safe way. What Perfolastic has done for them it will do for you so simply, so quickly, that you will wonder how you ever endured those excess pounds.

"REDUCED HIPS 9 INCHES"

It seems almost impossible, that since last May when I first started wearing your corset **my hips have been reduced nine inches.** This reduction was made without the slightest diet.
Miss JEAN HEALY

"FAT MELTED AWAY"

Before wearing the Perfolastic girdle, I was so heavy about the hips—after its continued use for a year **the fat seems to have melted away.** It prevents the accumulation of fat around hips and waist.
K. McSORLEY

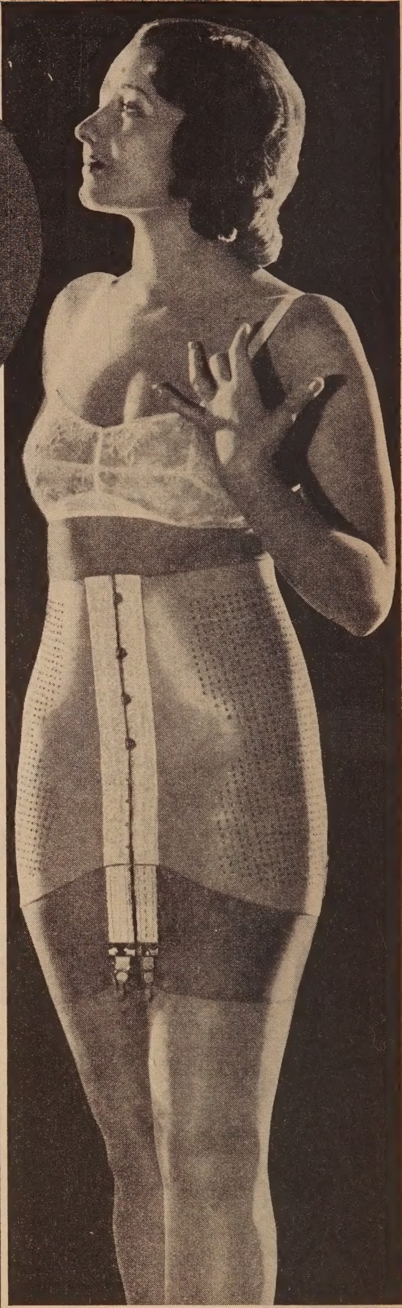
"MASSAGES LIKE MAGIC"

Have really reduced five inches through the hips and two and one-half inches in the waistline — the most marvelous secret is that it **massages like magic,** even while you are breathing.
Miss KAY CARROLL

"REDUCED FROM 43 to 34½ INCHES"

I ... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips. I know the girdle is responsible for my not getting tired.
Miss B. BRIAN

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET, SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER FABRIC, AND DETAILS OF OUR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER



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SCREEN BOOK
The Newsmagazine of the Movies
Vol 10, No. 4 MAY, 1933 10 Cents

GABLE'S MARRIED LIFE REVEALED

Through storm and strife, Gable's romance at last has come to safe harbor

By BOB MOAK

RIA LANGHAM GABLE'S daring experiment in love is finally returning dividends that are rich in happiness.

Clark Gable, femininity's greatest passion since the demise of the glamorous Rudolph Valentino, has recently passed through a startling mental metamorphosis, from which he has emerged a less erratic, more considerate husband, and this wealthy and charming widow who staked her heart on an acknowledged 1000-to-1 gamble in Cupid's mart is reaping a just reward for her unbounded faith and courage.

Success has rid Clark of an affliction —moodiness—that has trailed him since childhood, wrecked a previous marital venture, and frequently endangered the current one.

More than once in the past, Ria has given serious consideration to the question of divorce. And it was in that era —not so long ago, either—that she was looked upon by those who knew the true story, as Filmland's most tragic wife. But that was before Clark's magic transformation.

A smile today illuminates her once tear-stained countenance.

She has turned threatened defeat into victory, and the movie colony that adores her, rejoices!

HAD it not been for Ria Langham I doubt very much if Clark Gable would have attained the golden throne he now occupies in the talkies. It was her financial assistance that planted his feet firmly on the ladder that led to recognition, and it was her moral support —her continuous, kindly encouragement —that kept him climbing when otherwise he might have hesitated and floundered.

Clark is an impetuous fellow, and one who is moody and depressed, when the Fates see fit to frown on him!

Mrs. Gable, who appears much more youthful than her forty-four years, is one of the most remarkable women I've ever met. She is aristocratic and brilliant, self-sacrificing and forgiving. She has a splendid sense of humor.

She showers affection on the man she idolizes without robbing her two children—a beautiful daughter of eighteen and a handsome son of fourteen—of any of the mother devotion that is rightfully theirs.

Ria Langham was born to the manor, and on her enormous income from the Texas brick industry, she was well able to maintain her position in the upper strata of New York élite.

She met Clark when he was playing in support of Alice Brady in *Love, Honor and Betray* on the Broadway stage. Her [*Continued on page* 64]

Mrs. Gable, Mrs. C. Henry Gordon and Clark formed a happy triumvirate at a recent "Hollywood on the Air" radio broadcast. Clark used to say he never craved great fame but now that he has won it he is supremely happy

Mrs. Gable has succeeded in holding the love of her famous husband against odds that augured marital failure

Mrs. Gable showers affection on Clark without robbing her daughter, Georgiana Lucas, of her share of love

JOAN AND

Following Doug's impetuous courtship, Joan and he were married June 3, 1929, at New York. Here is the happy couple on their return to Hollywood

Joan and Doug, inseparable married lovers, as they appeared at the première of *Broadway Melody* in 1930. Hollywood scoffed: "It can't last!" But rumors failed to frighten the lovers then

A new Joan Crawford had emerged in 1931, her personality having undergone great changes. Doug, too, was heading toward a high place in pictures. Both gave credit to their love and mutual inspiration

Revealing the True Story of Their Separation!

[*Continued from Front Cover*]

AUTHORITY for the definite announcement in *Screen Book* of the separation of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks Jr., was given me by Joan immediately following the decision of this famous movie couple to go their separate ways. Their glamorous romance had ended. They would part—just friends.

Rumors concerning their marriage had been many and varied when Joan summoned me, as a privileged friend, to learn the truth about the situation. Haltingly, her saddened gaze seemingly fixed upon the past and the marching parade of happy hours that had been hers during this splendid romance, she told me that her love story was ended.

Their plans were simple. Both Joan and Doug would finish their present picture schedule toward the last of March, and so announcement to the press would be delayed until that time, she said. Then they could both escape from public life for a brief while, for Joan dreaded the ordeal of questions and interviews that must follow in the wake of such an announcement.

Ironically enough, Joan's birthday in 1933 was to be her most unhappy one by the force of these circumstances. She was born on March 23.

THE information I am privileged to give you here has no basis in gossip or supposition. Rather is it based upon a lengthy observation of Joan and Doug, a highly esteemed friendship with them. I can say many things for them that they would be loath to say for themselves. But if you are searching for scandal, read no further. I am not dealing with scandal, only with plain, unvarnished facts.

It so happens that I was honored by Joan Crawford's confidence more than a month previous to the actual announcement of the separation as recently headlined by the newspapers. At the time, I was the third person to be told of the contemplated action. Douglas Fairbanks Senior, and another writer, a lady who has long been Joan's closest friend, had been previously advised. Mention is made of this to substantiate the statement that Joan and Doug did not rush headlong into separation.

Quite the reverse is true. They discussed every phase of the situation that confronted them, examining minutely the possible consequences. Both knew that their bond had become merely a deep, sincere affection. It was no longer love. That they could analyze it proved that the heady intoxication had passed.

DOUG SPLIT!

1932

In 1932 came rumors of impending separation. No matter who appeared in public with this famous couple, gossips made comment. Here are Doug, Joan, and Ricardo Cortez at the Brown Derby

AND NOW

Hollywood brought them together—and Hollywood has come between them. Compare this photo with that of the lovers in 1929!

By Jack Grant

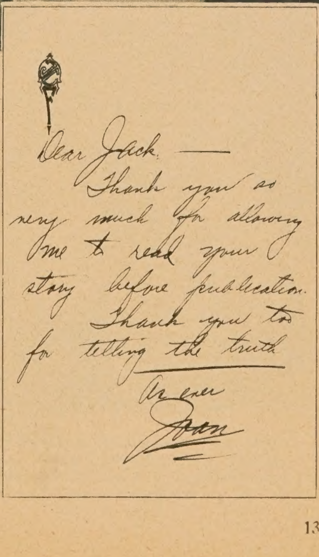
Still the preservation of what was left was worth an effort. Love had once been the most important thing in life to them. Yet, even in the earliest stages of the game, they moved cautiously. They tested their love by a long engagement and only when they felt sure of an even chance of success, did they attempt marriage.

Joan and Doug reckoned, however, without Hollywood. They reckoned without its gossiping tongues that were to torment them from the moment they ceased to be newlyweds interested only in one another and began to take interest in other people, other things.

They quickly discovered that neither could appear in public without causing comment. That they arrived together made no difference. It was their companions of the moment who were noted.

Should Joan dance with Clark Gable at the Ambassador or with Ricardo Cortez at the Roosevelt, the gossipers avidly seized upon the fact. The presence of Doug on the same dance floor was ignored, whether purposely or not I cannot say. If Doug was mentioned, it was Joan who was ignored. It hardly seems possible, but a luncheon with her brother one day caused insinuations to be cast [*Continued on page* 68]

At right is the note, written on stationery bearing the J. C. F. monogram of Joan Crawford Fairbanks which she sent Jack Grant in appreciation of a story which tells the unbiased truth



Dear Jack —
Thank you so very much for allowing me to read your story before publication.
Thank you too for telling the truth
As ever
Joan

CLARA BOW Adopts Twins

Famous Redhead Annexes a Family

—Keystone

Hollywood, here we come! Rex Bell and Clara Bow in the act of kidnaping John and Lilian, "Uncle Will's children," from their native New York

CLARA BOW, the mother of twins! Actually, what *is* this world coming to?

With Hollywood adopting babies at a great rate, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Bell have gone everyone one better by annexing two children immediately on their return from Europe.

Following her return from a long vacation abroad, Clara drove with her husband down the streets of Brooklyn, New York, to the old neighborhood where she was born, and realized for the first time that the depression had not neglected the homes of her relatives and friends. After making many stops and leaving many precious bits of paper that would go far toward tiding a large family over the remaining winter months, Clara finally drove up to the door of her Uncle Will's.

Here lived the favorites in all her realm of relatives, two cute youngsters, Lilian and Johnny. It didn't take Clara long to make an important decision. She would take the little girl home with her. It would be something new and wonderful—a child to raise in all the love and luxury she herself had missed. Someone to romp and play with. A little girl to dress in frills and ruffles.

But she forgot to reckon with Johnny. Even Lilian, at first delighted at the prospect of going to California with Clara, changed her mind at the sight of Johnny's tears. "Nope," she announced with reluctance. "I really couldn't leave Johnny."

And so it came to pass that Mr. and Mrs. Rex Bell arrived home last week from their vacation as "Auntie Clarita" and "Uncle Rex."

"We are leaving for the ranch in a couple of weeks," Clara said, as she sat visiting in the palatial home of Lewis Lewyn, where she and Rex were residing temporarily. "For the first time in their lives those kids are going to do nothing but play and breathe sunshine to their heart's content."

Mae Clarke's Brilliant Career is Halted by Tragic Accident

Mae Clarke has pulled herself up the ladder of fame despite a weird series of unlucky breaks, but this last blow has her worried

BLINDING fog—the glare of oncoming headlights—the grinding of brakes and a woman's scream awakening the echoes of the Beverly Hills streets. A jarring crash as two speeding cars meet and Mae Clarke, champion hard luck girl of Hollywood, is confined to her home for at least four weeks with a fractured jaw.

The accident occurred when the car of Phillip Holmes, in which she was riding, crashed into another in a dense fog, as they returned from a party. Holmes was but slightly injured while Mae, two weeks into her second Metro picture, *Made On Broadway*, was thrown against the wheel and her jaw fractured.

Mae has had more than her share of hard luck. When Metro signed her for a part opposite John Gilbert in *Fast Workers*, it seemed at last that the jinx had been killed. Enthused over her work, studio officials gave her a long term contract and she was given an important rôle in Bob Montgomery's new picture. Now another girl, Sally Eilers, will play that rôle and Mae, nursing her jaw, wonders why fate can be so cruel.

Mae Clarke deserves success but it seems that success is not for her. Coming to Hollywood from the musical comedy stage, where she had been a pal of Barbara Stanwyck, she was put under contract to Universal. Several successful pictures followed.

But the jinx was just starting to operate. Soon after completing *Waterloo Bridge*, she was taken with a nervous breakdown. For seven months she was unable to work and Universal, within its contract rights, released her.

Then followed a period of inactivity. There were one or two independent pictures and then she was given a part in RKO's *Penguin Pool Murder*. Again she clicked. When the picture was finished, producers clamored for her services. Once more Mae faced the possibility of stardom, but the jinx was on the job.

[*Continued on page* 69]

Stars Hit by Bank Holiday

Financial Slump Gives Movie Folk a Taste of Poverty, But Like Good Troupers They Can Laugh It Off

YES, the banks closed in Hollywood that morning, just as tightly as they did in Oshkosh or Sauk Center. But don't let anyone tell you that Hollywood can't take it.

It's a funny sensation for Hollywood to be broke, but everyone got a kick out of it. Hollywood, the city where money is supposed to mean everything, the city of gilded sin and free spenders, tried to buy gas for its imported cars with cigar coupons and borrowed money from the butler for cigarettes, but there wasn't a frown in a carload and all had a "heluva" good time about it.

To be sure, it all came with the devastating suddenness of an earthquake. Stars who could have, on the day previous, written you a check in four figures, couldn't even get credit at the grocer's for the morning milk. There were a few white faces, at first, and then Hollywood just sat back and laughed.

Jack Oakie, who would take advantage of his own funeral to twist up a gag, beat the rest of the town to the punch. Hurrying to a neighborhood print shop, he had struck off his own scrip, with which he proceeded to plaster the town. It was all a gag, of course, but even Oakie was surprised when he found that people would take 'em as cash.

Al Jolson got the news in an unusual manner. At six a. m. he was awakened by a long distance phone call from New York.

"How much money do you want to borrow?" demanded a voice.

"Not a dime," said Al, "I got plenty in the bank."

"Oh yeah-h-h?" drawled the voice, "just wait until you read the morning paper."

New York, four hours earlier, had heard of Hollywood's banks closing before Hollywood was up.

But if what a famous columnist says is true, Al didn't suffer any—the assertion being that he drew every last shekel out of the bank less than an hour before the moratorium went into effect.

Here are a few highlights of the bank holiday from a bird's eye view: Maurice Chevalier borrowed two bucks from an attendent of a gas station to buy gas for his car . . . Stu Erwin robbed the baby's bank of cash . . . Groucho Marx had fifty dollars in cash until Harpo got him into a game of pitching at a crack and then he had fifty cents . . . Peggy Hopkins Joyce called a taxi to take her to the studio and found she didn't have even a dime. She asked the driver to stop at a bank and he did. But it didn't do Peggy any good. The studio gateman who had cashed his check the night before, obliged her.

Ginger Rogers couldn't pay a sixty-nine cent paper bill . . . Lil Tashman woke up with thirteen cents in her purse . . . the Roland Youngs had invited guests for dinner, but having no money and only a charge account at a delicatessen store, they served that kind of a dinner . . . David Manners woke up with twenty-seven cents . . . spending twenty-five cents for lunch he had two cents left for dinner . . .

Wera Engels had nearly $80.00 but being unfamiliar with American ways, she cashed checks for friends and woke up broke . . . Joel McCrea, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant and a host of others signed I. O. U's for tips in the cafés.

Yes, Hollywood took it all in fun, and whatever else may be said about the old town—IT CAN TAKE IT, and come up smiling.

Everything is a gag to Mr. Jack Oakie. When the banks fizzled temporarily, he turned financial magnate and issued his own scrip. And was he surprised when people accepted it as money!

Wera Engels didn't know what it was all about

Did Al Jolson "pull a fast one" on the rest of us?

Peggy Joyce went to the bank, but it didn't help

"I

"When girls go wrong—men go right after'em!"

Mae West

AIN'T ICE"

"Try to think of a good woman who has gone down in history!" snorts Mae West, the screen's newest bad gal. Here's what Mae West thinks about sex appeal, and you can be sure she's plenty biological!

By Frederick James Smith

"I LIKE her because she's so low down," Mary Pickford told me. "Low down—and no ifs, ands or buts about it." Mary Pickford had been intrigued by Mae West's new film, *She Done Him Wrong.* So had Broadway. In fact, at the moment, making personal appearances along with her picture at the New York Paramount, Miss West was the current Manhattan sensation.

Miss West—and you can't blame her—was rather pleased with herself when I talked to her in her dressing room. Ablaze with bracelets and rings, she reclined comfortably in a flaming negligée. Blonde, hard, with an amazingly insolent mouth, Miss West gazed thoughtfully at her red finger nails and talked about Hollywood.

"It's O. K. out there but there's nothing to do," said Miss West. "I'm glad to get back to Broadway even for a week. Out there I feel out of touch.

"I've been taking motion pictures seriously. When I saw myself in *Night After Night* I said, Mae, you photograph too heavy. The camera adds ten pounds to you, but even so, I wasn't right. I took off weight where I needed it. Here and here. I look better in *She Done Him Wrong.* Don't tell me you think I ought to reduce.

"I think that the pictures are all wrong in the way they feature starved ingénues. You know, the flat chested girls you see on the screen. If I know men, I know darned well that they don't care for scrawny girls. They want something to get their hands on when they grab a girl. Or am I wrong?

"Continued reducing makes the Hollywood girls look like those neediest cases you hear about. Pained faces, sharp shoulders, knobby knees, terrible spaces between their legs. So flat you can't tell which way they're going.

"You can't tell me that Constance Bennett has sex appeal for the average man. I just don't believe it. She may suggest polite passion to Hollywood but she spells anaemia to me. Now Jean Harlow! There's a figure.

"We've been wrong about women's figures for a generation. You couldn't fool your grandfather. But the movies have been to blame."

I asked Miss West what she thought about trousers for women. "What, ruin my sex appeal?" snapped the lady who made the phrase "I ain't ice" famous from the Bronx to the Battery.

MISS WEST says that the movies haven't done right about sex. "It's all romantic and pallid and phoney," says the expert at playing ladies without inhibitions. "It's practically unthinkable to have the hero kiss the heroine in a movie before the final fade-out. Hollywood is frantic about making you sympathetic. They tried to change me all around. 'You'll lose their sympathy,' they kept saying.

"I don't want their sympathy. I want them to remember me. What does the public care about a good girl? What women have gone down in history? Bad women. Tarts. Isn't that so? Try to think of a good woman who became famous."

I tried to adjust my eyes to the glare of the West bracelets and think.

"You can't," exclaimed Miss West triumphantly. "Well, maybe there was one. Betsy Ross—and all she could make was a flag.

"People think I'm tough. That I'm hard. You ought to see my fan mail. It's hot stuff. Maybe it's because I play a primitive kind of sex, sort of animal, I guess you call it. Anyway, the mail's a wow. Look at this."

Miss West showed a plaintive letter from a young woman. "Some of my girl friends have diamonds but I have none," said the note. "Could you spare me a small one?"

"What do you think of that?" demanded Miss West. "She's got the same things I have to get 'em!"

I suspect that a lot of this flamboyant hardness is a pose. Mary Pickford thinks so, too. But what's the difference? Miss West at least expresses herself with the tang of honesty. And the screen is all too short of vivid personalities, real or assumed.

Miss West says she is thirty-three. She was born in Brooklyn. Her father was a prize [*Continued on page 71*]

Curves that were good enough for grandma are good enough for Mae, and she makes no bones about it!

When George Brent HAD A HIS

GEORGE BRENT doesn't care to talk about it. Very few know the real story of his part in the Irish Rebellion, and how he risked his neck to carry dispatches in the secret service of the Sinn Fein.

I once got the same laconic answers he gives to questions about this strange and exciting adventure. Such as:

"How long were you in the secret service?"

"About a year."

"How long did the average fellow last in that work?"

"About six weeks."

"What did the British soldiers do when they caught a man?"

"Shot him."

"Why have you always refused to talk about your experiences?"

"Because there was nothing to tell."

Well! A year in work that, if discovered, carried a death sentence—and nothing to tell! I determined that SCREEN BOOK readers should have that story, and here, finally, it is.

First let's go back in our story. George Brent was left an orphan at eleven. His older sister and an aunt in New York were his nearest relatives. So, with his sister, he sailed from Ireland for America. It was the first time he had ever been away from the land of his birth.

Entering a New York school, he quickly lost the broad Irish brogue that characterized his speech. This was a large factor in the success with which he later avoided detection when he became a despatch carrier for the revolutionists.

George grew prodigiously. At fourteen, he looked twenty. At eighteen, he was mistaken for twenty-five and had grown to a height of more than six feet. It was at the age of eighteen that he graduated from high school and returned to Ireland to enroll in a university at Dublin.

His companion on the voyage was a young Irish priest, an ardent patriot in the cause of his country's freedom. The friendly influence of the priest prompted George to take more than a passive part in the fight that ensued. It was also due to this friendship that the boy became interested in the profession of acting. Sponsored by the priest, he joined a little theatre movement in Dublin known as the Abbey Theatre. His parts were small but they gave him an excuse for leaving college. And he needed an excuse, for sympathy for the Sinn Fein movement had brought him publicly to blows with an English professor on the campus.

With his nineteenth birthday still a few months away, George definitely cast his lot with the Irish revolutionists. It all came about quite casually.

VISITING his friend the priest one evening, George was introduced to Michael Collins. At the time, Collins was a fugitive with a price on his head. Twice jailed by the English, he had effected really remarkable escapes and remained at large for several years despite all attempts to capture him.

Collins chanced to remark in the presence of George that he was in need of finding someone to carry important despatches to Belfast. He asked the priest for advice concerning a responsible patriot who might volunteer for the dangerous task.

The mention of danger intrigued George. He was at that adventurous age which welcomes danger. "Would I do?" he asked eagerly.

It seemed that he would. In fact, he was ideal. No one would suspect his connection with the Sinn Feiners. He was, to all appearances, a young American lad touring Ireland. That the country was under martial law with some hundred thousand English troops maintaining a semblance of order would not affect the status of an American tourist. Americans are notoriously insane anyhow. That one of them would deliberately risk his neck by venturing into perilous territory torn by civil war would pass as an additional proof of insanity.

So George made his first trip from Dublin to Belfast. The importance of the message he carried was unknown to him. Nor did he ever know what was in those heavily sealed

By Jack Grant

PRICE ON HEAD

At last George Brent tells the amazing story of his career as an Irish revolutionist and his narrow escapes

envelopes. His duty was to take the despatches handed him and deliver them to designated persons. He performed that duty with a singular lack of inquisitiveness.

"Irishmen Love A Fight"

MANY times in the ensuing months, he travelled the distance between Belfast and Dublin, some hundred-odd miles. Frequently he rode in the troop trains that transported English soldiers, eating, drinking and sleeping with the nominal enemies of the cause he served. By doing so, he exposed himself to the fire of his compatriots.

Generally, the English soldiery moved by motor lorry. They patroled the proverbially green countryside in small detachments. What engagements they fought were usually with unmobilized snipers who took pot shots at them as they rode by. It was guerrilla warfare.

"Perhaps the expression 'guerrilla warfare' needs a bit of qualification," says Brent. "It conjures an impression of cowardly ambuscade.

"My countrymen are notably poor shots. Their instincts are to fight with their fists. Firearms are unnatural weapons to them. I have seen many, many fights between Irishmen without having once witnessed a gun being used. A shooting of any kind is extremely rare, the use of a knife absolutely unheard of.

[*Continued on page* 70]

Many a wild ride had George Brent in the year he carried messages between Belfast and Dublin during the Irish revolt, while there was a price on the head of all Sinn Feiners! And then the British found him out . . .

All Over the Lot

SCREEN BOOK'S gadabout tells you what's going on behind the big, barred gates of the movie studios

THE tom-tom of military drums. Martial music. And through the gates of the fabled city, Pontus, an army of armored women comes marching.

On dizzy scaffolding, half a dozen cameras are perched to record this stirring entry for yet another scene of *The Warrior's Husband*—the Fox production which is destined to make screen history. It features Elissa Landi, Ernest Truex, Marjorie Rambeau and David Manners.

It is an imaginative picture—and it tells the story of the Amazons and the customs of their country, Pontus—where women fought the battles, ruled the state, and made the laws, while the puny men spent their hours with dressmakers and hairdressers—in easy luxury as pets of Amazonian households. Women with spears in their hands, and men with fans in theirs. Men in silken, flowing robes, and women in tunics. Men who called for smelling salts, while women called for their war horses. Pontus, in short, is conceived as a land where women traditionally wore the trousers—not as a fashion fad—but as a custom. Eventually these Amazons are conquered by the Greeks—not with arms, but with love.

The hot sun beats down on the vast studio area which is a faithful reproduction with its tiered city walls and classic arches, of ancient scenes. On the sidelines—out of camera range—are Jimmy Dunn, Elsie Janis, Ralph Morgan and his daughter Claudia, Lilian Harvey and half a dozen other stars, watching the magnificent spectacle—conceived and executed by the brilliant director, Walter Lang.

Lang stands on a raised platform giving directions through an amplifying system. He is flanked by Les Selander, his assistant, and Hal Mohr, cameraman-in-chief. Three thousand extras, in the accoutrements of Amazonian warriors, are massed ready to start their victorious march. Lancers, the queen's guards, archers and charioteers, restraining their spirited horses, are a colorful carpet spread below them.

"Now this will be the picture," Lang shouts. "Everybody on his toes—do your best!"

Elissa Landi, in silver tunic and winged helmet—mounted on a white horse, as Commander of the Pontian army, leads the forces now returning from battle with shackled male captives to prove their prowess. Lances are held high, shields and helmets and metal tunics and greaves, reflect the light as the warriors come into camera range and pass beyond it.

It is a thrilling—a dazzling scene, which holds only an intimation of the long planning and the imaginative artistry this picture has required.

Women Six Feet Tall

There were the practical difficulties of recruiting three thousand women of better than average height—two hundred and fifty of them six feet or over. Also fifty men not more than five feet tall. For weeks the search for extras and bit players who measured up to these requirements continued. The property department spent months in assembling the armor; the research division, a like length of time in authenti-

Randolph Scott and Carole Lombard, enacting a love scene from the new thriller, *Supernatural*

with Sonia Lee

Sonia Lee

cating costumes and customs. And where history failed, imagination came into the breach, and as a result *The Warrior's Husband* promises to cause endless discussion.

Marjorie Rambeau, as the Queen of the Amazons, is an amazing figure in her armor. Statuesque, impressive, she dominates her scenes. And there are physical drawbacks to playing the rôle in a tunic weighing thirty-five pounds, in armlets and sandals and greaves and sacred girdle which stop the scales at fifty pounds. Add a helmet weighing nine pounds; a sword, fifteen pounds; and there is point to her comment that when she is through with the picture she will challenge Jack Dempsey.

"Listen, I have so many rubbed places on me from all this metal, that Dempsey couldn't hit me in a vital spot without hitting a callous," she declares. Her wrists, hips, shins and toes are taped to withstand the constant friction of metal.

Elissa Landi, too, is carrying a load. Her fighting costume is reputed to weigh seventy-five pounds, and it is necessary to heat it before she puts it on. Chilly metal is enough to subdue any dramatic fire.

Excuse My Armor!

Some discomforts have been alotted to David Manners too. As the Greek spy who comes to steal the Queen's magic girdle, he wears such heavy armor that it has been responsible for a loss of five pounds in his weight.

This picture has gathered several interesting personalities. Helene Madison, the husky swimming champ, is the sergeant of the guards. Robin and Janet MacLeod, Pasadena heiresses, [*Continued on page* 50]

THE WAR ISN'T OVER for Gary Cooper, who dons a uniform again to play opposite Joan Crawford in *Today We Live*

NEW USE FOR OLD IRONING BOARDS is found in Hollywood. Now that they sew you into your dress you can't sit down! Myrna Loy is using the new gadget on the Metro lot

THIS AMAZON MOVEMENT isn't confined to pants. Women take over male affairs in *The Warrior's Husband.* Here are Queen Rambeau, Warrior Landi, Truex the Lily, David Manners, Lionel Belmore, and some Amazon gals

Is *Al Jolson* Through?

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

Report has it that *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum* will be Jolson's last film

Ruby Keeler is on her way to the top in a picture career; her husband's star is waning on the Hollywood horizon

BROADWAY is considering the question. Al has just flopped on Broadway in his newest film, *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum.* His recent series of radio broadcasts have created nothing more than a mild ripple of interest. Could Jolson return to the stage with success? That remains to be seen.

Oddly enough, just as Jolson is at the cross-roads, his wife, Ruby Keeler, has scored a remarkable screen success. She is the outstanding hit of the new Warner musical film, *42nd Street.*

They say that, after Al had looked at *42nd Street,* he made an odd remark. "Maybe I'll yet be known as Mr. Ruby Keeler," he is reported to have commented.

All of which isn't at all impossible. Mrs. Jolson herself says her hit is just a lucky break. In *42nd Street* she is called upon to play a timid novice who gets a job as a chorus girl and, through an accident, wins a chance to play the star's rôle on the opening night. Her ingenuous manner and her expert tap dancing, not to mention her lovely legs, make her the toast of Broadway—in the film.

Mrs. Jolson says she was terrified during her first days in the studio and, hence, her timidity was authentic and real. Her tap-dancing was always popular with Broadway. However, Mrs. Jolson has a real screen personality, a shy, elusive one, and, if she can do something more than tap dance expertly, she can go far.

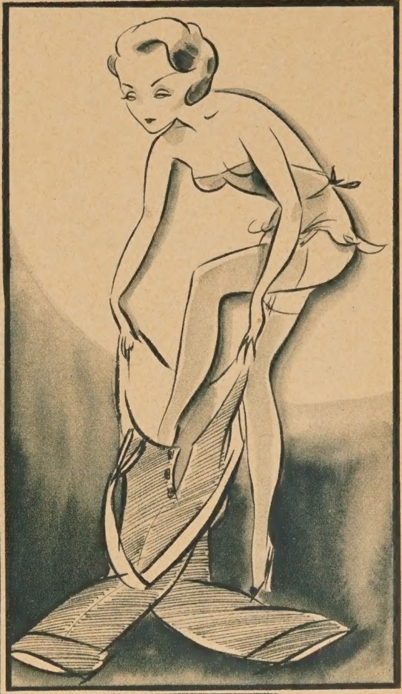
But what about Husband Jolson?

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum may be his last picture. He was under contract to United Artists and his friend, Joseph Schenk, for three films. For this he was to receive $500,000. It is currently reported in Hollywood that this amount was paid to Jolson for his work in *Hallelujah* and that the contract was torn up. It is further reported that *Hallelujah* cost about a million and a quarter when all the retakes had been made and the final print cut. The picture went through a million tribulations, but the original mistake, of keeping Jolson in white-face, could not be overcome.

THE Jolson career has been a series of lucky breaks. Jolson was born Asa Yoelson in the South of Russia on May 25, 1885. His family migrated to Washington, D. C., where Asa went to school and picked up an invaluable Southern dialect. This was Lucky Break No. 1. Al used to earn a little money dancing for tired American statesmen in front of the old Raleigh Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue.

He ran away [*Continued on page* 62]

Why Dietrich Put on PANTS



Marlene Dietrich

Here are the only two reasons we can think of, and both belong to Nell O'Day. Marlene took one look at this perfection and covered her confusion with pants!

Nell O'Day

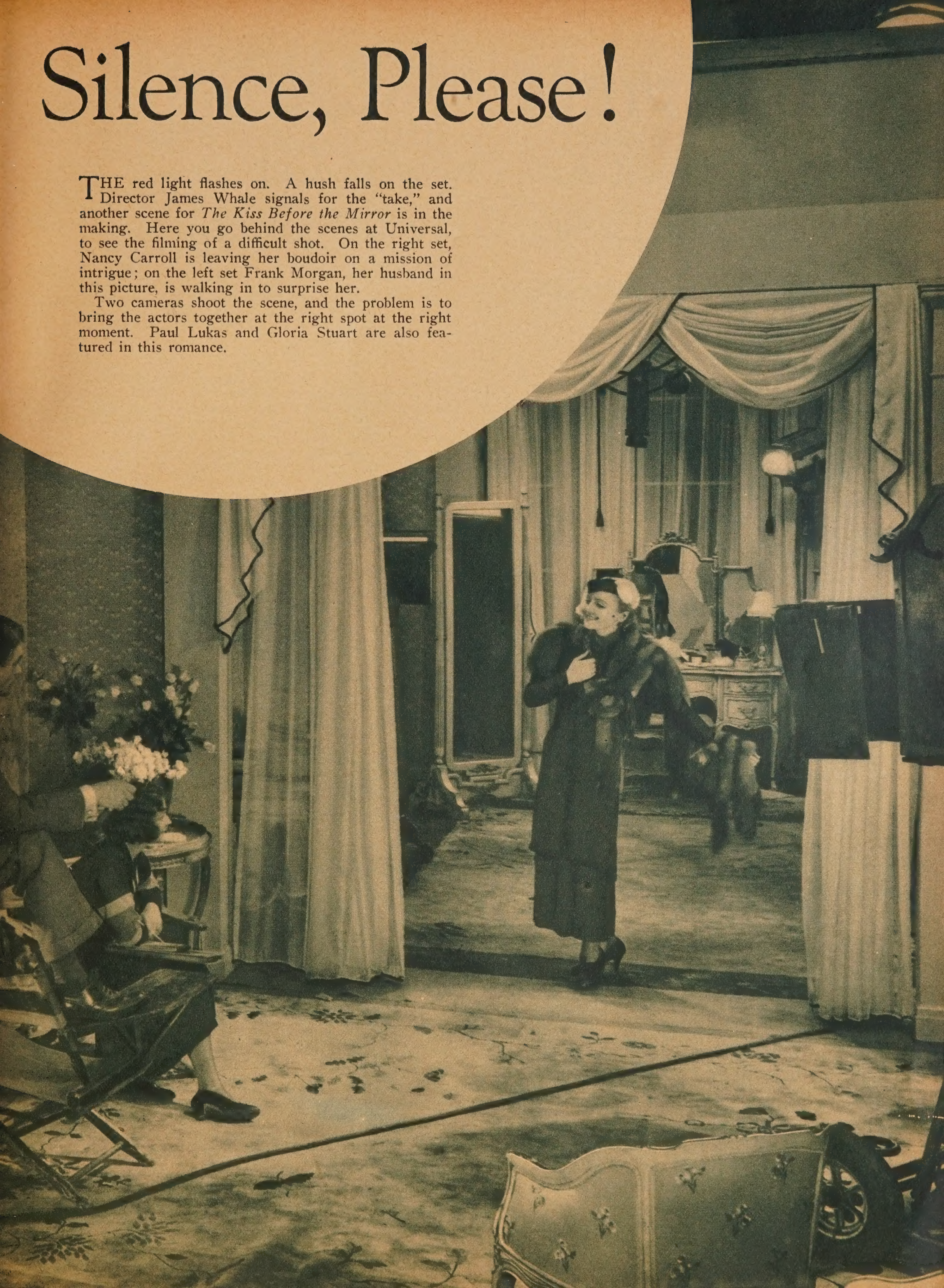
Photo by Autrey, exclusively for SCREEN BOOK

Nancy Carroll

Silence, Please!

THE red light flashes on. A hush falls on the set. Director James Whale signals for the "take," and another scene for *The Kiss Before the Mirror* is in the making. Here you go behind the scenes at Universal, to see the filming of a difficult shot. On the right set, Nancy Carroll is leaving her boudoir on a mission of intrigue; on the left set Frank Morgan, her husband in this picture, is walking in to surprise her.

Two cameras shoot the scene, and the problem is to bring the actors together at the right spot at the right moment. Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart are also featured in this romance.



"In Days of Old
When Knights were Cold and Ladies Wore the Breeches!

—the warriors bold, with spurs of gold, were all a flock of peaches!"

SUCH might be the theme song of Elissa Landi's astonishing new picture, labelled *The Warrior's Husband.* Elissa plays the part of an Amazon army commander who valiantly upholds the traditions of her land and sends her army of husky feminine warriors out to show the men who's running things around those parts. Miss Landi's army of ladies is composed of "whatta-gals," handsome, six feet tall and strong for everything but men. But even in steel armor, they have sex appeal—and eventually, after a grand battle, a tribe of enemy males defeats them with love as a weapon. Husbands are warned not to let their wives see this picture!

Too cute for words! Princess Antiope is simply captivated by the court's smoothest vamp, Sapiens, played by Ernest Truex, who wins a lace doily for the mirthiest performance of the month

Elissa Landi lends an ear to "ye old traveling salesman gag" whispered in her ear by Marjorie Rambeau, the queen of Amazons. *The Warrior's Husband* is naughty, naughty, but it's nice!

Forsooth, ye knaves—cast thine eyes on yon gorgeous fighting Amazon. In ye old days no coronation was held, for none dared to try to crown such a pugnacious princess

Back Stage Portraits

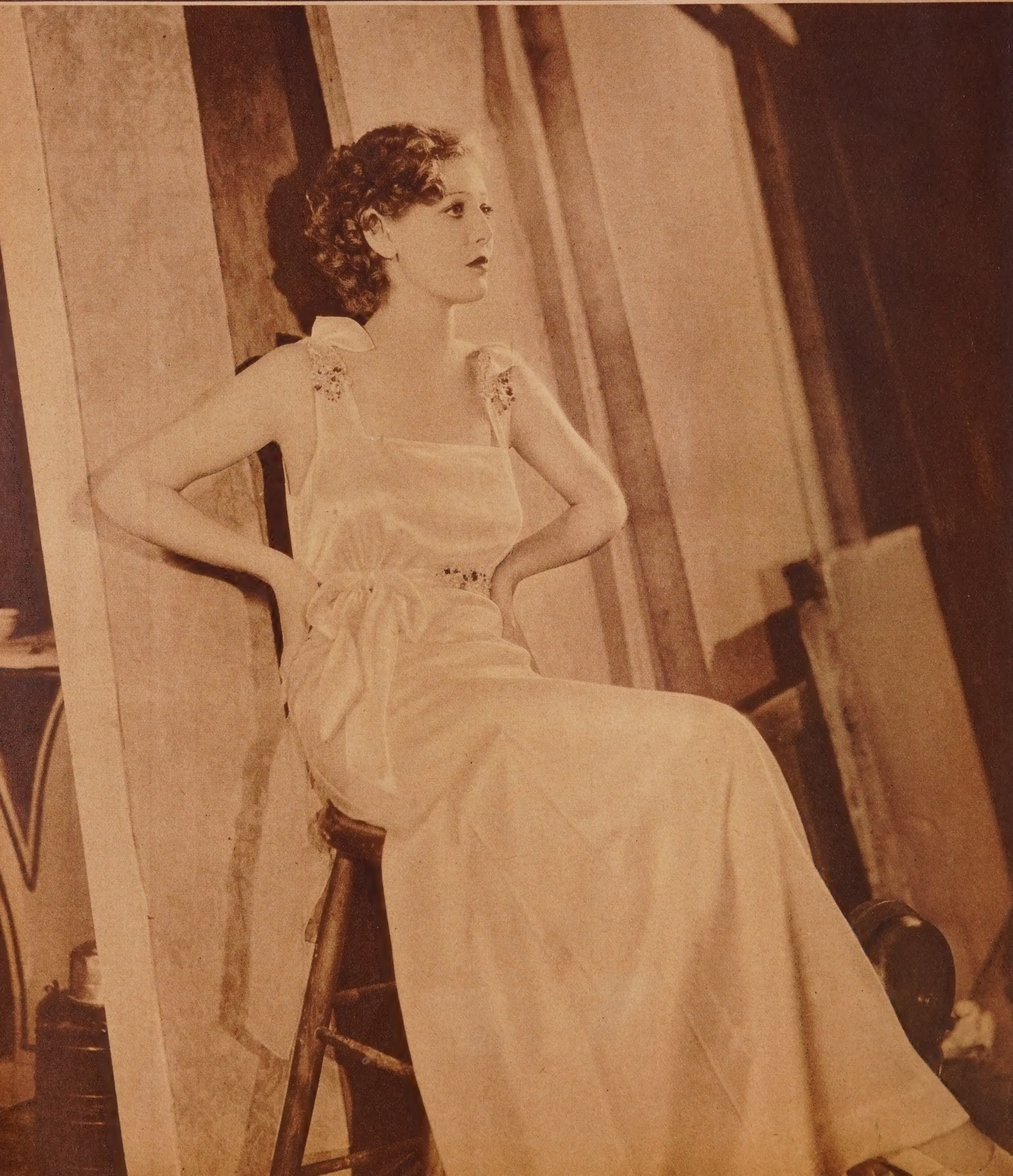
Warner Brothers and First National present this month's portraits, exclusively posed for Screen Book's gallery

James Cagney

The stormy petrel of Hollywood likes to know how all the wheels go around in life backstage. And just to prove his versatility he shows that he can make his own stills

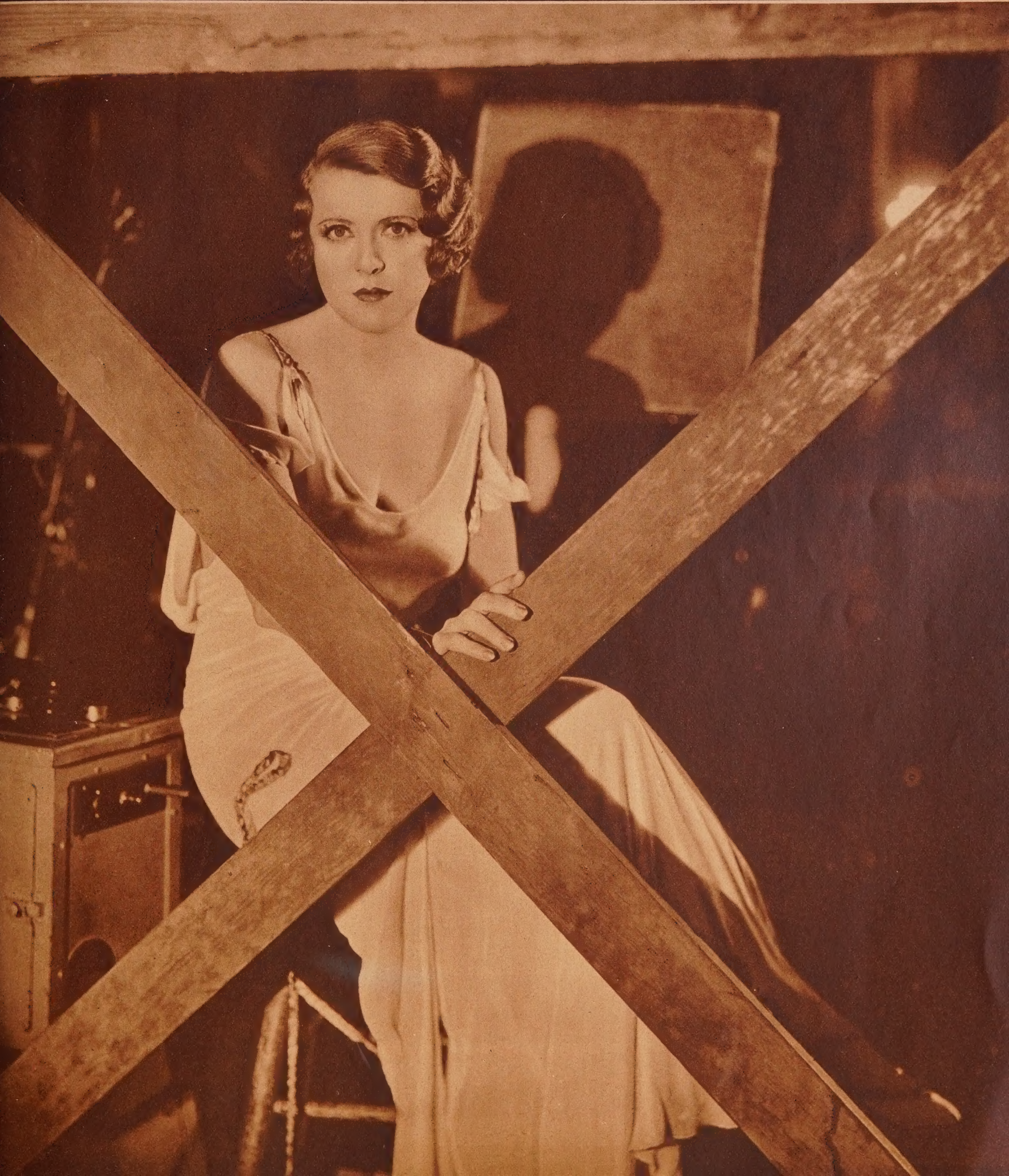
Loretta Young

She is one of filmdom's favorite people. Loretta may not have set the Hollywood world on fire, but her slim loveliness is not often overlooked in casting for pictures



Ruth Chatterton

Pioneering the talkies, Miss Chatterton won for herself a high niche in the hall of the famous, and her power as an emotional actress keeps her on top the popularity pile



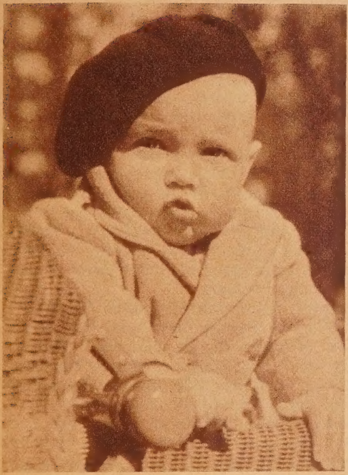
WARNER
BROS.
STUDIOS
TAGE 2

Richard Barthelmess

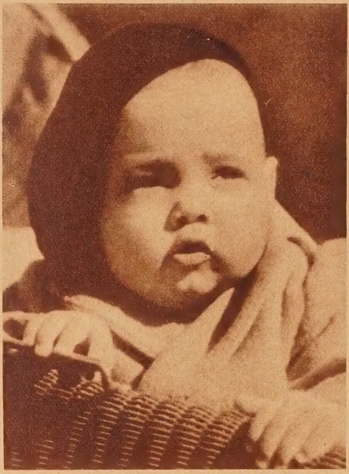
In his new picture, "Central Airport", Richard clicks again. A list of his pictures, from "Broken Blossoms" on, is like a review of the high spots of the picture business

She Done Him Wrong!

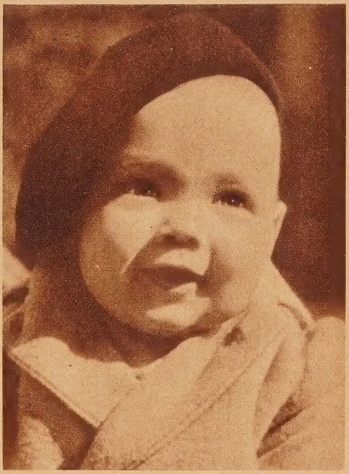
The drama of Baby
Le Roy's lost love



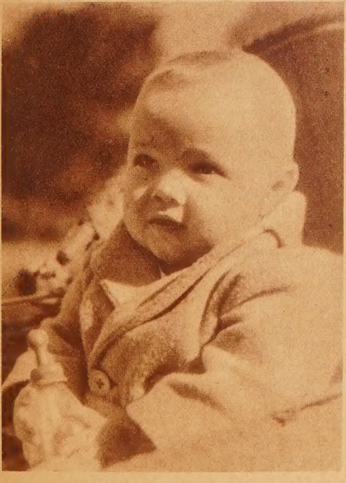
"Where is that guy Chevalier, anyway? The big stiff has kept me waiting in this buggy for a half-hour. What I won't tell him!"



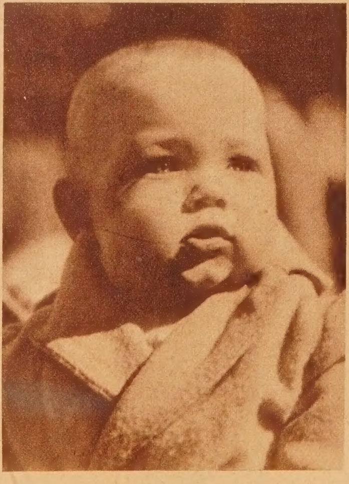
"I've been double-crossed! There he goes, stepping out with Marlene Dietrich. Oh, well, I'll pick out a girl of my own and have a little fun"



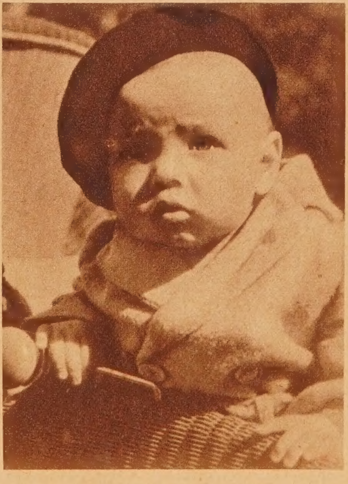
"Why, here's Carole Lombard! How's tricks, baby? Want to grab yourself off a date with a nice young fella? C'mon up to my nursery"



"Oh, you're meeting Bill Powell! Well, have a little sociable drink, anyway. This milk is okay—it's right off the boat"



"So you're mad now, just because I offered you a drink. Listen, there are plenty of gals crazy about me. Bill Powell isn't even in my class—"



"Gone! Can you beat it? She's got a lot of nerve standing *me* up! Just for that, I'll tell the newspaper boys she goes out with her husband!"

WHO WEARS

By Muriel Babcock

Greta started it all

'Way back in '29 Garbo donned trousers, as this photo proves.

Clara took it up

HOLLYWOOD is all in a dither over the trousers for women vogue. It broke out suddenly in holocaust proportions when Marlene Dietrich appeared at the famous Cocoanut Grove in a man's tuxedo suit (fashioned to her figure!) and it has the town in such a state of excitement as you haven't known since Garbo last said, "I tank I go home."

Hollywood is breathless with all the conversation about trousers. Not only the women, but the men are panting and frothing at the mouth. From conventional Britishers like Ralph Forbes who pronounce the vogue simply "nauseating," to Adolphe Menjou who says it's "silly," the gentlemen are having plenty to say.

So far, high points in the furor are marked by the following happenings:

Wheeler and Woolsey dress up in skirts and appear at the Derby to the startled mirth and amazement of hundreds of noontime restaurant-goers.

George Arliss issues edict upon the set of *The Adopted Father* that there will be no women in pants in his pictures. (Bette Davis, who had appeared for a boudoir scene clad in flimsy silk pajamas was sent back to get a flimsy silk nightgown.)

Marlene Dietrich, after being photographed hundreds of times and interviewed repeatedly on the subject, surprisingly issues statement that "American women look best in skirts. Let them stick to them and not imitate me!"

And even Lilian Harvey wears 'em!

What more will have happened by the time this reaches print, I cannot prophesy, but just you keep looking for startling surprises. Hollywood is well worked up on the subject, and most anything is liable to happen.

SO FAR, the leading "trousers for women" advocates appear to be Dietrich, Hepburn and Garbo. Miss Hepburn goes for blue overalls. Miss Garbo for tailored suits. Billie Dove, Barbara Stanwyck, and Sari Maritza are others to be seen very frequently in slacks and jackets. I recall one outfit of Miss Dove's that consisted of brilliant blue flannels and a flaming red coat. Miss Stanwyck is more conservative in color; Miss Maritza likes her pants tailored.

And so far, no homes or romances appear to have been blasted by arguments pro or con. However, many a romance has budded despite trousers on women.

Joel McCrea, who is casting as sheepish an eye as he has ever cast at a Hollywood girl in the direction of Miss Hepburn is doing so despite the dungarees. In fact, he has been photographed with Miss Hepburn when she wore pants.

Marilyn Miller, during the first months of her romance with Don Alvarado, was living at the beach and was scarcely to be seen in anything but beach pajamas. But Don didn't care.

Although Maurice Chevalier is credited with insisting that Marlene wear a skirt to the Mayfair ball, he seems no less ardent in his squir-

THE PANTS?

Hollywood, where styles are set and fads are born, gleefully accepts responsibility for the pants craze which has now swept the land

ing of her since she broke out in the public prints with her mannish attire. If anything, his attentions are more spirited.

Marlene has even admitted that she wears men's shorts under the trousers, thus shattering a few more illusions.

Kay Francis, although she has come right out against the trousers for women idea, admits that most of her romance with Kenneth MacKenna to whom she is now happily wed, was carried on during their yachting trips when she wore old white ducks.

All of which puts a damper on the romanticists who think that frills and organdy are all important to a good real affair and a wedding ring.

The "to wear or not to wear" idea is injecting a lot of life into Hollywood parties. The Frank Morgans gave a shindig the other night and called it a Marlene Dietrich party, although I do not believe that Marlene was among the guests. The idea was that the feminine members of the party were to dress like Miss Dietrich —pants and all.

Constance Cummings came in tails and looked pretty cute. Carmelita Geraghty came in a suit fashioned out of cellophane which showed the B. V. D.'s right through. Una Merkel borrowed a tuxedo from her best boy friend, but it only served to make her look more feminine than ever.

Chico Marx came in skirts. He dressed himself up as a mulatto cloak room girl and fooled quite a lot of the guests, one of whom even complained to Mr. Morgan about the "servant's" carelessness in throwing wraps on the floor.

SPEAKING of the skirts for men angle to the controversy, that Wheeler-Woolsey appearance at the Derby topped everything for me. When I asked Bert Wheeler how it happened, he just said:

"Skirts were good enough for my mother, so they're good enough for me."

And Mr. Woolsey chirped up, "As long as it is legal for the women to wear pants, what's there to stop a good man from wearing skirts?" Their reasons in detail for the costume:

Skirts eliminate baggy trousers.

They prevent the wife from plundering the pockets.

They are more comfortable than pants.

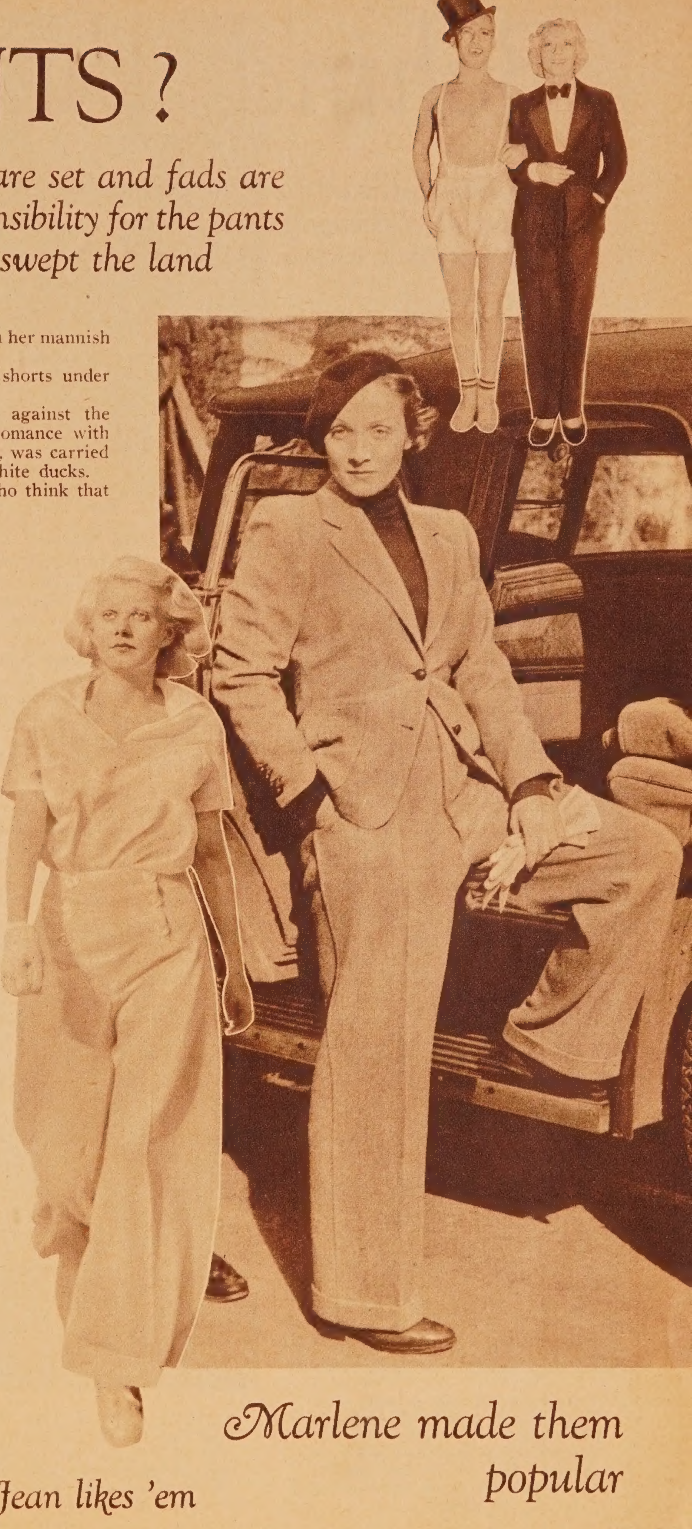
They have no pockets so women will have to pay the luncheon checks.

LIKE to hear what some of the rest of the Hollywood folk have to say about the subject? Let's go:

Roland Young: "It's all right with me whatever the women wear, but if they think they're going to be more comfortable in trousers than skirts, they're mistaken. Ask any man who has ridden a long way in the back seat of a limousine and he'll know what I mean."

Jimmy Durante: "My wife has been wearing the pants in our family for years. If she puts on the coat and vest now, it makes no difference to me."

[*Continued on page* 62]



Jean likes 'em

Marlene made them popular

Behind the Scenes

Inside stories of the stars' private lives and daily occupations from the typewriter of a veteran Hollywood writer

By Muriel Babcock

—Freulich

A BABY STAR who is really making good—Gloria Stuart has suddenly blossomed out as a glamorous personality and is climbing fast toward stardom. Her new pictures are *The Kiss Before the Mirror* and *Dead on Arrival*

HOLLYWOOD, with bated breath, is watching to see if the current "friendly rivalry" between Marlene Dietrich and the petite Lilian Harvey, Fox importation from the Continent, is going to develop into a Swanson-Bennett feud.

Miss Dietrich, known as the trousers lady, and Miss Harvey, the "continental cocktail" or the lady with ruffles, have both been stepping out with Maurice Chevalier.

Now this is significant in itself. But did you know—

That in the long ago, on the Continent, Miss Dietrich and Willy Fritsch, the European heartbreaker, were fast, fast friends and went many places together?

That Miss Harvey came to Hollywood straight from Willy Fritsch? Some old gossip meanies even spread the news before she got to town that she was Mrs. Fritsch but this, Miss Harvey, pounding the table with a diamond encrusted hand and wrist, vehemently denied.

—Acme

HOME AGAIN! The Harold Lloyds are back in Hollywood after several months of vagabonding around Europe. Harold Jr. is in papa Lloyd's arms. Peggy and Gloria are standing in front

—Longworth

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD with Dick Powell, Eleanor Holm and Warren William, who inspected the huge locomotive that pulled the *42nd Street Special* across country with its train-load of Hollywood celebrities

Good Friends

OF COURSE, the girls are very, very good friends. Your sleuth happened to witness an encounter at the Mayfair ball shortly after Miss Harvey's arrival, when they greeted each other effusively, and appeared ever and ever so glad to see one another.

You probably know that Miss Harvey arrived with a maid, Marie; a chauffeur, Boehm; and a cream-colored Mercedes-Benz car, the like of which brought forth even a few gasps in Hollywood where long, long ago Charles Ray made gold door knobs just nothing at all. She has taken a house in Beverly Hills.

Another Sensation

THE second big heart flurry in Movie Town is Peggy Hopkins Joyce. No use going into much detail on this because with Peggy's reputation as a "mind-changer," she may be married

SCREEN BOOK

—*Roger Kent*

Bill Cagney (drinking) looks so much like Jimmy that they can't tell themselves apart. Here they are grabbing a snack at Al Levy's famous Tavern

and divorced a couple of times before this gets into print.

At the moment, Jack Oakie is the favored suitor. And to Peggy's credit, Jack has forsaken sweat shirts for a derby and a tuxedo. He tried his informal garb on Peggy a couple of "dates," but that lady fixed him by donning a white sweat shirt herself.

What's A Word?

THE Nice Nellie attitude of the radio broadcasting chains in regard to certain words presents an interesting study in psychology. The word "bed" is taboo, for instance. "Sexy" also seems to be out. There is a song hit of the Warner film, *42nd Street,* which is getting a heavy play on the air. It bears the same title as the film itself and runs this way:

"Little nifties from the fifties, innocent and sweet,
Sexy ladies from the Eighties, who are indiscreet;
They're side by side—they're glorified
Where the underworld can meet the élite
42nd Street."

Both big radio chains have changed the phrasing to "lovely" ladies instead of "sexy" ladies.

Cagey Mr. Raft

BEHIND the George Raft-Paramount battle over money and rôles is young Mr. Raft's almost tearful complaint, "that fellow in the story is a terrible guy. It would be all right for a young leading man to play him, but I look tough and I shouldn't have to act that way." George tells me—and this after I had watched him devour three plates of ice cream and three glasses of milk at a party where other film folk were taking theirs with ginger ale and white rock—that he's really a teetotaler because he has ulcers. Good enough reason for anyone, but somehow I suspect that young Mr. Raft is just smart enough never to indulge in spirituous liquors.

Here's Your Hat

SOME folks giggled, but to this at-times-cynical reporter, there was real heartbreak in John Gilbert's explosive fit of temperament, when studio attachés arrived at his bungalow to inspect it for remodeling. John, once the greatest Romeo and greatest male actor of the screen, was in the midst of his last picture, *Fast Workers,* for Metro. When he leaves, his star bungalow is to be taken over by David Selznick, newest executive at the studio.

Jack thought, in common decency, they might have waited until he had left before they started moving his personal belongings about. He hit the ceiling and left for home. And it took two supervisors and a couple of directors to persuade him to come back and finish the picture.

"I Think So"

WHICH reminds me of the yarn—in different mood—they tell about Helen Hayes when she came to Los Angeles some years ago in the play, *Coquette.* Miss Hayes, today, of course, is the studio's pet and dream. Any producer would give his eye-teeth to own her contract. Then she was just a stage actress, if a very good one.

She went calling one day, at her agents' request, to Paramount studio. Was ushered into the office where an appointment had been made. Took her

Cupid's Column

By THE SNOOPER

IN THE spring a Hollywood young man's fancy turns to romance. There is a lot of clinching going on these days up and down the highways and byways of the fillum colony, and those on the give and take end of these soulful affairs are not rehearsing for pictures either.

Tom Brown, the handsome young rascal, moves from girl to girl so fast it's almost impossible to follow him with a typewriter (and I don't use "the hunt and poke" system). Last month he was courting Rochelle Hudson. Then came Anita Louise, and Patricia Ellis but today Helen Mack has him fluttering. Tomorrow—well, your guess is as good as mine.

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost, who were calling each other names for awhile, are again turtle doves.

Marlene Dietrich is not disturbed over Maurice Chevalier's sudden interest in Lilian Harvey. She is consoling herself with Brian Aherne, her new leading man.

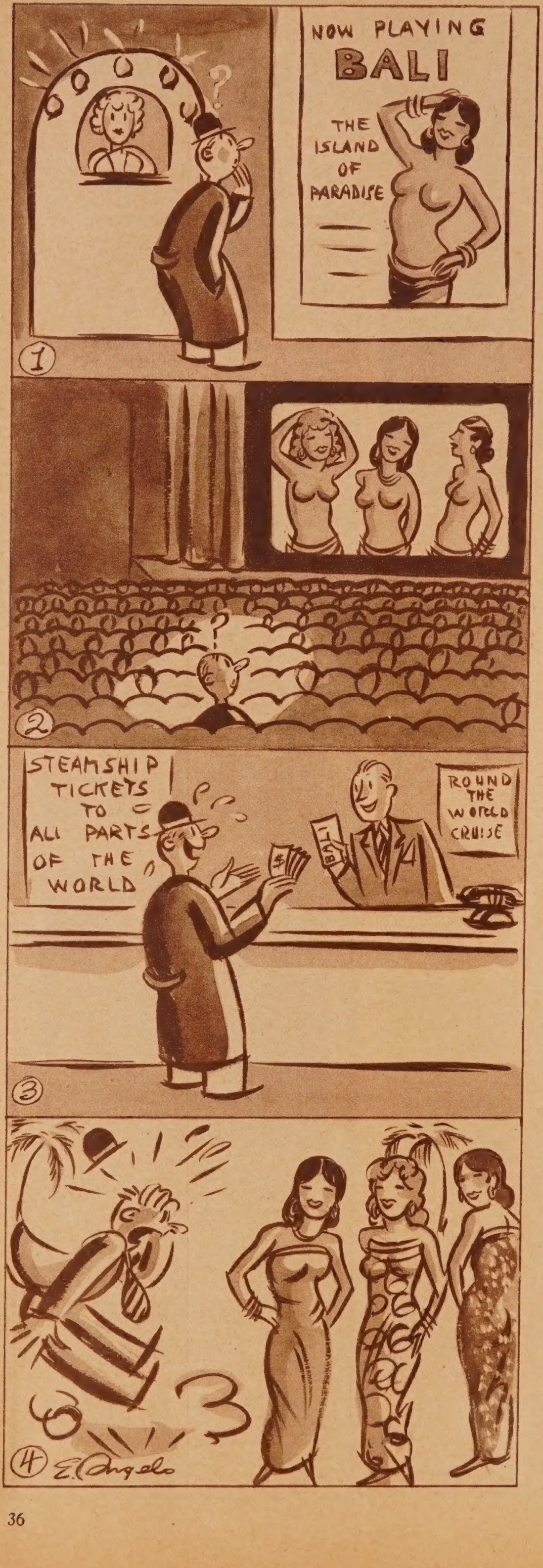
Thelma Todd, according to the wiser ones, is about ready to put her marriage with Pat de Cicco on ice.

A REAL SCOOP! Jean Harlow with Dr. Orsonia. Rumor has it that the two are romancing

Divorce is sometimes a prelude to romance in this crazy town. Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor couldn't stand each other a short time ago. So they divorced. And now what? They're cooing again, of all things!

David Manners is now immensely interested in the blonde and

[*Continued on page* 55]



seat demurely on a big leather chair when the executive in question didn't look up as she entered. He kept busily writing. She sat quietly. Finally, he looked up. With his most expansive smile, he said:

"What can I do for you little girl? Do you think you could act in pictures?"

Autograph Collector

HENRY FORD has written and asked for autographed pictures of Marlene Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier. Nope, he never has met them. Just a fan at heart. And some Hollywood wit suggests that Marlene and Maurice write and ask for an autographed Ford.

Leslie Howard Temperamental?

HOLLYWOOD shook its head in apprehension when it heard that Leslie Howard had declined $65,000 to appear with Marion Davies in a picture. Another good actor gone "salary crazy," it decided. Imagine Hollywood's shock to find Mr. Howard a few days later in negotiation with another studio to take a rôle at $25,000. Temperament may be of various kinds these days in Movietown, but Hollywood is still shivering at the thought of Mr. Howard's action.

Copy-Book Thoughts

IRENE DUNNE practices two hours daily on the piano . . . Elissa Landi carries a notebook to the studio set and jots down stray thoughts for her books . . . Eddie Horton reads Shakespeare while waiting for the cameras to start . . . Janet Gaynor has been taking ice skating lessons. For what? Oh, you guess . . . The Countess di Frasso and Mrs. Jock Whitney, famous eastern society matron, stood all day in the rain on a set at Metro just that they might watch movies made under difficulties. Yes, they sneezed the next day . . . Bill Boyd won a bet at Radio by carrying a hod full of cement two-stories up and down a ladder without spilling it. The antithesis to which is contained in the line that Eddie Lowe passed the potato chips at Howard Greer's fashion tea.

For A Principle

RONALD COLMAN sacrifices the better part of a half million dollars in his "mad" at Sam Goldwyn. He says he will stay off the screen rather than make any more pictures for the producer who let a press story go out of his office saying that dark-haired British star steeled himself for love scenes with beautiful movie actresses by first imbibing of the cup that cheers.

That means two years, for Ronald's contract has just that much to run before he can work for anyone else. However, Mr. Colman doesn't seem to be worrying. Every day sounds of merriment ring out from his tennis court, just up the canyon from ye sleuth's domicile.

Out Of The Past

IT HAPPENED in other days. Before Lawrence Tibbett was the sensation of the Metropolitan Opera and the singing films. When Charlie Farrell was a struggling young extra. The Tibbetts lived in the same apartment house—a modest, unfashionable place in an unfashionable section of Los Angeles.

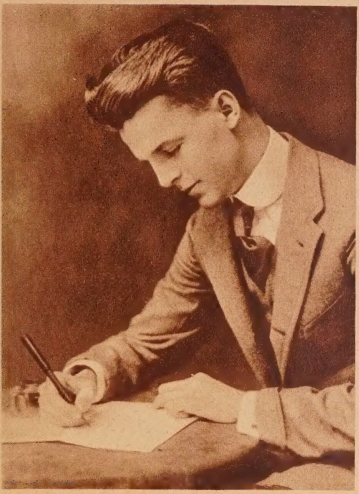
When they were invited out of an evening, Charlie obligingly used to run down the hall and spend the evening with the twins. There was no money for nursemaids and Charlie had little money to go "stepping." Just a side of Hollywood that you forget when you read of Charlie's yachts and tennis courts, the Tibbett boys at fashionable schools and Lawrence the toast of New York!

Esther Ralston Returns

THE famous Esther Ralston home on top of the Hollywood hills went on the auction block recently. Esther, back from England, says the house cost her $60,000 last year in taxes, payments, repairs, upkeep and she wasn't in it once. She hasn't that much money [*Continued on page* 66]

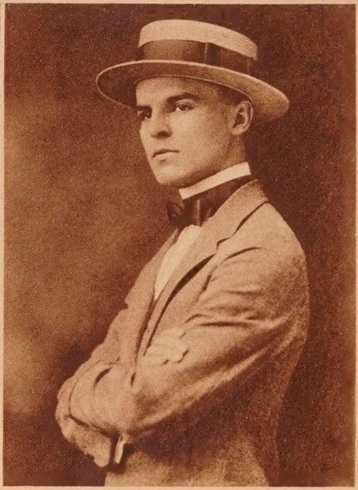
HOW to be AN ACTOR in SIX CHEESY LESSONS

By Neil Hamilton (but he won't admit it)



SIGN A CONTRACT for $10,000 a week at a movie studio owned by your uncle and five other relatives

BE NONCHALANT if the critics pan you. Remember, a ham in the studio is worth two in the stockyards



LOOK THE CAMERA IN THE EYE. If this idea works, try it on your creditors and tell them you know what

Try this easy way to become an actor and earn a huge salary. If it works, we'll try it too

TRY SOMETHING NEW. Too many people are trying to step into Garbo's shoes. Why not try Dietrich's pants?

BE HARD TO HANDLE. Laugh at producers when they offer you less money. Then get a job as a shoe clerk

SUCCESS AT LAST! Shirley Grey and Neil Hamilton show how it's done in *Terror Aboard.* All kidding aside, ladies and gentlemen, Neil's performance in this new picture is something to rave about

HERE'S THE DOPE!

Clark Gable and Helen Hayes, performing brilliantly, make *The White Sister* a top-notch picture

King Kong a bang-up thriller... *Big Cage* packs a great wallop... Hayes and Gable click in *White Sister*... Metro scores genuine picture scoop with *Gabriel Over the White House*... *Reunion*, with Barrymore and Wynyard, "oke" for sophisticates

Walter Huston is president again, appearing with Karen Morley in *Gabriel Over the White House*

King Kong—AAAA

A SWELL thrill producer! A movie director learns of a mysterious island off Zanzibar, where natives worship a strange animal god. Taking his company to the island, he finds it possesses the last remnants of prehistoric animals. The god, King Kong, is a great ape standing thirty or so feet tall. Kong steals the leading woman of the company, but is overcome with gas bombs. Taken back to New York for exhibition, he escapes, tears down "L" tracks, steals the girl again, and climbs to the top of the Empire State building. A squadron of bombing planes comes to the girl's rescue. There are a lot of thrilling scenes, topped when Kong, atop the Empire tower, bats airplanes down as if they were flies. This is a gorgeous example of trick photography at its best, for the prehistoric animals and birds are miniatures, animated into movement and superimposed upon the scenes in which humans appear. At moments there are as many as seven different "shots," (dovetailed together into a thrilling whole) on the screen at the same second. The trickery is so perfect that the film—a superb, fantastic nightmare—will leave you limp and exhausted. The suspense is developed expertly and finely maintained. Fay Wray screens and screams well as the most harassed heroine in history, while Bruce Cabot makes his bit of a hard-boiled sailor stand out. Our congratulations to *Radio's* camera technicians! (*Radio Pictures*).

Secrets—AAA

MARY PICKFORD'S best picture in some years. Starting with Mary as a crinoline, hoop-skirted belle of the '60's, it continues on to mellow old age. Mary runs away from the old homestead to become the bride of a young clerk out of a job. They go West together in a covered wagon, grow up with the country. Despite a few brunette and blonde indiscretions, her husband becomes governor and finally the dean of the United States Senate. In the golden days of old age, the two run away together. This time they start out across the covered wagon trail in a car fitted with a radio. Times have changed—but they still are lovers. Miss Pickford is charming and sincere as the super-understanding wife. Leslie Howard (who comes mighty near being the best actor in pictures) lends superb aid as the husband. Mona Maris appears briefly as one of the indiscretions. The picture itself moves mildly, gently, hitting one exciting sequence, when the cabin of the pioneers is attacked by bad men out for vengeance. Unfortunately for the story (built for a star) the husband's lapses take place off screen. They merely serve to display the heroine's humanness and understanding. (*United Artists*).

Joan Crawford more than gains back the ground she lost in *Rain* by her sparkling performance opposite Gary Cooper in *Today We Live*

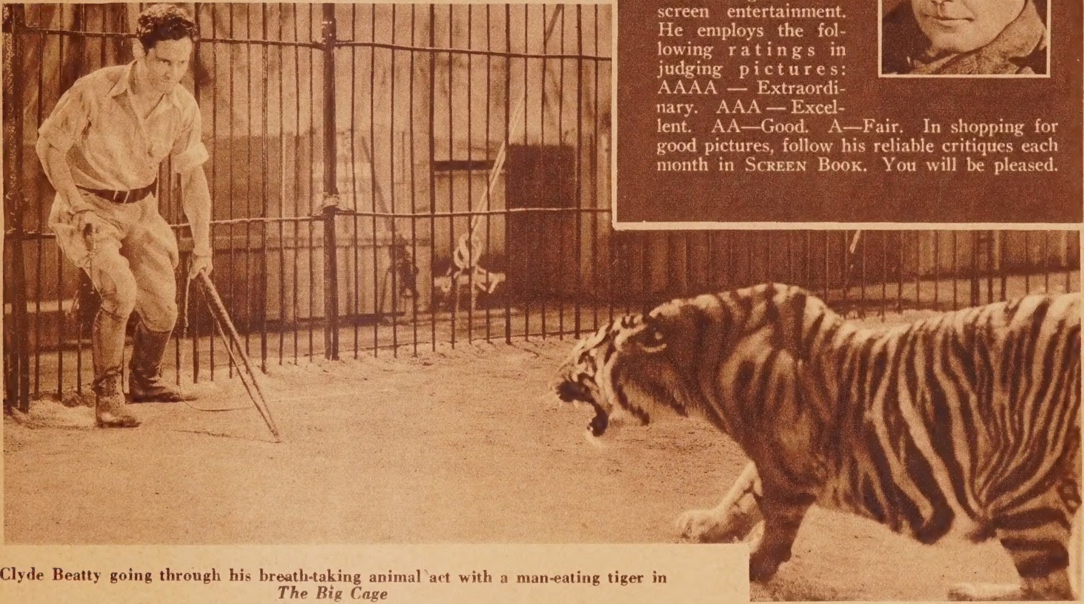
The White Sister—AAAA

THE dramatic artistry of Helen Hayes seldom fails to leave this reviewer spellbound. She equals and at times excels all her previous performances in *The White Sister* in the classic story of forbidden romance written by F. Marion Crawford and previously seen on celluloid in the silent version

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AND HIS STUDIO SPIES

AS DEAN of movie magazine critics, the reviews of Frederick James Smith are recognized as the most authentic guide to screen entertainment. He employs the following ratings in judging pictures: AAAA — Extraordinary. AAA — Excellent. AA—Good. A—Fair. In shopping for good pictures, follow his reliable critiques each month in SCREEN BOOK. You will be pleased.



Clyde Beatty going through his breath-taking animal act with a man-eating tiger in *The Big Cage*

which starred Ronald Colman and Lillian Gish. Clark Gable, calling forth all his potentialities as a dramatic actor, handles a delicate rôle with fine finesse, as if inspired by the genius of Miss Hayes. Lewis Stone and Louise Closser Hale contribute performances that will make this picture a lasting vivid memory for all who see it. (*Metro*).

Reunion in Vienna—AAAA

ANY attempt to step into the shoes of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne is risky business, but John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard succeed beautifully in the screen version of *Reunion in Vienna*. The plot, unfolding the story of a battle of wits between two men—one the husband and the other a dissolute nobleman—over a woman, will not be completely comprehended by younger movie-goers. But as adult entertainment, few pictures will surpass it. John Barrymore, the swaggering Archduke; Diana Wynyard, the wife; and Frank Morgan, the husband, are completely satisfying in their rôles. (*Metro.*)

The Big Cage—AAA

CLYDE BEATTY is known to circus audiences everywhere as the man who enters a huge cage of tigers and lions, snaps a whip and makes the beasts turn over and play dead. The audience is taken behind the scenes of a circus winter quarters and shown how Beatty tames and trains the big cats. Armed only with a revolver containing blanks, and a chair, Beatty cows the beasts into submission. The BIG MOMENT of *The Big Cage* comes when Beatty holds a baffled lion at arm's length with an unflinching hypnotic gaze. The lion soon begins to act as nervous as a man trying to explain his income tax deductions to a revenue collector. A slender story holds the Beatty stunts together. Away from his animals Beatty himself is a shy chap, a fair actor and the possessor of a mild personality. But he will compel and hold your interest once he enters his cage. (*Universal*).

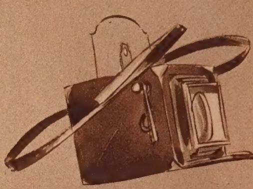
John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard as they appear in Metro's remarkable *Reunion in Vienna*

Gabriel Over the White House—AAAA

FRANKLIN D., new master of the White House, will be amused at the assertion made by this picture—namely that only a blow on the head can make it possible for a man in public office to make a sane contribution to his country's welfare. The story concerns Walter Huston, an ordinary politician who attains the land's highest office. He is no better or worse than his predecessors, until half-way through his term an accidental crack on the head transforms him into a wise and able statesman. Immediately, he becomes a dictator—drives the money changers out of capital temples and solves the jig-saws of unemployment, world debt and other evils. Overwork eventually ends in collapse, from which he emerges, shocked and astounded at what he has done. Feeling that he has double-crossed his bosses, this Jekyll and Hyde president determines to annul all his good deeds. But death strikes him down, saving the country for other politicians. This

[*Continued on page 73*]

CLOSEUPS



WAS THE FOOD TOO RICH? Gene Markey, Joan Bennett Markey, and Benita Hume dined generously. The next morning Miss Hume was rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation!

WELL PLEASED with the rushes of *Today We Live* were Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford when our cameraman happened along

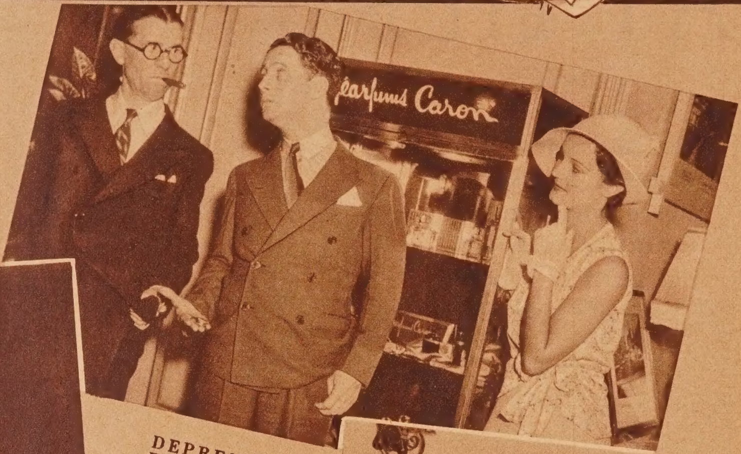
LIFE BUBBLES OVER at the Cocoanut Grove, where "everybody" goes. Phil Harris, Master of Ceremonies, chats with Claudette Colbert, Vivian Tobin, and Cecil de Mille

SHE STEALS THE SHOW wherever she goes, does Jean Harlow. With her are Felix Fiest and Phil Harris (who's now an actor, having made *They Had to See Harris* for Radio)

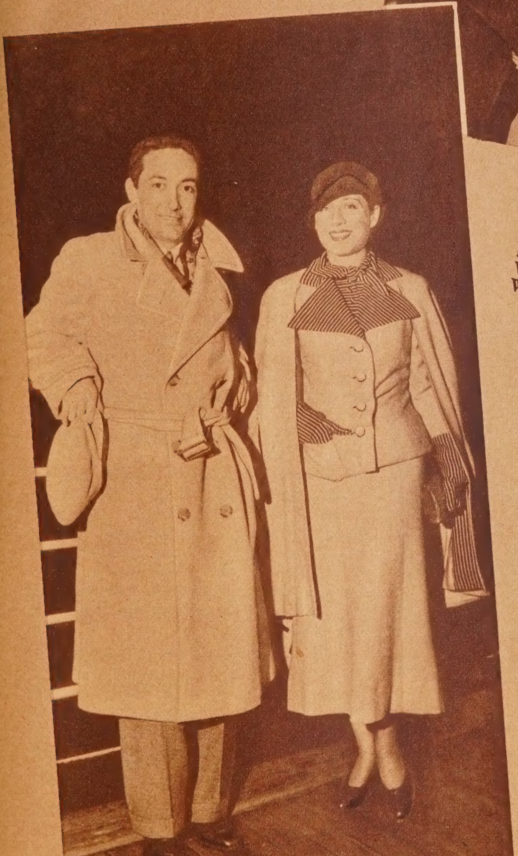
by Roger Kent

SCREEN BOOK'S Candid Cameraman

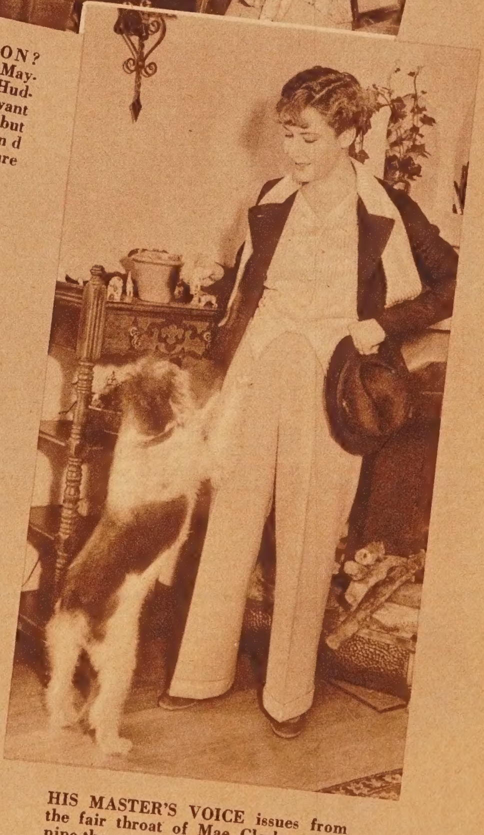
Click! And another exclusive snapshot is "in the can" for Screen Book readers. Here are a few of the latest snaps



DEPRESSION? Well, rather! Maybe Rochelle Hudson DOES want some perfume, but Woolsey and Wheeler can't scare up the price



NABBED BY THE CAMERA—Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer photographed on board ship just as they sailed on a long vacation that will take them to Europe for several weeks



HIS MASTER'S VOICE issues from the fair throat of Mae Clarke. And pipe the pants! Taken just before her recent automobile accident

Hollywood AT HER FEET

Hats off to Harvey! She has Movietown wrapped around her little finger, and is walking away with the hearts of two famous stars

By Miriam Gibson

"SHE'S the greatest discovery since Garbo!" "She outshines Dietrich!" "She has more fire than Hepburn!" "She's better than all of them!" These are typical remarks that are flying around Hollywood these days about Lilian Harvey, the petite Berlin star who has stormed Hollywood for her American début.

Gary Cooper, who seems to have retired from the field of eligible males since the explosion of his romance with Lupe Velez, figuratively threw his hat in the air at the sight of Lilian. And when the silent, immovable Gary becomes enthusiastic—that's something.

Maurice Chevalier, too, has turned his attentions away from Marlene Dietrich long enough to pay his ardent respects to the Berlin star who occupies a home just a mile from his on the Riviera.

Lilian Harvey should be thrilled to tears over all the attentions being showered on her as she whizzes around Hollywood in her huge white Mercedes roadster. But, strange to say, she isn't. Lilian is a *big star*, even though she tips the scales at only eighty-five pounds, and acts the part in a grand manner.

Lilian arrived in New York with no less than eighteen trunks of clothes, mainly of her own creation. While seeing Broadway for the first time, no less than one hundred and twenty pictures were made of her. She was interviewed endlessly. She has been so busy in America that she hasn't yet been able to indulge in a full night's sleep. But to Harvey, rest is unimportant. Life is a mad scramble—and she likes it.

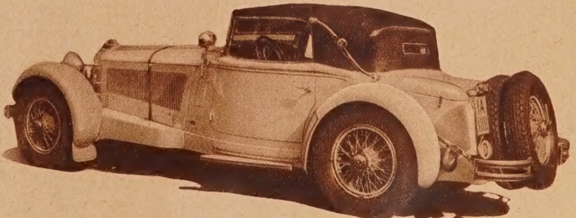
And this is the first real lowdown on the past of this remarkable new star: Brought up by a strict English family, she was given dancing lessons as a part of her cultural background. Her teacher, one of the Continent's premiere ballerinas, became interested in her student. As soon as Lilian had completed school at the age of fifteen, the teacher asked her to go on a Vienna tour.

"There were many arguments at home, then," Lilian says. "My family couldn't bear the thought of their daughter being a professional. As a matter of fact, I was really quite frightened at the idea myself. My teacher would have been horrified at anything like jazz—nothing would do but classical dancing."

"So it [*Continued on page* 63]

Lilian Harvey

Maurice Chevalier is—"Oooh, Mon Dieu!"—so interested in the petite Lilian Harvey



Hollywood women are more than a little jealous of La Harvey, who, with her captivating ways and sleek, powerful Mercedes roadster, has abducted the town's two most eligible males

Gary Cooper has a new light in his eyes these days. Romance is catching up with him again

Harpo

CULBERTSON CAN'T TAKE IT!

By J. Eugene Chrisman

How those dizzy Marx brothers worsted the world's bridge champion in a crazy grudge fight

"We could beat Ely Culbertson in our sleep," Harpo and Chico insist. "We have worked out a bridge system that is so intricate we don't understand it ourselves, but it's good enough to beat Culbertson"

"HE CAN dish it out," said Chico.

"But he can't take it," echoed Groucho.

Harpo only tore a tuft of hair from his wig and began chasing a blonde who had just entered the room.

"Kind friends and fellow depressionists," began Groucho, placing one foot on the bridge table and one in the water cooler, "we are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have met the enemy and he is ourn. For the benefit of those who came in late, let us explain that we refer to the forgotten man, Ely Culbertson, *sic semper tyrannis,* Erin go Braugh!"

When Ely Culbertson, bridge shark extraordinary, refused to meet the merry mad Marx Brothers across the bridge table, he branded himself forever as a man who can dish it out but can't take it. Culbertson, who came to Hollywood to make a series of bridge shorts, began slinging darts at the colony's rubber hounds, almost before he had unpacked his military brushes.

"Bridge players," snorted the bald Mr. Culbertson as he received the press. "Hollywood hasn't any bridge players! Actors are too busy thinking about themselves to concentrate on a scientific game like bridge. They make excellent Kibitzers but rotten players."

You can imagine how long it took a statement like that to make the rounds. And was Hollywood burned?

"I shall be glad to meet all comers," said Mr. Culbertson, adding insult to injury, "and if I can't spot the best bridge team in town a hundred points, I'll eat fifty-two decks of cards—without mustard!"

Now Hollywood has a few people who rather fancy themselves around a bridge table. Among those who are said to shuffle a mean deck are the mad Marx brothers, especially Chico and Harpo. No sooner had the news of Culbertson's taunting challenge reached them than they rose as one man and demanded blood.

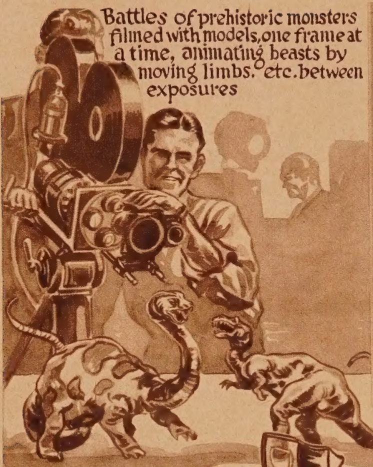
"Chico and Harpo," said Groucho, acting as spokesman for the brothers, "will defend the honor of the Marx family. We will play Mr. Culbertson for money, chalk or marbles. When do we start?"

And so a match was arranged. Twenty rubbers were to be played, ten at the Paramount studio and ten at Radio. The event was heralded in the newspapers. Invitations were sent out to some 300 guests, the news cameraman notified and Hollywood prepared for the battle of the century.

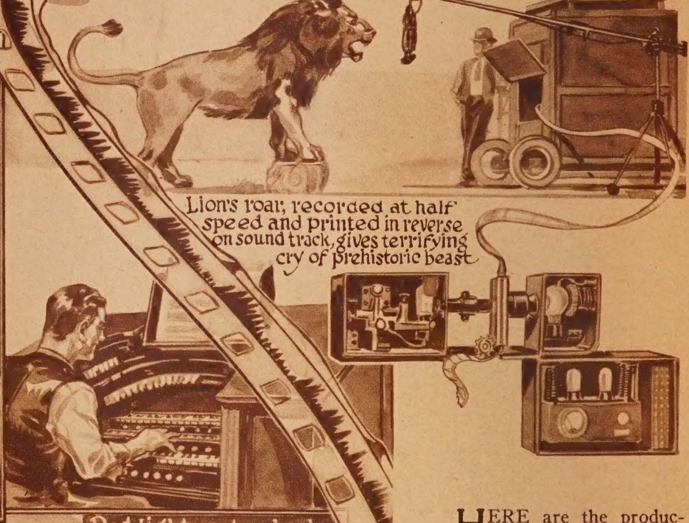
AND then something happened! Frantic phone calls informed the guests that the match had been called off. Mr. Culbertson, it seemed, thought it was all in fun and when he found the Marx champions were actually in earnest, refused to play.

"Am I annoyed!" stormed Chico. "I am burned! And just to show that we mean business, I will put up a bet of $5,000 in cash that Harpo and I can take [*Continued on page* 68]

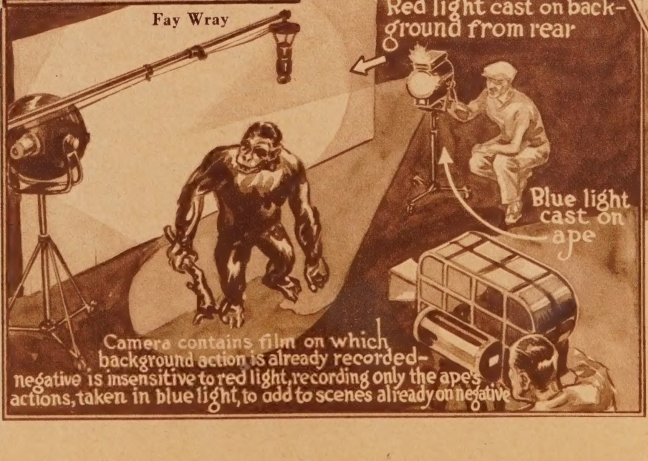
How "KING KONG"


Battles of prehistoric monsters filmed with models, one frame at a time, animating beasts by moving limbs, etc. between exposures

Doorway of the gigantic ape's prison


Lion's roar, recorded at half speed and printed in reverse on sound track, gives terrifying cry of prehistoric beast

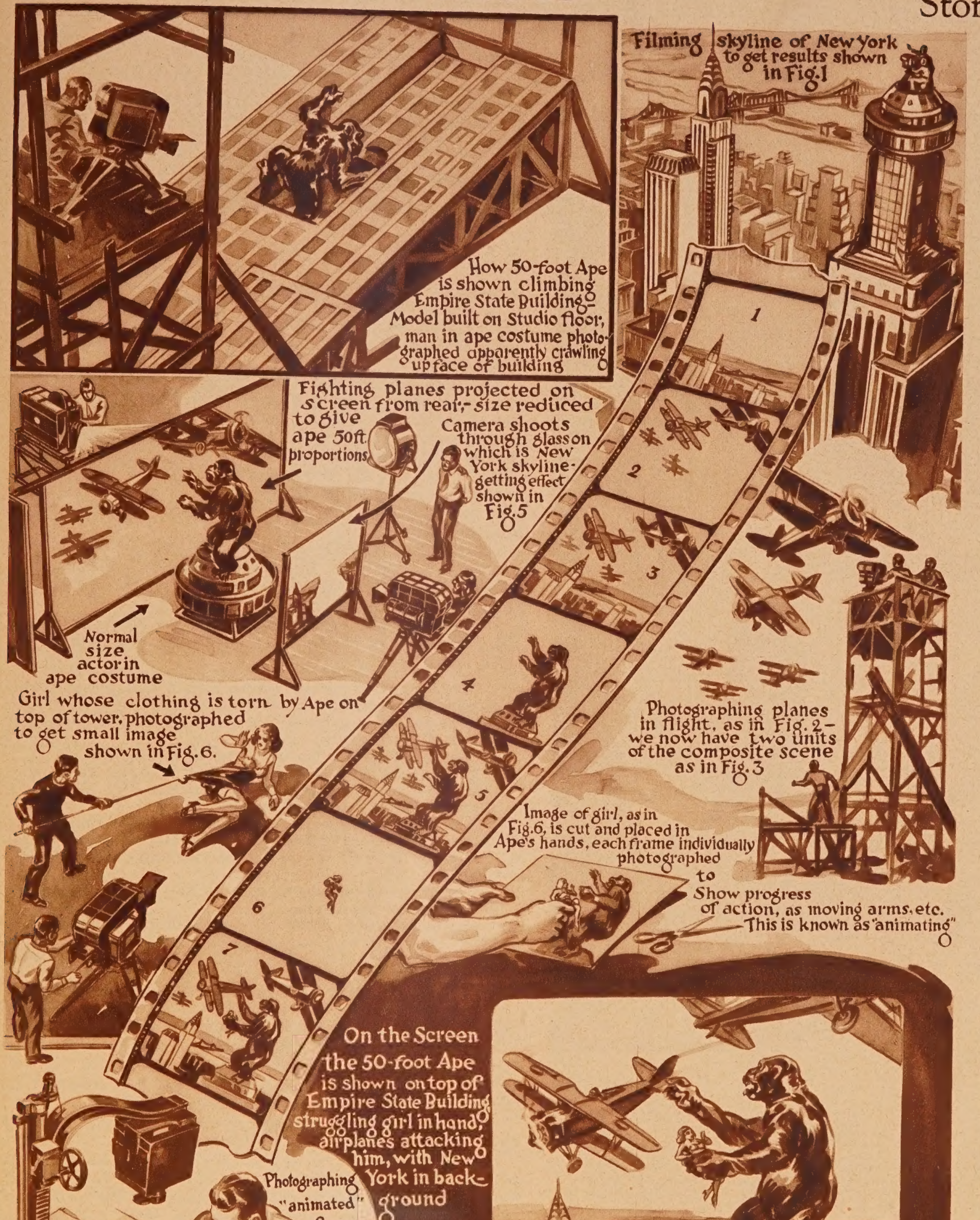
Fay Wray


Red light cast on background from rear
Blue light cast on ape
Camera contains film on which background action is already recorded—negative is insensitive to red light, recording only the ape's actions, taken in blue light, to add to scenes already on negative

HERE are the production secrets of *King Kong,* which set out to top all other jungle extravaganzas and succeeded. Sketches and diagrams show how the camera wizards could make a giant ape climb the Empire State Building and swat airplanes as if they were flies. Fay Wray is carried about like a toy by the beast in this nightmare picture. One clever stunt was to record organ music and distort it for the cry of prehistoric monsters.

was FILMED

A Graphic Story


How 50-foot Ape is shown climbing Empire State Building— Model built on studio floor, man in ape costume photographed apparently crawling up face of building
Filming skyline of New York to get results shown in Fig.1
Fighting planes projected on screen from rear;- size reduced to give ape 50ft. proportions
Camera shoots through glass on which is New York skyline- getting effect shown in Fig.5
Normal size, actor in ape costume
Girl whose clothing is torn by Ape on top of tower, photographed to get small image shown in Fig.6.
Photographing planes in flight, as in Fig. 2 – we now have two units of the composite scene as in Fig.3
Image of girl, as in Fig.6, is cut and placed in Ape's hands, each frame individually photographed to show progress of action, as moving arms, etc. This is known as "animating"
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
On the Screen the 50-foot Ape is shown on top of Empire State Building struggling girl in hand, airplanes attacking him, with New York in background
Photographing "animated" frames
saunders

Garbo's

On the eve of Garbo's return to America, a veteran journalist releases his exclusive story of her recent activities

—*Tex & Bilder*

One of the earliest photos ever taken of Garbo—showing her at luncheon with a friend in one of Stockholm's outdoor eating gardens

Max Gumpel, recently rumored as Garbo's future husband, is merely her friend of many year's standing. This story tells of their experiences together during Greta's vacation

In the days before Greta shunned her public. At this time, the star showered much affection on young admirers who visited her during theatrical engagements in Berlin. What wouldn't a small American fan give to possess such a photo as this!

—*Photos by Globe*

GARBO has had the time of her life in Sweden—and now she is ready to go back to work. She may, in fact, already be in Hollywood as I write this story of her many experiences during the several months she has been in Stockholm.

The silent one has had great fun here. She is terrifically anxious to begin work in pictures again, but she can't resist teasing Americans who are curious about her future plans. Even her manager, Harry Edington, has been kept in the dark. Of late Greta has been sending him daily cablegrams signed "Rita." One day the message tells him to rent a house; the next tells him she is not coming back. It has Mr. Edington very much "burned up," but it is a source of great amusement to Garbo.

I predict that America will find Greta Garbo a very different sort of person now. She is alive, friendly, and full of the joy of living. The things she has been doing during her long vacation have had this effect.

Since she arrived, I have kept close watch on her activities. These are some of the entries I have made in a journal devoted to her visit:

> "Garbo playing indoor tennis with a real estate dealer named Max Gumpel, a friend of her younger days in Stockholm, who is said to be getting a divorce from his wife, and who is the father of five children.
>
> "Garbo riding in a big, very expensive blue car.
>
> "Garbo attending the theatre with a dental surgeon, a man about forty, whose summer villa provided her with a vacation retreat last summer.
>
> "Garbo on a shopping trip, trying to find a suitable hat in the very store where she once was employed as a clerk.
>
> "Garbo lunching alone at Stockholm's smartest restaurant.
>
> "Garbo riding horseback, early in the morning, in a park at the edge of Stockholm.
>
> "Garbo sloshing along winter sidewalks, attired in a lovely brown fur coat, with a brown felt hat, the brim tipped forward over her eyes—with a pair of heavy Swedish hiking shoes on her feet.
>
> "Garbo seeking the relaxation of a Turkish bath."

NOT a humdrum vacation by any means.

And now that Garbo has said farewell to Sweden once more, I feel justified in drawing two conclusions:

First of all, it can be said that Garbo has improved in health as a result of her visit to Sweden.

Secondly, there is no question, in my mind, but what Garbo enjoyed her months here, and enjoyed them a lot.

It took a little time, to be sure, for the strain and nervous tension of Hollywood life to erase itself. And Greta didn't look any too physically fit when she stepped off the *Gripsholm* onto Swedish soil last August. She was tired, and no mistaking it. But weeks of rest had their effect, and her last days in Stockholm were much more active and normal ones than the first.

Through it all, Garbo managed to get herself into the limelight. Say what you will about the girl who was unknown in Stockholm about ten years ago, she does have a capacity for stumbling into situations which draw attention to her.

Why, just for example, should Garbo decide to take a

Homecoming

By Peter Joel

SCREEN BOOK'S Staff Correspondent in Sweden

Turkish bath in Stockholm on the same day and at the same hour, as the Prince of Wales, who happened to be here as salesman for the British Empire? No reason at all, you'll admit. Especially so, since the Prince of Wales decided to take a bath (a Turkish one that is) on the spur of the moment. And Garbo, getting soaked with steam on the women's side of the bathhouse, naturally got lots of publicity out of the incident—even though she didn't meet the prince.

So, in her very efforts to avoid the limelight, Garbo seems to stumble right into the middle of it, with her eyes shut, while people who pray for a little attention can't get any at all.

But what, after all, is Garbo's idea of a vacation?

The first thing that Garbo did when she arrived in Sweden was to disappear, completely and thoroughly. This was as would be expected, and no one lost much sleep over the matter, except, perhaps, a few newspapermen who aren't happy unless they can be solving some sort of mystery.

She was located, finally, in a villa outside Stockholm, where she breathed good Swedish air, ate lots of Swedish food, and held pretty close to the rest idea. Then, when the air began to be a bit nipping, and summer villas a bit cool, she came into Stockholm to live with a friend. Later on, she rambled down the continent, to England and France. When she returned to Stockholm she decided, apparently, that she might as well enjoy the winter season social life a little.

Result: a lot of activity. With a good coating of mystery, of course, but a pretty decent departure from the famous "hermit" rôle of Hollywood fame.

THERE were no really young men in the picture. Whether that's because Garbo has a grudge against young men, I can't say. Maybe so. Or it may be that it takes an older man to stand up against the Garbo temperament.

Anyway, it seems that Garbo prefers her men a bit older, more intelligent and interesting. Men past forty, say, and not necessarily of the matinée idol type. Neither of the two men she was seen with in Stockholm are unusually handsome. But both are sophisticated and attractive.

This fellow Max Gumpel has quite a reputation as an athlete, and as a patron of sport. He has been an expert at water polo, and was well qualified to teach Garbo the rudiments of tennis. He is inclined to be short and stocky, has a winning smile, and is well known about Stockholm. In addition to reports that he is an old friend of Garbo's, having lived in the same neighborhood as a youngster, there are rumors that he has helped Greta invest money in Stockholm real estate.

Any chance that he and Garbo have anything more than friendship between them?

You'll have to consult an oracle. Personally, I doubt it. Just good friends, I would say.

BUT, getting back to the vacation.

During her first few weeks in Stockholm, Garbo had her family to think about. Her mother, patient, charming Anna Gustafsson, one of the sweetest mothers in the world, who lives contentedly in a small apartment, and to whom Greta is still a little girl.

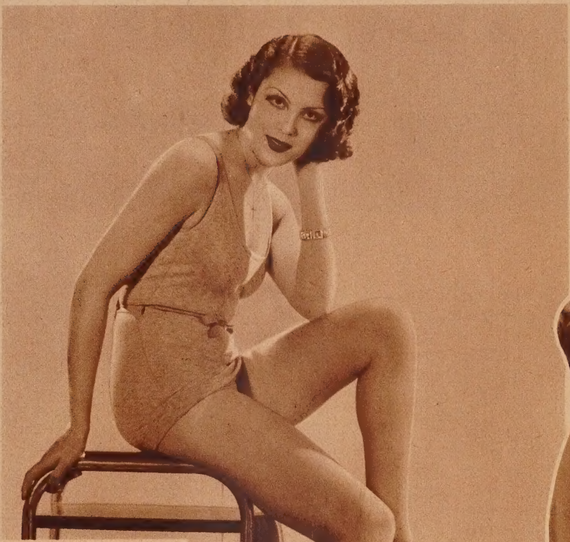
Then there was her brother, Sven [*Continued on page 72*]

A previously unpublished portrait of Garbo, showing her as she appeared when first gaining attention on the stage and screen in Stockholm

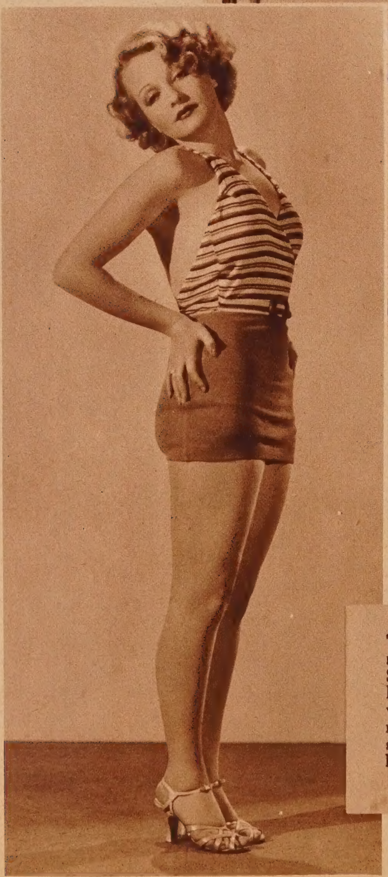
Bathing Suits Take a Cut

More daring and snappy than ever before, the new swim suits are something to gasp about

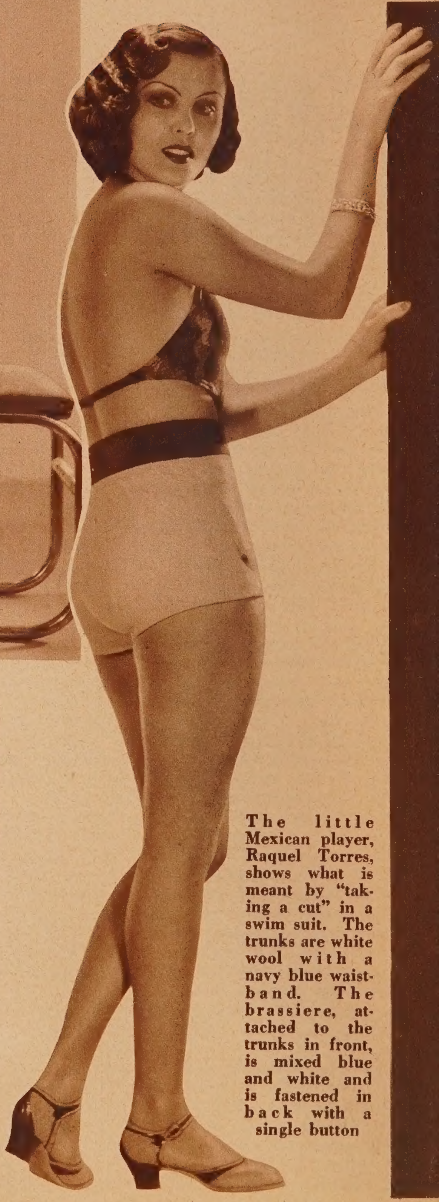
Posed exclusively for SCREEN BOOK by Columbia and Paramount studios.



Raquel Torres models a suit designed for a conservative girl. It is green and grey mottled wool and has a medium low back. It is finished off with a narrow green belt. To be perfectly harmonious, Raquel has beach slippers interwoven of grey and green straw



The 1933 bathing girl is nothing if not patriotic. Sari Maritza dotes on a bathing suit, red and white striped on top and navy blue below. The straps are of the necklace kind which leave the back uncovered



The little Mexican player, Raquel Torres, shows what is meant by "taking a cut" in a swim suit. The trunks are white wool with a navy blue waistband. The brassiere, attached to the trunks in front, is mixed blue and white and is fastened in back with a single button

You Can Have a Duplicate of
ADRIENNE'S NEW FROCK

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.................................send me Adrienne Ames' dress,

B-204, Size...........................

Name ....

Street ....City ....State ....

Fashion Book 15c—10c when ordered with pattern.

Hollywood's most smartly dressed star offers a pattern of her new spring frock

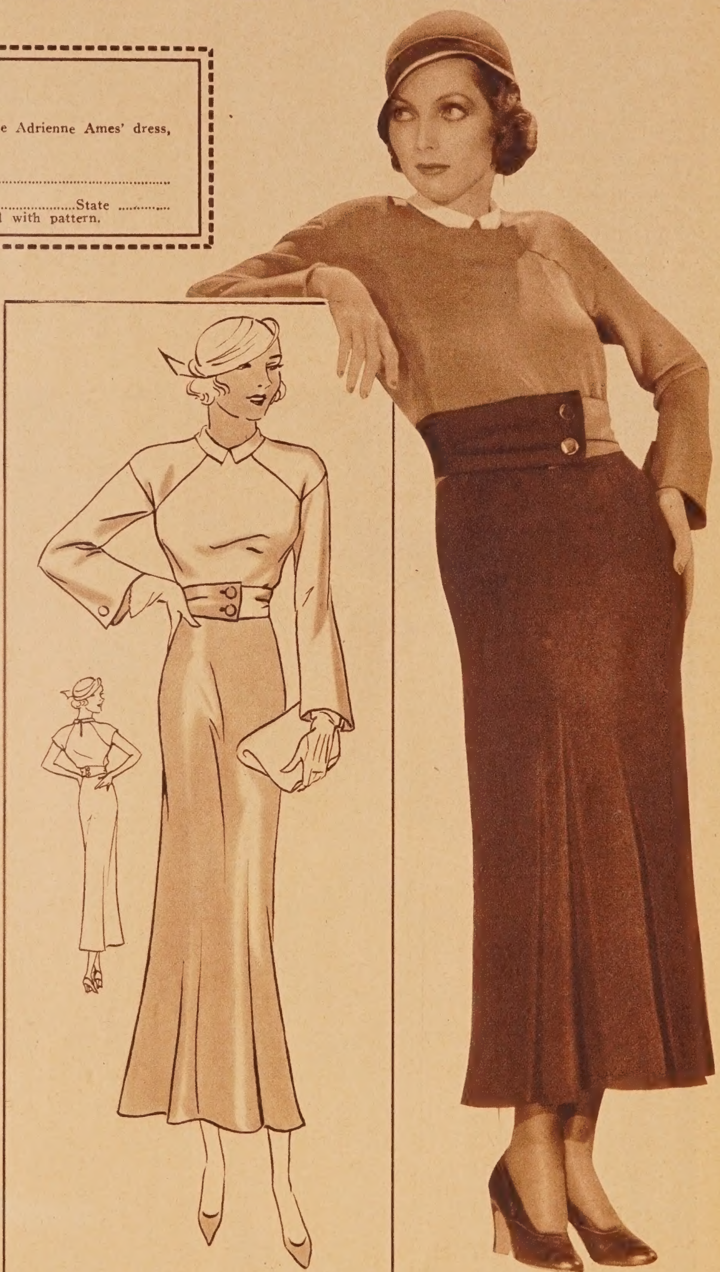
SIMPLICITY is the keynote to smartness and chic . . . so says Hollywood, so echoes Fashion, as extolled by our own screen favorites. Adrienne Ames adheres closely to this wise motto when she wears this stunning frock in her newest picture, "From Hell to Heaven.' The frock has universal appeal, for its lines and details are so simple, yet so flattering, that each of her feminine admirers might wear it well . . . and that is what Miss Ames had in mind when she suggested that we copy the frock, draft a pattern, and tell you all about it.

Brown and tomato red create the striking color scheme of the original, with the incidental collar of white. Rough crêpe, most popular of the crêpe family, was the chosen fabric. First of all, note the unusual girdle, cleverly fashioned of the two colors and fastened with novel buttons. Then, the bell-shaped sleeves joined to the dropshoulders of the bodice, and the tiny collar worn very close to the neck. The back bodice opening is very new and very smart.

Here are a few suggestions you might follow in fashioning this captivating model. Determine your most becoming colors. If you want the frock for every day wear select one of the crêpey silks and use the long sleeves. On the other hand, if you'd rather be sporty, omit the sleeves, (see small sketch) and choose one of the newest cottons in vogue. It really takes no time at all to make because of its extreme simplicity and never will you know such unbelievable smartness, achieved in just a few spare hours. You may order this pattern, B204, in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, or 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. A step-by-step illustrated lesson is included with the pattern so that you can't possibly go wrong. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch fabric for skirt, 1⅝ yards for bodice and ¼ yard for collar. Price of pattern is 15c.

IF YOU HAVE NOT YET ORDERED OUR SPRING FASHION MAGAZINE, SEND FOR YOUR COPY. This delightful book contains 32 colorful pages of styles which may be worn right now and well into the Summer. If you wish to replenish your wardrobe with an afternoon or evening dress, or a few house dresses or some lingerie, this book offers many suggestions for patterns that are easy and economical to make. There are pages devoted to juniors' and kiddies' styles, and special models for the larger figure. Attractive accessory patterns are also featured. PRICE OF CATALOG, FIFTEEN CENTS. CATALOG AND PATTERN TOGETHER, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Address all mail and orders to SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



From the fashion atelier of Paramount comes Adrienne Ames' chic frock. Adrienne, once a social débutante, is a style authority and herself favors the back opening and flared skirt of this model (B-204), the exclusive pattern of which she has granted SCREEN BOOK

All Over The Lot With Sonia Lee

[*Continued from page* 21]

comely and six feet tall, have bits as the queen's personal guard.

Sets are vast and colorful. And offer innumerable technical difficulties. A throne-room scene, which will flicker across the screen in approximately two minutes, required endless rehearsal not only with actors, but with the camera crew. Just so fast must the camera approach and arrive to a split second at a certain spot to record a closeup. For an hour the two dozen guards surrounding Rambeau in this scene, practiced their quick and silent get-away from camera range. Spears and shields must be still. Foot-steps noiseless.

It seems a miracle when that scene is finally shot to Mr. Lang's satisfaction.

And the cast and extras make a dive for the lunch wagon. Amazons must eat!

A Real Love Scene

LIGHTS. Everybody quiet. Camera! It's *Lily Turner*, starring Ruth Chatterton and featuring George Brent.

This scene takes place in the meager back-room of an empty store—with the transient trappings of a medicine show troupe. From behind the stage curtain comes the voice of Doc McGill (Guy Kibbee), the head of the enterprise, who is extolling the virtues of his medicine to a few curious loiterers. Ruth's voice, off-stage, is attesting its merits. And she comes through the drop, passes George Brent, the man who couldn't forget her—and he takes her in his arms—holding her close—telling her that love only matters.

The girl—to whom life has heretofore been a routine of predatory men—responds. There is glory in her face—and a deep tenderness in Brent's voice. It isn't drama for the screen. In their own lives these two have discovered a glowing emotion—together. Unconsciously they are mirroring it as a scene for the screen. Between them they capture the intangible quality of love.

Chatterton is in shorts and turtle neck sweater and long black fish-net hose—high-heeled shoes. A costume which she wears through almost the entire picture. A courageous costume for a great dramatic star.

Ruth Takes Cat-Naps

A GOOD take! Director William Wellman is satisfied. Lights and cameras and microphone are adjusted for innumerable closeups.

"I'm glad it's George," Ruth confides. "I couldn't bear those love scenes if it were anyone else. Look at my makeup—it gets smeared every two minutes."

It is told of Chatterton that while on the stage she took inordinate dislikes to her leading men if there were to be love scenes between them. She refused to do *Lily Turner* until Brent was assigned to play opposite her.

Chatterton drops on a couch for a moment's rest—and is instantly asleep. Prop men move her from corner to corner—and she continues to nap. Darby and Joan, her dogs, cuddle close to her. Bill Wellman, the director, flips his cigarette ash down an unsuspecting neck. The camera crew experiments with lights and shadows.

Ruth is still napping. It is this capacity to relax completely, which brings her fresh and intense before the camera.

Others in the cast are Lyle Talbot, Frank McHugh and Robert Barrat.

Bobby Jones' New Series

BOBBY JONES is again swinging his golf clubs before the cameras. *How to Break 90*—his new series of shorts for Warner Brothers is intended as answer to the prayers of beginners. Bobby's last series was primarily for the player who had been dubbing for years. This time, it is a careful manual of lessons for the novice.

Joe E. Brown tentatively swings a midiron at a bottle. The gag is for him to break it. Bobby corrects his stance, his swing, his grip.

The technical crew which worked with Bobby in his last effort is again with him. In fact, every man asked for the assignment. And there is no loafing or relaxing in corners while Bobby Jones' shorts are being recorded. Every man is huddled close to the cameras, picking up points for his own game of golf.

Bobby is one actor who doesn't wear makeup. He made a special request that he be permitted to work with his own tan.

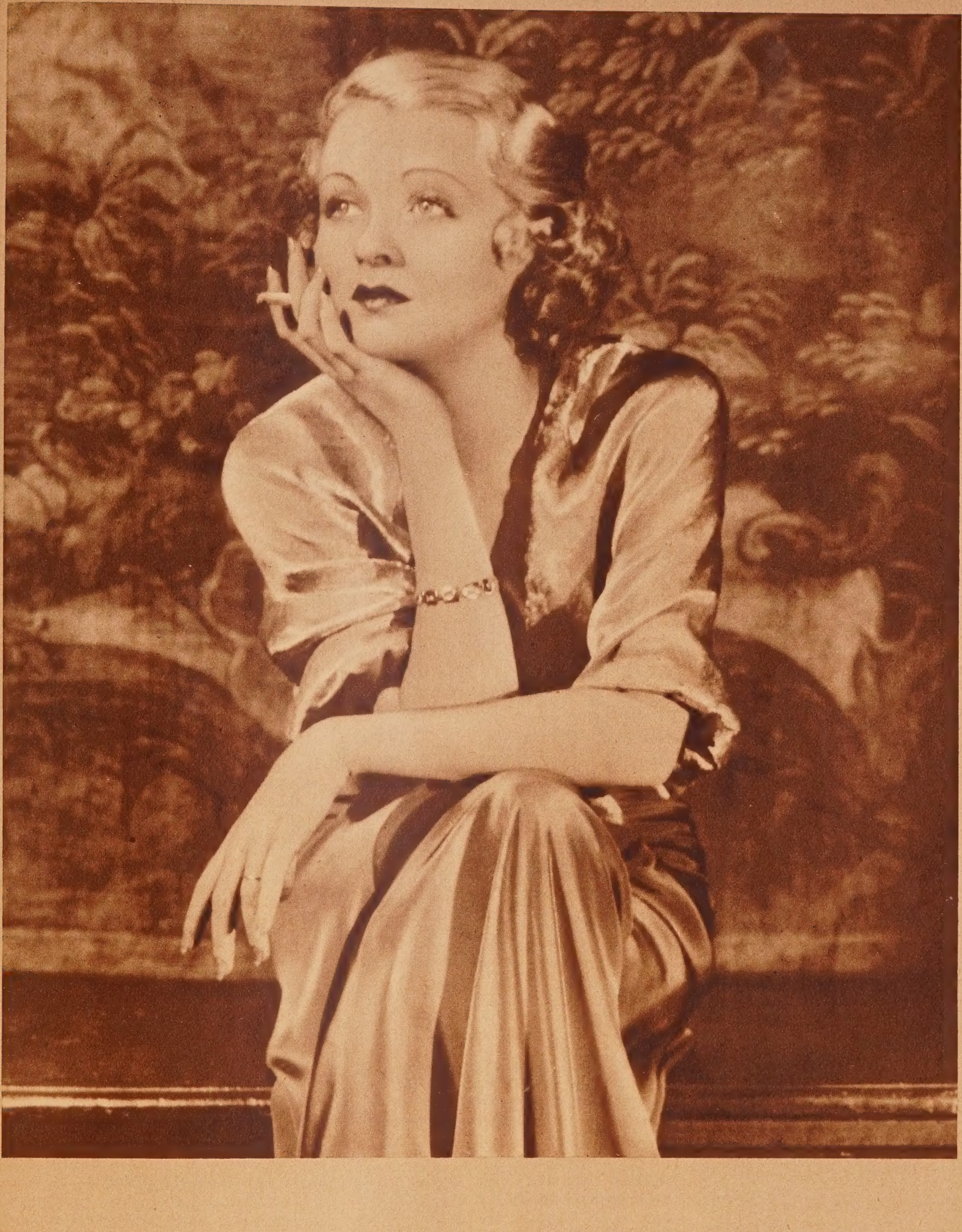
"Last time," he explained, "there was too much stuff on my face and I looked horrible. And now we're trying to get along without it."

Incidentally, Ely Culbertson, making a bridge short for RKO, has cracked: "When an executive calls me to his office, I don't know whether it's to discuss my *contract* or his."

Bobby Jones, too, is on the receiving end of executive questions regarding golf.

The question is—will producers have time to make pictures with Jones and Culbertson in Hollywood?

Another platinum blonde arrives to make the Hollywood scene more interesting. Jean Carmen is the pretty lassie's name, and she makes her debut in *Zip Zip Hooray*, a Radio Pictures comedy



Constance Bennett

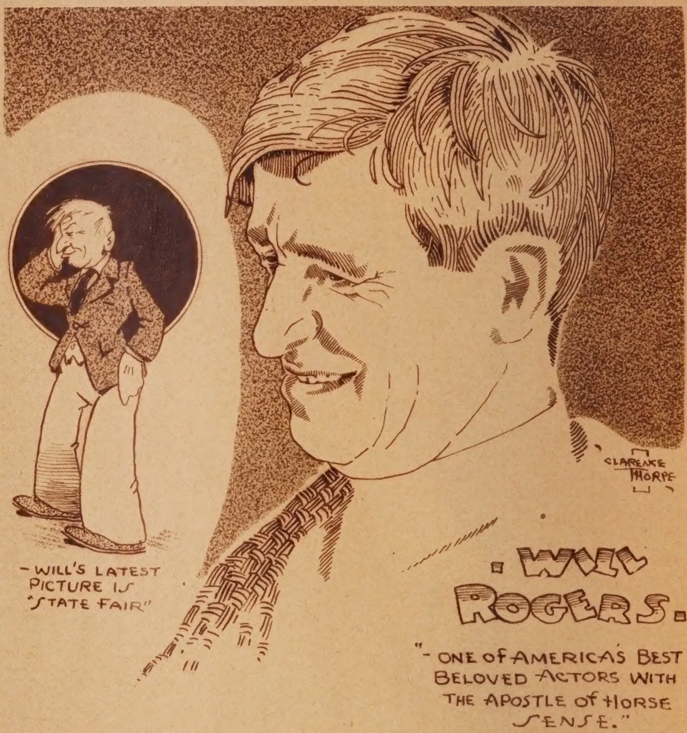
Radio Pictures Star

HANDCLAPS and HISSES

Where SCREEN BOOK readers talk back to the stars

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Come one, come all—here's a chance to make some honest-to-goodness cash. Simply write a letter of not more than 100 words, expressing your opinions on stars and pictures. Address your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn. The following awards are offered for the best letters each month. First prize: $15.00. Second: $10.00. Third: $5.00. Fourth: Five prizes of $1.00 each.


- WILL'S LATEST PICTURE IS "STATE FAIR"
WILL ROGERS.
"- ONE OF AMERICA'S BEST BELOVED ACTORS WITH THE APOSTLE OF HORSE SENSE."
CLARENCE THORPE

Clarence Thorpe, who captured a prize in one of Screen Book's recent Mickey Mouse contests, contributes this clever drawing of Will Rogers. Thorpe is only nineteen years old and already well-known as a newspaper cartoonist in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri newspapers

Scallion For Marlene

WHAT I particularly want to say is in regard to Marlene Dietrich's trousers. You are certainly right in saying you think they are entirely out of place. The pictures you published of Miss Dietrich show conclusively that she is very heavy, which may account for the trousers, although I think she is the type that would do anything for publicity. She looks perfectly asinine in her men's clothing, and so do the rest of the actresses who dress in that manner. Nothing is more unbecoming, and I do hope this trouser costume won't become the accepted mode of dressing. Please do what you can to discourage such a disgusting fad. There is not a woman on earth who doesn't look one hundred per cent better in dresses. We want the feminine stars to stay feminine—most of them are bad enough looking in their own clothes, and ever so much worse looking in unbecoming trousers.—Mary Edwards, 5107 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Foreign vs. American

I ADMIRE your pluck in publishing an article concerning our foreign stars. Here is one person who would like to see Garbo, Dietrich, Chevalier and the rest sent back where they belong. I consider it an insult to American intelligence; in this country we have no real talent—we must import some. That is just what the movie moguls would have you believe, and everybody swallows it in one gulp.

Let us have American talent in America. We don't need Europe's help in this game—especially if they can't pay their debts. Let us see more of Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and the rest of our American screen products.—Robert Brooking & John E. Pawson, 7635 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Case Of Ruth

WHERE are the serials of yesteryear? And where is that tremendously popular lady who was queen of all the chapter-films we hated to miss?

Ruth Roland is her name. She is right out in the midst of the industry unworthily neglected since the coming of talking pictures. While the great companies are hunting out unknown players and spending unnecessary time and money in publicizing them, Miss Roland's talents go unnoticed. Why?

Her voice is splendid. Her ability and charm have only increased with time. Won't you lend your voice to her cause? She's worth it. We haven't forgotten her, and want her back.—John G. Whidding, 1769 Townsend Ave., New York City.

An Orchid To Eric

I AM an ardent devotee of the Cinema and have been ever since I first strayed into a movie palace, without the price, at the age of five.

I would like to hear more about that young chap, Eric Linden. Heretofore my favorite male stars have been among the older, more sophisticated actors, but here is one who, though young and comparatively inexperienced, can act like a veteran. Give us more of him; he's the personification of spirit and youthful verve.

Mr. Linden's portrayal of the different characters he assumes in his pictures is realistic to the degree that I am utterly carried off and live and love with him until the final curtain. Then I come down to earth with a thud—and this quite unwillingly.—Miss Avis Teetor, 21 Shaver Street, Sodus, New York.

Boos And Cheers

I WAS greatly disappointed with James Dunn's latest picture, *Handle With Care.* The plot was dull and sketchy. Consequently the entire film was lacking in the sparkle which is usually so happily present in his pictures. Mediocre as the rôle was, Jimmy's engaging, charming personality wasn't allowed to assert itself. Surely the smash star of *Bad Girl* and *Dance Team* deserves better than this sort of thing.

A word of praise for the very fine actor, Ralph Bellamy. He is always so completely natural in his performances that one forgets he is acting. That is true artistry.—Miss Idea Kaech, New Glarus, Wis.

Landi, Ho!

I AM an ardent movie fan, but interested in the various stars from the standpoint of acting and personality. This brings to my mind Elissa Landi, whose acting is consistently good. She is pretty, dainty—to me a very charming person. It is gratifying to know that her continued success has in no way depended on her figure, dress or marital adventures.—Grace M. Haighes, 1807 Giddings St., Wichita Falls, Texas.

She'll Be Back

THERE is one star we idolize—that's Garbo! There may be other worthy actresses, but none who can match her magnetic charm and genius. We don't care a tinker's d—— what she does off the screen (although we read every last word about her) as long as she is wonderful on the screen. What we want to know is—will she come back?—Mrs. J. Davis, Hempstead, L. I.

Ouch! Ouch!

TODAY I bought five screen magazines. They were all current issues. Three of these carried stories about Cornie Bennett; two about Joan Crawford. Besides that, three carried pictures of Joan Crawford, two of Connie, three of Ann Harding and two of Madge Evans.

These stars are all very nice, but why not give others a break? Movie critics are always complaining about the similarity of films. Did it ever occur to them that their magazines suffer from the same fault?—Martha C. Roche, 106 Huston St., Newark, N. J.

Remarkable offer introduces important Kotex discovery The PATENTED★ EQUALIZER

3 KOTEX with Patented Equalizer for only 59c (in United States only)

A RADICAL innovation! . . . Not a mere improvement in sanitary protection . . . but something new, different. Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer! And—look!—offered at a sensationally low introductory price.

Insured safety

Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer, gives 20 to 30% greater protection. The center equalizer not only thickens protection but makes it more adequate, more comfortable—and edges stay dry. An intimate explanation of the new equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Ends must be phantomized

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special non-revealing protection. Absorbency, softness, disposability remain unchanged. Remember, too, that it can be worn on either side with equal protection. Try Kotex with Patented Equalizer!

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders. To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared a story booklet, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, Room 2110B, care of Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

★*The New Patented Equalizer cannot be duplicated in any other pad—it is protected by U. S. Government Patent No. 1,863,333. For your own protection always make sure you get the genuine Kotex with Patented Equalizer.*

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

OVER THE AIR WAVES

A snappy broadcast of red-hot news and gossip about radio favorites

By Frederick James Smith

A BIG luncheon was given in honor of Ed Wynn at the Hotel Gotham in New York recently. Among the guests were Jack Pearl (the Baron), Paul Whiteman, Lowell Thomas, Georgie Price and a lot of other ether notables. Major Edward Bowes was the host.

Wynn made an interesting speech—and told some of the problems of an air comedian. "Four or five old wheezes are bound to crop up in a broadcast," he said. "When you have to make fifty-five to sixty 'points,' as I call them, you just can't help that. Mark Twain was wrong when he said that there were only seven original jokes. There are at least a hundred basic jokes and all sorts of variations are possible. It takes time and ingenuity, that's all. Personally, I do not think I have been so bad when you stop to think that, as the 'Fire Chief,' I have told over twelve hundred jokes."

Fire Chief's Ma

WYNN introduced Paul Whiteman to his mother before the luncheon. "Mother, this chap's name is Whiteman," he explained. "He's taking up music." Mama Wynn smiled her encouragement, but she frowned when Ed introduced Jack Pearl as "the comedian who has been stealing my stuff." "Now, Ed, is that nice to say?" Mama admonished.

It must be tough to be a comedian's mother. Think of the wheezes that fall upon her unsuspecting head.

Every time you hear the Fire Chief's mad laugh on the radio you can figure that he has added $5,000 to his bank account. That is what he is paid for each and every broadcast.

Rudy Makes Good

RUDY VALLEE'S variety programs have aroused a great deal of interest on the air. Rudy still croons, he even sings snatches of Gilbert and Sullivan. But he presents stars of the stage, bits of Broadway theatrical hits, comedians and singers of various kinds, evolving a balanced program for his Thursday night broadcasts. One of the recent features of this program has been Greta Kellar, well-known on the Berlin stage and the heroine of *Broadway* when it was produced in Germany. Do you know who her understudy was? Marlene Dietrich. Now Marlene is famous and Fraulein Kellar is trying to get an American hearing.

These two handsome muggs are old friends of yours and mine—meet the Crown Prince of Comedians, Baron Munchausen, and his pal, Sharley. Their real names are Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall

Say, young feller —is this cute or not? Jeannie Lang's face and figure are every bit as captivating as her musical baby talk

Andrea Marsh is a treat to the eyes if there ever was one, though the radio public seldom sees her. Anyone who knows the NBC's of radio has heard this gorgeous child's torch songs

Another recent Vallée hit was Mae West, who chanted "Frankie and Johnny" with zest and high effectiveness. By the way, you can hear her do three verses in *She Done Him Wrong*, her new film.

Lefty Flynn, one time Yale football star and erstwhile husband of Viola Dana, is an Eastern radio feature, with songs and stories.

Lowdown On Sho-Sho!

PROBABLY you have wondered how Amos 'n' Andy work. They never prepare broadcasts ahead. Exactly at twelve o'clock each noon they sit down, ill or well, rain or shine, and grind out their broadcast. Andy does the typing and, when four typewritten pages are completed, they know they have completed their daily job. One typewritten page runs two and a half minutes. Amos and Andy have grown expert in gauging their time and they can stall or cut very expertly.

So far, Amos and Andy have introduced sixty-five different characters and the favorite is "Brother Crawford." That is, of course, outside of Amos and Andy themselves.

By the way, Amos and Andy completed their 1,500th broadcast back in January.

Harry Richman once played the piano for Mae West. Before that he played for the Dolly Sisters. Miss West realized Richman's possibilities and taught him how to speak his first stage lines.

◆

Cupid's Column

[*Continued from page* 35]

lovely Claudia Morgan, his romantic flame for Billie Dove having long since cooled to cinders.

Mary Brian is being courted by the same trio of boy friends, Buddy Rogers, Dick Powell and Russell Gleason. George Raft is currently buzzing around with Merna Kennedy.

The heart doctor reports that the temperature shows no signs of subsiding in the case of Gene Raymond and Loretta Young.

Mervyn LeRoy is saying coy things to Doris Warner at the Cotton Club, while Ginger Rogers, his ex-yen, is also busying herself elsewhere.

Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn are holding hands today and swinging them tomorrow. Nobody knows if they are still married or not, and the act has been going on for so long that few probably care.

Helene Costello and her new hubby are playing around on the Havana beach, waiting for her divorce decree from Lowell Sherman to become final. If they come back too soon, their marital firm won't be legal.

Women revolt against washing dirty handkerchiefs!

KLEENEX brings release from this hated task! Soft tissues are used once and destroyed! Now 25c

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

MADAM, are *you* still washing dirty handkerchiefs? It's so unnecessary! Thousands of women let Kleenex end this hated task—why don't you?

For 25 cents—the cost of *one* linen handkerchief—Kleenex brings you dozens of handkerchief-size tissues, to be simply destroyed after use.

Kleenex in many forms

Kleenex is available in rolls and packages at 25 cents; and in extra-size tissues, three times usual size.

You'll find Kleenex a great comfort during colds. The tissues are of softest rayon-cellulose. They are very soothing to tender, inflamed skin.

And here's a great health factor. During colds, Kleenex does not infect hands and pockets as does a handkerchief, from whose fibers germs are dislodged *fifteen times* more readily than from Kleenex. Remember that.

How Kleenex prevents spread of germs

Linen fiber, highly magnified, from germ-infected handkerchief. Most germs have been dislodged—showing how handkerchiefs spread colds.

This Kleenex fiber defied all attempts to dislodge germs. Thus Kleenex cannot reinfect the user or spread infection to others.

Ideal for children

Kleenex is the ideal handkerchief for children, who need especially this protection from colds. Teachers appreciate its use in the schoolroom.

Try 'Kerfs, too—smartly bordered handkerchiefs of tissue. At any drug, dry goods or department store.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

JUNIOR SCREEN BOOK

THIS month I have a real treat for you—a letter from Jackie Cooper telling how he got into the movies! Jackie hasn't learned to spell very well, has he? But give him time, because he is pretty young yet. Here is his letter:

Jackie Cooper

Dear Uncle Jack: Well this is how it happind that I got in the movies. Mother deerest was working at fox studio and they were looking for a lot of kids to sing a song so my mother put my name down. So finly my grandmother took me out to the studio and we praktissed singing for a couple of weeks and then I got the mumps. Mother made me take castor oil and I cried and cried. Well I sang in the movie and then I worked another place in Our Gang commedies and then about six months I got another job. Paramount wanted a little boy which they said could play Skippy and what do you know they said I could be Skippy. Gee whiz. Well while we were in shanty Town it rained and rained and I lost my voice. Me and Robert Coogan had to cry a whole lot in that picture. That was pritty hard. The only way they could get me to cry was let me go off by myself and think of very sad things that might happen. Then I would cry.

Yours truly
JACKIE
COOPER.

Most boys and girls cry awfully easy, but suppose you were Jackie Cooper and HAD to cry. Would you like that? But it's lot of fun acting in the movies, as Jackie will tell you.

Baby Leroy

* * *

Where to see your kiddie stars: Dickie Moore in *Oliver Twist* and *Gabriel Over the White House;* Tad Alexander in *Today We Live;* Cora Sue Collins in *Early to Bed;* Baby Leroy in *A Bedtime Story.*

Uncle Jack,

HELLO, GANG! And here's Our Gang, the kiddies that make those funny comedies. Lined up from left to right you see: Two extra kids, then Stymie, Spanky, Pete the Pup, Dickie Moore, Wheezer and Tommy Bond

Prizes For Kiddies

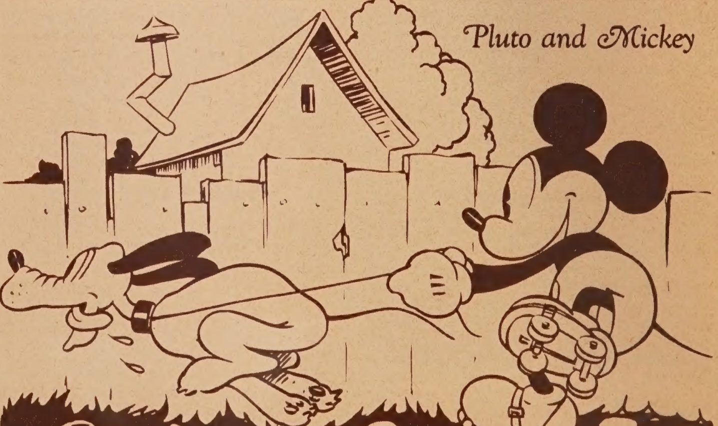
AGAIN Mickey Mouse offers prizes for the kiddies. Do you want a Mickey Mouse or Minnie Mouse doll FREE? Of course you do! Little Cora Sue Collins, who is in the movies, has more fun with her Minnie Mouse doll than you could imagine.

All you have to do is write the *best* letter telling why you like Mickey Mouse. Put your name and address AND AGE on the letter. If you write the best letter from among children less than eight years old you win a Mickey Mouse Doll. Another goes to the best letter writer under twelve. Send your letters to UNCLE JACK, care of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn., before May 1, 1933. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.

Core Sue Collins and Minnie Mouse Doll

Now, get out your pencil and paper and go to work! You'll have lots of fun telling why you like Mickey—for who doesn't like the funny little rascal!

COLOR MICKEY!



Are You Flat-Chested? Give Me 30 Days to Prove that I Can

Increase Your Chest-Measure

Do you lack the feminine charm of a full, shapely bust? Are you embarrassed by a "flat-as-a-washboard" figure? Now you can have the rounded feminine curves that are so smart and alluring. Yes, you can actually add inches to your bust measure! You can fill out those thin, drooping tissues to lovely, rounded contours. Thousands of flat-chested women have done it! Will you give me 30 days to prove that I can develop *your* bust? Will you spend just a few minutes a day at home to gain the outstanding charm of beautiful womanhood?

ADD 1 TO 3 INCHES

I don't care how small, flat and undeveloped your bust may now be. Day by day you will see it grow in size and loveliness. Sagging contours are lifted and moulded to high, arching form. Flabby tissues are made firm and rounded. Soon your breasts will stand out in all the exquisite beauty of ideal feminine proportions.

Why be self-conscious about your figure any longer? Why be embarrassed when you appear in a bathing suit or low-neck frock? Now it is so easy to gain the fascinating curves that are the height of fashion—the very essence of feminine appeal. Take advantage of my special offer now. Mail the coupon below and let me show you how quickly you can add one to three inches of shapely beauty to your bust measure. What my Miracle Cream treatment has done for thousands of other grateful women, *it will do for you.*

THE CHARM of a Beautiful Form

FREE · A Beautiful Form ...

INSTRUCTIONS
Nancy Lee Miracle Cream

My illustrated book tells all about this new easy way to develop the bust. It is yours *free*. And here's my great special offer that brings you the Miracle Cream treatment to try for yourself: *send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and valuable instructions—free book included.* In just a few short weeks you will be thrilled and delighted with the marvelous results. Don't delay—mail the coupon or write TODAY—before this wonderful offer is withdrawn.

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816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and instructions with Free Book—in plain wrapper.

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MARRIED WOMEN
End Pain and Delays Now

When nature fails you, use Dr. Rogers' great successful Relief Compound Regulator. Positively relieves many long, stubborn, unusual periodic delays and irregularities, often in 2 to 5 days, without harm, pain or inconvenience. No interference with daily duties. This Compound used by physicians and nurses for more than 30 years. It may now be obtained by every woman in need. Thousands of women everywhere use this remedy with remarkable results and recommend it to their friends.
Mrs. S., of Nebr., writes: "I have had so much comfort with your tablets." Mrs. B., of Tenn., writes: "I have used your monthly tablets and like them very much." Mrs. G., Pa., writes: "I got results from your Relief Compound. It is the best I have ever used." Mrs. R., Iowa, writes: "I received Relief Compound and used it with success." Mrs. P., Miss., writes: "Your treatment has pleased me. I cannot give it the praise that is due it. I am telling my friends about it. Send me another package for my friend as soon as possible." Mrs. A., Chicago, says: "I took several other medicines without results and suffered terribly. Just a few doses of your Compound gave me such wonderful relief. I never want to be without it again."
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Tabloid Reviews

The handy guide to the best in movie entertainment

Bette Davis and Gene Raymond in *Ex-Lady*

DRAMA

AUCTION IN SOULS—Interesting enough story against a circus background with Conrad Nagel, Leila Hyams and Tommy Conlon.—*KBS.*

CLEAR ALL WIRES—Lee Tracy as a war correspondent becomes enmeshed in Russian intrigue. Good comedy moments. Una Merkel, James Gleason and Benita Hume.—*Metro.*

DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Was it Christ who saved the twelve men and one woman lost at sea on a rum-runner? Decide the answer by seeing this subtle, powerful drama. Cast: Pat O'Brien, Tom Brown, Betty Compson.—*Universal.*

EX-LADY—Marriage may not be ideal for two people in love, but it's better than any other arrangement. That's what Bette Davis and Gene Raymond discover as two lovers.—*Warner.*

FAST WORKERS—John Gilbert scores as a rowdy steel worker who takes his women where he finds them. Robert Armstrong and Mae Clarke.—*Metro.*

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN—What happens to gamblers. Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, Adrienne Ames and David Manners.—*Paramount.*

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Barbara Stanwyck shoots the man who sent her to prison; then falls in love with him. Preston Foster, Lilian Roth, Dorothy Burgess.—*Warner.*

MEN MUST FIGHT — Spectacular preachment against a future war, with Diana Wynyard, Phillips Holmes, Lewis Stone and May Robson contributing great performances.—*Metro.*

OLIVER TWIST — Hollywood version — not so good—of an old classic. Dickie Moore and Irving Pichel.—*Monogram.*

OUR BETTERS—An American girl gets her title and finds it doesn't mean a thing. Clever, sophisticated entertainment with Connie Bennett, Gilbert Roland and Grant Mitchell.—*Radio.*

Kay Francis and George Brent in *The Keyhole*

PAROLE GIRL—A gangster's moll marries for revenge and falls in love. Mae Clarke, Ralph Bellamy, Marie Prevost.—*Columbia.*

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—Husband and wife discover that it is impossible just to agree not to be jealous. Somewhat trite fare, although fine cast includes Gloria Swanson, Laurence Olivier and Genevieve Tobin.—*United Artists.*

PRIVATE JONES — A draft-evading coward faces death for an officer and through his adventures delivers a vivid lecture on patriotism. Lee Tracy in a perfect portrayal. Russell Gleason, Gloria Stuart and Donald Cook.—*Universal.*

ROME EXPRESS—Grand Hotel-ish entertainment on a railway train. A good foreign-made picture with Esther Ralston and Conrad Veidt. —*Gaumont-Universal.*

STATE FAIR—Country family becomes involved in strange dramatic situations at the state fair. A great cast: Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Louise Dresser, Norman Foster. Highly recommended.—*Fox.*

THE FILM PARADE—Romantic autobiography of the history of motion pictures from the time of ancient Rome.—*J. Stuart Blackton.*

THE GREAT JASPER—Brilliant portrayal of an unmoral man whose life is wrecked by affairs with women. Richard Dix in his greatest rôle. Florence Eldridge and Edna Mae Oliver.—*Radio.*

THE KEYHOLE—The husband suspects his wife. The detective trails her, discovers the truth and falls in love. Cast: Kay Francis, George Brent, Glenda Farrell.—*Warner.*

Esther Ralston in a scene from *Rome Express*

THE KID'S LAST FIGHT—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. contributes grand performance as a cocky prize-fighter who kills a man in a drunken brawl. Loretta Young, Aline MacMahon, Lyle Talbot and Shirley Grey.—*Warner.*

THE KING'S VACATION—What happens when a king marries without love. Simply told, dramatic love story. George Arliss, Florence Arliss, Dick Powell, Patricia Ellis.—*Warner.*

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR—An attorney, defending a man who murdered his wife for infidelity, finds himself in the same situation. Packs fine dramatic punch, with Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan and Paul Lukas.—*Universal.*

THE MASQUERADER—Ronald Colman in a dual rôle which gives him a real chance to show off his ability. Whimsical humor and dramatic sequences. Elissa Landi and Halliwell Hobbs.—*United Artists.*

THE MIND READER—A racketeer turns temporarily honest, marries a country lass and then gets himself involved in murder. Warren William and Constance Cummings.—*First National.*

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES—A youth stands convicted of murder by testimony of his embittered mother. Eric Linden, Helen MacKellar, Skeets Gallagher, Jean Arthur.—*Radio.*

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE—A mother assumes guilt for a crime her son committed. Cast: Phillips Holmes, Irene Dunne, Lionel Atwill.—*Metro.*

TOPAZE—A professor learns that books don't teach all there is to know about life. A great performance by John Barrymore. Supporting cast: Myrna Loy, Reginald Mason. Don't pass it up.—*Radio.*

20,000 YEARS IN SING SING—Spencer Tracy as the hardboiled convict, whose love for a beautiful girl sends him to the chair. Supporting cast: Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot.—*Warner.*

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—The story of a cattleman who turns to hog-raising. There are the usual Western villainies and some love interest. Stuart Erwin and Verna Hillie.—*Paramount.*

MYSTERY

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Society thief falls in love with girl detective. Cast: Warner Baxter, Miriam Jordan. Excellent comedy scenes.—*Fox.*

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Horror cycle reaches the zoo with Lionel Atwill as the half-crazy menace. Kathleen Burke and Randolph Scott.—*Paramount.*

THE CRIME OF A CENTURY—Jean Hersholt plots a perfect crime, but a second murder gums the works. Sixty seconds given the audience to find a solution. Cast: Stuart Erwin, Wynne Gibson and Frances Dee.—*Paramount.*

THE DEVIL COMMANDS — Lawyer turns killer to gain his cousin's inheritance. Three murders in this fantastic plot. Cast: Allen Dinehart, Mae Clarke, Neil Hamilton.—*Columbia.*

THE WOMAN ACCUSED—Can a woman murder for love and get away with it? Nancy Carroll discovers the answer. Cast: Cary Grant, John Halliday.—*Paramount.*

WHISTLING IN THE DARK—Gangsters kidnap a crime story author and force him to plot a murder. Cast: Ernest Truex, Una Merkel, John Miljan.—*Metro.*

MUSICAL

42ND STREET—Dramatic story of the joys and sorrows of theatrical life. Scores of pretty girls, beautiful songs and settings. Cast: Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and George Brent.—*Warner.*

BE MINE TONIGHT—Light operetta featuring the glorious voice of Jan Kiepura, Polish opera star. Okay for music lovers.—*Universal.*

COMEDY

GRAND SLAM—Unusual comedy about a waiter who defeats a bridge champion and becomes famous overnight. Paul Lukas and Loretta Young.—*Warner.*

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM—Al Jolson as the sentimental tramp and Harry Langdon as his pal find ambition when the mayor's sweetheart loses her memory and is befriended by them. Good in spots only.—*United Artists.*

HARD TO HANDLE—Jimmy Cagney turns promoter and promotes everything from dance marathons to a romance for himself. Mary Brian, Ruth Donnelly, Claire Dodd.—*Warner.*

OUT ALL NIGHT—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville go honeymooning at Niagara Falls with all the anticipated comedy situations.—*Universal.*

SAILOR'S LUCK — Romance between James Dunn, a gob, and Sally Eilers. Risqué comedy put over well by Will Stanton.—*Fox.*

SHE DONE HIM WRONG—Mae West makes the gay 90's gayer. Rough, good fun. Cary Grant, Noah Beery, Gilbert Roland.—*Paramount.*

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Jungle picture parody of the first order, starring Wheeler and Woolsey. —*Columbia.*

WHAT! NO BEER?—Two dumb clucks start a brewery anticipating prohibition repeal. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante.—*Metro.*

ADVENTURE

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Buster Crabbe looks like a real rival for Weissmuller. As the "lion man" reared by jungle beasts, he is captured and exhibited with a circus. Escape brings him romance with Frances Dee.—*Paramount.*

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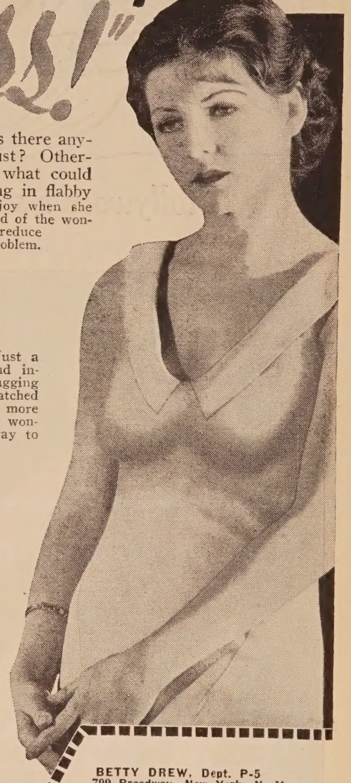

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The BEAUTY CABINET

Hollywood's solution to the most troublesome skin problem

By Janet Lynn

—*Posed by Mary Carlisle*

The forehead, nose, chin and back of shoulders are the parts most troubled on one afflicted with too oily skin. Methods of combatting oiliness are simple. Remove makeup with liquefying cream, then cleanse thoroughly with lathery soap and warm water. Delete most oily food from the diet. Drink at least eight glasses of water daily. Acquire a gradual sun tan and get outdoor exercise daily. Use a liquid powder base, dry, fluffy powder, clean puff and liquid rouge

—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

OF ALL skin defects, excessive oiliness is the most annoying. Dry skin can be camouflaged pretty successfully by cream and powder, but oily skin is only made uglier by attempts to cover it up. Face powder becomes a gummy mass and the skin takes on a sallow, dirty look an hour after it has been carefully cleansed and freshly made-up. And this is always more common in the summer, too, when the added annoyance of perspiration hastens the process. Fortunately, there are many more persons in this country with dry skins than with oily tendencies, but those with oily skin suffer far more than all the dry-skinned individuals put together. For there is *nothing* so embarrassing as a shiny, greasy skin—except, of course, an active case of acne. Oily skin completely and persistently defeats all of one's attempts to appear feminine and daintily alluring.

As if oily skin in itself were not enough of a curse, it usually brings with it such evils as large pores, blackheads and pimples. It invariably does so, at any rate, if it is not checked early. The best cleansing treatment for an oily skin, as almost everyone realizes, is soap and water. This does not mean that creams must never be used on the skin. Rather, the soap and water should be a part of every cleansing and . . . these cleansings should be frequent. I have found that the use of a liquefying cream for removing heavy makeup (after it has been on the skin for hours) is an excellent forerunner of the necessary soap and water cleansing. The cream dissolves and removes the surface grime and makeup quickly and thoroughly, while the soap and water cleansing that follows, removes every vestige of oil (natural or cream) and tones and stimulates the skin.

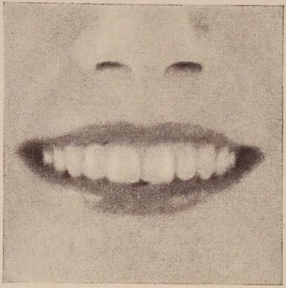
Cause Of Oily Skin

BEFORE going on to discuss the proper care of an oily skin, let's see if we understand the *cause*. There are innumerable small oil glands beneath the surface of the skin. In some places, such as the nose, forehead, chin and back of the shoulders, they are much more numerous than on other parts of the body. These small glands have a duty in life, of course. They are supposed to supply the skin surface with enough oil so that it will remain soft, supple and unwrinkled. But often they become overzealous and proceed to deluge the skin with excess oil. This is not the fault of the glands, however. If diet, elimination and exercise are faulty then the glands cannot be blamed for their popular crime of overproduction. When you let your diet consist almost entirely of fatty meats, butter, rich creams, pastries and foods prepared with oils, naturally your system will have an excessive amount of oil, and the most natural way for it to get rid of this excess is to force it through the oil glands onto the surface of the skin. The best proof of this assertion, I think, is the prevalency of oily skin among Latin Americans. Their diet almost always contains an excess of oil and fat and as a result they are most frequently victims of oily skin and oily hair.

OTHER causes of oily skin are incorrect elimination habits and lack of outdoor exercise. Self-poisoning caused by incomplete elimination causes a relaxed condition of the glands that makes them incapable of regulating their excretion. And, of course, this self-poisoning is largely caused by wrong diet and insufficient exercise. So you see how important it is to be physically fit if you are to battle oily skin successfully. You should be very firm about refusing cream, bacon, pork, nuts, peanut butter and oil salad dressings when you have an oily skin. It is not advisable to eliminate them entirely from your diet, but they should be eaten very, very sparingly. In their place, you should develop a fondness for fresh fruits and green vegetables. Citrous fruits, such as oranges, grapefruit and lemons are valuable aids, and you must also acquire the habit of drinking at least eight glasses of water a day. A bran cereal eaten once a day will help to regulate your system. If you follow this internal treatment consistently, you will find that the condition of your skin is improving. The oil glands will become strengthened when they are relieved of their heavy burden imposed by fatty foods, and they will begin to produce a more normal amount of oil. Intelligent external treatment will improve the surface condition—and almost before you become used to your new régime, your oily skin will be improved.

Helpful Advice Free

Readers who desire to discuss personal beauty problems confidentially with Janet Lynn may do so free of charge by addressing her in care of SCREEN BOOK, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped (U. S. postage only) envelope for reply.



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REPORT

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2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

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KEEPS TEETH WHITE—Chewing Dentyne is an easy way to correct many bad conditions. An easy way to keep teeth healthy and white.

WHEN we stopped chewing tough, wild meats and roots, the complicated mechanism of the mouth went out of kilter. *Without sufficient chewing* the protective devices of the mouth ceased to work right. And slowly mankind found itself with *decayed teeth, malformed mouth structures, throat and mouth disorders* which medical science found it practically impossible to prevent.

But now here's good news. Read the report on this page. We wouldn't go back to eating tough meats. And it's hard to make ourselves chew raw, wild foods, but we would all be delighted to chew delicious Dentyne every day. And according to this report that is just what we should do. Every day regularly—just like other health habits.

Why not start this important habit now! Let each member of your family chew delicious Dentyne at least once a day for five minutes. Tooth brushing—no matter what tooth paste or powder you use—gargling, using mouth wash, all good in their place, will not do the same fundamental work.

Chew delicious Dentyne

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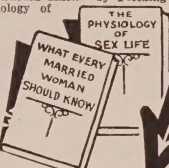
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Is Al Jolson Through?

[*Continued from page 22*]

from home and for a time was housed in St. Mary's Catholic Protectory in Baltimore, the same asylum that was a home for the orphan, Babe Ruth. Jolson's father, a cantor in a Washington synagogue, came to his rescue and brought him home. Then he went on the stage with his brother, Harry. From burlesque he stepped to vaudeville and then to featured prominence in Lew Dockstader's Minstrels. It should be noted here that Al was a flop behind the footlights until some actor, impressed with his Southern accent, suggested blackface. Burnt cork made him an instant hit. Lucky Break No. 2.

The Shuberts signed Jolson for their first Winter Garden revue in 1911 and Al flopped. He was almost fired, when, moved to a different spot in the show, he scored. Lucky Break No. 3. For seven years Jolson was a highly successful Broadway star.

In 1926—on October 6 to be exact—he bowed to Broadway in that pioneer talking film, *The Jazz Singer,* and thereby wrote motion picture history. Jolson was the star of *The Jazz Singer* though the Warners had wanted George Jessel for the part. Lucky Break No. 4. Jessel had played the rôle on the Broadway stage. At the moment he was appearing none too successfully in Warner silent films but the producers nevertheless had great faith in him. Prolonged quarrels over money ended Jessel's arrangement with the Warners and caused the signing of Jolson, who received $100,000 cash for his acting in *The Jazz Singer* and $250,000 in Warner stock. This stock sky-rocketed to the heights with the crashing success of the Vitaphone and made Jolson a millionaire. Lucky Break No. 5.

The Jazz Singer had but one talking and singing sequence but it revolutionized the making of pictures. It released the shot that was heard around the world. It made Jolson famous and rich. The star appeared in other singing films but none of them was quite as successful. Now seven years later, Jolson seems at the end of the road, as far as the screen is concerned.

He made a special trip up from Miami, Florida, to be present at the New York première of *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum.* Deeply tanned by the Florida sun, Jolson appeared on the stage with the same outward confidence and poise as of yore. But, to the observing, there was something lacking. Cold-hearted Broadway thought it detected a note of apology in the Jolson voice, the tone of a valedictory in his manner.

Maybe Jolson, as does Broadway, feels that he has had his brief day of success on the screen.

Anyway the third richest actor in the world is idle. Only Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd top Jolson in bank accounts. Jolson himself says that he is worth about two million dollars.

Who Wears the Pants?

[*Continued from page 33*]

Buster Keaton: "For years I have led the fight against the two pants suit. If married women now start wearing trousers, I am afraid the husbands who haven't that extra pair will have to join the nudist cult."

And some of the more serious comments:

Gene Raymond: "It's all right with me if women want to parade in pants, but I still have the prerogative of choosing my company."

Raquel Torres: "I like des pants ver ver much, you bet. They are hot stuff."

Joan Blondell: "I've always felt more at home in slacks and pajamas and shorts than anything else. So this isn't more than a little step further for me."

Loretta Young: "The new mode is unfeminine. I love pajamas and wish I had a thousand, but not slacks or tailored trousers."

Una O'Connor, the lady from Ireland who plays in *Cavalcade* for Fox: "They're absolutely potty, or cuckoo, as you say here."

Mae Clarke: "I like them. I wear them always for work as it is cold at 7 a. m. and they are so nice and warm. It is much easier to pull on socks and trousers than long stockings, hooking them up with garters, straightening seams. I don't approve of trousers for formal dress wear."

Joan Crawford: "They're very nice for informal wear, but I don't believe I could ever wear a strictly tailored trousered suit on the street."

Jean Harlow: "I like to be comfortable and trousers permit you to be so."

Sylvia Sidney says for rainy weather, she would certainly get into a man-type suit, if she had one. "I hear that one of our foremost designers is preparing to release a four-piece suit for spring. Designed for travel wear, it has jacket, skirt, vest and trousers. I like the idea."

From Wilson Mizner, one of the Hollywood humorists: "Say, pants are a big improvement over the short skirts—they at least cover up a lot of bowlegs, piano legs, knock-knees, bulged ankles and the straight ups and downs. Did you ever take a slant from the rear at a fat old blister walking down the street in the rain? I believe you would agree that she would look much better in rubber boots. Recently I noticed Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Constance Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding and several others all in short skirts. Not a good pair of legs among them, in my opinion. I say give 'em pants!"

Neil Hamilton: "Hideous—ridiculous!"

David Manners: "They arrest men for wearing women's clothes, so let's arrest women."

AND so it goes right down the line, from Hollywood Boulevard to Culver City and from Beverly Hills to Palm Springs—all this conversation and argument about whether pants look well, whether they're "proper" or feminine or "nice."

However—the pants wearing goes right on, just as it probably will in your home town this summer.

The real lowdown on the whole situation is that Hollywood's largest department store sold five thousand pairs last year and expects to double that number this year.

Dither or no dither, "panting" males or sputtering feminists, you cannot beat facts. Trousers am here.

◆

Hollywood at Her Feet

[*Continued from page* 42]

happened that her career began. An executive from UFA studios in Berlin saw her picture outside a theatre, and immediately she became a motion picture actress. It was not long before she had trampled on the heart of every moviegoer on the screen through her delightful characterizations.

IN THE past two years of European pictures, she has appeared in German, French and English versions. But that is not the end to her versatility. She can even walk tight-rope.

"I had to learn to do that for my last picture," Lilian explains, as though tight-rope walking were a simple thing. "I used to rise every morning—take a lesson, and then practice. I am going to have a rope put up in my house in Hollywood. I think it is the greatest exercise there is."

Lilian Harvey balks at nothing. She tackles jobs even a husky man might shirk. "We were making pictures in the Canary Islands," she recalled during the course of our interview. "I was supposed to swim from a wreck to the anchor chain of a yacht and scamper up it. Everything went fine—except that just before I started I noticed that everyone on the yacht was looking beyond me. After crawling up the chain I looked back to discover three shark fins cruising about not ten yards from where I had been. We didn't remake that scene!"

Fate has worked in a funny manner for this new cinema sensation. In the last picture Miss Harvey made in Berlin, she played the part of an actress who tried to "make Hollywood." On the day she was on the set saying, "I am going to Hollywood," Berlin newspapers broke with the news that she had been signed by Fox.

Her first picture in this country will be *My Lips Betray*, in which John Boles will be her leading man. It is to be a musical extravaganza, somewhat like *Congress Dances*, which first brought her to the attention of American producers.

Although terrifically busy in her new job at Fox studio, Lilian still has time to hold the Hollywood spotlight. She seems to be everywhere at once—speeding up and down the Boulevard in that white roadster, going places on the arm of Gary Cooper, going other places with Chevalier, all the time hugely enjoying the sensation she is creating.

That Lilian Harvey is going to be a very great star, Hollywood already knows; you will find it out after seeing her first picture.

The Most Fascinating Game of All
GEORGE H EVANS

Winning Men—of course!

Men admire athletic skill—but they adore femininity. So be clever, be gay outdoors—but above all—be dainty! In the sunlight, you're in the spotlight. Be sure dark, fuzzy hair doesn't blemish white arms, mar cheeks—or show thru stockings. Banish every wisp of it with Marchand's. Make it unnoticeable in 20 minutes. The safe, inexpensive way to get rid of unsightly hair.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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He Said He'd Never Marry!

THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.

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Can You Use $15.00? See Page 52.

How to have LOVELY LUSTROUS Hair ..... always!

LEILA HYAMS-POPULAR STAR

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. Millions use regularly! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Color of my hair:

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800 ROOMS

$2.50 SINGLE $3.50 DOUBLE

DETROIT

CASS AND BAGLEY

Jig Saw Fans! $1,000 in Cash Prizes Being Offered. See Page 69.

Gable's Married Life Revealed

[*Continued from page* 11]

A holiday for the Gables means an informal hour at the piano which Clark plays very well

socially-prominent friends were aghast when she began to display an interest in the then obscure and struggling young actor. Clark's irregular salary was trivial, his engagements brief, and there were extended waits in between that consumed his meager savings.

HE WAS fully aware that his scant and shabby wardrobe was holding him back in his battle for an existence. Ria also realized the fact. She eventually induced him to accept a $1,000 loan with which to buy clothing—well-tailored suits and overcoats, shoes, linen and haberdashery.

The new attire brought about the toehold for which he had earlier searched in vain. No longer ashamed of his apparel, he braved agents with a tripled vigor.

He went back-stage during a performance of *The Last Mile*, and there made the acquaintance of Spencer Tracy, who had created the memorable rôle of Killer Mears. They talked between acts. They continued the conversation over the supper table after the final curtain. Tracy admired Gable's sincerity.

"Stop worrying," Tracy said. "You've got everything you need to make you a star, and I happen to know exactly where there's a break waiting for you—a real one, too, because it will take you to Los Angeles, where you'll have a chance to do your stuff for the picture people. They'll grab you in a hurry!"

Tracy provided Gable with the introduction that landed him as Killer Mears in a company being organized to present *The Last Mile* on the Pacific Coast.

Meanwhile, the friendship between Ria Langham and Clark Gable had developed into romance.

When he started westward, she closed her elaborate home, and followed that she might be on hand to cheer him on. She rented an apartment in the fashionable Castle-Argyle in Hollywood. Clark also engaged one there.

Gable was hailed as a sensation in the reviews of the Los Angeles presentation of the gripping drama, but as the run drew near a close, his film hopes went glimmering.

True, Lionel Barrymore, then a director for Metro, had seen Clark's Killer Mears portrayal and sent for him to take a screen test, but someone else won the part. That was Clark's lone nibble before the show pulled out for San Francisco.

Clark had been in the northern city a week when a Pathé scout hunted him up, and signed him for a supporting part in *The Painted Desert*, starring Bill Boyd.

"That," Ria kept on assuring him, "is the big opportunity for which you have been waiting!"

The picture was finished. It was previewed. It was released, and still there were no offers from other studios. Clark's spirits sank lower and lower, and his pessimistic mood was the cause of his initial spat with Ria.

Then, over her protests, he had packed his trunks for his return to New York, when Jack Connelly, casting Metro's *The Easiest Way*, ran across Barrymore's film of him, and signed him for a small but good rôle.

Clark was overjoyed. So was Ria. From that moment on, his professional future was assured. But not so his heart affair!

Striving as he was, putting forth every ounce of his energy, always fearful of a histrionic misstep that might peril his prospects, Gable was irritable, and far from an ideal companion, much less a sweetheart.

Quarrel ensued upon quarrel. Twice during the period, Ria bid adieu to Clark and to Hollywood, and journeyed East, only to rush back in answer to Clark's insistent telephonic pleas.

AT ONE stage, Ria moved to the LaBelle Tour apartments, across the street from the Argyle. Returning from work and finding his fiancée gone, Clark packed and went there also. Next morning, found them both back at the Castle-Argyle!

When Metro handed Clark a long-term ticket as a result of his splendid performance in *The Easiest Way*, he drove Ria to Santa Ana and they were married. Returning from their honeymoon, they took up their residence at the more costly Ravenswood apartments.

That's where they were over a year ago, when Ria boarded a Gotham-bound flyer determined to seek her freedom in the courts.

She had reached her decision as a re-

DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT THE STARS?

Norma Shearer, now touring Europe, has no intention of retiring as rumor hints.

Alice White has had an oh-so-serious battle with Cy Bartlett and is now being seen places with Lew Ayres, recently divorced from Lola Lane.

QUIET!
HOSPITAL
ZONE

Clang! Goes the Movietown ambulance and another star is off to a hospital holiday

Pneumonia:

Ricardo Cortez recovering

Neuritis:

Allen Jenkins

Flu:

- Maurice Chevalier
- Raquel Torres
- Miriam Hopkins
- Adrienne Ames
- Fredric March
- Stuart Erwin
- Frances Dee
- Cary Grant

Tonsilitis:

Peggy Shannon

Car Accidents:

- Mae Clarke—Broken jaw
- Phil Holmes—Scratches and facial bruises
- Ruth Chatterton—Two broken fingers from slamming car door on hand
- Victor Jory—Broken bone in back

Miscellaneous Operations:

- Benita Hume—Appendicitis
- Joan Bennett
- Loretta Young
- Cary Grant
- Marie Dressler
- Katharine Hepburn

sult of an incident due not to any intentional unkindliness on Clark's part—that's one thing he cannot be accused of—but rather to his sheer thoughtlessness.

Ria had had a new gown especially made for the occasion, she had spent an entire day in the hands of the beauty experts, all because Clark was to take her to the widely-heralded première of *A Free Soul* in which he appeared with Norma Shearer.

The dinner hour passed, and there was no word from Clark. Ria was dressed and waiting. At 9 o'clock, she tuned in her radio. At 9:30 she heard the master of ceremonies at the theatre entrance announce the arrival of her husband. Clark had been so nervous and excited over his first première that he had forgotten to see that she got there!

Ria, however, had no sooner alighted from her Pullman in Grand Central station in New York, then she heard her name paged. It was a long-distance call. Clark was begging her to hurry back.

She did!

HE MET her at the Los Angeles depot with outstretched arms and a sheepish grin, motored her out to the Ravenswood, and piloted into their quarters which he had overloaded with American beauty roses. She dried her eyes, and rushed out and ordered a costly Packard roadster for Clark!

But that wasn't the final temporary parting by any means!

From the Ravenswood, the restless Clark insisted upon moving to the more expensive Colonial House.

As a child, Clark had never learned to play. Ria induced him to take up horseback riding, and from that she got him interested in polo. Next, she steered him to the tennis courts, then directed his attention toward golf.

They leased a big house in Beverly Hills, adjoining the abode of Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, and within a block or two of Pickfair and the Charlie Chaplin and Tom Mix estates.

Then came the red letter event. Clark was elevated to full stardom.

It was a combination of things—his new enthusiasm for outdoor sports, the expansive house with its walled-in lawns and swimming pool, and the responsibilities that travel hand-in-hand with stellar billing, principally the latter—that has wrought such a vast change in Clark Gable's whole attitude toward life in general and matrimony in particular.

But don't get the impression that he has changed in other ways as do so many when they get their initial taste of Fame. Clark Gable's hats have not increased in size, his buddies are those of less secure years. He's still the swell guy he's always been.

The opposite sex has lost its head over Clark Gable, but he's a man's man from his size ten shoes to his unruly brown hair.

During the weary, wearing evenings Clark put in after completing *The Painted Desert* and before he went into *The Easiest Way*, he used to sit about the Castle-Argyle lobby and confide his ambitions to his intimates—Bob Montgomery and the late Robert Williams.

"I don't ask for screen stardom, in fact I don't want it, ever," he was wont to say. "I don't want to get too big, and have them bare my whole past to the universe, only to be dropped after a year or two. If they'll let me be a featured player, I'll live quietly for five years, save my money, and then spend the rest of my days roaming around Europe!"

Yet they have made Clark a star, and they have uncovered his past. But there's not going to be any more of that.

Clark Gable, you see, has finally settled down!

Let me put you in the Movies

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Physical Culture training won me the title, "The World's Most Perfect Strong Man" and a contract in the movies. I have been featured in over 100 pictures; trained some of the most famous Stars, Directors and Producers; and placed many of my students in Pictures and on the Stage. Now I'll help you through my home-study Physical Culture Course.

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Every student of my Physical Culture Course is entered, without extra cost or expense of any kind, in my Movie Contest, the winners of which each receive a Free Trip to Hollywood, a Screen and Talkie Test, and the chance to win a Movie Contract. Every student has an equal chance, as the development made while taking my Course counts most. The Judges are all well known Movie Stars, Directors and Producers.

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A SAFE SURE WAY RETA-REA CREAM AND METHOD quickly and safely reduces double chins, arms, bust, hips, legs, and other parts of body. 35,000 satisfied users. Large jar—send no money.

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LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure........ **$2.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE: 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made: very comfortable. Laced at back. Send waist and hip measures **$4.50**

My flesh colored medicated gum rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.

14 inch **$6.75** pair
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$4.50

11 INS. $3.75 PR.
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All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order: no cash.

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Cash awards for the best movie fan letters are being offered each month by SCREEN BOOK. See announcement on page 52.

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PLASTIC RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA
Dept. E-535 E, Court St., Cincinnati, O.

Behind the Scenes

[*Continued from page 36*]

to fool around with. Well, who has?

Young Miss Mary Esther, now eighteen months old, doesn't seem to have suffered from her vaudeville tour at such an early age. She has the rosiest cheeks, the blondest hair and the most winning smile of any Hollywood baby I have seen in a long time. And is very camera wise. Posed with her mother for some pictures the other day and stole them right out from under veteran mamma's nose.

Ideas Wanted

NEW party "gags" are at a premium in Hollywood. Anybody who can think of a new stunt is voted the brightest hostess of the day. The Frank Morgans gave a Marlene Dietrich party to which all the girls were supposed to come representing that well known star. Buster Collier and Marie Prevost were among the guests.

Next week, not to be outdone, they gave a shindig in the Beverly Hills Athletic Club gymnasium. Everybody was supposed to come as a track star, a baseball player, or Olympic athlete. Eddie Lowe, arriving late, went looking for Lil Tashman and found her hanging from a trapeze bar high in the ceiling.

George Hearst, son of the publisher, twisted his ankle playing basketball with the girls, among whom were Polly Moran and Bebe Daniels. A bright young man bethought himself of the athletic trainer, vainly trying to sleep in the club dormitory. The trainer was procured and the ankle was rubbed into semblance of normalcy. Then the sleepy rubber, anxious to be really helpful, took on the task of massaging into life a gentie who had imbibed too freely. He was really the party's most popular guest.

A Heart-Throb

MAURICE CHEVALIER, who gave as one of his divorce reasons the fact that he and Yvonne had remained childless, wanted to adopt the chubby, yellow-haired, ten-months-old baby boy, Leroy Weinbrener, who played with Chevalier in *A Bedtime Story*. The mother, a widow and hard pressed at times to make a livelihood, was at first intrigued by the idea of her little boy growing up as Chevalier Jr. She visualized travel, education, advantages she could not supply. Then she decided—at the very last moment—that "Monsieur Baby," as Chevalier called the tot, was far too dear to her to give up.

Woof! Woof!

REGINALD DENNY is the guy who made the noise like a Pekinese biting Blanche Frederici in a boudoir scene in *Man on the Nile*, Ramón Novarro's picture. He sounded more like the peke than the peke itself so he drew an extra paycheck as an "offstage noise."

Newest Garbo Rumors

GARBO is in hiding in Hollywood.

Garbo is in New York preparing to go on the stage in Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*.

Garbo will never come back from Sweden.

Garbo plans to return to Hollywood by June 1 and has started passport negotiations.

Garbo never can return—some fuss about immigration papers.

Garbo has been married secretly in Sweden and is awaiting the birth of a child.

Token Of Esteem

HOLLYWOOD presents are just different. Imagine Randolph Scott's surprise to see a big van pull up in front of his house and disgorge an iron bed, at least two feet longer than any bed you ever saw. The card attached said "From Howard Hughes" and then Randy understood. Howard has special beds built for him because he is so tall. Randy is, if anything, a mite taller. He had admired Howard's idea of the special size sleeping contraption and Mr. Hughes, having one to spare, was neighborly and sent it over.

You'll Agree With Joel McCrea!

When Joel McCrea received his handwriting analysis from Dr. M. N. Bunker, internationally famous Grapho-Analyst, he wrote in reply:

"I must say that your analysis is very good—so good in fact, that I can hardly believe you could do so well without knowing me."

Joel McCrea

Joel McCrea is strong-willed—the man who accomplishes. Put him in the business world and he would succeed; he would provide a comfortable home, make a name for himself and in every way live up to the remarkable career his admirers expect of him.

SEND FOR AN ANALYSIS OF YOUR HANDWRITING

It will disclose your hidden talent. It tells the story of the real YOU. All you need do is send the coupon with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10c in stamps or coin to help pay clerical costs. Your own confidential, personal analysis will be mailed in your own envelope. It may mean love, success, happiness for you.

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I am sending you ten cents with a stamped self-addressed envelope and a letter in my own writing. I am to receive a personal reply on what my handwriting tells.

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Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed.

Katharine Hepburn in her newest rôle as the heroine of *Christopher Strong.* Critics hail her performance in this picture as even better than previous efforts

Daisy Wants Out

DAISY DEVOE, convicted on charge of taking money from her former employer, Clara Bow, has applied for release from the Los Angeles county jail. She has been acting as hairdresser and jail beauty shop operator for women inmates of the country prison.

Good Fun

MY, MY, the vogue of skirts for comedians is getting "hot." First it was Wheeler and Woolsey who showed up at the Brown Derby in petticoats, and then Chico Marx who went to a party dressed as a colored maid. Chico's costume was a guise for a lot of clownery during which he hid coats and hats and powder puffs.

Travelers

HERBERT MARSHALL has been a visitor in New York. Marshall will remain in Manhattan for a few weeks and then return to London to be near his wife, Edna Best. The Marshalls are anticipating a Blessed Event, as Walter Winchell would say. Marshall comes back to take up his Paramount contract later in the Spring.

Jimmy On Broadway

WHEN Jimmy Durante arrived in New York to start rehearsing for the Broadway revue, *Strike Me Pink,* he was greeted by a host of cameramen and reporters.

Eluding the reporters he dashed around to a telegraph office and sent a wire to Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, on the coast. Said Jimmy: "RUN THE STUDIO JUST LIKE I WAS THERE."

The Broadway ticket speculators took an eight weeks buy on *Strike Me Pink* while the show was still in rehearsal. Which shows how strongly they believe in Durante and in Lupe Velez, who will also be in the revue.

Radio Popularity

THE radio is going in strong for four songs in *42nd Street.* They are *42nd Street, Shuffle Along to Buffalo, Young and Healthy* and *You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me.* Even in the palmy days of musical films, only the rare hit had as many as three or four popular song successes.

Speaking of that Nice Nellie attitude again. Remember the song, *Turn Out the Lights and Go to Bed?* The radio crooners invariably changed it to *Turn Out the Lights and Go to Sleep.*

Globe-Trotter

WELL, Richard Barthelmess has left on another one of his cross country jaunts—this time to South America. There seems to be only one person capable of keeping track of Dick's rounds, and that's Bill Powell. He really makes Barthelmess sorry he went, and this is how it's done.

In the Powell home is an oil painting of Dick. It was a very nice piece of work when hung there, but Barthelmess has taken entirely too many trips. Every time he goes away Bill ages the picture. Upon Dick's last return, the picture had a beard, a terrible leer, bags under the eyes, a cigarette spouting out from somewhere and a week's growth of beard.

"Lord knows what will happen during my next absence," says Dick. "Heaven knows I look terrific with cauliflower ears."

Synthetic Sun-Burn

JUNE VLASEK, the little girl whose name is on the books for changing at Fox, has such tender skin that the studio kleig lights blistered it upon her first day's work.

Nice Mans

MAE CLARKE'S ex-husband, Frank Brice, spent thirty minutes the other day extolling Mae's acting abilities, and wasn't she a wonderful girl?

How do you SET YOUR HAIR?

WITH WATER?

The alkaline substances in water dry the hair, make it harsh and straggly. Cause dandruff, too!

WITH GLUES?

These glues and gues are messy, take a long time to dry. They give hair that stiff, unnatural look, leave powdery flakes, and sometimes even change the texture and color of hair.

OR THIS!

VENIDA WAVE SET

No longer is it necessary to use water or sticky, gummy lotions that ruin the hair and make it look ugly. The smart, new, and correct way to do your hair is to dip your comb in the large bottle of this delightfully thin VENIDA WAVESET, then comb it through your hair. This will keep your waves most perfectly in place for days.

Until you use the new Venida Waveset you don't know how radiantly beautiful and naturally wavy your hair can really be. It dries quicker than any other... it is simple to use, non-greasy, and pleasantly fragrant. Never leaves any powdery flakes.

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Send me large 4 oz. bottle Venida Waveset. My store does not carry it. Enclosed find 10c in cash ☐ or stamps ☐ to cover cost of mailing.
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I have shown thousands how to combat their trouble and restore normal healthy activity to their organs and attain full development, enabling them to enjoy new health and greater freedom from the trials and tribulations that so often beset their sex. Many who thought themselves hopelessly sterile are now proud and happy Mothers, and husbands have written me the most glowing letters of gratitude.

Get These Books FREE

If you suffer from painful periods, frigidity or sterility due to functional weakness, I want you to read my two books, "Full Development" and "A Baby in Your Home." In these interesting and instructive books I discuss women's problems in an intimate manner giving a fund of useful information concerning them and tell how you too may become a normal, fully developed, healthy woman. Both are entirely free and will come in plain wrapper so send me your name and address at once. **Dr. H. Will Elders, Suite 501-E, Schneider Bldg., St. Joseph, Missouri**

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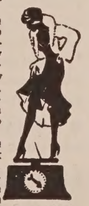
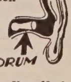


In answering advertisements, please mention SCREEN BOOK Magazine.



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Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 665, 70 5th Ave., New York

Joan and Doug Split!

[*Continued from page* 13]

at her luckless head. "Who," Hollywood wanted to know, "is this new young man Joan is currently interested in?"

You can laugh only so long at the consistency with which spicy innuendoes are read into innocent happenings. Then it begins to irk. You lose your perspective and finally your sense of humor. You are made to act twenty-four hours of every day, to face always a super-critical audience. Even though you are as good an actor as Joan or Doug such a strain begins to tell.

IS IT any wonder that they became introspective and critical of one another? They entered marriage with an intensity too great to last. It was a white heat that would have consumed them both. There had to be a lessening.

When the flame was reduced to a comfortable glow and they no longer behaved like demented things, it was inevitable that they would discover clashing traits of character. Joan is more sufficient unto herself, enjoying occasional solitude, making few lasting friendships, being, through sensitiveness, too readily hurt by people. Doug is happiest in a crowd, less choosey about friends, even tolerating obvious sycophants for the companionship they give.

Both are intensely ambitious with an ambition that stops at nothing short of perfection. Only in acting do they share similar viewpoints. Joan wants to dance and sing and takes daily lessons to perfect these accomplishments. Doug's desire is to express himself in drawing and writing.

Such artistic inclinations take their toll in nervous energy. An undue strain is placed upon temperaments and tempers. Seldom do marriages under these conditions last as long as has theirs.

It is only their intelligent striving toward a goal of contentment that has held them together at all. They knew that they were growing apart yet the remembrance of the beauty of their first years of marriage caused them to regret a dissolution. They preferred attempting concessions to one another that, if futile, were at least sincere.

And all the time they had Hollywood yapping and yelping at their heels. Perhaps had they tried it elsewhere, they would have succeeded. The cards Hollywood dealt them were from a cold deck.

Still Joan and Doug refused to admit defeat, determined to leave nothing to chance. This is why they went to Europe for a vacation last fall. Away from the stifling atmosphere of Hollywood, they believed—hoped—love possibly might be reborn.

For a moment, it seemed that their plan would succeed. They laughed and played on the Continent as two kids when school closes. They were more like their old selves upon their return than they had been for years. But school reopened and the second summer of their love ended. They had fought a valiant fight—and lost!

So they have separated, Joan to retain possession of the lovely home she built in Brentwood, Doug to live elsewhere. The date was set some time in advance in order to cause a minimum hardship as regards film working schedules.

Your particular attention is directed to the fact that this is merely a separation, not a *divorce.* As neither Joan or Doug are interested at the moment in re-marriage, there is no reason to rush into divorce. Wonder what Hollywood with all its talk of other love interests will say to this?

When divorce proceedings are instituted, I wager there will be no bickering or recriminations. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. have parted sadly, tenderly. They lived together with greater understanding than is usual in couples so young. That they found it impossible to continue is the fault of neither. They gave thought and intelligence to their problem and if they failed in a solution, it is better that they have parted.

I am sure that you join me in wishing them the happiness they so richly deserve.

◆

Culbertson Can't Take It!

[*Continued from page* 43]

Culbertson and any partner he names, to a cleaning. Harpo and I have worked out a bridge system so intricate that we don't understand it ourselves but it's good enough to beat Culbertson."

Culbertson's counter challenge was to wager $25,000 that Chico and Harpo could not even beat two of his pupils. If the Marx brothers won, said Culbertson, he would, in addition to handing over the $25,000, agree to eat Harpo's wig!

"He is talking in telephone numbers, not money," replied Chico, "but my $5,000 offer still stands and if I win I will give it to charity. And what's more, if we lose, I'll eat Mr. Culbertson's toupé!"

And there the matter stands, without a card being dealt by either side. Mystified by the expert's refusal to meet his opponents, Hollywood wonders why. The answer is that one evening, not so long ago, he played against Chico with Bebe Daniels as a partner. Bebe is no slouch but Ely had difficulty in keeping on the right side of the score sheet against the mad Marxian.

It seems also that both Culbertson and Chico have books on bridge about to be published and that Culbertson, fearful of the effects of a defeat on the sale of his book, gracefully retired from the scene.

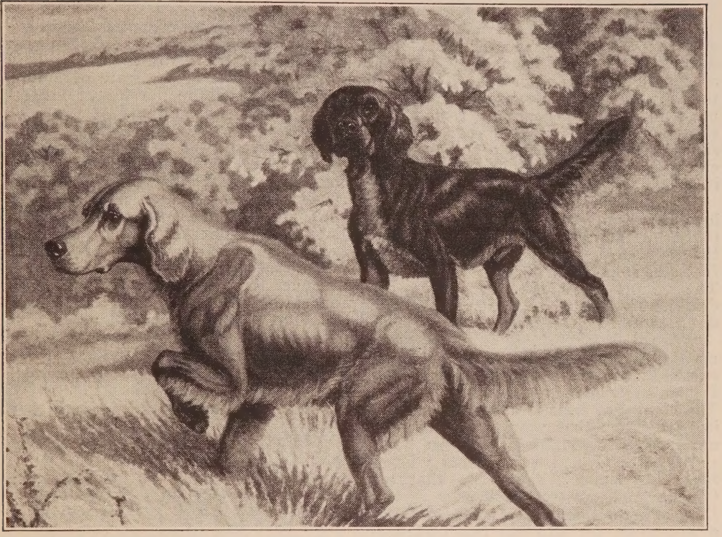
"He can dish it out," says Chico.

"But he can't take it," echoes Groucho.

And Harpo sees no prospect of having to buy a new wig, for Culbertson is on his way to New York, and it is doubtful if the bridge battle of the century ever will be fought.

$1,000 IN PRIZES

Offered for naming these hunting dogs



SCREEN BOOK'S Jig Saw Puzzle Contests

TWO jig-saw puzzles featuring big cash prizes are now on the newsstands, with the winners to be announced in SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

The newest jig-saw puzzle contest calls for naming two hunting dogs (the subject of the puzzle) with $1,000.00 in cash prizes hung up as awards. The contest is open to all, no purchases are required to enter, and names must be submitted before June 15, 1933, when the contest closes. Entry blanks are on all boxes containing the puzzle. They may be clipped out or copied. Winners will be announced as soon as possible in this magazine.

The first prize contest, offering $500.00 in prizes for the best title and letter for the scene painted by Carl Rawson, was given a closing date of April 25, 1933. Judges hope to have the list of winners ready for publication in the July issue of SCREEN BOOK.

◆

Mae Clarke's Career Halted

[*Continued from page* 14]

On the eve of signing for an important rôle, she was stricken and on the following day removed to the hospital where her appendix was removed. This made it necessary for her to be absent from the screen for a long period. But as soon as she was able to work, Columbia offered her a part in *Parole Girl.*

Near the completion of that picture, the script called for a fire scene. In it, Mae's arm and hand were so severely burned that she was forced to turn down several important rôles until it healed.

Then came the biggest break of all. Metro signed her for a part with John Gilbert's film *Fast Workers*! Elated and certain that the long awaited break had come, Mae threw herself into the part. She was a sensation. A new long term contract was given her.

The first rôle under that new contract was with Bob Montgomery in *Made On Broadway*. For two weeks the company worked and again the studio marveled at the fire and sincerity of Mae. Mae herself was in a delirium of happiness. She felt at last the break had come and all would be well.

But with the picture two weeks in production, the jinx reared its head. There was a quiet party at the home of a friend. Phillips Holmes asked Mae to accompany him. As they left the party they saw that a dense fog had settled down over Beverly Hills. Driving carefully, Holmes made his way through the darkened streets. Suddenly the headlights of an oncoming car loomed ahead. Quickly he swung the wheel but not quickly enough.

So Mae Clarke, champion hard luck girl of Hollywood, has lost another chance. Lying at home, under her mother's care, Mae is smiling, as much of a smile as a fractured jaw will permit. A grand little trouper who deserves better luck!

Why Let Wrinkles or Age-Lines Make You Old? Send for This Secret

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Estelle Taylor is one of the many experienced Hollywood stars who never seem to grow older. Not a line or blemish appears in her exquisite skin.

She uses SEM-PRAY COMPRESSED CREME—which gives you a complete beauty treatment in 3 minutes.

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Dorothy Mackaill also says: "Sem-Pray takes the place of elaborate treatments." Betty Compson, Pauline Starke, Lila Lee, Marie Prevost and others all use Sem-Pray. No other creme in the world like it.

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Use Sem-Pray just 3 minutes before going out and see your skin take on new loveliness at once. Use Sem-Pray at bedtime and note remarkable improvement of skin by morning.

See how Sem-Pray smooths away erasable age-lines and crowsfeet. Firms flabby skin. Ends pimples, blackheads and other blemishes due to clogged pores. Reduces large pores. Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin. Enlivens faded skin. Softens harsh or roughened skin. Clears and whitens. *Will not grow hair.*

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Sem-Pray is a many-purpose creme. Use it 3-minutes instead of elaborate treatment with anti-wrinkle, nourishing, cleansing, foundation creams, pore pastes, muscle oils, tissue tonics and blemish removers. Sem-Pray's ingredients are so concentrated and compressed you get full benefits of each. Saves time and money by giving you COMPLETE treatment with just one creme—in only 3 minutes. Immediate results will amaze you.

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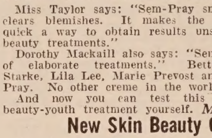
Furthermore, the new Sem-Pray container has push-up bottom. Use like a lipstick. Fingers never touch. Carry it with you for MANY 3-minute beauty-youth treatments a day, any time, anywhere. *Always look as if you had just come from a beauty parlor.* A wonderful foundation creme too. Blends rouge and powder perfectly, prevents caking or spottiness. If you want to see new beauty this very night, go to any toilet goods counter today for a large economy size container of Sem-Pray. Only 60c.



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29x4.75	20	2.25	0.95	33x4	2.75	0.85
29x5.00	19	2.60	1.05	34x4	2.75	0.85
30x5.00	20	2.60	1.05	32x4½	2.95	1.15
28x5.25	18	2.65	1.15	33x4½	2.95	1.15
29x5.25	19	2.75	1.15	34x4½	2.95	1.15
30x5.25	20	2.75	1.15	30x5	3.25	1.35
31x5.25	21	2.95	1.15	33x5	3.25	1.45
28x5.50	18	2.95	1.15	35x5	3.50	1.55
29x5.50	19	2.95	1.15	All Other Sizes		
30x6.00	18	2.95	1.15			
31x6.00	19	2.95	1.15			
32x6.00	20	3.00	1.25			
33x6.00	21	3.20	1.25			
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SEND ONLY $1.00 DEPOSIT with each tire ordered. We ship — balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 per cent if cash in full accompanies order.

ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED
Tires failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.

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Do you want a beautiful complexion? Without the use of rouge? And color that is *all your own?* If you suffer from constipation give your system just a tiny calcium wafer! Don't take that customary pill on Saturday night—just let Stuart's Calcium Wafers, the gentle internal cleansers, help Nature do its magic work for you!

Stuart's Calcium wafers frequently clear away all impurities resulting from constipation and which keep the skin sallow or dull. They help to keep pores purged and the cuticle clean. Often you feel and see the difference from the first day you take Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

A five-day test is sufficient to prove to you very conclusively the system's need for Stuart's Calcium wafers, and the decided benefit from the use of these little sugar-coated wafers.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
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FREE SAMPLE COUPON

A sample package—sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent to you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 40-N Marshall, Mich.

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PLASTIC APPLIANCE INSTITUTE,
Dept. 504 Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

When George Brent Had a Price on His Head

[*Continued from page* 19]

"It is not unusual to be walking down a street when two men, or even two women, come out of a building to finish an argument with their fists. No one thinks of interfering, not even the police. A gallery generally forms but the onlookers seldom take sides. It is simply a sport to them, to be seen and enjoyed as the contestants are enjoying it.

"Really, Irishmen fight for the pure love of fighting. When one is vanquished in fair battle, it is not uncommon for the victor to help the fallen man to his feet and start for the nearest barroom. The winner buys the first round of drinks. That is the way the Irish settle disputes among themselves.

"With the English, it is a different matter. Englishmen are traditional enemies and have been since 1172 when Ireland's struggle for freedom began. The history of Ireland has been written in blood from that year until the time, nearly eight centuries later, when five-sixths of the Island was granted a Free State government, similar to that of Canada and Australia. This was in 1922. There is still disorder caused by a movement for absolute independence and the establishment of a republic.

"When an Irishman takes his gun in hand—it is usually a gun of ancient vintage—a barrel-loader or a flint lock—he uses it with a natural reluctance. He does not enjoy killing for the sake of killing as does the average man we call guerrilla. Nothing less than his patriotic zeal for freedom would cause an Irishman to resort to firearms."

Brent's Disguise As A Student

GEORGE BRENT delivered his first despatches to Sinn Fein headquarters in Belfast. Asked if he was in need of funds, he nodded. Without another word being said, a roll of bills was thrust into his hands. The sum was considerable.

And that was the way he was always paid. He received no set salary but money for his expenses seemed unlimited—at least to his eighteen-year-old eyes. Imagine yourself at his age with a boundless supply of cash to be had for the asking. And without the necessity of accounting for its expenditure. What would you do?

Undoubtedly, exactly what George did—have a roistering good time. It was part of his disguise to spend lavishly as the wealthy young student from New York, travelling for pleasure and study. The knowledge that this was really a masquerade and that his mission was fraught with danger only added to the zest of the adventure. One drawback to his enjoyment was that he was forbidden to indulge in fist fights.

In Dublin, where he was known, George assumed his own identity. In Belfast and points along the way, he posed as an American tourist. But in Dublin, he was a youthful actor in the Abbey Theatre company. It apparently never occurred to either George or the Irish leaders that his every appearance before an audience heightened his peril. He took a long gamble, however unknowingly, of being recognized and having his dual life exposed. When you consider that the entire area of Ireland is less than that of the state of Maine, you will realize the miracle of his escaping chance recognition.

Fortunately most of the Abbey Theatre group was in sympathy with the revolution. Upon frequent occasions when Brent was sent suddenly on his secret missions, they were compelled to double for him in performances. Yet they never commented upon his absences nor did he offer excuses.

This fascinating, reckless existence continued for more than a year. Glasgow was added to his run, luckily as it turned out. But George grumbled when first sent across the channel to the Scottish port. Scotland was too quiet for his taste.

"I can't make any claims to bravery because of what I did," George says modestly. "I wasn't brave. I was merely too young to know fear. It became second nature to dodge into doorways and slink along the sides of buildings. Had I been an ordinary civilian or the tourist I was supposed to be, I would have had to do the same thing, there was so much sniping and bomb throwing going on.

"The lorries in which the British troops were quartered, were covered with wire netting to shed bombs that might be tossed from the roofs of buildings. Without this protection, the truck and its human cargo could be blown sky high with a well-placed hand grenade. Bombs and grenades were generally of home manufacture, Irish women working secretly in cellars to cast the casings for the explosives.

"The danger of being shot or blown up in the street kept precious few Irishmen from going about their regular business. They took it as philosophically as Americans in large cities take the peril of congested automotive traffic."

Escaping A Firing Squad

BRENT was in Belfast when the English authorities finally descended upon him. He arrived too early in the morning to deliver his despatches to headquarters and, after registering at a hotel, he went for a walk. His stroll took him past a garrison where he was an unwilling witness to an execution of several men convicted as Irish spies. But for good fortune, he might have been standing with them facing that firing squad.

With the volley of English rifles still echoing in his ears, George went back to his hotel. There a friendly bartender told him that his baggage and room were at the moment being searched. George thanked the bar-keep, swallowed his drink and walked from the hostelry, never to return. All of his papers were fortunately in his pockets.

Delivering the despatches he carried, Brent took the earliest boat for Glasgow. A landlady displayed more than usual curiosity, so he fled again, this time in the middle of the night. He made his way to England knowing that his pursuers would not immediately think of

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Home Treatment That Costs Nothing To Try

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We're All Happy Now—says Little Mary Lee, because Mother found how to stop Papa's Whiskey Drinking (and we want every woman to know about it).

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, it should be just the thing you want. All you have to do is to send your name and address and we will send absolutely FREE, in plain wrapper, a trial package of Golden Treatment. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 1249 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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WANTED: Well dressed attractive women to represent us in your locality. Write Margaret Elizabeth Cox, Director Hollywood Mirror Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

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ESCAPE FROM YOUR LONELY EXISTENCE! Valuable information free. Write today. Box 128-SB, Tiffin, Ohio.

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MAGIC CATALOGUE. Wonderful Knockout Card trick, 10c. Singer, 222 Hancock, Wisconsin.

—Roger Kent

Estelle Taylor out for a stroll with her new heart interest, John Warburton. Resembles the Prince of Wales, doesn't he?

looking for him in their own country. At Land's End, he encountered a man whom he had previously known, the captain of a freighter which, by luck, was sailing at midnight for Montreal. Upon the captain's invitation, George became sort of an official stowaway.

He landed in Montreal safe from pursuit but broke. The only profession he knew was acting and toward New York, the metropolis of the theatre, he headed.

And this is the story George Brent has never told for publication. He has always said there was nothing to tell. What do you think?

◆

"I Ain't Ice"

[*Continued from page* 17]

fighter, her mother an actress. She, herself, started on the stage as a child. Later she was in the chorus, being graduated to vaudeville success. From variety and revue headlining she turned to writing, staging and starring in her own dramas. The first was *Sex* and it ran for two years. After that came *Diamond Lil, The Constant Sinner* and others. It is still a matter of theatrical history how patrol wagons backed up to Miss West's stage doors.

But Miss West came through all this unabashed, unashamed, unregenerate. Listen to her sing "I Like a Man Who Takes His Time" in *She Done Him Wrong* and you'll understand the rowdy quality that is making Miss West a film star in spite of Hollywood's blushes.

"Maybe I should have tried pictures sooner," said Miss West. "Maybe the screen wasn't ripe for me. Maybe I came along at the right time. Even sex is at low ebb owing to the depression. Sex isn't helped by bill collectors. Probably the sort of thing that I present on the screen is just what the folks need these days. You know, sex without all the phoney trappings of orchids, moonlight and sweet whispers. Sex with a sense of humor. You know?"

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Sent FREE to advertise Dr. Jayne's world-famous household remedies. America's Pioneer Medicines, sold for 102 years. But please send 10 cents (stamps or dime) to help pay the cost of this notice, packing and mailing. (In Canada, 20c.) **Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Inc.,** 2 Vine St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. D-173.

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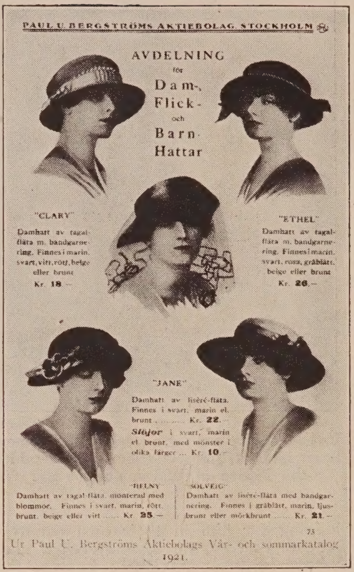
Garbo's Homecoming

[*Continued from page* 47]



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och
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Hattar

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"ETHEL"
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Damhatt av lisèré-fläta. Finnes i svart, marin el. brunt .... Kr. 22.—
Slöjor i svart, marin el. brunt, med mönster i olika färger ... Kr. 10.—

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75

Ur Paul U. Bergströms Aktiebolags Vår- och sommarkatalog 1921.

Believe it or not, these five ladies in the tricky millinery are all Greta Garbo. This is a page from a clothing store catalog for which Greta modeled hats and gowns

Gustafsson, as nice a young fellow as you would want to meet, but almost as difficult to know as his sister. And Sven is married, to an American girl, and has a baby. So Greta had a niece to meet for the first time. Just how Greta feels about being an aunt, I can't say, but some day a girl is going to be able to talk about "Aunt Greta."

Then the lure of "Stockholm, the Beautiful" became more insistent. Like a good vacationist, Garbo began to tire of resting. She began to be up and around a little more. She was seen a great deal in the company of a young woman friend, Countess Martha Wachtmeister, whom she met on the boat while making her first visit home to Sweden in 1929. They attended the theatre together, and made the trip down the continent. But all this time Garbo was still the grand mystery, the aloof article, the unsolved enigma.

IT WAS inevitable, of course, that Garbo should become part of a certain "crowd" in Stockholm, and she did. Not the theatrical crowd, the people she once played with, or wanted to play with. Rather, an advanced set, with a flare for good living. Not a young set, exactly, with a liking for the bizarre and adventurous, but a group that managed to get quite a kick out of life.

Her daily program became something like this, with variations for weather, inclination, and so on. A light breakfast. Then a horseback ride, or a walk. After that, a real breakfast. If not the horseback ride, then a meeting at the tennis stadium with Max Gumpel. With no spectators allowed, and with the time of meeting strictly secret.

Then lunch. Alone, or with a friend. Sometimes at the apartment, and sometimes at a smart restaurant. In the afternoon, rest, reading, shopping, or talking with friends. In the evening, the theatre, a drive, or a gathering at a restaurant.

In all of this, Garbo kept her social life pretty much narrowed down. A definite circle. Invitations she ignored for the most part. I know several persons who thought they had good reason to extend invitations, only to have their gestures meet with disconcerting silence. Telephone calls were intercepted by the carefully trained maid. If Garbo wanted to be alone, which was a good share of the time, there wasn't a chance in the world of disturbing her. And no one is going to get past a good, solidly-built Swedish maid, if said Swedish maid is determined about the matter.

In all of this it must be said that Garbo achieved no high social rank. Whether she could get social standing in Stockholm, I can't say. Family name means a lot in Europe, as you well know. To Garbo's credit, however, it can undoubtedly be said that she most likely doesn't care two whoops in Hades about the social register.

WHILE all this was going on, efforts to get Garbo to make a public appearance in Stockholm failed. In this, it is possible, her attitude may be much like that of Chaplin when he visited England a couple of years back. The stubborn memory that there was a time when no one cared whether she appeared in public or not. Why, then, should she jump about like a marionette on a string just because she has managed to become famous?

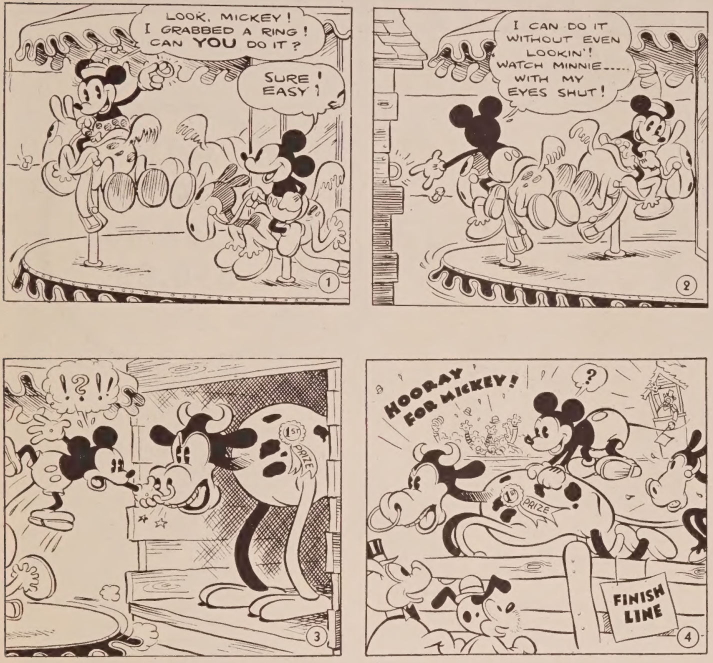
A strange psychology, and difficult to understand, unless you have experienced it yourself.

To my way of thinking, Garbo succeeded pretty well in getting back to a normal, conventional way of living while she was in Stockholm. As a relief, perhaps, from Hollywood. She may have been skeptical at first, for fear the public here would interfere, but she found that the Swedes are a lot less interested in her than they might be. If she expected or feared a traffic jam every time she crossed a street, she was sadly disappointed. And the newspapers here have pretty much ignored her which, if the press is a barometer of public interest, is significant.

Much has been written about the "real" Garbo. A few million words, more or less, by people who have tried, from every possible angle, to analyze her, take her apart, and show what makes the wheels go round. For my part, I am beginning to see Garbo more and more as a shrewd, thinking woman, whose actions are built a lot more upon forward thinking than many people give her credit for. Garbo, I am afraid, knows only too well what she is doing.

A final thought. Garbo will settle down some day for good in Stockholm. Don't forget these rumors about her buying real estate. The last Garbo story, I believe, will be written under a Stockholm dateline.

MICKEY MOUSE CONTEST WINNERS CAPTURE CASH AWARDS


LOOK, MICKEY! I GRABBED A RING! CAN YOU DO IT?
SURE! EASY!
①
I CAN DO IT WITHOUT EVEN LOOKIN'! WATCH MINNIE..... WITH MY EYES SHUT!
②
!?!!
1ST PRIZE
③
HOORAY FOR MICKEY!
?
1ST PRIZE
FINISH LINE
④

Mickey, tossed to wild brute's back, rides him to victory when he bolts into great horse race!

First prize of $15 goes to Clay Nelson, 904 East 6th St., Texarkana, Tex., for this solution to the series of cartoons drawn by Walt Disney for the March issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine. Evelyn Watt, 305 School Ave., Greensburg, Pa., won second prize of $10; John C. Phelan, 229 Broadway, Toledo, O., was awarded third prize of $5 and the following persons received $1 each as winners of fourth prize: G. S. Seal, S. S. Delta King, Pier 3, San Francisco, Calif.; Martha Archer, Box 486, Corbin, Ky.; Millard B. McKee, 344 39th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Marcus S. Coplen, No. 9 Doyal St., Frankfort, Ind.; Kenneth Thompson, 107 S. Prospect St., Sturgis, Mich.; James McClung, 1712 W. Virginia Ave., Clarksburg, W. Va.; Margaret L. Fritz, 305½ Market St., Johnstown, Pa.; Paris Bastiani, 423 Florence Ave., Dunsmuir, Cal.; Everett W. Saggus, Crawfordville, Ga.; and Fred Bryg, 4520 S. 33rd, Omaha, Neb.

◆

Here's The Dope

[*Continued from page* 39]

is an unusual picture—outspoken, dramatic, satirical. A new chief executive who did not already know what the country expects of him might learn a thing or two from it. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone, C. Henry Gordon and Dickie Moore complete a fine cast. *(Metro).*

Today We Live—AAAA

RAIN may have slightly dampened your ardor for Joan Crawford, but *Today We Live* will freshen your enthusiasm for her brilliant capabilities. Joan plays the part of a girl who, when war interrupts the even course of her life, joins an ambulance corps and is swept into a series of highly dramatic adventures. Gary Cooper is his same restrained, impressive self as the aviation officer with whom Joan falls in love. The supporting cast, including such fine artists as Louise Closser Hale, Robert Young, Tad Alexander and Franchot Tone, contribute much to make this picture a really fine war drama. The air battles, exciting maneuvers of destroyers at sea, and action at the front are an added punch. *(Metro).*

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and Youth again

STROKE on with light fingertips—creamy, delicate, softly-scented Uthagen—remove in one glove-like mask BEHOLD THE MIRACLE!

You'll look and feel years younger. Gone will be complexion cloudiness, large pores, blackheads, age lines and crepey neck. In your face and in your heart you'll have youth again, for here is

HOLLYWOOD'S COVETED SECRET

Uthagen restores and preserves beauty to all ages—both sexes. Use it in your own home for a fraction of what the stars pay in Hollywood.

COMPLETE ROUTINE Six Items $1

Send $1 for the complete Uthagen Beauty Routine of 6 exquisite preparations together with a 32-page illustrated booklet of beauty secrets and the confidential chart, which filled out and returned, will enable Dr. J. Ray Kirby, discoverer of Uthagen, to prescribe for your individual skin. Mail $1. today to

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A POLISH IMMIGRANT WINS
$3,500.00

There was great rejoicing in the home of Joe Walsh, Bobtown, Pennsylvania, when he received $3,500.00 Cash from a Cincinnati, Ohio, firm recently as a First Prize in a contest. Mr. Walsh was born in Poland—came to the United States with his parents. He has a very limited education.

This firm is offering another opportunity to win Cash Prizes. Miss Martha Ries, Secretary, 909 Cheapside, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send full information to anyone who is interested. No obligations.—*Advertisement.*

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BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED
...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels produced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild,* call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels...always fresh, in the air-tight, *welded* Humidor Pack.

KEPT FRESH
IN THE WELDED
HUMIDOR PACK

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's

NO TRICKS...
JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

I RAN AWAY WITH A HOOFER by GLENDA FARRELL

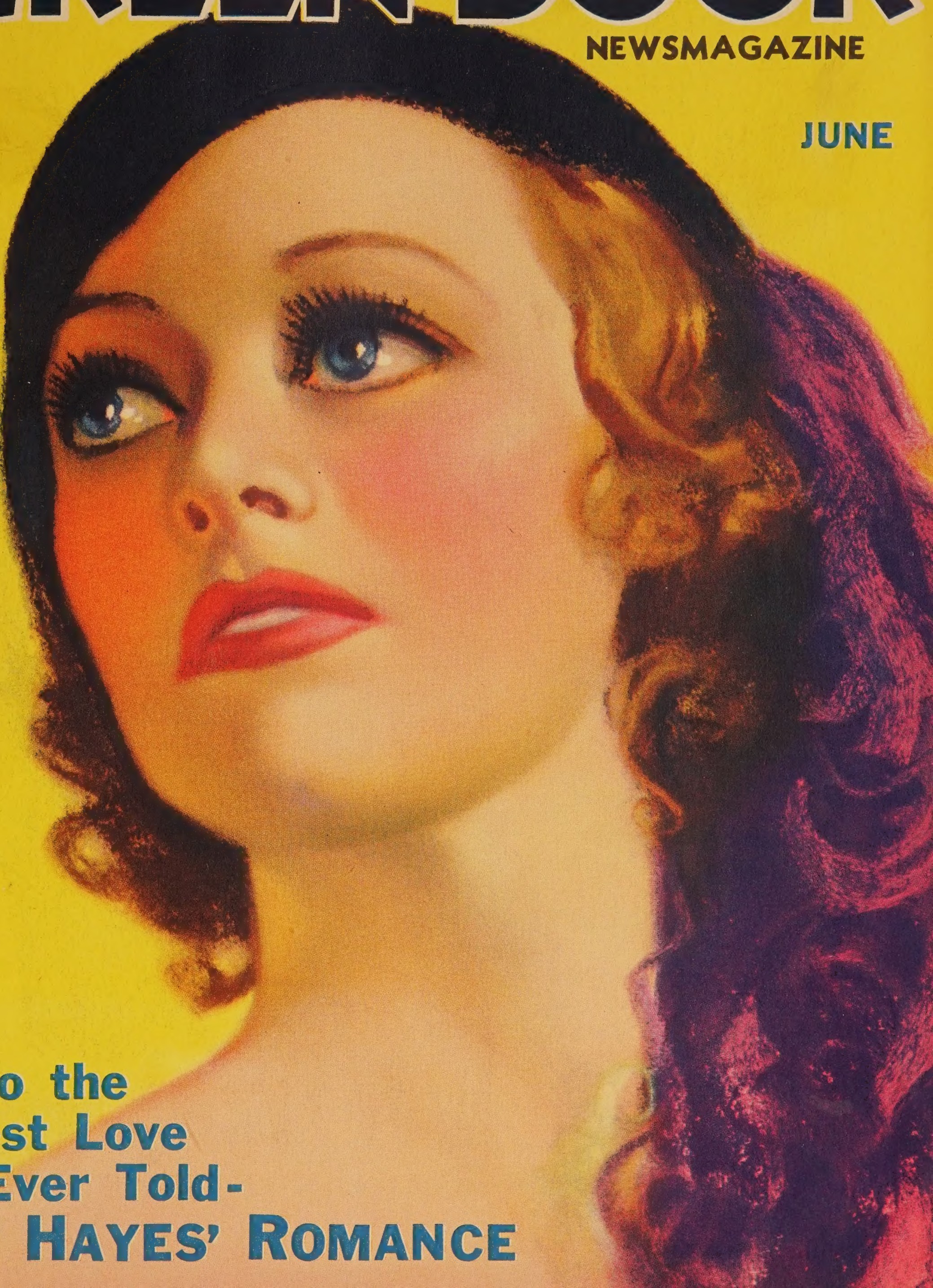
56

SCREEN BOOK

NEWSMAGAZINE

15 Cents

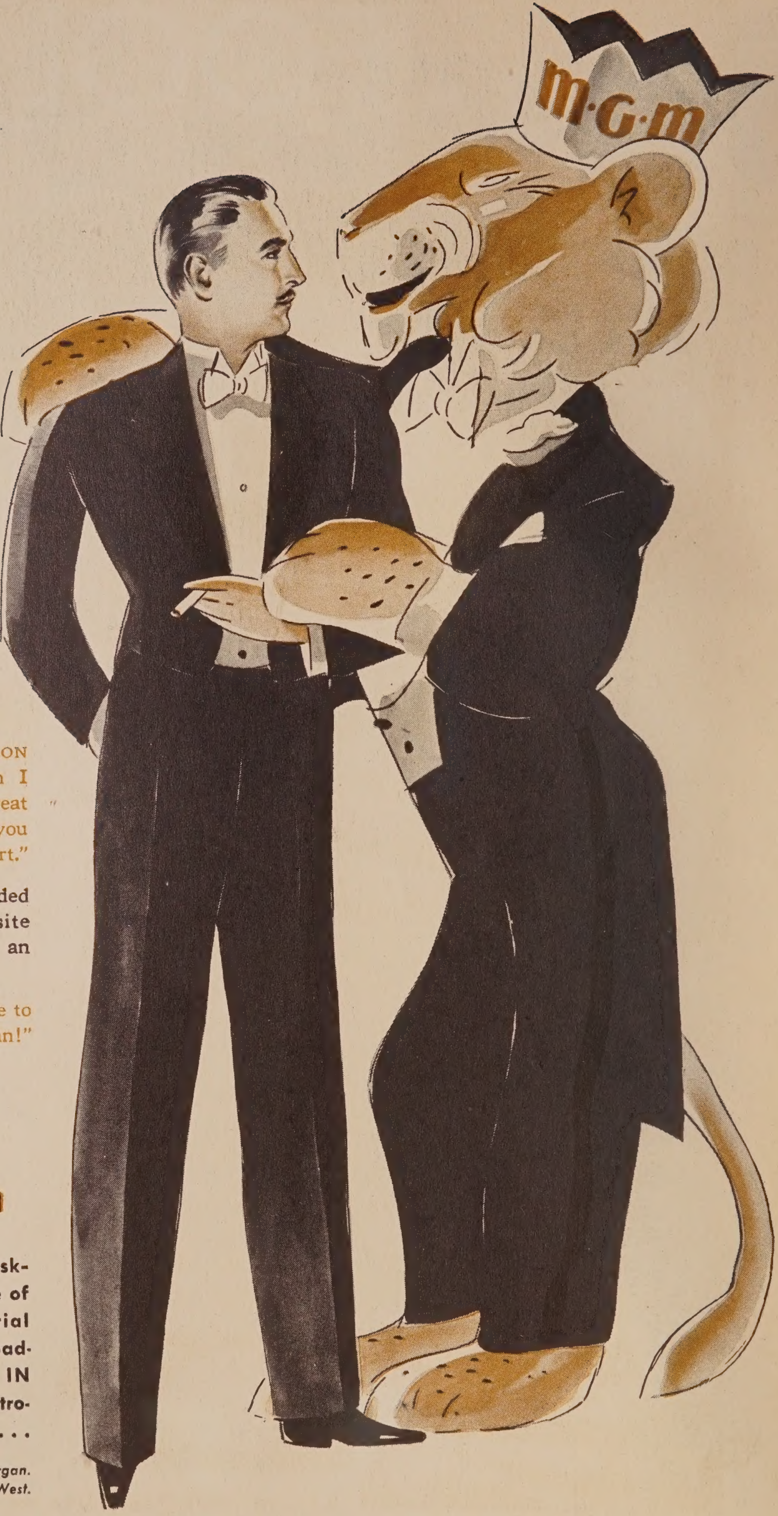
JUNE



JOAN CRAWFORD

Thrill to the Sweetest Love Story Ever Told-

HELEN HAYES' ROMANCE



LEO: "I'm glad you made 'REUNION IN VIENNA', John. When I saw it on Broadway as a great Theatre Guild hit I knew you were the man for the part."

JOHN: "Thanks, Leo. It's an added pleasure to play opposite Diana Wynyard in such an exciting story."

LEO: "I'm sure it'll be a pleasure to the public to see it too, John!"

One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court . . . Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "REUNION IN VIENNA" becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen delight . . .

with John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan.
Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West.
From the play by Robert E. Sherwood.
Directed by Sidney Franklin.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Worries over a Gray Hair

But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums

and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

She gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana and massage.*

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

IPANA

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IPANA
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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

The Managing Editor's POST MORTEMS

—*Roger Kent*

Broken hearts mend quickly in Hollywood, if we rightly interpret this snapshot of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone taken the other night at the Cocoanut Grove

- This seems to be a year of calamity for Hollywood. Studios wallowing in red ink as stocks sank toward black oblivion . . . salary cuts . . . the terrible earthquake, and then the horrendous climax—the arrival of George Bernard Shaw.

- The Pshaw of Britain descended upon Hollywood like a blight from above, landing in an airplane at Malibu Beach, the popular playground of the stars. He arrived majestically at the M-G-M studios, and in no time at all had Ann Harding in tears with a cutting remark about her beloved Little Theater in Hedgerow, near Philadelphia.

- Much ado was made of the unhappy visitation of G. B. S. upon Hollywood, and the wake of tears he left, but in the turmoil it seems to be forgotten that Shaw was merely putting on his act. All the stars have their acts, don't you know. Lupe's act is a pip. Marlene put on a trousers act which wowed the country. And Shaw's act is to make himself as unpopular as a wine merchant at a beer bill caucus.

- Which reminds us that beer is with us again, and though the old Bock signs on the corner saloon are missing, at least a measure of the grand old spirit has returned. Those Bock Beer signs showed the movie moguls what could be done with pretty pictures on lithographed "one-sheets." From drawings of festive goats cavorting about foaming steins to ladies with their beautiful legs crossed was but a simple step in the science of salesmanship. One poster of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow caused such a furor on Broadway that traffic was halted by the crowds that gathered to admire. Only a real Bock Beer picture could have created more excitement.

AN ORCHID TO RUBY KEELER

- Ruby Keeler rates one of Winchell's orchids for her success in pictures. This bright-eyed girl who made such an instantaneous hit in *42nd Street* has been hiding her light under a bushel for too many years, so far as Hollywood is concerned. But hand Hollywood credit for recognizing a good bet when it sees one. Mrs. Ruby Keeler Jolson has been rushed into another production, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, and maybe this time they'll give us more of her tap-dancing. That first glimpse made us yearn for more.

The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
Editor

JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

Vol. X Contents for June, 1933 No. 5

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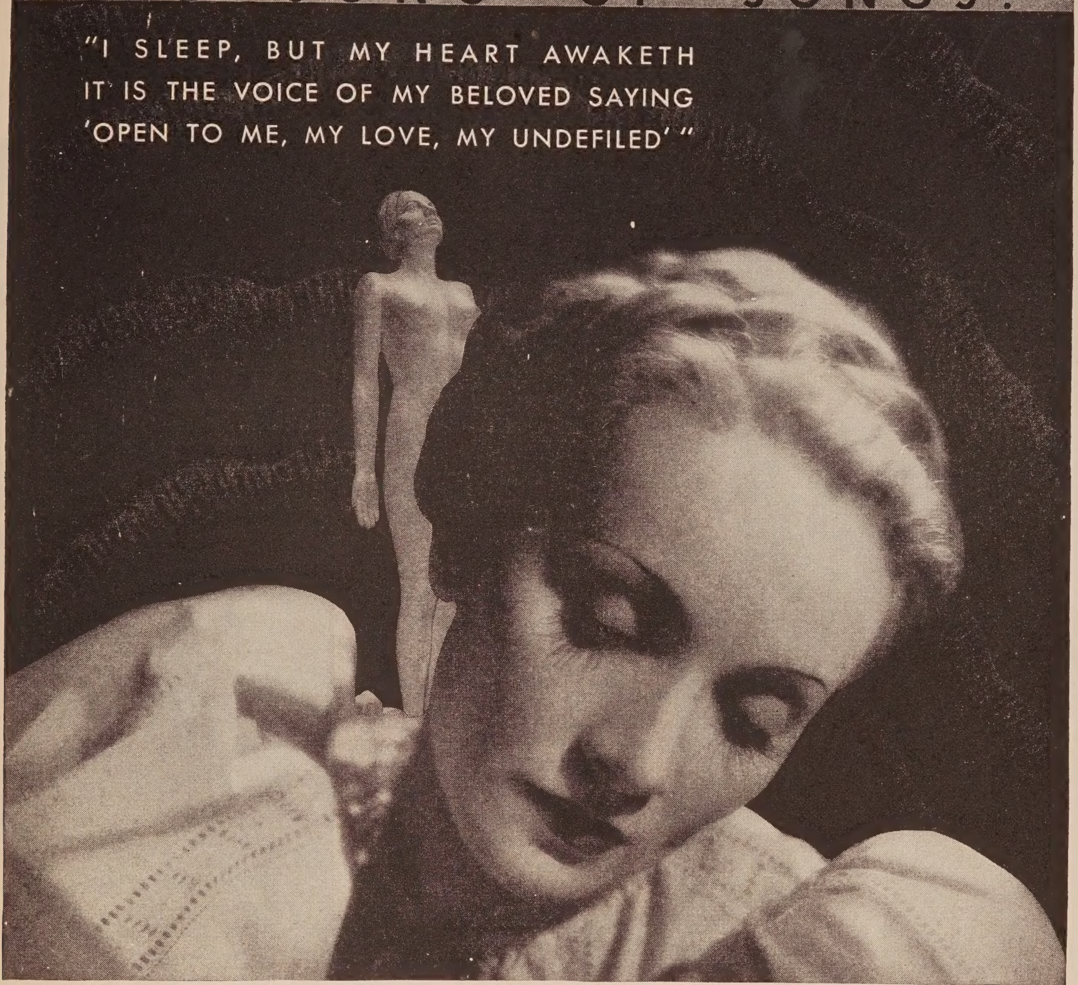
"THE SONG OF SONGS!"



"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART AWAKETH
IT IS THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED SAYING
'OPEN TO ME, MY LOVE, MY UNDEFILED' "

HER SONG OF LOVE . . . the lyric innocence of her loveliness turned into a melody in marble by the hands of the man who took her heart.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in

"THE SONG OF SONGS"

BRIAN AHERNE LIONEL ATWILL
ALISON SKIPWORTH RICHARD BENNETT

from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

a Paramount Picture

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION, N. Y. C.

PHOTO FLASHES

Hollywood events seen through the news camera's eyes

LITTLE CAESAR'S LITTLE ONE, formally known as Edward G. Robinson, Jr., poses for his first picture with his mother and dad. Mother is Gladys Lloyd, a one-time stage celebrity

—*Acme*

SAVED BY THE HIGH HAT! When thrown from a horse while filming a scene in Sherwood Forest near Calabasas Cal., Marlene Dietrich was dashed head first against a tree. Doctors declare she would have suffered a fractured skull had she not been wearing the high felt hat demanded in the script

—*Wide World*

ANOTHER KEATON GAG! Buster and his bride seen alighting from a motorcycle side car to attend the gala première of *42nd Street.* Mrs. Keaton is the former May Scribben

—*Kent*

IS JOAN HAPPY? As the door of Joan Crawford's limousine opened, the camera caught this picture of her arriving at the Club New Yorker with Franchot Tone, with whom she is seen constantly since the announcement of her separation from Doug Fairbanks Jr. Joan denies that she has a serious interest in Franchot

Now. . . . . . is the ideal time to REDUCE

The Ventilated Perfolastic Girdle Is Guaranteed To Reduce Your Hips At Least 3 Inches In 10 Days

"I HAVE reduced my hips nine inches" writes Miss Healy . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian . . . "Massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . writes Mrs. McSorley . . . and so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

• This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . Its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

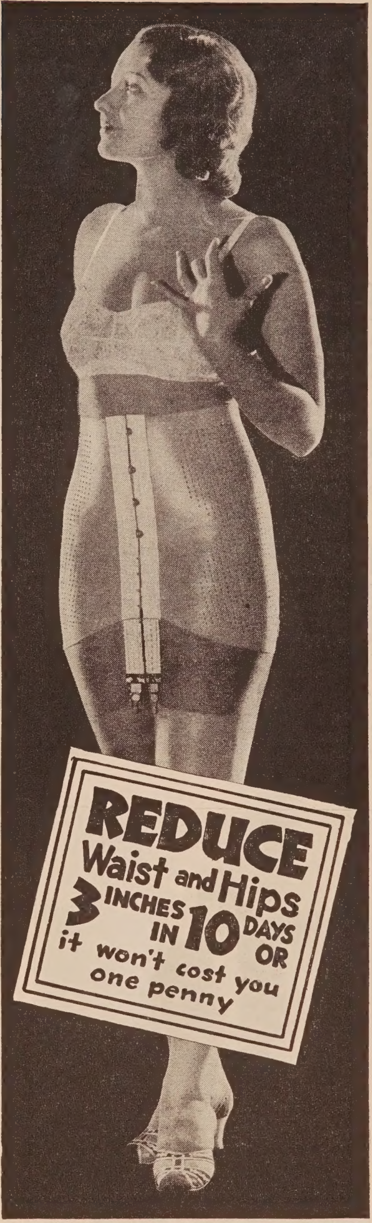
Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

• The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, it will not chafe, itch or irritate you, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today.

• You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded . . . including the postage.

Send coupon for FREE BOOKLET and sample of the VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER.



SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

"I REDUCED 20 POUNDS"

After convalescing from severe illness this Spring, I found I was putting on considerable weight; 20 pounds above normal. My physician advised against any reducing diet or strenuous exercise—so I used your girdle instead. You might be interested to know that—I reduced almost twenty pounds.

MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE
Rye, New York

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I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle—it seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been reduced nine inches. I think this is perfectly marvelous—at least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.

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Dept. 76, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day FREE Trial offer.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________________

NEWS SCOOPS!

Snappy last minute notes on the latest Movietown events

New Craze

HOLLYWOOD women have forgotten all about the pants craze. They're going Mae Westy now in a big way. But how to be buxom offscreen and slim before the cameras is something that has 'em all stopped.

Perennial Mayor

IT SEEMS Lee Tracy who once played *The Mayor of New York* will now be the mayor of Chicago in a picture based on the life of the late Anton Cermak.

Makes Good

BABY LEROY has stardom tightly clutched in one tiny fist after stealing *A Bedtime Story* from Maurice Chevalier. Paramount slated him for another picture right off the bat before another member of the cast was selected.

Nix!

JUST try to get a picture of Mae West as she was way back when. Mae has issued orders not to have any of them released.

—International

Back from Europe comes Gloria Swanson with her handsome young husband, Michael Farmer. Not dismayed over the fact that her picture, *The Perfect Understanding*, was not a great hit, Gloria is planning to face the cameras again in Hollywood soon

Recovered

RICARDO CORTEZ, in bed for weeks after being almost taken for the count by pneumonia, is up and around.

That Way

NEWS that *is* news—Frances Dee and Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's ex-husband, are giving the effect of being very much interested in each other.

Wrong Dope

SCREEN BOOK begs to report that Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie are not married as recently reported via the Winchell route. They did not even leave for Europe on the same boat. In love, yes, but wed, no!

Chaplin's Plans

CHARLIE CHAPLIN still wants to be Napoleon. He plans to start work soon on a picture based on the little general's life.

Big Money

GEORGE RAFT, only a year in pictures, is drawing down the neat total of $2,000 weekly for personal appearances when he can get time off at the studio.

Vacation

DIANA WYNYARD, after completing *Reunion in Vienna*, scurried back to merry old England. Back soon.

Jimmy's Peeve

IN *VARIETY*, bible of the show biz, Jimmy Durante advertises that he is plenty sore at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who pay him for getting that nose into things. "My bosses," Jimmy moans, "promised me a big dramatic love scene wit Garbo in *Hell Below* and then instead of Garbo they ups and hands me a scene wit a kangaroo . . . how mortifyin'!"

So What?

THE romance between Ramón Novarro and Myrna Loy has that serious look. Myrna is renting Ramón's palatial hillside home while he's in Europe vacationing.

Gilbert Departs

JOHN GILBERT and better half suddenly depart for Central America via boat on a mysterious trip. John did not divulge his future picture plans, if any.

Johnny's New One

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER may appear in *Laughing Boy*, following *Tarzan's Mate*. This picture once set for Lew Ayres, but Universal sold the production to Metro. Hence the change.

—Wide World

Since Ginger Rogers and Mervyn LeRoy put their romance on ice, she has been seen frequently with Howard Hughes, the wealthy young picture genius. This photo shows them partying at the Gold Room of the exclusive Beverly Wilshire Hotel

Helen Comes Home

HELEN HAYES cut her European trip short to hurry back to the studio for work in *Night Flight* opposite Clark Gable.

Mamma Joan

IMAGINE Joan Crawford with a houseful of kids! Learning that her chauffeur's wife was taken with a nervous breakdown after the birth of a third child, Joan fixed up a one-room nursery, hired a nurse and moved all three infants into her home. Joan is having a grand time playing nursie, despite the usual rumors to the effect that it was all "publicity."

Mae Writes Her Own

MAE WEST thinks Hollywood writers are not so hot. Upon her return, the studio told her that five writers had prepared as many different treatments of her new picture and she could take a choice. "Too bad," said Mae, "but I jotted down a little treatment of my own on the train coming out. That's the one we will use."

What a Cast!

AND still they come! Nils Asther is the latest to be put into *Dinner at Eight*, Metro's new super-picture. Others already set are John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone and Lee Tracy.

Mother Moran

JOHN A. TRUJILLO is now John Michael Moran and heir to all Polly Moran possesses since his adoption papers have been okayed. John is sixteen and was taken from an orphanage by Polly when he was a few months old.

Hersholt To Europe

AFTER leaping from one picture to another for months and years, Jean Hersholt is treating himself to a long vacation in his native Sweden. He plans to motor through the country.

Vacation Plans

STARS are hitting the trail for everywhere this summer. Marie Dressler, Marion Davies and Joan Crawford planning trips to Europe, but not together. John Barrymore intends to cool off in the Arctic circle. Wallace Beery is all set for a transcontinental flight in his new airplane.

Here's How!

WITH beer back, studio dieticians are watching femme figures closely. Some of the stars have "beer charts" to show them just how much of the beverage they can consume without endangering those alluring curves.

Gone Again

WHEELER and Woolsey are off on another world tour that will take them to Hawaii, Japan, China, India and the principal cities of Europe on an extended personal appearance tour.

Final Goodbye

RUDY VALLEE and Fay Webb say they mean it this time. Fay has rushed back to California where mamma and papa live, Rudy is "airing" his sorrow and divorce plans are taking shape.

—Kent

Jean Harlow has acquired a new wire-haired terrier who accompanies her on her daily shopping tour around Beverly Hills

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY. HERE'S HOW TO GAIN QUICKLY

I WISH I KNEW HOW TO PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY ADMIRES

Posed by professional models

New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

Sensational discovery—richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated seven times. Gives thousands of skinny folks 5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful*. Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—*quick!*

The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

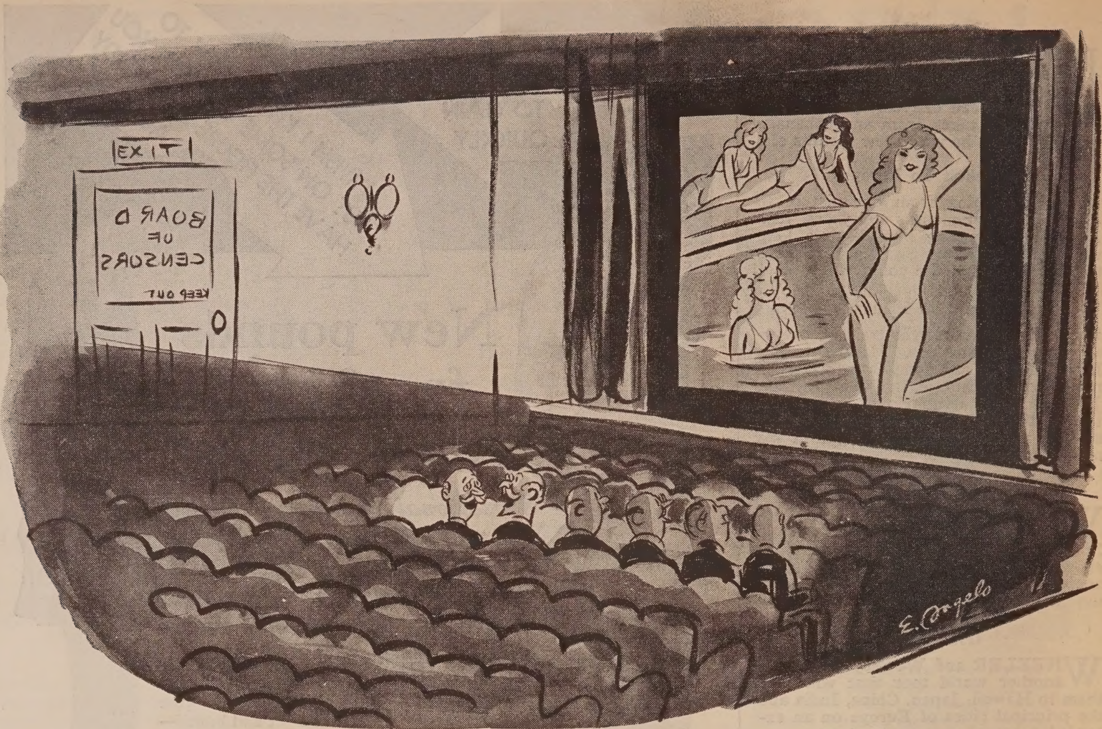
Results *guaranteed*

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded*. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 286, Atlanta, Ga.



"Let's see it again before we censor it!"

Through the Editor's *Spy Glasses*

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

BY THIS time you have had your quota of *King Kong* thrills. Through Hollywood's astonishing camera trickery, you can see a giant prehistoric ape—thirty or so feet in height—run amuck in New York. The ape bends "L" tracks across his knee and climbs the Empire State Building with the heroine in his paw.

The creation of this ape is typical of Hollywood. The ape used in most of the scenes was a graphic dummy about three feet tall. The dummy is animated into movement much as comic drawings are given life, the result being superimposed in giant proportions upon scenes in which human actors appear in miniature.

Thus a manikin of fur and springs is built cinematically into an awesome figure of terror. The tricky camera gives him a mass of strange animal emotions: Curiosity, fearlessness, dull ferocity, just a touch of sympathy. He is never anything but a dummy—but he gives one of the best screen performances of the year.

Watch this ape—and then figure for yourself how many times camera tricks and shrewd film making have made merely passably competent players—some not even that—into stars of appeal and seeming ability. Indeed this ape is typical of the whole Hollywood idea.

We expect any day to hear that the ape has gone on a studio strike, demanding better pay and more sympathetic rôles.

HAVING looked over *Christopher Strong* we can assure our readers that Katharine Hepburn, who plays the aviatrix heroine, is a real film find. She appeared such after her brilliant playing opposite John Barrymore in *Bill of Divorcement* but we never are willing to believe anything from a single performance.

Miss Hepburn's employers have gone to great trouble in making her look and sound like Greta Garbo. Which is annoying and unnecessary, for Miss Hepburn has a fresh and arresting personality of her own.

THE film stardom of George Arliss always has been viewed as an example of the intelligence of movie fans. His appeal has been purely mental, his lure completely cerebral.

Now come rumors that the Warners will not renew Arliss' contract. The reason given: Too hard to find rôles to fit him. Still, if the English star could be classed as a big boxoffice favorite, I think the business would find rôles, no matter how difficult the search. Apparently sex appeal still reigns, for I haven't heard that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is having any trouble finding parts for Jean Harlow.

I AM told that the political films, satirical and otherwise, have been duds as far as the boxoffices are concerned. *The Phantom President,* a hit in New York, died in the Paramount boxoffices all over America. At the same time a Paramount film featuring a host of radio stars, *The Big Broadcast,* was making a boxoffice record.

Newspapers of the land, involved in the colossal national problems of the moment, gave scant notice to the death of the film veteran, Spottiswood Aitken, who died in Hollywood at the age of sixty-four. Remember Aitken as the father of Lillian Gish in *The Birth of a Nation*? Aitken appeared in many of those early path-finding Griffith films.

SCREEN BOOK
The Newsmagazine of the Movies
Vol 10, No. 4 JUNE, 1933 10 Cents

Mae West's Secret Marriage Revealed!

SCREEN BOOK'S Champion News Detective Finds the Man Who Wouldn't Do Her No Wrong

By BOB MOAK

MAE WEST is married! Her husband is James Timmoney, one of New York's most astute lawyers and long prominent in the inner councils of Tammany Hall.

He is the great—and only—*heart-throb* in this clever blonde's past—and present, for that matter. Timmoney is an American of Italian descent. He is more than six feet tall, and weighs 210 pounds. A derby shades his kindly dark eyes and partially hides his iron-gray hair. A thick black cigar invariably protrudes from his lips.

So skillfully does he manipulate an artificial limb as he moves about with the aid of a heavy cane, few of his newer acquaintances are aware of a tragic accident of a decade or so ago, when he sustained injuries that necessitated an amputation.

"Timmie," as he is hailed by his intimates, is the behind-the-scenes generalissimo who directed the campaign that lifted Mae from the obscurity of cheap vaudeville to a throne as the world's Queen of Sex.

In addition to his widely-recognized abilities as a barrister and a financial expert, Timmoney is a past-master at showmanship.

The result is that his wife is a sensationally-successful and wealthy woman with an ever-increasing income from her dual artistic endeavors—she writes as well as she emotes—and from her investments.

More important than fame and riches to her, however, is the uninterrupted bliss she has enjoyed as Mrs. James Timmoney!

Mae West is the feminine Jekyll-Hyde of the theatre.

She does everything possible to spread the conviction that she is the hardest of hard-boiled characters both on and off the stage. She wants you to believe that she has a heart of stone. Splendid advertising for the type of rôles she likes to play behind the footlights and on the silversheet!

Meet Diamond Lil's hubby, James Timmoney, who has been traveling around all these years disguised as her manager

It is only when she is positive that she is safe from the public gaze and out of range of the keyhole-peepers that she removes this steel shell of her own making and becomes her true self.

BEHIND the protective walls of her home, Mae is a sentimentalist. She can shed tears as easily as the next matron. Her extensive and worth while charities are known only to herself and her beneficiaries. She will make any sacrifice for a pal.

She's no longer Diamond Lil' when she greets her Timmie at the door of their abode and cries out with a voice laden with deep and sincere affection:

"Hello, Apple Dumpling!"

Around this unusual couple's early life, their courtship and their wedded years, is woven a tale that is stranger than fiction, with stark drama packing its every chapter.

Timmoney [*Continued on page* 60]

The Real Story of Sally Eilers' Marital Troubles

Few know part played by Lois, Hoot's Daughter

By JACK GRANT

"THERE seems to be no possibility of a reconciliation this time," said Sally Eilers in announcing her recent separation from Hoot Gibson. "We are temperamentally unsuited to one another and as we have found that we cannot live together happily, it is better that we part. I have conferred with my attorney and when divorce proceedings are instituted, the grounds probably will be incompatibility."

And so another Hollywood romance comes to an end. A very beautiful romance it was during the three years it lived. Somehow it managed to avoid the blinding glare of the publicity spotlight and for this reason, if no other, it had an excellent chance of enduring.

Having enjoyed their friendship for several years, I have had occasion to observe many character-revealing incidents of their life together—previously unpublished incidents that will allow you to know them better.

Sally and Hoot first met when she became the leading lady in one of his popular Western pictures. Sally was then just past twenty, Hoot nearly fifteen years her senior. A mutual attraction grew and before either one knew it, they had fallen in love.

The announcement of their coming marriage alarmed Sally's friends. They believed and made known their belief in no uncertain terms that Sally was throwing away a promising career. Those were the days when marriage was thought detrimental to a film career, when the public was supposed to frown upon weddings for its younger favorites.

Sally, however, was in love. A career was, of course, of secondary importance. If marriage meant her retirement from the screen, she was willing to make the sacrifice of personal ambition. What were a few years of hard work learning this business of acting as compared to a possible lifetime of happiness?

She was unspoiled, absolutely unspoiled by her slight success. There is a story from this period that illustrates Sally's complete and direct simplicity. She still blushes when it is told today, as a child is embarrassed by its mother's telling of a cute prank of babyhood.

The wedding of Sally and Hoot was less than a month away when Sally happened to think of something. To her it was a terrible something that demanded pre-marital confession. She chose a moment when they were alone to blurt out: "Hooter," her pet name for him, "I must tell you this before we are married. Perhaps after learning it, you won't want to marry me."

"What in the world is it?" asked Hoot, imagining all manner of things.

"I have a deformity," Sally confessed. "My little toe was broken and is all off at an angle. It looks hideous."

Hoot burst into pardonable laughter. Sally at the time could not understand why he laughed. It led to their first spat. I ask, could there be greater unsophistication?

Hoot Gibson took a back seat when Sally Eilers suddenly became famous. Their film positions were reversed

At first little Lois didn't like her new "mother", but when the break came she said she'd stick with Sally

Daughter Is Problem For Sally

A few months after their marriage, Sally assumed the responsibilities of motherhood. Hoot's six-year-old daughter by a previous marriage came to live with them. And little Lois presented a problem that demanded Sally's full attention.

Lois had been in boarding school and might have remained there but for Sally. The new mother believed that the child should have the fuller advantages of a home atmosphere. It was her contention that parents had no right to a happiness that excluded children.

From the first, Sally determined there was to be nothing of the step-mother relationship. Lois was to be made to feel that she was wanted. Sally carried this to the extent of always referring to the girl as "my daughter" even though it meant raised eyebrows from people who did not understand how a mother so young could have a half-grown child. Sally faced the eyebrow-raisers rather than explain Lois and perhaps humiliate her.

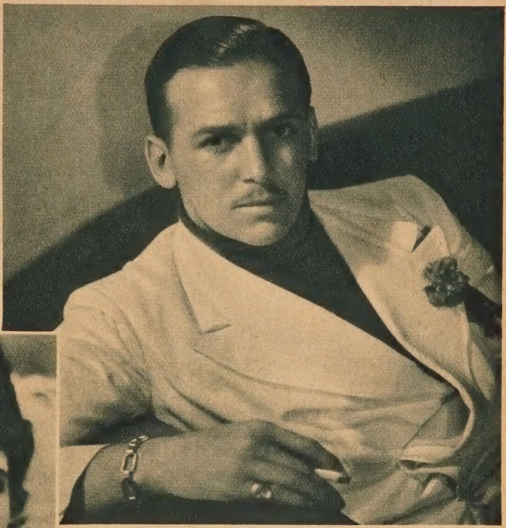
Setting herself to win the youngster's honest esteem [*Continued on page 63*]

Doug Jr. Fights Love Suit!

By BOB MOAK

—Wide World

Lucy Doraine, former German opera star, with Jorgen Dietz, who charges that Doug Jr. alienated the affections of his first wife



Says Doug: "It is not my custom to promise to marry every girl with whom I have a speaking acquaintance!"

The Younger Fairbanks Answers Charges Made in Court Battle

DOUG FAIRBANKS JR. is having plenty of trouble these days. But he *can* take it. First came the collapse of his marriage. Now, close on the heels of this disaster, a suit brought by Jorgen Dietz, alleging that Doug had alienated the affections of his first wife.

But Doug is not—and says he never has been—worried about the Dietz legal proceedings.

"I was acquainted with Alma Talma, Dietz ex-wife," he states. "I had met her on the sets, just as I have met hundreds of other women and men in the studios. But so far as singling her out as a sweetheart or a future bride, well—I didn't know the lady quite well enough for that. It's not my custom to promise to marry every girl with whom I have a speaking acquaintance!

"When Dietz came to me with a demand that I pay for what he termed the loss of his wife's love, I sent him to M. C. Levee, my manager. Dietz went to see Mr. Levee, and told the latter I'd have to pay, that I had caused him a broken heart, that he was going to wed another girl—and he needed money for the ceremony.

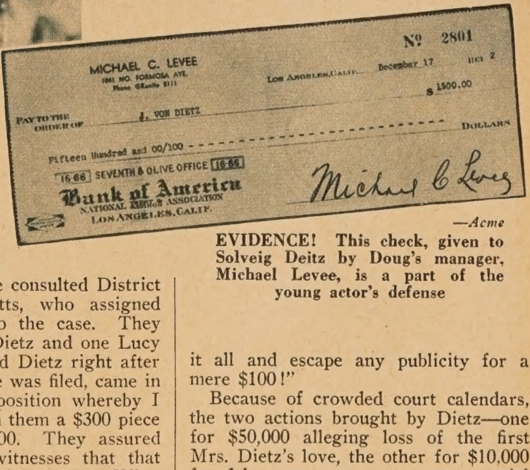
"After listening to Dietz's tale, Mr. Levee looked at the matter just as I had and decided to fight rather than pay. We could have settled the whole thing for $100. Mr. Levee consulted District Attorney Buron Fitts, who assigned state investigators to the case. They were present when Dietz and one Lucy Doraine, who married Dietz right after the action against me was filed, came in and submitted a proposition whereby I was to purchase from them a $300 piece of jewelry for $6,000. They assured Mr. Levee before witnesses that that would square the whole account. What could be plainer?

—Acme

The former Mrs. Solveig Deitz, whose alleged affection for Doug Jr. became the basis of the $60,000 suit

"Mr. Levee offered them $1,500, drew up a bill of sale and check for that amount, which Dietz and the girl accepted. As they left Mr. Levee's office, the district attorney's people took them into custody for questioning.

"Actors for years have been paying even when they were innocent. Those days are over, for extortion has become one of Hollywood's major problems. In time and attorney's fees, this is going to cost me several thousand dollars. Had I been guilty, I had my chance to settle it all and escape any publicity for a mere $100!"



MICHAEL C. LEVEE
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Los Angeles, Calif. December 17 193 2

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Fifteen Hundred and 00/100 DOLLARS

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NATIONAL TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Michael C Levee

—Acme

EVIDENCE! This check, given to Solveig Deitz by Doug's manager, Michael Levee, is a part of the young actor's defense

Because of crowded court calendars, the two actions brought by Dietz—one for $50,000 alleging loss of the first Mrs. Dietz's love, the other for $10,000 for false arrest—cannot come to trial before late June or in July.

I LUNCHED with Doug a week after hearing the news of the suit charging him with stealing the affections of another man's wife, and the almost simultaneous announcement from Joan Crawford that they were through as mates.

Doug and I have been friends since 1924. But it was a new Doug who sat across the table from me that day and talked about the future.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is starting over again—at the [*Continued on page* 60]

The Sweetest Love Story
HELEN HAYES'

It's just as tender and impulsive as you could imagine it to be, this thrilling story of love at first sight. Charles MacArthur courted and won her heart—but he didn't ask her to marry him. And then she found out why—

By Grace Simpson

A CURLY-HAIRED girl in a blue dressing gown peered out a frosty window upon a snow-clad New York one bright afternoon in December, 1926.

A faint smile crept across her face and a little sigh struggled forth from the corners of a rosy mouth. The air outside was bitter-cold and she was tired—mightily so, for long stage rehearsals for a new play had taxed her strength. But Christmas was just around the corner.

"Helen Hayes," began the curly-haired girl to herself, "you haven't your Christmas shopping done and if you don't attempt it today, I'm afraid you are going to be simply out of luck. You may be tired but right now the place for you is out shopping!"

No sooner said, then decided. Helen forgot her weariness as visions of bargain-hunting and window-shopping danced before her twinkling eyes. She even hummed a gay little tune as she slipped into her tweed suit and her fur-trimmed coat.

Helen Hayes and her adorable daughter, Mary, snapped on the steamer *California*

And here's the whole MacArthur family, as they looked on arrival in New York. In a mad last minute scramble, after finishing *The White Sister*, they caught a boat, and headed for New York and Europe on a grand vacation

Ever Told ROMANCE

Up and down the gay White Way, into store and out, struggled tiny Helen. The glad holiday spirit charged the crisp atmosphere and bounded into her heart and her flashing smile greeted every store clerk.

It was in one of the big department stores, with her arms full of bundles, that she bumped into (and nearly upset!) an old friend. It was Marc Connelly, the playwright, tall, broad-shouldered, handsome.

"Why, little Helen Hayes!" he exclaimed, after regaining both his balance and breath, "shame on you for letting your Christmas shopping go until this late hour—and then trying to walk right over a poor unoffending male!"

"So glad I *ran into you,* Marc," laughed Helen gleefully. And he exclaimed:

"Now, see here, we're going to that counter and have all these parcels sent up to your place. You can't carry them 'round, trying to make people think you're Mister Claus' advance guard!"

After she was "bundle-less," Connelly said: "What you need, young lady, is a bit of recreation. Been working too hard lately. Now, now! Don't you kid me—I know the signs. You're coming along with me right now to a nice little party!"

Neysa McMein's Studio Party

THEIR taxi came to a stop before an old red-brick building on Fifty-seventh street, just off the avenue. Out climbed the big young man and the small young lady. Into the building they went and were whizzed upward by a squeaking elevator. At the top floor they entered a large studio apartment. Neysa McMein, the noted artist, greeted them with a hearty handshake. It was her party and scores of New York's gay bohemian crowd were quite noticeably among those present.

"Guess you know nearly everyone here, eh, Helen?" muttered Connelly.

She walked slowly around the big room, greeting various friends and acquaintances. Suddenly, her eyes fell on a young man comfortably seated on a corner divan. It was the first time in her life she had seen HIM. And he was—yes, he most certainly was—munching peanuts from a huge paper bag! The playwright followed her puzzled glance.

"Say, don't you know him?" he asked. "That's Charlie MacArthur, one of our rising young newspapermen. If you like that particular brand of masculine splendor, you should like him, for he's a typical news-hound! Want to be introduced?"

"Why not?" retorted Helen with a grin.

The ceremony proceeded and immediately following Connelly was called away by his hostess.

"Here, have a seat?" directed MacArthur, his mouth full of peanuts, and Helen descended to the divan.

"He your boy friend?" asked her new acquaintance, motioning at the tall, retreating figure.

The question surprised Helen. "Nope," she laughed. "Just an old pal. Knew him when I first went on the stage. But why do you ask?"

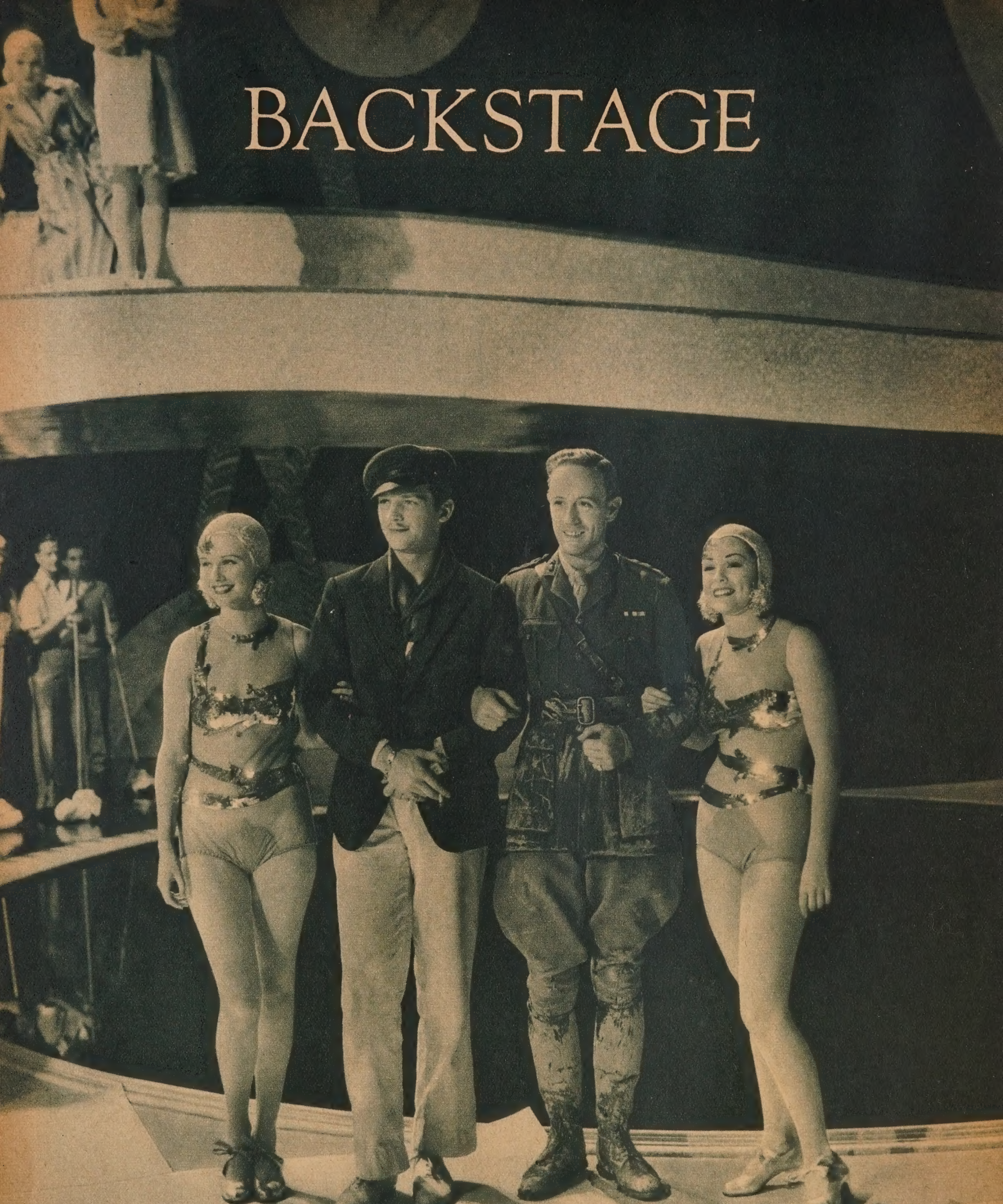
"Oh, just wondered. Say, I'm forgetting my manners! Have some peanuts, won't you?" And before she could say yes or no, a big stack of them landed in her lap!

"I only wish they were emeralds and diamonds!" commented this most amazing young journalist.

"Why?" stammered Helen, and [*Continued on page* 66]

Helen Hayes went through the strangest courtship that any girl ever experienced. But then, if you want the unusual and exciting, fall in love with a newspaper man!

BACKSTAGE



The camera of Bert Longworth views an interesting sight on one of the sound stages at Warner Brothers studio. Doug Fairbanks Jr., in the costume he wears in *The Narrow Corner*, Leslie Howard in his uniform for scenes in *Captured* and two pretty chorines from the *Gold-Diggers of 1933*, a big new screen musical

"They Won't Take Me Seriously!"

—Says Adrienne Ames, who puzzled Hollywood by leaving Wealth and Society to begin at the bottom in the battle to success in the world of movies

By Sonia Lee

"Money has its advantages," says Adrienne Ames. "But not in Hollywood. Here you've *got* to deliver"

NEITHER boredom, nor lack of money, nor visions of grandeur brought Adrienne Ames to Hollywood to work in the movies. So Hollywood thought it was just a lark with her. Why should she, who was wealthy, a member of New York society, deliberately seek the long, hard road to stardom? Hollywood refused to take her efforts seriously.

Her husband, Stephen Ames, is a successful and brilliant Wall Street broker. Their devotion to each other is well known. But an irrepressible desire to make life worth living in terms of accomplishment turned her steps toward Hollywood.

Other girls of wealth had failed. This she knew. But keenly analytical, she realized the reason. It was that lack of a driving need for money and the lack of a deep, abiding ambition.

She met the chilly Hollywood shoulder. It was whispered that it was only a lark for her. That it was an interlude—a stop-gap for restlessness which afflicts wealthy women.

Hollywood tagged her as a social butterfly and waited until she proved her sincerity and will to succeed. The poor unknowns come to Hollywood and receive a warm sympathy. Their intentions are well understood. This girl's motives, because of their very simplicity, were baffling to the film colony.

"People," declares Adrienne Ames, "think that life has always fallen in my lap, and look askance at my effort to portray vital and vivid emotion."

Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford—with their background of struggle and poverty—came to Hollywood, sorted out their personal experiences and presented electric character interpretations. They knew life—had come to grips with it. And out of them poured its essence in a steady flow.

But there was that current in Adrienne Ames, too. She is proving it in *A Bedtime Story*—in which she plays one of the leads to Maurice Chevalier. A new Adrienne Ames, Hollywood says, which has long appreciated her beauty, but has waited critically for her talent to show itself.

Rather, it is an Adrienne Ames who has leaped the barrier of training—is thawing out—is forgetting that implacable rule that an unrevealing poise must be maintained always.

Married At Sixteen

HOLLYWOOD sees Adrienne Ames against her background of penthouse apartments—country homes—the social whirl in New York's smart young set—of friendships with diplomats and financiers both here and abroad. It has never been told—the real story of this girl who has had her share of difficult problems and sorrows.

And that story may explain why she—of all the galaxy of wealthy girls who have tackled elusive screen fame—is succeeding.

At sixteen she married a boy who was in her class in high school. It was an impetuous, an ill-advised marriage—which cut her school career short, and invested her with the responsibilities of wifehood.

A year later a daughter was born. Her husband's family came to Cali- [*Continued on page* 57]

Adventures Among

In those summer isles of Eden down in the South Pacific, another exciting picture of savage loves and hates has been filmed, to show us how the other half of the world lives

"SHARKS! COME QUICK!"

Malay actors enact the simple story. The girl is summoning help for a man caught by a shark

Down among the cannibals went the World-Wide unit to film *Samarang*. Here are leaders of the party: Ben Zeidman, Theda Bara, her sister, Mrs. Wing and Ward Wing, the director

Mrs. Wing wrote the story of *Samarang* (Out Malay lovers is pictured

Sharks *and* Pearls *off Singapore*

FILMING a tale of adventure among the untaught primitives has its difficulties, as Ward Wing knows. After weeks of searching for actors to play the rôles demanded in his wife's story—which is merely the simple continuity of life among the native Malays—Wing's troubles had only begun.

Not the least of his difficulties, after the cast was chosen, was that of stopping the actors from acting. They were told that on the word "Camera" the action should start. The setting was arranged on a Chinese junk. The natives were told what to do. A Malay captain and his two companions were to be talking when a Malay runs up, bumps into a passing water carrier and accidently spills water on the captain.

A simple bit, but typical of the action. What happens when the actors start acting? The first attempt found the captain and his companions sitting wooden faced, forgetting to pretend casual conversation. The water carrier walks past with a self-conscious grin, eyeing the camera, and the Malay who is to rush up with a message leaps in, seizes the pail of water, and tosses it onto the captain!

But finally Ward Wing's patience is rewarded with the "take" he wants, and action continues. There is plenty of it in this picture; shark fights, cannibal orgies, and exciting sequences filmed through a diving bell which was sunk to the ocean floor.

"Doc" Cooke, famous cameraman, handled the filming for Mr. Wing. Cooke has spent many years knocking about the far East, having been on eight film expeditions. A short while ago he had a narrow escape from the natives in Dutch New Guinea. For some reason a white man incurred the enmity of the natives, and Cooke, with his son, got away in a shower of poisoned arrows. Cooke's son was hit, but the fast action of "Doc" saved his life, although the boy still is an invalid as a result of his wound.

of the Sea), in which the daily life of a pair of in a sea and jungle setting

The pearl divers clamber aboard, dripping, clutching the huge bivalve. Will it contain the fabulous pearl that all divers dream of?

Grapevine Gossip . . .

Dishing up the latest lowdown from the sources of SCREEN BOOK'S staff reporters

Mrs. William Powell (Carole Lombard) as she looks to Hollywood natives as she strolls down the boulevard

Notes On Norma

NORMA SHEARER gave a charming tea at the Waldorf-Astoria before she sailed for a four months' rest in Europe with her husband, Irving Thalberg.

Everybody attended and Miss Shearer made a lovely picture in a formal afternoon gown of black crêpe, ankle length, with a white tuxedo front. My feminine spy further detailed the dress: The sleeves were wrist length and the white tuxedo vest had for its only trimming four large black buttons. The gown gave the effect of two pieces, the jacket being form-fitting, ending exactly at the waist.

Miss Shearer denied the much circulated rumor that she and her celebrated husband are to leave Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "Irving signed a new five-year contract last December," she said, "and I have five more pictures to make under my old arrangement. It is true that Irving will not do so much when he returns. He simply cannot carry all the burdens of the past. His health will not permit it—and I won't either."

Thalberg has been pretty ill from overwork. He improved a lot on the trip East, which was made via the Panama canal by boat.

—Kent

BACK FROM THE WAR! Bob Montgomery with a broken hand and Leslie Howard retire from the field of battle after a rough polo skirmish

Hepburn's Fan

MISS SHEARER offered some high praise of Katharine Hepburn. "She is a real find," says Miss Shearer, "a girl with great personality and appeal."

SCREEN BOOK asked Miss Shearer how she dared to relinquish her hold on the Hollywood ladder and to depart for months from the studio battlefield.

"I owe care and companionship to Irving," says Miss Shearer. "I'll just have to take my chances with screen popularity. Irving and my little boy mean more to me than anything else. I realized that when Irving was so ill in Beverly Hills."

Quake Scare

RAMON NOVARRO was telling the New York reporters about the California earthquake.

"I was making a scene for *The Barbarian* with Myrna Loy. We were riding in a studio park. Suddenly the studio was thrown into the wildest excitement. I climbed out of the car and helped Myrna out. They gave me credit afterwards for coolness—but neither of us knew there had been an earthquake.

"Then Myrna and I heard the cry of 'earthquake!' We both started running for the outside door. It was quite a distance but we reached the door at the same second. It was a dead heat!"

Connie Comes Home

CONSTANCE BENNETT and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, had a stormy trip back from Europe on the *Bremen.* The liner was sixteen hours late and the star and her husband left immediately for California.

from Hollywood and New York

Miss Bennett refused interviews but she did take time out to deny a cabled report that she was buying an isolated château in France in preparation for her retirement from films. "Not so," snapped Constance. She'll still make pictures. "When I do retire, I will live with my husband at his château in Vendee, France," she said.

Peeved

WHEN Miss Bennett boarded the Twentieth Century for California, she slammed her drawing room door in the face of the reporters. Her blue-grey eyes blazed and she shrieked: "I'm not going to have a baby! I'm never going to have a baby! Besides, if I ever do have a baby, it will be my own business." The Marquis sighed and murmured to the reporters: "I'm sorry—she gets that way at times."

High-Hatting Garbo

OFFICIALS at the St. Moritz Hotel, New York, are much disappointed that Garbo this time will not stop in New York, but will make the trip home from Sweden all the way by boat, landing at San Francisco.

She gave that hotel, where a lot of movie stars and movie folk including such as Sylvia, the masseuse and Mike Romanoff, the phony Russian prince, stay, such publicity as the hotel never hopes to achieve again. The management took it calmly and aloofly, and when Garbo, out late at night, used to telephone for an escort to see her home, they were just about as snooty as Garbo. They kept no motorcycle cops and sirens on duty and they figured a girl who could get along in Hollywood could get along in New York.

CONNIE BENNETT, indignantly to reporters: "No, I'm not going to have a baby—and if I were it's my private affair"
The Marquis: "I'm sorry, boys, she gets that way sometimes"

—*Grimes*

WHEN LUPE'S AWAY Johnny will play around with Maureen O'Sullivan. The Irish lassie is *Tarzan's Mate* in their new picture, and such may be the case in private life—unless the fiery Miss Velez gets back to Hollywood soon

Mervyn's New Girl

MERVYN LEROY is rushing Margaret Lindsay, the Chicago girl who was a hit in *Cavalcade*. Did you remember that Miss Lindsay got her job in *Cavalcade* on the strength of her English accent? (She went to school in England.) Half-way through the picture, she had the jitters. She knew Chicago would know she was just a middle-western girl. So she broke down and told the studio and they forgave all, inasmuch as she had confessed before they had her name on the twenty-four sheets as an "English discovery." She's a very nice person.

QUEEN OF THE FOX LOT is Lilian Harvey's new title, and they say Janet Gaynor is plenty peeved. With her is Sammy Boy, famous movie dog valued at $6,000

No Christening

THE "Act of God" baby missed her formal christening by five days. Little Miss Mary MacArthur, daughter of Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur, was due to have an official church ceremony said about her name on a Thursday. An aunt was to be one godmother; Bee Lillie (Lady Peel) was to be the other. (Thursday had been selected instead of Wednesday because Bee plays matinées Wednesday.) Well, suddenly, the MacArthurs and Baby Mary up and sail for Europe with the Irving Thalbergs upon two hours' notice. So, unless, something is done about the young lady, now three years old, in a Spanish or French cathedral, she won't be chris-

Cupid's Column

By THE SNOOPER

JEAN HARLOW and Phil Harris in rhapsodies between Phil's numbers at the Grove. . . . Sally Blane making Bruce Cabot's floral bill go up and up. . . . Don Alvarado seen tangoing with Alice White at the very best places. . . . Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne oh-so-fascinated with each other. . . . Lola Lane and John Warburton much agog. . . . While Lew Ayes takes Ginger Rogers where she wants to go. . . . Celia Parker and Noah Beery Jr. calling it quits again. . . . Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp back together again. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller or Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow? . . . Both look like the real thing. . . . Merna Kennedy and Busby Kerkeley, dance maestro, will middleaisle it soon. . . .Heat waves all around Boots Mallory and Jimmy Dunn. . . . Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins don't care who knows they call it love. . . . Wedding bells all tuned for Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. . . .

—*Acme*

Elizabeth Henderson discovered that all movie stars don't desert their former sweethearts when they win fame. She's now the wife of Robert Young

—*Wide World*

Lilian Harvey shed tears when Maurice Chevalier ran away to France on business. Hollywood buzzed with rumors that Maurice and his recent ex, Mme. Yvonne Vallée, were to be reconciled

GLORIA STUART'S CHIEF DELIGHT on chilly evenings is to settle down before a roaring fire and read by candle light. She and her sculptor-husband plan to start an artists' colony soon

tened for several months. Incidentally, she'll be back with her mother, who is due at Metro for work, early this summer. Father Charlie will go on a tour of Egypt all alone.

Baby Item No. 2

IRVING THALBERG JR., aged two and one-half years, was heard by his mother, Norma Shearer, to hail Charles MacArthur, as "Chawlie."

"What's his other name, dear?" asked Mother Norma.

"Oh," responded the Thalberg young hopeful, "Charlie, ol' kid!"

Well, maybe, it isn't very funny, but it's true.

Same Old Georgie

IT'S really true that Georgie Raft has not been changed by fame and Hollywood fortune. Despite the glamorous aura that now surrounds him, on his recent visit to New York where he could have been the toast of Mayfair and other exclusive clubs, where several New York débutantes smiled willingly at him, he spurned them to haunt "Roseland," the dime dance hall where he began his career as a dancing man.

Not This Time

EVERY time Jeanette MacDonald plays in a picture, she is rumored engaged to her leading man. There was a lot of hullabaloo particularly about Maurice Chevalier and her then projected trip to Europe. Well, there will be no grounds for rumor in this next picture because she plays opposite Herbert Marshall who is "that way" about his wife, Edna Best. He quite frankly admits he was in love with Edna for several years. The Marshall-Best romance is of long standing and is looked upon with such favor in England that that conservative nation completely overlooks the fact that former marriages had to be cleared out of the way before Miss Best could become Mrs. Marshall.

Some Mistake!

HOW'S this for playing up for a fellow star?

Bette Davis was having luncheon. The waitress gushed and hovered. And hovered and gushed. Finally! "Miss Davies, I've always admired your acting so. I shall never forget you in *Little Old New York*. Would you autograph the menu for me?" Bette did, writing "Marion Davies" in large flourishes and the waitress, nearly dying with excitement, carried it triumphantly away.

Lupe And Johnny

THE mad Lupe is madly in love with Johnny Weissmuller. No, this isn't a bulletin (hot news)—it's just a forthright confession from Lupe despite the reports that Weissmuller, languishing in the swimming pools of Beverly is seeing much of Maureen O'Sullivan while Lupe is kicking up splits in a show in New York. Lupe isn't being seen places with anyone except her sister and her sister's beau. And being very much the lady.

Tag: Bobbe Arnst, Johnny's ex, is sending birthdays cards to both Lupe and Johnny.

Scotchy

IF YOU never believed the story that Joel McCrea was a thrifty young man, listen to his remarks and note his calm attitude during [*Continued on page* 65]

FOAM, SWEET FOAM!

—Photography by Ray Jones

Now that beer is back, come with us on a tour of a big brewery whose motto is: "The Customer Is Always Tight." El Brendel and Herbert Mundin show how it's done

DRAINING OFF THE VATS is an interesting process. The beer is drawn off through pipe lines into other containers, which carry the beer wherever it is that beer is carried to

THESE MUGS HOLD A GALLON, that is if you stretch things a bit. At this stage of the process we'd say they held about six quarts and a snort, not to mention a lot of free lunch

LETTING OFF STEAM is regarded as an important step by Brewmasters El Brendel and Herbert Mundin. In this view of the bustling brewery, the noon whistle has just blown to strains of Sweet Adeline

Ronald Colman's dual rôle in *The Masquerader* is one of the real achievements of his career

Maurice Chevalier, about to retire to the bawth with Baby LeRoy, resents the intrusion of his fiancée, Betty Lorraine. *A Bedtime Story* is grand entertainment

MOVIE REVIEWS

Lionel Atwill and Marlene Dietrich in one of *The Song of Songs* punchy dramatic moments. This is rated as the best Marlene has offered to date

CAGNEY FOREVER!

JAMES CAGNEY will continue to be a screen idol as long as he goes on playing America's suppressed desire. Jimmy is what the average American would like to be. He jams cops' caps down over their eyes, knows all the underworld luminaries by their first names, leans out of taxis to give the Bronx cheer to annoying rivals, socks on the impulse of the moment, is pursued by scores of beautiful girls.

I will leave it to the feminine film fans as to what Jimmy represents to them. The girls will have to analyze that urge for themselves.

They have been trying to soften up Jimmy but, thank heaven, they haven't succeeded. Cagney can go on playing hard lads who argue afterwards as long as he wants to. He is the national outlet for the underdog.

PICTURE SNATCHER

FRESH from Sing Sing, where he has done a stretch of three years for racketeering, the hero of *Picture Snatcher* decides to go straight—or almost straight. He becomes an adventurer in the newer journalism, one of the heartless horde of tabloid photographers. He is just another picture snatcher until he sneaks into the Sing Sing death house with a tiny camera strapped to his ankle and gets a picture of a woman murderess just as she pays the final penalty. That makes his tabloid famous. Not nearly as gruesome as it sounds, this provides James Cagney with a gusty, tangy rôle. Jimmy is at his rowdy best. No lame attempt to soften up the red-haired kid here. Once again you can bend nails on his personality. Alice White is swell, too, as a tough

What a team! Jimmy Cagney and Alice White go to town in *The Picture-Snatcher*, a bang-up screen story that has everything the cash customers are crying for

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AND HIS STUDIO SPIES

blonde baby of the tabloids who casts amorous but, I hasten to report, frustrated eyes upon our Jimmy. They make a great team. (*Warners*).

THE SONG OF SONGS

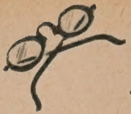
SOMETHING has happened to Marlene Dietrich—something that will win her a host of new fans. In *The Song of Songs,* Marlene's sullen, inscrutable personality is lifted, revealing a thoroughly charming and unsophisticated girl. The plot has Marlene as an artist's model who is sold in marriage to a brutal old army officer. After this loveless marriage, she becomes a notorious hostess, spurning the love of the two young men who knew her in earlier days. The picture is vivid and dramatic—easily the equal of any of Marlene's previous efforts. Lionel Atwill comes through with a brilliant performance, ably seconded by Brian Aherne and Hardie Albright. (*Paramount*).

THE WORKING MAN

GEORGE ARLISS plays another elderly millionaire being elbowed aside by the brash younger generation. He has built up a big shoe manufacturing business but his nephew looks upon him as an old fogey and hopelessly out of date. So the Senior Mr. Reeves secretly takes over the run-down business of his late competitor and gives his nephew—who has come to look upon himself as the Napoleon of shoes—a crushing battle. Arliss has his best rôle since *The Millionaire.* Arliss' performance has subtlety and warmth because he acts with his brain. Bette Davis contributes her best screen work to date as a spoiled daughter of the rich. This is Arliss' last film before he exits with *Voltaire.* (*Warner Brothers.*)

[*Continued on page* 70]

Diana Wynyard proposes a toast to her ex-lover, John Barrymore, in *Reunion in Vienna*

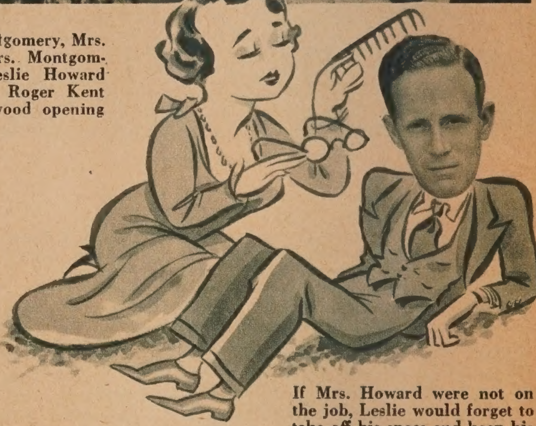


"Mothering" LESLIE HOWARD

Every woman, it would seem, wants to "mother" Leslie, but that job is held exclusively by his wife,

Says Grace Mack

Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Montgomery and Leslie Howard snapped by Roger Kent at a Hollywood opening



If Mrs. Howard were not on the job, Leslie would forget to take off his specs and keep his hair brushed for the camera

EVERY story that I have ever read about Leslie Howard has made him out to be such a very proper person. So home-loving. So domestic. The sort who would never be tempted to do any merry-go-rounding. In fact, almost too good to be true.

Well—if Leslie Howard is a thoroughly "house-broken" husband it's because he has had a wise and understanding wife who has known how and when to snatch him from the burning before he got singed. In fact, if more wives were like Mrs. Howard, the trains probably wouldn't be stopping at Reno.

The Howards have been married seventeen years. It was a wartime romance which began in a provincial town in England where Leslie's regiment was temporarily in barracks. During the seventeen years of their marriage Mrs. Howard has been, to quote her, "a combination wife, mother, manager—and protector."

The rôle of "protector" probably has been her most difficult job. For Leslie's appeal to women, in spite of the fact that he insists that there is nothing *glamorous* about him, is just as potent as Clark Gable's has ever been. And the fair screen stars who have been demanding him for their leading man are by no means the first to discover it. Ever since he made his first appearance on the Broadway stage women have been acutely aware of the Howard charm. Some of them were a little nearsighted when it came to "no parking" signs.

I recall one in particular—the wife of a well-known director whose own matrimonial craft was about to go down for the last time—who developed a decided interest in Leslie. She was a brilliant, attractive woman, accustomed to getting what she wanted. Mrs. Howard, with wifely intuition, recognized the danger signal.

Came the night when the lady in question gave a brilliant party—to which Mrs. Howard was not invited.. Leslie, of course, was invited; but how to get there became something of a problem since Mrs. Howard had called at the theatre for him, after the evening performance, to take him home. Leslie made the excuse of having to drop by the Lambs Club. A few minutes later he was climbing down the Lambs Club fire escape, and was on his way to the party.

MRS. HOWARD waited patiently for about an hour and when Leslie failed to emerge from the club, with true Philo Vance deduction, she figured out what had happened. So she, too, proceeded to the party, sending in word by the doorman that she had called for her husband. But by this time the party was just getting good. Leslie was having a grand time and refused to leave. When the second message was delivered the hostess decided to go out and appeal to Mrs. Howard's *reason*. Mrs. Howard's reason, however, was not to be appealed to. She informed the hostess that if Leslie refused to leave the party she would come in and get him.

Well, the long and the short of it was that Leslie was persuaded that discretion was the better part of valor. But with the perversity of the small boy who resents being dragged home just when he's beginning to enjoy himself, he refused to get into the car. Instead, he walked across Forty-ninth street to Park avenue and sat on a bench in the parkway. Mrs. Howard's car pulled alongside. Leslie stubbornly refused to get into the car.

And then came the comedy. A policeman strode into the scene and demanded to know what the argument was about.

"This lady is annoying me, officer," said Leslie in that charming Oxford voice. "She's trying to pick me up!"

"The gentleman happens to be my husband," countered Mrs. Howard, "and I'm trying to take him home."

Apparently the officer was a champion of women's rights because he proceeded to escort the erring husband to the car.

[*Continued on page 72*]

The Paramount Parade

This month the Paramount Studio parades its players through the *Screen Book* gallery of portraits

Susan Fleming

● If you were a cameraman, could you work under these circumstances? This fair distraction is Paramount's new featured player, a certain Miss Fleming who is being groomed for some very important parts

Marlene Dietrich and Rouben Mamoulian

● Mr. Mamoulian directed "Song of Songs," which may turn out to be a swan song for Miss Dietrich, for she plans to return to Germany since it is completed. The film out-dares the current vogue for daring photoplays

—*Don English*

George Raft and Lilian Bond

● Exceedingly popular is that rakish, raffish looking menace, Mr. Raft. And what he is saying to that delectable, all-done-up-in-organdy Miss Bond, who appears with him in "Pick Up," is nobody's business

—Irving Lippman

The Paramount Parade

Fredric March

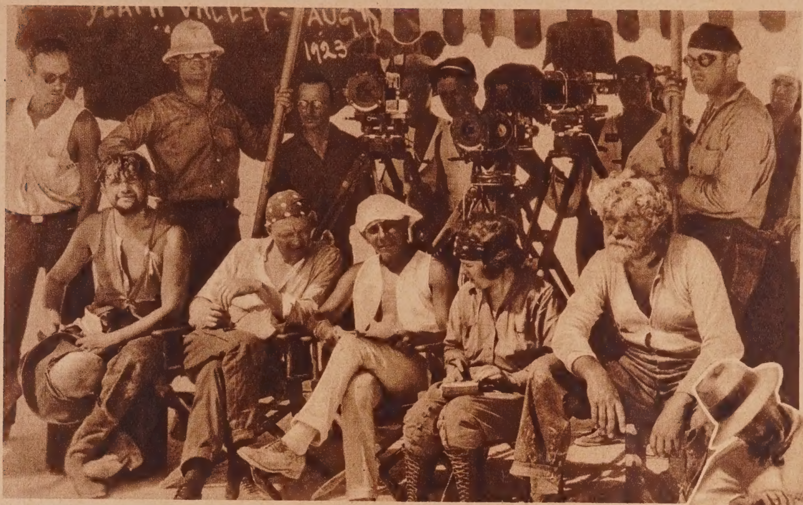
● Mr. March is taken out of high society's drawing rooms in his latest picture, to play in a blood and thunder film, "The Eagle and The Hawk." It's a tale of war and woe in aviation

Helen Twelvetrees and Maurice Chevalier

● Next the roving cameraman comes upon Miss Twelvetrees chatting with Mr. Chevalier, while waiting for the next "take". "A Bedtime Story" is the film, and possibly they are wondering if that little Baby Leroy is going to steal all the honors in this picture

Why I Hated Von

Ten years ago Jean Hersholt went with Von Stroheim into that blazing furnace of Death Valley to film "Greed". And now he tells what really happened on that trip



Enduring the torments of the damned, this troupe suffered under the blistering sun and came to hate Von Stroheim as few men have been hated. Seated, left to right, are: Hersholt, Milt Gardner, Von Stroheim, script girl, and Gibson Gowland

"Terrible!" screamed Von Stroheim. "Imagine you are fighting me, you dirty tramps, and that will give you hate enough . . ." and again Jean and Gibson went through their battle on the broiling sands

In the entire troupe there was only one gun, and that was Von Stroheim's. In this unusual snapshot it is pointed at the barber who trimmed the director's hair every day during those terrible three weeks

Stroheim Jean Hersholt's Amazing Story of 3 Weeks in Hell

Foreword by the Western Editor of SCREEN BOOK

It all came out rather casually, this inside story of one of the most famous location trips in film history. Bob Montgomery had just returned from a devilish hard job, filming Hell Below *in Hawaii, and was relating some of his experiences, when Jean Hersholt removed the cigar from his lips, grinned, and launched on the story which I have set down here. Today Hersholt is one of Von Stroheim's best friends, but there was a time, ten years ago, when . . . but let Jean tell about it!*

—J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Jean Hersholt, as he looked on location. Came a day when that revolver nearly ended Jean's life

HARDSHIPS? Boy, you never saw any hardships! You should have been with Von Stroheim in Death Valley on *Greed.* Frank Norris wrote that story around an actual San Francisco murder case, and its locations and characters were all real places and real people.

Von shot it from the book, page by page, and he shot it in the actual places where the story had been lived. We actually lived in the house in San Francisco where the characters lived. Von was a realist from the word go.

He shot the picture in ninety-six reels and the first cutting was in forty-three reels. We were in the projection room from ten in the morning until eight-thirty at night, watching it unwind. It was finally released in the usual feature length, but Von never saw it. He refused to see his art "debased."

An important sequence of the story took place in Death Valley and of course, when we had reached that point, nothing would do Von but that we actually shoot it where it took place. It meant nothing to him that it was July, the hottest month in the year, and that even the Indians shunned the Valley at that season.

We were called, all of us, into the studio and the danger of the trip explained to us. We were told to sign releases, absolving the studio from all consequences and before we went, each of us made a last will and testament—but we went.

It must be remembered that Death Valley in 1923 was not the Death Valley of today, with its resorts, its swimming pools and its modern roads. It was at that time much as it was when the Bennett party perished of thirst in 1849, a burning wilderness where the heat reached as high as 160 degrees at noon.

The First Accident

In the company which left Hollywood by car were myself, Von Stroheim, Gibson Gowland and a company of forty people including one woman, a script girl whom we called Mickey.

From Lone Pine, where a few sequences were made, we went on to Skidoo, a settlement overlooking the Valley. The radio with which one of the cars was equipped, refused to work and at this point the company lost contact with civilization. At Darwin, where we paused to make some scenes, the first real mishap of the trip occurred. I was thrown from a horse and severely injured.

My horse, an unmanageable animal, bolted with me, throwing me into a fence. I knew I was badly hurt but since there was no doctor available it was necessary for them to send to Bishop for one. I was in terrible agony and when he arrived with an X-ray machine it was revealed that I had two broken ribs and a hip injury. He demanded that I spend at least three weeks in bed and the company went on, leaving me at a little ranch house to get well.

While I lay there, Von Stroheim went to a point near the Valley to make scenes but since only Gibson Gowland and I were in the sequences, it was impossible to go on shooting. Von Stroheim returned raging to Darwin.

"Get up from there," he stormed at me. "You are holding up the company. You are shamming, you are a loafer and an ingrate."

And so, after only five days in bed, I pulled myself from the crude cot and the company went on. Every foot of the way was terrible agony but—we went on. Through the famous Immigrant Wash, by Lost Wagons and on to Furnace Creek, the company made its way to the very floor of the Valley, far below sea level. Furnace Creek Ranch was the only habitation in the entire arid waste. There for two weeks we shot sequence after sequence in the burning sun. From there we went on, deeper into the Valley, to a spot near *The Devil's Golf Course,* so called because of the nature of the rough floor of the Valley.

Here we were to make a sequence showing me trying to catch a mule upon whose back our only water was tied. I was supposed to tire at last and shoot the mule, only to puncture the last canteen.

For ten whole days we tried to get that scene. The heat was terrible. Time after time we would take it but not to please Von. Our thermometer registered 160 degrees in the shade and the coolest at night was ninety-seven degrees. The wind was so hot we had to make a circle of the cars and hang canvass to keep it out or we should have died. For four weeks I never washed or removed my clothes and we drank an average of three gallons of the hot water daily.

[*Continued on page* 69]

All Over the Lot

Going backstage with a veteran Hollywood reporter to peek at the new pictures in the making

MUSIC is in the air in Hollywood. The tunesmiths from Broadway are again personages in the town which cold-shouldered them shortly after that early talkie vogue for musicals evaporated into thin air.

Every studio is either shooting, or preparing, an out-and-out musical or modified versions of it. On the Warner lot there's *Gold-Diggers of 1933.* Metro will start shortly on *Hollywood Revue of 1933.* Fox is giving Janet Gaynor music with her words in *Adorable.* And, of course, Lilian Harvey, the honey from Germany, will sing duets with John Boles in *My Lips Betray,* her first American-made picture.

Composers, musicians, and chorus girls have come into their own.

Gold-Diggers is a gay and light tale of the vicissitudes of four chorus girls out of a job. The picture is distinguished by the superlatively beautiful chorus of fifty-four; by exotic stage settings; and by brilliantly conceived dancing numbers.

The cast is studded with the scintillating names which glorified *Forty-second Street,* also a Warner Production. Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Warren William, Aline MacMahon, Ginger Rogers, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee have tailor-made rôles. Mervyn LeRoy—that youthful genius—is directing.

Busby Berkeley, who is creating the dance numbers, chose his dancing darlings from two thousand candidates. Strangely enough previous experience had little influence with him. Personality, alertness, a willingness to learn were vital factors. Intelligent faces and symmetry of figure were essential.

The "Petting in the Park" number, executed on roller skates, offered problems. A skating rink was taken over by the studio, and here for days the girls were taught the intricacies of maintaining equilibrium.

"Bumps? Listen," one girl said, "I haven't been on these things since I was a kid—and I'm black and blue all over."

You see them whizzing down company streets to the commissary for lunch; skating on the stages, around and around pieces of scenery. Lithe young things. Having a hilarious time.

Two thousand yards of china silk are used in dressing these girls for the number in which they play silvered violins, banded in lights. Their wigs are of silver cloth—with silver sequins for little curls to frame the face. The background is

Production was slow on the *Adorable* set the day Janet Gaynor wore this satin dress. She had them "hold everything" every few minutes to have the sash pressed

Fredric March and Sir Guy Standing in the thrilling air raid scene from *The Eagle and the Hawk.* It was on this set that Cary Grant was injured when the ceiling caved in

with Sonia Lee

in startling contrast. A black lacquered floor; a pool with black water; a staircase of glass, with neon lights beneath. A glamorous setting. It required twenty men to keep the floor polished during the two days' shooting of this number.

Fifty thousand coins were needed for the costumes of these dancers in the "We're in the Money" number. Five silver dollars, twenty-eight feet in diameter, stud the stage as atmosphere.

On another stage Mervyn LeRoy, with rolled-up shirt sleeves and tie loosened, is putting a hundred extras through their paces in a ballroom scene. Ruby Keeler, in a blue evening gown, is dancing with Dick Powell; and Joan Blondell with Warren William.

"Now smile as you're dancing," he orders. "Don't make it look as if you're getting paid for it."

Lovely ladies sweep by in their escort's arms. And among these extras there are doubles for many famous stars. There's a man who might pass for Ralph Morgan; another for Clark Gable; and a girl who is Nancy Carroll.

Between scenes Dick Powell is teaching Joan Blondell how to tap-dance. Her vivacity belies the fact that the day before she fainted on the set. Good trouper that she is, Blondell continued to go through her scenes with 102 temperature. A nurse sat on the sidelines.

"Just a touch of flu," she explains. "But I can't hold up production."

Ruby Keeler's two [*Continued on page* 58]

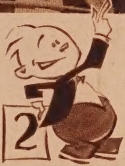
Sonia Lee

Ruby Keeler, the sensational hit of *42nd Street*, is hard at work in a new screen musical, *Gold-Diggers of 1933*

Michael, the mongrel who appears with Marion Davies in *Peg o' My Heart*, is no second-rate scene-stealer. He helps Marion make this one of her best pictures

7 STAGES *of*

Seven exciting chapters in the dramatic development of a great star who links the old with the new in picture history



Bebe heard that Harold Lloyd wanted a leading lady—but a blonde. He took a thirteen-year-old brunette!

Seeking health, Bebe's mother brought her to California—and the movies

By JERRY LANE

After the day's work in comedies, Harold and Bebe would step out and win cups for fancy dancing

THE Ambassador turned slowly, his eyes following the slender figure in gray as she moved among the other guests. "And *who*," he asked his hostess, "is that?"

"Mrs. Lyon—Bebe Daniels, film star. Charming, isn't she?"

"Charming! Madame, she is the most superb woman I have seen in America."

I happened to overhear the remark and it set me to thinking. To thinking of this Bebe who could win praise like that from a man who has known the most famous beauties the world over for more than a quarter of a century.

She has a rich maturity these days. Bebe is on the crest. She has reached the Seventh Stage—the most important stage in her life.

You feel that change in her in her latest picture, *42nd Street*. An inexplicable change as if a sudden mellow light had been turned on from within. The Bebe of today has a much fuller appreciation and understanding of life than the Bebe I first knew. But she has the same eager anticipation towards the future. That's why she is going on a concert tour that will take her to almost every corner of the globe. She will be away six months at a time—then dash back to make a super-feature.

Bob Ritchie, Jeanette MacDonald's manager, has arranged the tour just as he arranged Ramón Novarro's. It is going to be a decided departure for the girl whose history is so much a part of Hollywood's. She has literally grown up in pictures. The first star to do so. And the story of her fight to win and hold her place in the cinema sun is the kind that inspires and thrills you. Not so much a "luck" story as one of courage . . .

No. 1. The Baby Trouper

TAKE that incident when she was two. *Two*, mind you, when she made her first bold stroke for stardom. Her mother and father, Phyllis and Melville Daniels, were touring the country with their own repertory company and they decided to use her in one of the plays.

"That's awf'ly nice, Daddy, but how many 'lines' do I have?"

"Why—why none, dear. I'm simply going to carry you on."

"Thank you just the same but I don't care to be a 'super' "—and little Miss Daniels trotted off. Her father had to write in five lines for her special benefit before she'd appear. . . .

She never has been a "super." It was all or nothing with Bebe always. At three she was hailed as the world's youngest Shakespearian actress when she played in *King*

BEBE DANIELS

Bebe with Marie Mosquini, her best friend, taken when Bebe made up her mind to be a dramatic star

Nine times did Bebe Daniels narrowly escape death during this phase of her career!

Then came the talkies. What would happen to Bebe? She took fate in hand, learned to sing, and marched on to greater triumphs!

And finally, the seventh stage of Bebe Daniels Lyon, secure in her position as a star, happy as a wife and mother; the apex of her career!

Richard III. Even the great Sarah Bernhardt heard of her and sent for the youngster to join her company. But Bebe was fighting for her life at the time. She and her mother were waging what looked like a losing battle with typhoid, shut up in a dismal hotel room in Canton, Ohio. Black days—but it was because of them that she took the step which brought her the greatest ultimate fame. She came to California to convalesce—and wound up in the movies.

That might be called *Stage number one.* A period in which her pinto pony, "Peanuts," had a big part. She lived at the ranch home of her grandmother, a Spanish pioneer woman—and down the road a ways lived a boy named Lawrence Tibbett. . . .

No. 2. A Child Star's Great Moment

AT EIGHT Bebe was the highest salaried child in this country. Alternating between the Morosco and Belasco theatres in Los Angeles—and the studios in a rustic village called Hollywood.

She appeared with Lewis Stone in *The Squawman* in the same part that Dickie Moore played not so long ago with Warner Baxter. Most of the pictures she was in were westerns. Hoot Gibson and Art Acord were the heroes.

Remember those early films? And Bebe as the leading lady's little sister—the one usually stolen by the Indians so that Hoot or Art could rescue her? Grand days, those were. Particularly when the scenes necessitated a location trip. Bebe doted on them. Once she and her mother were with a company for four months in Bear Valley. There was another little girl staying at the inn with her parents and she and Bebe decided it was quite dreadful to have no church to attend. So they built one. With the help of the cowboys they erected a neat pulpit out of stones [*Continued on page* 68]

Stars of 1951

EIGHTEEN YEARS from now, will these babies be blazing a trail of star dust through the Hollywood firmament? Baby Leroy, who steals a scene or two from no less a star than Maurice Chevalier, is the hit of *Bedtime Story*

And of course that baby daughter of Esther Ralston's is bound to be a star in Television productions of 1951, for she's already in the Hollywood swim

Arline Judge may have brought a future heartbreaker home from the hospital, for Charles is a handsome infant. Arline married Wesley Ruggles, the Paramount director

DURANTE LOOKS at SEX.... ....and LOOKS..and LOOKS

And then philosophizes that the gals in Hollywood are not quite so spiritual

By Frederick James Smith

"SO!" EXCLAIMED Jimmy Durante, world famous ex-technocrat and celebrated authority on sex appeal, "America is going back to the old-fashioned woman! The new deal in girls is going to be for bigger and better—no, bigger and worse women—and more of 'em, eh? Back to the bouncing girls of the beer garden era, if I get you right?"

Mr. Durante—or shall we call him Professor?—sat in his luxurious dressing room at the Majestic Theatre during a performance of *Strike Me Pink.*

"Say," asked Professor Durante, "who has been handing you this line about the old hot-cha-hot-cha sex appeal staging a comeback? Who has been prejudicing you against the beauties of spiritual love? Who, I asks you, who?"

"Mae West," answered SCREEN BOOK's reporter, blushing a deep scarlet.

"That's different, that's different. Miss West is right. Mae is okay. Mae comes from Brooklyn. She is a pal. She knows. If Mae says love is physical, then physical it's going to be.

"But hold on and wait a minute. When Mae says that America is flocking back to the old-time sex appeal, she means that America is flocking to Mae West. There's a difference. Get me? All girls can't get away with it. Get me?

"In this show of mine, *Strike Me Pink*, we have all beautiful, platonic and spiritual girls. They represent sacred love. I don't think the audience realizes it because business is wonderful. But there you are!

"The point I am making is this. Spiritual love—that's New York. Profane love—that's Hollywood. Mae West has been to Hollywood where it's sex, sex, sex all the time—thank goodness—and she picks up loose notions. Ideas she never got in New York. Our Mae was a good girl until she went to Hollywood.

"Then, what happens? Look and see! Mae comes back and she plays profane love right across the board and talks up this old-fashioned sex appeal idea. And girls stop trying to look thin and refined and spiritual and they begin to think about wearing bustles and ruffles. From bustles and ruffles, it's only a short distance to rats in the hair.

"Mae tells 'em that if they stick to her ideas, they'll wear diamonds. It's okay with me, if they can get away with it, but say, there aren't enough diamonds to go around. Do you get me or do you get me?

"What I want to say is this. Since diamonds don't grow on trees, some girls—and plenty of girls—will have to stay by the platonic and spiritual love business.

"Don't get me wrong. Mae West is a lovely girl and a big, beautiful blonde is a wonderful sight. But not every guy can afford one. Not right now, anyway. So that's why we got to have some spiritual love in the world.

HOLLYWOOD
NEW YORK

"You say Miss West is against trousers for women. Me, too, but not for the same reason probably. Ain't us men got no perogatives? The whole thing is so mortifyin' that I'm thinking of wearing kilts."

Does Jimmy Durante like Hollywood better than New York? Jimmy couldn't be persuaded to make comparisons, despite the pleas of fans who were crowding around his dressing room door.

"I'm just getting acclimated to New York again. When I first got back here I fell asleep every night at ten o'clock. Hollywood had got me all changed around, what with getting up at six o'clock in the morning in order to get to the studio on time."

Durante came on to New York on a ten weeks' leave of absence. But *Strike Me Pink* has been such a Broadway hit that his leave may be extended. "But I gotta be getting back to Hollywood soon," he explained. "Garbo's coming back and I doubt if she'll start work without me being there. I see by the papers that she's been learning how to milk a cow in Sweden and I'm going to get her to teach

[*Continued on page* 59]

I RAN

Glenda Farrell didn't know much about life and love, but she thought she could follow where her heart led. What a cruel awakening was in store for the girl-wife!

It was for Tommy's sake that I tried again in pictures, after that first failure

BEAUTIFUL Glenda Farrell, Talkietown's newest luminary, has finally found happiness at the end of an elusive rainbow.

A strange girl with a stranger story is this grey-eyed blonde actress who stole the hearts of movie fans through her outstanding portrayals in Life Begins *and* I Am a Fugitive From the Chain Gang, *thus lifting herself into stardom by her own bootstraps.*

A trouper since she was seven, Glenda became a bride at fifteen, and a deserted mother at sixteen. Unable to obtain stage berths after the arrival of her baby, she toiled long hours in a factory for $8 a week.

But success has now caught up with her, and with it has come a great joy. The bitter mixtures she has sipped from Life's cup have failed to leave their stains on her smiling lips.

Glenda, at twenty-seven, is the current toast of the Hollywood swains, yet it is a deaf ear she turns to their offers of wedlock. She prefers the companionship of her eleven-year-old son, Tommy, above that of all others.

Glenda has revealed exclusively for SCREEN BOOK the true facts of her tragic past, and I have set them down here in her own words.

BOB MOAK.

HOW many girls must have uttered the same cry of despair: "If I'd only waited until I was sure about love!"

I'm one of the girls who didn't wait, or listen to advice. I just followed my heart, and plunged headlong into a marriage that could only bring unhappiness. If I'd only known what life meant, and marriage! Most girls today would laugh at my confession that I actually didn't know a thing about the so-called "facts of life," but that's the truth. So when a handsome vaudeville "hoofer" kissed me and told me he loved me, I believed every word of it.

I ran away with him and was married at fifteen!

Just an ignorant little child-bride, gloriously in love—and thinking it would all last!

But let me go back to the beginning. I was born in Enid, Oklahoma. My parents were poor, and we couldn't afford even the most ordinary luxuries of life. I was still an infant when we moved to Marshfield, Oregon, where they managed to give me two years of school.

My father's cousins were *troupers*—the sort who were always *broke*—and it was in my blood. As far back as I can remember, I had ambitions to get behind the footlights. When I was seven, a roving stock company presenting *Uncle Tom's Cabin* took me on as Little Eva. I've practically lived in a trunk ever since.

There were years with tent shows in the Middle West and South, all of which meant that I had to garner an education as best I could. My mother, who traveled with me, was my teacher, and histories and the classics were my textbooks.

When I was thirteen, I joined a stock company in San Diego. Leatrice Joy was the ingénue, while I played child parts.

It was there I met THE man, and things began to happen.

The Navy—at least that part of it stationed at San Diego—decided to give a stage benefit. Every gob who had any talent at all was put into the production. Our stock company volunteered its assistance.

AWAY *with* A HOOFER

The true life story of a child bride who won fame and fortune in the land of make-believe

By Glenda Farrell, *as told to* Bob Moak

A handsome hoofer, whose name had only a short while before been a Broadway by-word, was the ace attraction, and I *fell* with a crash. He was my first *heart attack*, and the hard part of it, as it turned out later, was that he ignored the rest of San Diego's femininity for me.

Despite the fact that I had knocked around with tent shows, where life is hard at its best, I was truly unsophisticated. I had been sheltered, kept apart from the rest of the players, by my mother. So it was that when I plunged into love, I still thought the stork brought babies, and that marriage was a long and glorious dream. What a fool!

My hoofer-gob called on me at home—just once. Mother and father forbid me to see him again. How short-sighted fond and adoring parents can be at times!

By their condemnation, they aroused my curiosity to such a fever that nothing could have parted us. We met on street corners, at the postoffice, in the public library, all unknown to my folks for a while. When they did eventually become aware of our clandestine affair, they raised such a storm of protest that we eloped to Los Angeles. I was fifteen then.

For months we kept our marriage a secret from them. Then I told them. They raised an awful fuss, and threatened to have it annulled. But it was too late. I was going to have a baby!

MY HUSBAND disappeared when I needed him the most.

When I could no longer go on the stage, I came to Los Angeles, where Tommy was born when I was sixteen. I hadn't been able to save much out of my meagre salary, and when I was discharged from the hospital with a child on my hands, I realized that I would have to battle it out alone. So far as I was concerned, starvation wouldn't have been so bad, for I was still heart-broken over the loss of my husband. But I couldn't let Tommy die that way!

I tramped the streets in search of any kind of employment that would provide my son with food and shelter. There were days of trudging from place to place when I thought I couldn't take another step. Then I'd think of little Tommy back there in that dingy lodging house in the care of the impoverished landlady, and I'd push on.

It is a strange thing to come face to face with the man who once was everything in life . . . the father of your child . . .

At last I got a job, such as it was. I was hired by an artificial flower concern where, by toiling long hours, I could make as much as $8 a week. That meant a roof over Tommy's head, and milk and vegetables for his *tummy*, and I was elated.

After I'd get him to sleep at night, I'd sit thinking about the events of the previous two years.

There was just one conclusion. It was my inexperience that had cost me my man. I had loved him too dearly!

But that did not absolve my parents from blame. They, too, had shown a lack of judgment.

Mothers and fathers can save themselves a lot of grief by eliminating the word "forbid" from their vocabularies. Its usage on young people in love is the greatest mistake that can be made.

Had my folks encouraged my romance, instead of prohibiting it, I'd have been all over it in two or three weeks.

I was *crazy* about him—couldn't get him off my mind. The more my mother raged, the more determined I was to have him. And I got him!

But I committed a second error. I didn't want to let him out of my sight, an attitude that no marriage can survive. Too late I realized that wedded couples need time away from each other. Too much companionship grows monotonous for both the man and the woman. He wanted a few hours with his male friends occasionally. I wanted him with me—always.

That's how I lost him!

He had been a *big shot* in musical comedy. New York knew him as an exceptionally successful hoofer, but he wanted to be a great dramatic actor. It just wasn't in the cards. When the theatres of the land were thrown into darkness by an actors' strike, he took the easy way [*Continued on page* 62]

Let's Do That

A new dance originated by Gene LaVerne

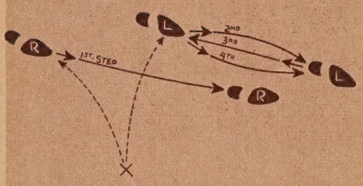


Figure A

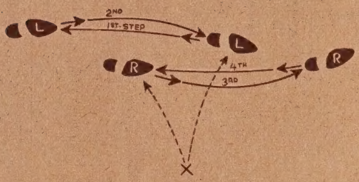


Figure B

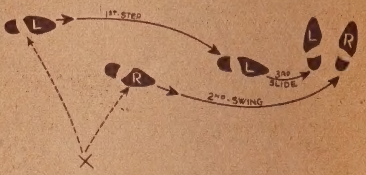


Figure C

All Hollywood is doing the tango Gene LaVerne dedicated to Screen Book. After Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard tried it, its popularity was assured. This tells you exactly how it is danced

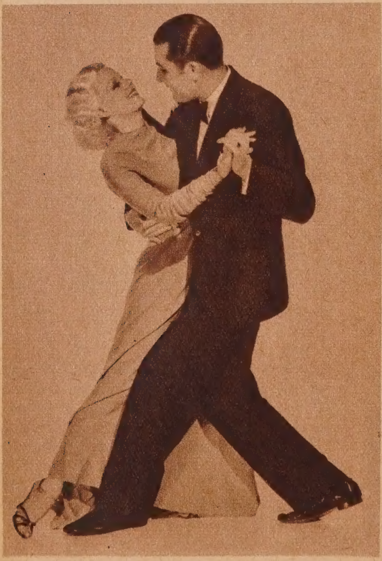
THE diagrams across the top show the steps taken by the man. The woman, of course, simply reverses the process, as she follows the lead of her partner. The steps taken (as illustrated in the diagram) are pictured in photos 1 to 6.

A slow tango tempo is used, and you can take steps from 18 to 24 inches apart, whichever is most convenient. Two dance positions are used; the regular ballroom position where the man holds his partner directly in front of him (No. 3) and the open position, which is illustrated in photo No. 2. Here is the description of the dance by diagram:

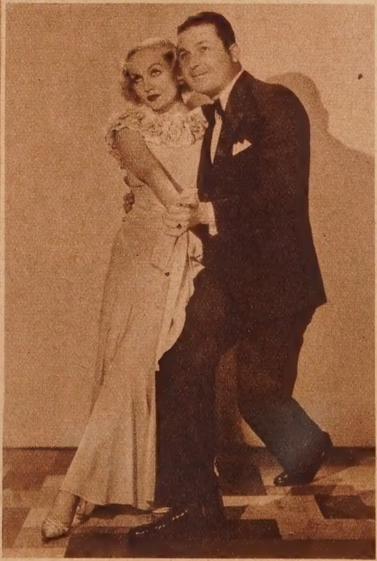
Figure A

Standing in the regular ballroom dance position, as in photograph No. 1, with the left foot forward.

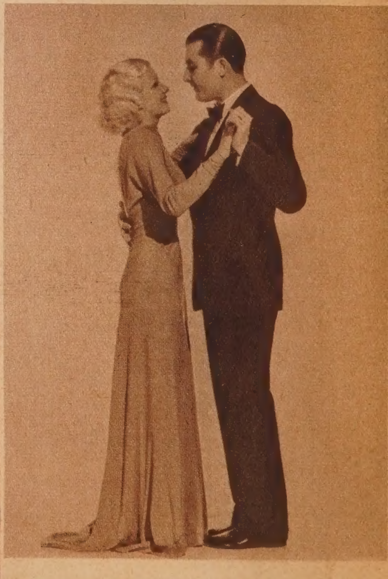
1. Step forward with the right foot.
2. Step forward with the left foot (tapping it lightly on the floor).
3. Step back with the left foot keeping right foot still (your weight on both feet).



Number 1



Number 2



Number 3

Hollywood Tango

internationally known dance creator and instructor

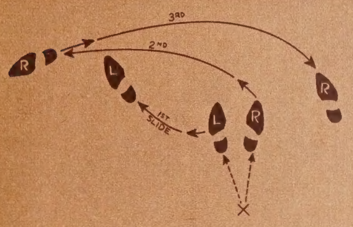


Figure D

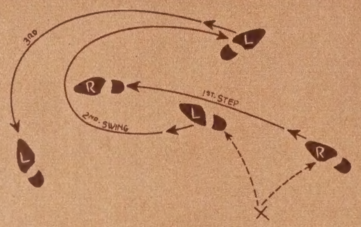


Figure E

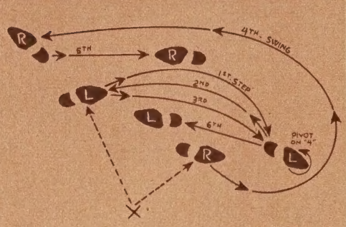


Figure F

4. Step forward with the left foot (this time placing your weight on it). You are now standing as illustrated in photograph No. 1.

Figure B

1. Step back with the left foot. (Weight on both feet.)
2. Step forward with the left foot swinging lady into the open position. (As illustrated in photograph No. 2.)
3. Step forward with the right foot.
4. Step directly back with the right foot. (Facing as you are.)
5. Step back with the left foot. (Then lady swings her right foot off the floor, placing it between man's both feet, dancers facing each other, and swinging arms to the left. You are now standing in the regular ballroom position as illustrated in photograph No. 1 only your left foot is back instead of forward as shown.)

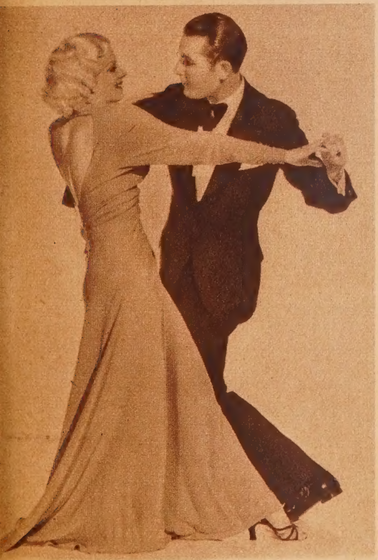
Figure C

1. Step forward with the left foot.
2. Swing right foot off the floor in half circle to the right, turning left foot as you do before placing it on the floor.
3. Slide left foot up to right foot.

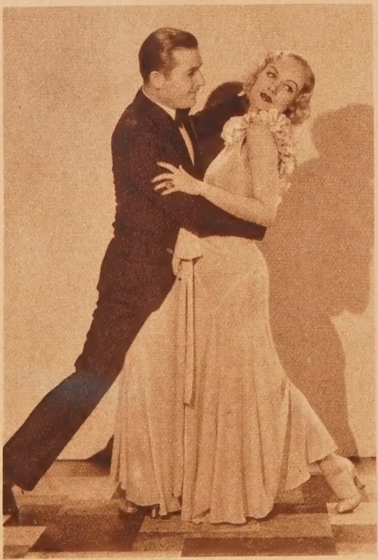
You are now standing as illustrated in photograph No. 3.

Figure D

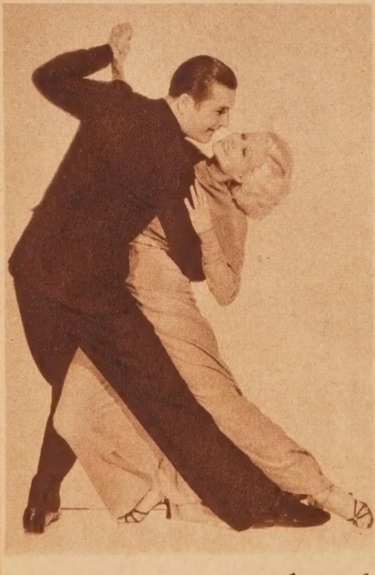
1. Slide left foot directly to the left side turning your toe as you do. (This places you in the [*Continued on page 73*]



Number 4



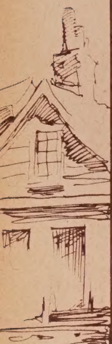
Number 5



Number 6

John Boles' Wartime

STUDYING LANGUAGES in Europe as part of an opera singer's training made John Boles an ideal spy-chaser, and led him into an unusual adventure



John Boles in uniform, taken from his album

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

JOHN BOLES, Operative 43 of the Intelligence Department, U. S. Secret Service, wore the uniform of a Yank private as he paced back and forth on guard duty inside the fence of the Embarkation Camp at Havre, France. It was July, 1918.

Across the wire fence from him, the woman known to operatives of all the Allied governments as "Madame X" hoed radishes, onions and carrots.

She frequently smiled at the lanky young Texan, who later was to become a famous movie star. He smiled back; his very best smile. Sometimes they spoke a few words to each other, in German or French. Finally, she tossed a bunch of her fresh garden vegetables over the fence to him.

Boles, set by his government to trap the woman, chewed the vegetables with enjoyment. This dangerous spy at least knew how to raise good onions, radishes and carrots in her well-kept garden!

While he talked to her, and ate the garden dainties, Boles—or "Schwartz," as he called himself—showed a proper concern that his officers should not catch him. He portrayed, whenever her sharp, observing eyes were upon him, a man just furtive enough to make a good confederate for a spy.

"That," John Boles of today explained to me, on a movie location in the high Utah Rockies, "—that was just what we thought she wanted, a confederate inside our camp. She had first aroused suspicion by continually staring from the windows of her house, which overlooked the camp, or standing in her garden, rake or hoe in hand, staring, always staring at the soldiers.

"It seemed pretty obvious. She wanted to report the number of incoming soldiers to the Germans. Even if she hadn't been visited by some known German spies we were keeping under surveillance, and if she didn't always hang out conspicuously, on an elevated clothes line, undergarments of

Spy Adventure

This story of an encounter with a beautiful woman suspected of being a German spy, was revealed while on a location trip in Utah, which Jay Chapman made with John Boles

Daily the mysterious woman who dwelt alone near a French military camp flirted with John Boles

startlingly vivid and assorted colors, like signal code flags, her obvious interest in our camp would have aroused suspicion."

So young Boles, as "Schwartz," hoped "Madame X" would suggest that he become her aide. To forward the idea, he accounted for his prolonged period of guard duty—hitherto guards had been changed at short intervals, as their outfits moved up toward the front—by saying that he was under suspicion as a possible German sympathizer, because of German ancestry.

"Then why do they keep you here?" she demanded.

"Oh, it's an unimportant place," he replied carelessly. "If I were a German at heart, I couldn't do the Fatherland any good here, nor the Allies any harm."

When Spy Catches "Spy"

BUT she wouldn't rise to snatch this bait. She only stared at him in silence, evidently considerably puzzled.

Whenever he thought neither the woman nor any other person was watching, Boles kept "Madame X" under sharp scrutiny. When her glance returned to his face, he swiftly slipped back into his rôle of the friendly German-American soldier, "Schwartz."

How was he to know that these sudden changes of expression on his face were being studied from a distance, through powerful binoculars? He soon learned!

Two men, whose civilian clothes did not conceal the bearing that comes from military training, whose features might be either English or German, and whose British accents were extremely broad, approached him. Frowning, they walked him away from the woman's sight and hearing, then demanded the meaning of his apparent friendliness with her.

Boles continued to play the part of the cringing, slightly stupid "Yank" private, "Schwartz," until he perceived that the two actually intended to take him to the camp's commanding officer.

"It's no good tryin' to fool us, my man; you just cawn't, y'know," one of them told him. "We saw you through binoculars. You and that woman, a dangerous spy, are intimates. She tossed something over the fence to you. Come on, now—we're of the British Secret Service!"

Young Boles, laughing heartily, dragged out his own credentials. "I've already fooled you!" he chuckled.

They were not too pleased to find the joke on them, and to discover that Boles, apparently, was far ahead of them in the race to outwit this particular spy.

Boles Gets A Hunch

AT LAST he received an invitation to visit "Madame X," at her house. The fact that she proved to be a delightful hostess helped to strengthen his conviction that she was indeed a spy.

"Yet," the John Boles of today resumes, "I suddenly began to get one of those hunches, based on nothing at first but vague notions. Her house was ideal, strategically, for a spy's stronghold, overlooking as it did our Embarkation Camp. She was the type of woman for spying, rather than for onion raising. Her origin was still a mystery to the Americans, British and French, who had not inquired too closely for fear of alarming her and warning off any human connecting links in her spy system.

"The very perfection of our evidence against her created our greatest chance of error—the [*Continued on page 65*]

Roger Kent's SNAPSHOTS

Exclusive glimpses of the stars as snapped by Hollywood's ace cameraman

At Mrs. Skeets Gallagher's new dress shop were Elsa Maxwell, Louella Parsons, Ruth Roland, Arline Judge. Standing: Mrs. Gallagher, Carmen Pantages, Audrey Henderson and Bebe Daniels

Claudette Colbert and John Boles telephoned all of their friends to listen in on their national broadcast from radio station KNX. The two stars are at the switchboard looking up the numbers

Buddy Rogers pays court to his old friend, Claire Windsor, while Sally Clark listens to her window Romeo, Don Alvarado, at the Little Club in the Ambassador hotel

Jean Harlow, Nancy Carroll and Ramón Novarro were caught in the act of patronizing the studio water cooler during the KNX broadcast over a national hookup

JUNIOR SCREEN BOOK

I KNOW you are all anxious to find out who won the Mickey Mouse dolls. Heaps and heaps of letters have been arriving, and all these must be sorted before we can decide who will be the lucky kiddies.

So watch SCREEN BOOK for the list of winners. Next month we will tell who won the dolls in the first contest.

* * *

Wouldn't it be fun to have your own speeder, like the one at the bottom of this page? Of course, not every boy could have a car like that one! Irving Pichel's son, who is twelve years old, did most of the work on it himself. He went to a school where they teach how to repair and run automobiles. Ever since he was three years old he has been tinkering with cars and mechanical toys. And he can drive it himself, because there is a lot of room out in the country where the Pichels live and if young Wilson Pichel goes off the road it wouldn't break his neck.

Dickie Moore's favorite pet is his pony. Dickie earned the money for him by working in the movies

* * *

Jackie Searle certainly has a lot of hard luck. In the Skippy movies, he is always the mean little kid who causes Skippy plenty of trouble. Jackie is really a very likable little boy, but he has to play mean parts sometimes in the movies. Well, Jackie has the chicken pox now! But at the same time little Elaine Line came down with it. Jackie won't tell where he caught it, but—!

Buster Phelps and Dickie Moore were talking on the lot the other day. Buster said:

"In one picture I had to fall out of a window. In another I was kidnaped. And in my last one I was very sick. I think I've had a hard time. I'll bet you never had so much happen to you in your pictures!"

"That's nothing," Dickie said. "In my last picture I was supposed to die, and I had to die twenty times before I finished!"

* * *

Cora Sue Collins (whose picture was in SCREEN BOOK last month) went to a birthday party for William Gargan's son. It's a lot of fun going to those parties, because everybody gets presents, even the guests! Cora Sue is acting in *Mary Stevens, M. D.* right now.

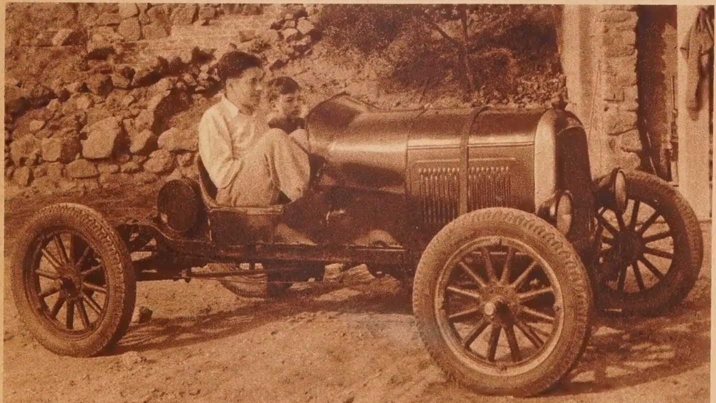
* * *

Don't forget to watch for the winners of the Mickey Mouse dolls!

* * *

Chubby Spanky McFarland thinks he is pretty smart these days. He is playing in a comedy with grown-ups instead of *Our Gang* and is a real hero. He plays the part of a cowboy and carries two tiny cap pistols—one in each hand just like Tom Mix or Buck Jones.

Uncle Jack,



Wilson Pichel gave his father a ride in his speedster when it was all finished, and boy! did he burn up the roads! It's built just like a racer, and Wilson did a lot of the work himself

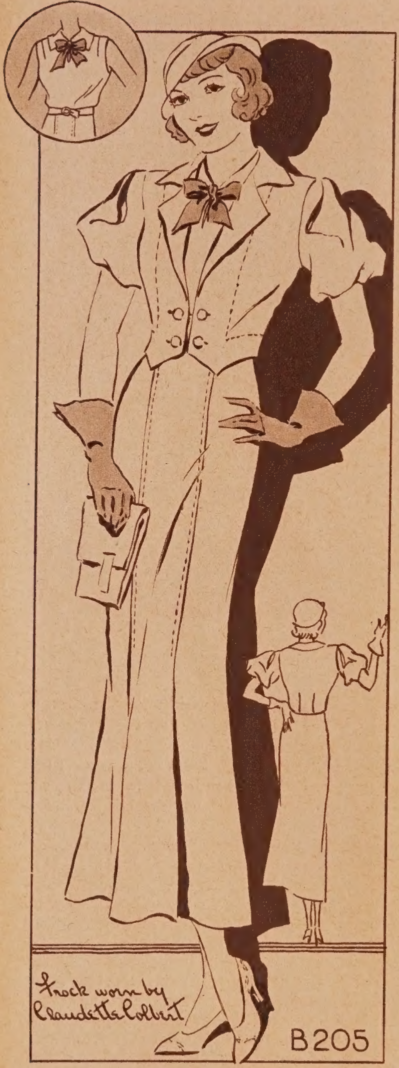
Spanky has a pet hen called Herman. Herman follows him around just like a dog, because Spanky feeds him with corn.

Buster at Bat!

Did you see Buster Phelps in *Little Orphan Annie*? Here he is in his baseball suit, and he looks just like Babe Ruth. Buster wants to be a pitcher when he grows up, instead of a movie actor. Buster got into the movies when he was only five months old, and he has been busy in movies ever since. Now he is five years old

STEP Out with CLAUDETTE

Keep in step with Hollywood fashions by making a dress exactly like Claudette Colbert's dashing spring ensemble


frock worn by Claudette Colbert
B205

The smartest touch to Pattern B205 is the chic mess jacket. Introduced by Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford, these jackets are now all the rage

Trust the Colbert girl to sport anything as startling as plaid gloves

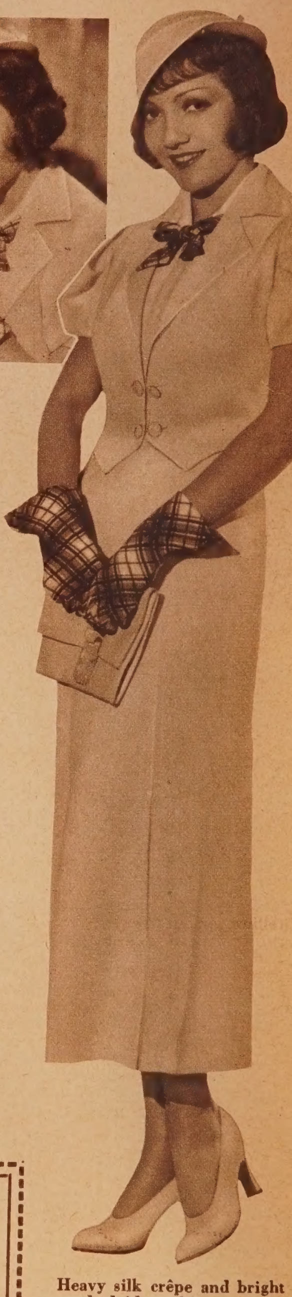
THE ensemble idea is going on a regular spree. Claudette Colbert is more charming than ever before in this dashing rig. It's the sort of thing that's a blessing to the summer wardrobe, and mindful of this, Miss Colbert suggested that we copy it and prepare a pattern, so that her admirers can be up on the latest mode, too.

Miss Colbert's is really a knockout . . . fashioned of heavy white silk crêpe. The frock is extremely simple, with a tiny mannish collar and stitched pleats. A tailored "mess" jacket with novel sleeves and smart lapels tops the frock. The cleverest fashion under the sun is the tying up of accessories in contrast . . . Note the startling effect of the gauntlets to match the engaging pert bow worn at the neckline!

When fashioning yours of this simple pattern, remember that cottons, too, would be terribly chic . . . crisp white piqué or linen, stressing white, for it is again the popular color for summer. Such a snappy rig will keep up your morale and draw many an envious eye! Don't delay ordering your pattern, you can't reach the heights fast enough. Pattern B205 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric. There's an illustrated step-by-step dressmaking lesson included with the pattern so that it's the easiest thing in the world to treat yourself to. Price of pattern, fifteen cents.

SEND FOR OUR FASHION BOOK, showing Paris-inspired models for every sewing need—all practical and easy and economical to make. Models for the larger figure, junior and kiddie styles, lingerie and accessory patterns are also featured. PRICE OF CATALOG, FIFTEEN CENTS. CATALOG AND PATTERN TOGETHER, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Address all mail and orders to SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



Heavy silk crêpe and bright wool plaid combine to make Claudette Colbert's favorite spring ensemble a creation to be envied

Screen Book Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed ....send me
Claudette Colbert's dress, No. B205. Size ....
Name ....
Street ....City ....State ....
Fashion Book 15c—10c when ordered with pattern.

Hollywood BANISHES FORTUNE TELLERS

Posed by Warren William and Glenda Farrell

Long the paradise of seers, Hollywood now has driven its popular prophets into exile—but 'tis whispered that you can still buy bootleg prophesies!

By Jack Hill

"WE'VE been robbed!" cries Hollywood, "the police took away our fortune tellers!" And the picture colony points an indignant finger toward the recently enacted "Ordinance No. 71,928," which, under pain of a $500 fine and six months imprisonment, makes it unlawful—

> **"To engage in or carry on the business of telling fortunes *for or without pay* by means of occult or psychic powers, faculties of forces, clairvoyances, psychology, psychometry, spirits of mediumship, seership, prophecy, astrology, palmistry, necromancy, crystal gazing or other craft sciences, cards, talismans, charms, potions, augurs, clairaudience, magnetism or magnetized substances, Oriental mysteries or magic of any kind or nature or numerology—"**

Promptly on passage of the law, Hollywood's blue-coated peace guardians visited the ladies and gentlemen enumerated in Ordinance No. 71,928, with orders to be swiftly on their way, which explains several hundred "For Rent" signs now visible in the studio capitol.

Just a short time before the objectionable ordinance became effective, no less a personage than America's sweetheart, abandoned an airplane trip to New York because her favorite astrologer counselled otherwise. The same Big-Dipper and Milky-Way man had previously told Mary Pickford to beware of November 8, but it was evident that Taurus, who was announcing and under the influence of Jupiter, just around the corner, had the wires crossed and intended the message for Mr. Hoover. At any rate, America's Sweetheart remained in seclusion for the day.

And Miss Pickford is not the only individual in picture-land affected by the law that banished the once busy soothsayer into the ranks of the unemployed, as evidenced by recent utterances of the genial Mr. Jolson.

Asked by New York friends about the delays in picture making, the observing radio, screen and stage star, said: "Delays? There are no delays. Just as soon as the astrologer slips the star-inspired information to the producing executive, the scenario and dialogue writers consult the crystal-gazer about the script, the director visits a Hindu prophet about the story, the tea leaves tell the cameraman how to shoot, and all check back through the coffee-grounds my Mammy reads so well, the picture is ready. Why should Hollywood wait to guess or use judgment when all of these forces are at hand?"

FOR years Nella Webb cast and recast the horoscope of that grand trouper, Marie Dressler. Always came the same mysterious numbers, "one-nine-two-nine." And when, a few years ago, New York managers could find no place for a comédienne of middle age and even Hollywood failed to hear the knock of Marie's tired hand, she was far from discouraged, for there was still Nella Webb's horoscope and "one-nine-two-nine." In 1929, Miss Dressler made *Anna Christie*. And Hollywood asks the doubting Thomases to laugh that off.

But recently, one of Hollywood's

[*Continued on page* 64]

OVER THE AIR WAVES

Tuning in on the sprightly gossip and latest news of radio favorites and radioland doings

By Frederick James Smith

SEVENTEEN million American homes now possess radio sets. Which means that more than half of the country's 30,000,000 families tune in on their favorite programs every night. Nine million radio sets were sold since April, 1930, a notable figure in view of business conditions during that time.

These figures are official—and come from the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

The District of Columbia, oddly enough, has the largest percentage of radio sets, 88.7. New York state has the most sets while Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and California follow in the order named.

A picture that tells its own story, though we fear the results achieved by this clinic will be negative. Yes, it is Gracie Allen, surrounded by George Burns, Franklin Pangborn and W. C. Fields who are attempting to discover why she's that way. They're all together in *International House*

Salute the new skipper! Rudy Vallée, whose weekly broadcast continues with undiminished popularity, recently was commissioned as a naval lieutenant-commander on the staff of Governor Louis J. Brann of Maine

Alice Dudley is the comely heroine of "Northwestern Chronicle," an entertaining Sunday afternoon program on the NBC network

Radio's Greatest Moment

THE most exciting moment in all radio history since the birth of the crystal set came at the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt as thirty-second President of the United States. Under dour skies, some hundred and fifty thousand people were massed in front of the ceremonial stands. On the morning of inauguration day the banks of the entire country had closed. The whole nation was resolute but nervous. What would the new President say? What would he do?

That moment when President Roosevelt turned to face the crowd and all America was the great moment of radio.

It is interesting to note that only one reporter—air or newspaper—was permitted on the inauguration stand. He was Edwin C. Hill, of the Columbia Broadcasting System. It was Hill, in a glass enclosed booth at one side of the stand, who flashed an electric signal to Chief Justice Hughes, notifying him that the great national tie-ups were ready to carry the swearing-in of the new President to the remote corners of the earth.

In a notable broadcast a day or so later, Hill told his impressions to the nation. He noted an odd incident ap-

parent in the news reels, that Justice Hughes was surprised when President Roosevelt launched into the complete recitation of the oath of office. Justice Hughes raised his hand in surprise, dropped it. Out in Hollywood they would have retaken this scene.

He'll Always Have Work

WHAT a play the radio has been giving William H. Woodin, the composer-Secretary of the Treasury. As president of the American Car and Foundry Company, Mr. Woodin used to amuse himself with writing music. In honor of his new boss, President Roosevelt, he dashed off *The Franklin Roosevelt March*, official melody of the inauguration. Secretary Woodin is an admirer of Ed Wynn and in his honor he wrote *The Fire Chief March*. Another Woodin melody, *Spring Is in My Heart*, has been among the three or four most played melodies on the air.

Importance Of Radio

THE full significance of President Roosevelt's use of the radio has not fully dawned upon the nation. For the trying days of the financial crisis, at least, the radio supplanted the newspaper in importance. Daily, almost hourly, President Roosevelt transmitted his plans and his activities to the country over the air. He told the nation exactly what he was doing to relieve matters, why he was doing it. The radio, more than anything else, relieved the national worries, kept up the morale of America. The use of the air waves through this crisis is an interesting indication of what radio will do in future. Here it supplemented Roosevelt's quick and decisive action with an aid that could not be matched by a million newspapers. Fifty million Americans listened and knew that the right sort of action was being taken.

Former Minstrels

SINGING SAM (Harry Frankel) once was a boy basso with J. A. Coburn's Minstrels. Frank Tinney was a minstrel in the same troupe at the time.

Roosevelt's Favorites

THE radio folks, by the way, extracted from President Roosevelt a list of his five favorite musical selections. Here you have them: *From the Halls of Montezuma* (which, of course, is the official Marine song), *Anchors Aweigh* (the fighting melody of Annapolis), *Happy Days Are Here Again*, *Madelon* and Wagner's *Fire Music* from *Valkyrie*.

Inside Stories Popular

EDWIN C. HILL, the radio reporter, has been steadily growing in air importance. He has been broadcasting a series of "inside stories." One, with the forthright, brave Amelia Earhart, was highly interesting. Another, with Ethel Barrymore, was exceedingly dramatic. Miss Barrymore told of her childhood days with her brothers, Lionel and Jack, related how she first used the phrase, "That's all there is, there isn't any more," and did a fascinating scene from *Declassée*. This was one of the best cross-sections of a drama ever done on the air.

Kotex announces the new PATENTED* EQUALIZER

in sensational introductory offer

20 to 30% greater protection

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KOTEX

3 KOTEX with Patented Equalizer for only 59c

(in United States only)

CLIMAXING two and one-half years of scientific study and research—the Kotex laboratories now announce the greatest advancement ever made in sanitary protection—the Patented* Equalizer—in a remarkable introductory offer—3 packages for 59c!

What it is

The Patented Equalizer is a remarkable distributing agent placed in the center of each Kotex pad. It gives 20% to 30% greater protection. Keeps edges dry—by providing greater thickness without greater bulkiness. It actually *insures* safety. An intimate message of explanation is sent you on the direction sheet inside the package.

All features retained

The famous Kotex softness remains—its super-absorbency—its disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. Kotex—and Kotex alone offers the special "Phantomized" shaping. Mere rounded ends will not accomplish this.

Three hundred women consulted with Kotex Laboratories during the development of this new pad. Tested—criticized—retested—then *approved for you*. Kotex with Patented Equalizer is now on sale at drug, dry goods, and department stores in your city.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer . . . and this is why:

1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

HANDCLAPS and Hisses

Where SCREEN BOOK readers talk back to the stars

THE GREAT GABLE

($15.00 Letter)

YOU know, I'm awfully glad you had that story about Clark Gable and his wife in June SCREEN BOOK. Why? Because I've lived in fear that he would lose his head and go "Hollywood" on us by divorcing Mrs. Gable. And because he hasn't is exactly why I am a Gable fan. Maybe the ladies do like him, but he's at least got enough sense to remember who stood by him when he was only a mediocre actor. Well may success be his. I have more respect for him than any other actor on the screen. —Nanka Carey, Navasata, Texas.

THE MEANEST MAN

($10.00 Letter)

SELLING tickets in a local movie theatre is my job—and after six years of it, I've had many amusing experiences with Mr. and Mrs. Public. In fact, I could almost write a book about it. However, I won't do so now, so don't run away. I just wanted to tell you that I've made a discovery—not another Garbo or a new Frankenstein—but THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD! He doesn't scare babies or step on flowers. No—he's the man who inquires at the boxoffice: "Is Mickey Mouse on?" And if Mickey IS on—HE won't go in! —Helen M. Padgett, 619 Vermont St., Quincy, Ill.

"Garbo makes two pictures a year, and if you don't like them, stay away"

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Come one, come all—here's a chance to make some honest-to-goodness cash. Simply write a letter of not more than 100 words, expressing your opinions on stars and pictures. Address your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn. The following awards are offered for the best letters each month. First prize: $15.00. Second: $10.00. Third: $5.00. Fourth: Five prizes of $1.00 each.

TIP TO PRODUCERS

($5.00 Letter)

TODAY the short short story is the vogue. Magazines are paying premium rates for Tom Thumb stories. Why doesn't some enterprising producer cash in handsomely by putting some quality two and three reel dramas and comedy dramas with "punchy" endings on the same program. One two reeler, one three reeler, a good comedy or cartoon subject with a novelty news reel to top off the menu ought to prove a wow and pack them in. Let's go, Mr. Producer!—Frank G. Davis, 2323 E. 67th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

DON'T GET SMUT!

($1.00 Letter)

WHAT gets my goat is the mistaken idea the movie producers have of using suggestive, smutty titles for their pictures as a decoy to entice us in to see them. In many instances, the pictures are not nearly as bad as their monickers. The producers should remember that a picture does not have to have a rotten name to draw us into the theatre. Plenty of us still enjoy a good, clean picture, and whether the majority do or don't, I think a crusade ought to be started by the movie magazines for better and cleaner titles.—James Mitchell, c/o Elk's Home, Bedford, Virginia.

WHO CARES?

($1.00 Letter)

ALL this fuss and fume over pants and women! Whose business is it to decide whether an actress shall or shall not wear male attire? For my part, I believe male attire is not unbecoming—at least it is more modest than some feminine clothes. Let's live and let live. —Montgomery Malford, 949 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, New York.

LISTEN, YOU!

($1.00 Letter)

HONEST criticism never hurt anyone, but, as for those anti-Garbo fanatics who are forever carping about deporting her—listen, dearies! Garbo makes but two pictures a year, and if you don't like them, stay away. There are millions who do like Garbo and they're not trying to spoil your fun, are they?

BUY ANYWHERE

($1.00 Letter)

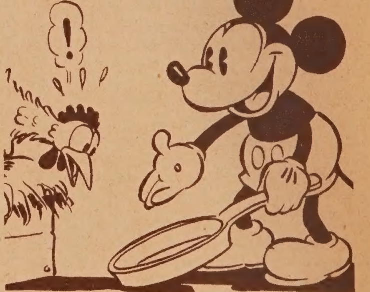
THE "Buy American" followers are ridiculously broad-minded in objecting to the foreign female stars in movies. This creed should be narrowed down through the various steps of the nation, state, town and neighborhood until it rests upon the basic principle that one should witness only the performances of those female stars in one's own family. Then those who care so much about geography in selecting their entertainment could stay at home and watch their mother-in-laws act up.—Fred B. Mann, 5959 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ACT YOUR AGE

($1.00 Letter)

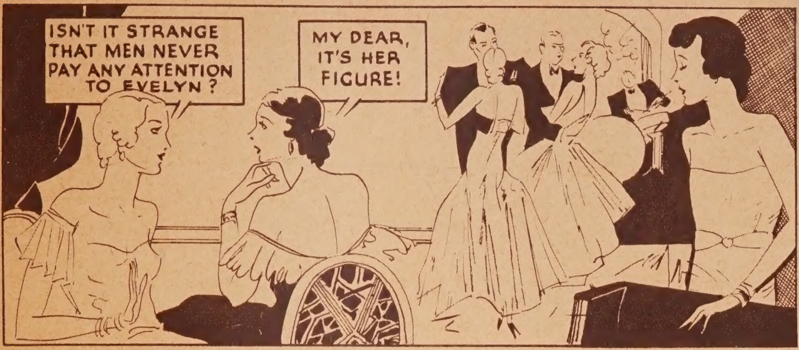
BILLIE BURKE was one of my favorite actresses on the stage and I welcome her return to the screen. To her everlasting credit, let it be said that she did not stretch one's imagination by appearing as "Little Eva." She just acted her age. Wouldn't it be refreshing if a few more stars would bear in

[*Continued on page 61*]



"The meanest man in the world . . . if Mickey is on—he *won't* go in!"

HOW ONE GIRL FOUND ROMANCE


ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT MEN NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO EVELYN?
MY DEAR, IT'S HER FIGURE!

A *Whispered* REMARK THAT CHANGED A GIRL'S LIFE!

SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

ARE YOU FLAT-CHESTED?

Give Me 30 Days To Prove I Can

INCREASE YOUR BUST MEASURE

LOVE, Romance, Popularity—all are attracted by *feminine charm.* And the outstanding charm of beautiful womanhood is a full, shapely bust. Lovely, rounded curves are the vogue. The straight-line figure is hopelessly "out."

Do you lack the allure of a shapely, well-developed figure? Is your bust small, flat and drooping? Are you embarrassed when you appear in a low-cut evening frock or a bathing suit? Let me show you how to fill out your form to fascinating curves. Let me show you how to add inches of firm, rounded tissue to your bust. No matter how small and undeveloped your bust may now be, my famous Miracle Cream treatment will quickly increase its size and mould it to lovely, arching form.

ADD 1 to 3 INCHES

One woman writes: "My bust was so thin and undeveloped that I was positively ashamed of my figure. I had tried everything without success. Then I decided to make one last try with your Miracle Cream treatment and I am certainly glad I did. My bust soon began to fill out nicely and now it has increased to attractive size and shapeliness. I never dreamed that a well-formed bust could make such a difference in one's appearance."

THANK GOODNESS FOR NANCY LEE'S MIRACLE CREAM TREATMENT
PKL

DEVELOP YOUR BUST THIS NEW, EASY WAY

Thousands of women all over the world have used this safe, simple home treatment to develop the bust. Will you give me 30 days to prove that I can give *you* a full, beautifully modelled bust? Take advantage of my special offer now. Mail the coupon below and see how easily you can add one to three inches of shapely beauty to your bust measure. Sagging contours are lifted, flabby tissues are made firm and rounded. Soon your breasts will stand out in exquisite beauty.

INSTRUCTIONS
Nancy Lee Miracle Cream

FREE: *A Beautiful Form*

My new illustrated book tells all about this new easy way to develop the bust. It is yours free. And here's my great special offer that brings you the Miracle Cream treatment to try for yourself: **send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and valuable instructions—free book included.** Don't delay—mail the coupon or write TODAY—before this wonderful offer is withdrawn.

The Charm of a Beautiful Bust

NANCY LEE, (Dept. P-6) 816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-6
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and instructions with Free Book—in plain wrapper.

Name ....

Address ....

Town .... State ....

The BEAUTY CABINET

Tips on tanning—before it's too late

By Janet Lynn

IN SPITE of Marlene's pants, there will be scads of perfectly devastating feminine rags to wear this summer. . . . Evening dresses of organza (a sort of stiffened chiffon) high in front but with absolutely no backs. . . . Dainty cotton daytime dresses with ruffles and bows galore. . . . Smart silk prints for the street with cute silk print gloves to match. And to top it all, the most gloriously be-flowered and be-veiled hats you can imagine.

These sweet togs all call for smooth, warm-tinted skin and lustrous hair. That's why I'm getting in my annual summer vacation advice early. When you pack your bags along in July to leave for the mountains or the sea shore or some inland lake, you can tuck in this good advice along with your sun-tan oils, freckle bleaches and new clothes. And not only will you be smartly correct and beautiful all summer long, but when next fall comes, you won't be writing me tearfully asking how to undo the damage of sun, wind and salt water.

Everybody knows now that the sun is one of the best health doctors. But the beauty expert knows, too, how dangerous the sun can be, especially to soft, delicate skin completely unaccustomed to its rays. She knows that the sun does not treat all skins in the same way. It's kind to some and cruel to others. And it doesn't stop at the skin, either. Hair that has an over-dose of sunlight can be very ugly. It acquires unbecoming streaks and gets so brittle that it requires weeks of treatment before it returns to normal.

If you have normal skin that isn't dry and inclined to scale and turn red at the slightest irritation, then you can safely acquire a sun-tan without ruining your skin. Not a mahogany or gipsy sun-tan, but an even, golden shade. The way to tan in this delicious tint is to use a sun-tan oil. This oil should be sprayed or patted on the skin evenly and adequately before every exposure, and it should cover every portion of the anatomy that may possibly appear before the public eye. The thing to do, of course, is to have your bathing suit or sun-suit as scanty as your moral sense will allow. Scantier, at any rate than your other clothes.

In achieving an even, light sun-tan, the important thing is to go about it

Frances Dee suns herself with a thought to how the tan will look in a backless evening frock. So there'll be no "white lines" showing she has her bathing suit and formal gown both made with necklace straps

Betty Furness takes no chances under a flaming sun. When she dons a bathing suit she coats all exposed skin with a good sun-tan oil and begins the tan by staying under the sun only a few minutes at a time

Blinking at the sun causes wrinkles about the eyes, so Mary Carlisle lays pads of cotton soaked in eyewash over her eyes when she tans on the beach

gradually, moderately. If you dash out in the sun and par-boil yourself, you not only will catch yourself a nice painful case of sunburn, but you will cause your skin to look like a dish of well-cooked beets. A thorough and painful sunburn can actually ruin skin permanently. I know a girl who has spent hundreds of dollars trying to remedy coarsened, blister-scarred skin that she acquired at Palm Beach. She has been able to improve the texture of her skin slightly, but I can see that it will *never* be as lovely as it was before she went sun-tan with a vengeance.

Stay in the sun a few minutes each day, never neglecting to apply your sun-tan oil, and in a week or so, your skin will become accustomed to the sun's rays and will not react badly. Naturally, it is never wise to lie in the sun for hours, even after you have acquired your quota of sun-tan. But don't forget the sun-tan oil, please. I can give you the name of a very excellent brand that is reasonably priced and that smells lusciously, on and off. It sells for thirty-five and sixty cents a bottle. And while you're asking about the oil, remind me to tell you where you can get a brilliantine atomizer for spraying the oil on the skin. This atomizer costs only seventy-five cents, and it facilitates what otherwise can be a rather messy job.

SOME girls, no matter how much they may douse themselves in oil and invite the sun's rays, just never succeed in acquiring anything but a crop of freckles. Usually these girls have very white, transparent and sensitive skins: They can wear black velvet beautifully in the winter, but they feel completely out of things in summer, when everybody else is sporting backless and sleeveless white dresses to show off golden backs and arms. My advice to these girls is to [*Continued on page* 56]

★ KAY FRANCIS, Warner Bros. Star in "The Keyhole," and Max Factor, using Max Factor's Face Powder.

MAKE-UP *that Creates Alluring* BEAUTY

Hollywood's Secret! Now you may share it with the screen stars! Discover new beauty... with make-up in color harmony for your type

A NEW and different kind of make-up originated by Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up, for the stars of the screen, brings amazing new beauty to you. It is based on Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color harmony which revolutionized make-up in pictures.

Whatever your type in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, you may now be sure of correct color harmony make-up to blend perfectly with your complexion colorings.

Face powder, for example, will reveal to you the remarkable difference. Each shade is a color harmony tone, created by chromatic colors in scientific balance. Thus, it never appears off-color, spotty or powdery. Proved perfect for you by famous screen stars face to face with blazing motion picture lights and camera . . . you know that your make-up will appear perfect under any close-up test.

Exquisitely fine in texture, it creates that satin-smooth make-up you have so admired on the screen. It clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Now you may enjoy this luxury created originally for the screen stars. Max Factor's face powder is nominally priced at one dollar the box.

For added beauty, have your rouge and lipstick in color harmony, too. Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by all leading stores. Discover Hollywood's magic way to beauty today.

BETTE DAVIS, *Warner Bros. Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick.*

How to Make Up your Lips to Last All Day.

1. Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger.
2. Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together.
3. Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips...and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, smooth in texture, permanent in color value.

Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.

Purse-Size Box of Powder... FREE

MAX FACTOR, 5-6-54
Max Factor Make-Up Studio,
Hollywood, California.

WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*" I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BROWNETTE	Normal ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BRUNETTE	Moist ☐
Sun Tan ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	AGE
	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

NAME

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Max Factor's *Society* Make Up
Cosmetics of the Stars ★ HOLLYWOOD
Face Powder . . . Rouge . . . Lipstick . . . *in Color Harmony*

THE **NEW** MASCARA
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NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF
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YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smarting spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

Black or Brown
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Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

The PERFECT Mascara

MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 55]

cherish their pink and white complexions the year 'round. They will be much wiser to do this, just as the Spanish type of beauty is wise not to bleach her hair.

It's unfortunate if you are inclined to freckles and athletics at the same time. In that case, if you want your skin to look its nicest, then you'll have to curb your Olympic tendencies a bit. You can still get plenty of exercise. A very smart girl who writes to me from Hawaii tells me that she always takes her daily plunge in the surf at sunset . . . otherwise she freckles. Just be careful to use the right preparations before going outdoors in the sun. Use a good sunburn preventive and protection cream and plenty of powder. There are two or three excellent greaseless creams on the market that act much like vanishing creams. They are very soothing and pleasant to use and feel simply divine on the skin. The best part about them, of course, is that they sort of filter the sun's rays and allow only the right ones to penetrate. If you use one of these creams and don't stay too long in the sun, you needn't worry about burning or freckling. The prices of these preparations are so low that you can afford to use them very generously. They come as low as twenty-five cents, I know.

Girls with freckles simply wouldn't listen if I were to claim that the foregoing preventive procedure would free them completely from freckles. They know better! They realize that these brown spots insist on putting in an appearance here and there just as sure as the sun rises. But with the *combined* use of a preventive cream *during* exposure and the weekly or twice-a-aweek use of a good bleach cream, it is absolutely possible to keep the freckles under cover. Not every freckle cream, obviously, will do the trick. It requires a carefully and scientifically blended bleach that is strong enough to discourage the excess pigment and yet not so harsh as to irritate the skin. I know exactly the preparation. It has been tested and retested, on all types of skin, and each time it works beautifully. Of course, you must give the cream a break, too, by trying intelligently to avoid over-exposure and by wearing heavy protective cream while outdoors. If you have had difficulty in finding a reliable bleach for freckles, drop me a line, and I'll send you the name of the one I'm referring to. The price is fifty cents.

Beyond the problem of keeping one's skin in normal condition in summer, there is also the problem of makeup. To find a powder foundation, powder and rouge that actually stay on for more than ten minutes is extremely hard. One canny manufacturer of toiletries, realizing this, has produced a special flesh-tinted foundation cream that not only protects the skin from too much sun and wind, but also provides a smooth, adherent base for face powder. It is simply grand for skin that insists on shining during warm weather. The same manufacturer has a really waterproof rouge which would stay on while you swim the channel. It comes in one universally becoming shade and certainly is a help for the girl who looks haggard and sick without some coloring in her cheeks. This rouge is easy to apply and hard to get off, excellent attributes in a summer cosmetic. The adherent powder foundation and rouge are a dollar each, in case you are a potential buyer.

The millions of women in America who belong in the medium-coloring class and whose summers succeed in adding only a faint touch of color to their skins are usually completely forgotten when it comes to face powder. Unless they have their powder individually blended, they can't find a shade that just repeats that "ripe peach" tinge that has appeared on their skins. But now, along comes a well-known powder in a new shade known as "English Peach." This powder is delicately scented with lavender, and in color it is warmer than rachel, creamier than natural and softer than sun-tan. Worn with hard colors such as bright blue and emerald green, this powder will give you enough color so that you can carry off these shades gallantly.

IF YOUR hair is very dark and slightly oily, you may have little trouble in keeping it in good condition during the summer, but if it is blonde or brown and inclined to be dry, then you will have to be careful. The sun has a way of taking oil out of the hair just as it extracts it from the skin. And when the hair is naturally dry, or permanently waved, the only sensible measure is to replace the oil and to protect the hair from the sun as much as possible. That does not mean that one's hair should always be hidden under hats. A little sun and air is excellent for one's hair and scalp just as it is for the skin. But in July and August the sun is pretty scorchingly hot, and so a little sun goes a long way. Salt water, of course, makes hair disgustingly sticky and discolored. The best we can do when swimming in salt water is to wear a good cap and to remove the salt by frequent shampoos and nightly brushing.

The oil or soapless shampoo is to be advised, of course, for it keeps the hair soft and replaces some of the oil that has been removed by the sun and the alkali action of the salt water. A new soapless shampoo I've been using lately is simply ideal for removing that dingy film of soap residue, wave lotion and other foreign substances that dim the beauty and lustre of hair. This preparation, which cleanses the hair in a "split jiffy," tones up the scalp, too, and removes dandruff thoroughly. It seems to normalize the scalp, I've found, doing away with excessive dryness or oiliness. It is obtainable at all the better toiletry counters for a moderate price. Or nine cents sent to the manufacturer brings you a trial bottle of two shampoos.

Readers who desire to discuss their personal beauty problems confidentially with Janct Lynn may do so free of charge by addressing her in care of SCREEN BOOK, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped (U. S. postage only) envelope for reply.

—*Kent*

Jeanette Loff, back in Hollywood after a year's absence, is being seen here and there with Buddy Rogers, her long-time friend

They Won't Take Me Seriously

[*Continued from page* 17]

fornia—and Adrienne and her child came with them. A fierce pride kept her from admitting to her own parents that she knew no happiness in this marriage—that it was destined to end in divorce.

Eventually, she could no longer keep this secret. Her child had to be supported. And the motion picture studios at that time did not so readily see the possibiliites in this exquisite girl, with the haunted eyes and exotic mouth.

Two years of keeping unhappiness to herself. Two years of chaotic thoughts—learning the meaning of terror for the future of herself and the child. The surface poise which she had learned in a gracious household did not desert her. No one could fathom the tumult within her.

But during that time she stored in her emotional reservoirs that warm, human response to situations which is now finding its way to the surface.

The inevitable separation came. The baby was taken to Texas by her maternal grandmother, and Adrienne went to New York to study costume designing.

Her Romance With Ames

IT WAS in New York she met Stephen Ames—and for three years the dynamic, handsome young stock broker courted her with relentless energy. Not that Adrienne Ames was afraid of marriage—but this time she was going to be sure.

She had come a long way since that first impetuous matrimonial venture. Grown through the alchemy of tears. And heartache.

Her eventual marriage to Stephen Ames continued her feet in sheltered pathways. But her unquenchable urge towards realizing herself and her abilities did not abate. Bridge and opera and luncheons and dinners. Lecture courses at Columbia and at the Metropolitan Museum. A complete love. These she had—but she wanted more.

For Adrienne Ames has a tenacity of purpose which may be an inheritance from her pioneering grandfather who came to Texas in a covered wagon. From her grandmother—whose name is inscribed on the roster of First Families of Virginia. From a long list of staunch ancestors who knew what they wanted—and struggled to attain it.

She came to the screen by accident—this second time. Hollywood was a stopping-place during a trip to Honolulu—and here a famous girl photographer sent the result of an Adrienne Ames sitting to Paramount. A studio call and a contract offer followed—and Stephen Ames, knowing his young wife's ambition, consented.

"That first year of separation from Stephen was rather horrible—even with the frequent visits he made to the Coast," she declares. "But we both felt that continued happiness lay for us in the realization of whatever talents I may possess.

"Hollywood knew nothing of my tribulations. It said 'She'll go back when she gets tired of getting up at six in the morning and working until she drops.' But motion pictures thrill me. As for money—yes—it has its advantages. But not in Hollywood. Here you've *got to deliver.*"

Adrienne Ames is one girl who has conquered the obstacles of money and position!

NOW *You* CAN REDUCE *a Bulging* CHEST-LINE

New Discovery Slenderizes Oversize Bust—Takes Off One To Three Inches

IS YOUR figure marred by a heavy, sagging bust? Does that embarrassing chest-line bulge make you self-conscious and ill at ease?

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Henry Garat steps into Charlie Farrell's shoes as Janet Gaynor's new leading man. The above picture is a scene from *Adorable*, in which Janet discards rags for glad rags

All Over the Lot With Sonia Lee

[*Continued from page* 35]

sisters watch her with adoring eyes, as she talks to the director about lines.

"There are no big parts in this," explains Mr. LeRoy, "and every one of the five stars is battling to be good. That makes it easy for me. I am assured of a good performance."

Incidentally, he points out that making comedy is more difficult than directing drama.

"In drama you simply guard against over-acting. But in playing for laughs, you do it with a prayer. No director can ever be sure of his comedy—what looks amusing in the making, may fall flat with an audience."

The atmosphere players sit silent while a close-up of principals is shot. And it is this need for quiet which has developed a signal system of bidding in bridge. Two spades is declared with two fingers thrust out, followed by a spading movement of the hand. Clubs by a clubbing movement; diamonds by pointing to an imaginary finger stone; and hearts, by touching the left breast.

Bridge, crocheting, reading—fillers for those interminable hours of waiting which are an extra's lot.

Marion Plays Peg O' My Heart

THATCHED roofs; rambling, unpaved streets; donkey-drawn carts; a fishing wharf reproduced to the life, with boats at anchor; boys in shirts, and women in shawls. It's the Irish village Ballymore, constructed for *Peg O' My Heart*, the new Marion Davies picture—a Metro production under Robert Leonard's direction.

Marion, in oversized pants held up by suspenders, in workman's shirt and sou-wester, bare-footed, is on the wharf helping her father (J. Farrell MacDonald) unload the fish from his boat.

Marion is quite unaware that the costume is bulky and unbecoming. It is told of her that she is one star who does not hesitate to sacrifice beauty for effect.

A bullock and wagon pass in the background; little boys are dashing with their hampers for the morning catch; there is the lilt of Irish voices—busy, happy.

On a high platform, Director Leonard is watching the movement and the timing of the scenes. Cameras grind.

The sun shines brightly, but nevertheless lights are on. This is to equalize the sunshine, and avoid heavy shadows.

Hughey O'Byrne, an old hotel doorman, is responsible for the lilt of Davies' Irish brogue. A long time ago it was his duty to hand out celebrities from their limousines in front of the Ambassador Hotel. Marion, a born mimic, used to simulate his speech to his delight. When *Peg* went into production a search began for Hughey O'Byrne. He was found in a small town, and the star invited him down to her house and just let him talk. The brogue rolled off the tip of his tongue with the Blarney of his tales and bits of philosophic wit. Marion had it down pat when it came to her dialogue in *Peg*.

Even Michael, the mongrel who is Peg's inseparable companion in the picture, is beginning to bark with a brogue. At least, his trainer insists that he is. And that's to the confusion of Gandhi. Marion's own pet dachshund, who can't see Michael anyway. There's a private feud on between the two dogs. Gandhi resents the attention the picture mutt receives from his mistress—and takes surreptitious bites out of Michael.

Peg O' My Heart is feeling the musical influence. Interpolated are lovely songs—and the sound background has the pathos and the charm of Irish folk songs.

The picture offered some difficulties: There is the matter of kid curlers required for Marion's pigtails in a scene. The property department searched every store in Los Angeles for that old-fashioned article. And finally it was discovered that a mail order house still carried them for its rural trade. Dozens of curlers were ordered.

And then there were these five tons of mackerel needed for the wharf scene. Five boats were out two days in the Pacific trying to get the fish — but the earthquake had scared them away, and the boats had to go nearly to San Francisco to make their catch.

"O. K. let's do that wharf scene again!" shouts Director Leonard from his perch. Marion's feet are sore from walking bare-footed over the rutted streets. Adhesive is taped on her soles. She rolls her pants higher. Three men off-scene begin operating a paddle to agitate the water in the lagoon where the boats are anchored. The four-piece orchestra which plays between scenes for the entertainment of the hundreds of extras halts in mid-phrase.

Action! Faces are animated. It's an Irish village come to life. It's like being suddenly transported thousands of miles away to the Emerald Isle itself. Even the grass growing in a house plot is authentic—for the seeds were brought over and planted in specially prepared soil, to give that final versimilitude.

Leave it to the prop department—nothing escapes it!

Onslow Stevens, Juliette Compton, Alan Mowbray are in the cast.

Janet No Longer A Cinderella

JANET GAYNOR is no longer the bedraggled waif. In *Adorable* she blossoms out as a princess—with a wardrobe which includes elaborate street ensembles, skating costumes, divine dance and dinner gowns, and breath-taking negligées.

The amusing thing is that while Janet is delighted with her lovely clothes, she sighs for her Cinderella rags, which have become a Gaynor trademark.

"It's an awful lot of bother to keep these exquisite things spic and span," she declares. "I'm completely surrounded by girls from the wardrobe department who are always fixing this and fixing that. The clothes I usually wear in my pictures, don't get much attention after they are made and fitted. The worse they look—the better, so far as the picture is concerned. It is comfortable to be a poor girl—in pictures."

The story of *Adorable* has a Graustarkian flavor—but it is mitigated by the unconventional charm of the Princess, and her modern ideas. It is a whimsical tale—with delicate light opera themes and technique winding their way through the entire production.

It is an ideal Gaynor vehicle. It takes on interest through the début of Henry Garat, the French import, as Janet's leading man. He is not a typical Frenchman. Blonde, fair-skinned, muscular—he is more Nordic than Latin. He has few of the Gallic characteristics.

As is customary with fascinating newcomers, stories about him are beginning to be told, enlarged upon, and repeated.

He wears a pair of high patent leather dress boots as part of the formal uniform in his rôle of officer. And they are nearly killing him.

"I'll give five dollars to anyone who will wear these boots three days and break them in," Garat propositioned members of the production staff, tenderly massaging a blistered heel. A camerman accepted the offer, but insisted on cash. With banks closed and ready change scarce all bets were called off.

On the set, between scenes, he is teaching Janet conversational French, but refuses to converse in his native tongue with William Dieterle, the director, who speaks it fluently. He is intent on correcting his slight accent when he speaks English.

Garat has definite ideas on diet. He doesn't drink tea or coffee. Eats little meat—and concentrates on fowl. Janet, accustomed to sip milk during the day, has given up the habit at the urging of her leading man, who insists that milk, taken without other food, is difficult to digest.

It is a gayer, freër Janet who is playing in *Adorable.* She has taken another house since her return from Honolulu, following her separation frow Lydell Peck. But to guard her frail health, she still religiously maintains her nine to five working hours, lunches quietly in her dressing room, and rests until her call for the set comes.

Transcendently beautiful sets mark *Adorable.* Janet's boudoir is a study in delicacy. Powder blue walls; white rugs; a white circular couch, covered with tufted white velvet; the bed has a bedspread of powder blue satin, with ermine tails and Chantilly lace. The sheets and pillows are of embroidered white satin—and the curtains of white chiffon.

At a white carved dressing table—Janet in printed chiffon negligée, with ruffles of net and maribou—is every inch a fairy princess. The wardrobe mistress adds the detail that it took two hundred and sixty-five yards of four-inch netting to make the ruffles.

Director Dieterle sounds that talkie set clarion call—"Everybody quiet. It's a take."

And Janet reads her lines in that childish, delicate voice of hers, with a lilt of laughter. She and her maid are joined in a conspiracy.

It is prophesied that *Adorable* will introduce to America at least three hit songs. The *Adorable Waltz,* written by Richard Whiting, responsible for Chevalier's *One Hour With You, Louise,* and *My Ideal,* is whistled by prop men and cameramen and technicians. It well may be the successor to the *Merry Widow Waltz.*

◆◆◆

Durante Looks at Sex . . . and Looks . . . and Looks

[*Continued from page* 39]

me. Before I went to Hollywood I had never been farther into the country than 125th Street. The city has always been okay by me."

We asked Jimmy if he had gone Hollywood yet.

"Who, me?" protested Durante. "You're kidding. Me temperamental! I do anything they tell me to do. What's the use of arguing. You lose, anyway. I been getting a lot of small parts but I hope to get bigger ones when I go back. I'm the first aid guy out there. As soon as a director begins to shake his head over a script they send for me. When they need sex appeal, right away they rush me in. Have you noticed? The ignominy of it all! Me an artist—having to depend upon my sex appeal! But I'm going in for art when I go back."

Play to Win!

Play to win **admiration, love**—the most fascinating game of all. Be gay, be clever outdoors—but above all—be dainty—for simple daintiness is the essence of feminine charm! Be sure dark hair doesn't blemish white arms, mar cheeks, or show through stockings. Banish it with Marchand's. Make it unnoticeable in 20 minutes. The Safe, inexpensive way.

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Read the senational story of

PASADENA'S CO-ED KIDNAPER

in June Startling Detective Adventures

Now On Sale

Doug Jr. Fights Love Suit

[*Continued from page* 13]

bottom, he says. Early in August, his five-year contract with Warner Brothers-First National, where he finished his climb to talkie stardom, will have expired. Poor investments, bank crashes and other things resulting from upset economic conditions have wiped out all of his savings.

The thing uppermost in his mind at the moment is the battle for vindication he will wage in the courts against the allegations of the man who claims Doug violated his home. Then Doug will go to China, and join his father on a hunting trip. After that he hopes to do a stage play in New York before returning to pictures. Someday, maybe, he'll remarry!

"JOAN is an exceptionally sensible girl," he said. "She did what, I guess, was the proper thing under the circumstances, but it was an awful wallop to me, coming as it did.

"Youth and an overabundance of ambition, made me a pretty poor husband," he went on. "Even as a kid, I was always trying to accomplish too much. I always wanted to make good without any help from Dad. He is a famous and successful man. I was going to be more so. Father is an actor. I wanted to be that as well as a writer, an artist, a musician. It was my idea to show the world that sometimes the son of a great father can be even greater.

"When Joan and I married, I set out to put additional effort into those things. I was more than ever determined to push upward. It finally reached a point where, when Joan wanted to go out in the evening, I was locked in my studio, engrossed in my work. It wasn't very pleasant for her.

"But now it is all over, and I've had an opportunity to figure things out. Perhaps this will result in my getting ahead faster from now on. At least, I know my weaknesses, and I can try to overcome them. I'm forgetting all about some of the things I used to like. I'm giving up my drawing, my painting, my music. I'm going to confine my efforts to acting and writing.

"Joan and I shall see one another frequently, go places together, talk over one another's little problems. I have been out with her four times since the separation, and I've never enjoyed myself so much in her company. I'd rather go dancing or to a show with her than with any girl I know!

"We haven't exchanged views on divorce. There is no occasion for it right now. Neither of us has any intention of stepping into another alliance immediately. We both have too much to do in straightening out our individual affairs—getting our separate houses in order, you might say."

SOMEDAY, when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. are finished with Pickfair, young Doug will succeed to the most famous of Hollywood estates.

Half a decade ago, Junior would have said he didn't want it—that the sedate life lived in the big manor was not the sort of an existence that appealed to him. That he was a *working man* with no time for visiting royalty and such things.

But I've already told you that young Doug has passed through a mental metamorphosis. He's a sedate man now, rather than the impetuous boy who used to touch off his every public remark with a tinge of the sensational.

He is eager to try his luck on Broadway, where his father started life. If he can have his own way, he'll make only three pictures each twelve months, sandwiching the footlights and his writing in between.

Then, he'd like to do some traveling. As a child he lived with his mother in Paris. He's seen little of the rest of the world, however.

"Someday, you'll marry again," I suggested, "and that will end your roaming."

"Bob, I'm not saying that I won't marry again," he answered, "but I do want you to believe me when I say that it will never be until I have so firmly entrenched myself in my field of endeavor that I can have some spare time to devote to my wife, whoever she may be.

"Remember, I'm still very much in love with Joan. Things might have been different for us, had not we both been actors; both constantly buried in our work, and weary and wrought up because of the nervous strain under which talkie people work.

"For the sake of the girl herself, I would never wed another actress. If and when I do fall in love again, I'll pick someone without a profession. I'd like her to be someone interested in literature and travel. In that way there would be a common ground on which we could meet and enjoy ourselves when I had leisure rather than labor on my mind."

"Perhaps she'll be someone with a title," I volunteered.

"Don't try to be humorous at a time like this," Doug shot back, his brow wrinkled into a scowl.

But stranger things might happen with young Doug about to start around the globe with his illustrious father, who carries passkeys to most of the Old World's castles.

Anyhow, he can't say I didn't warn him!

BLATHS STUDIO C

—*Kent*

SCREEN BOOK's news camera snaps Mae West as she arrives back at the studio after her New York vacation. Her new picture probably will concern the adventures of a feminine lion tamer

Mae West's Secret Marriage Revealed

[*Continued from page* 11]

was born in poverty on New York's Lower East Side nearly half a century ago. It was amid similar drab surroundings across the river in Brooklyn that the stork deposited Mae ten years afterward.

As in the case of his illustrious fellow-citizen, ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, with whom he has so much in common, the sidewalks and pavements of New York were Timmie's childhood playground. When he was old enough to go to school, he sold newspapers and did odd jobs to swell the meagre exchecquer of his parents. And all the while he was learning things about human nature and politics. While he was working his way through law college, he was serving as a lieutenant to a Tammany district leader.

Meanwhile, Mae, who had begun her career as an entertainer at the age of six to help keep a roof over her family, was wrestling with frowning Fates.

Tammany connections brought practice to Timmoney's tiny office from the moment he hung out his shingle. He was quick to win his spurs as a trial lawyer as well as a counsellor. His name became well known in Broadway circles in the period that followed.

ONE day an attractive young woman with golden hair was ushered into his office. She asked him to read a variety theatre contract she had been given to sign.

"I think there's a nigger in the woodpile, but I'm not certain," she explained.

Timmoney glanced at the document and assured her that her hunch was correct. He reached for his phone and called the booking-agent who had drafted the agreement.

"Get over here in a hurry or suffer the consequences," he demanded.

He instructed the actress to return the next day, when he would have the matter straightened out for her. That was the introduction of Mae and Timmoney.

On her second visit, the attorney chatted with her for two hours. He listened intently to her narration of her struggles and her ambitions. She had once been a hula dancer, she informed him, but she wanted to get ahead in dramatics and star in a play she was already writing.

She outlined the plot to him over the dinner table that evening. James Timmoney, with his broad knowledge of people, saw in Mae a mixture of courage and genius—a rare combination. And she had more. He wasn't overlooking her abundance of personality.

The lawyer was already intrigued!

MORE and more after that, Mae turned to him for counsel. When she completed her opus, she took the manuscript to Timmoney, and together they went over it, page by page, with the latter offering suggestions for changes in action, dialogue or color.

Then he summoned one of his clients—a man who had confided to him that he had money to invest in a stage venture.

That man, I've always understood, was Owney Madden, who in the years that ensued after the dawn of prohibition made millions through his control of the night clubs of the metropolis.

The cash was advanced on the strength of Timmoney's promise that he personally would supervise its expenditure.

Mae West got her first big break. It was but a brief while afterward that she and Timmie very quietly joined hands at the altar.

Timmoney had begun his course in showmanship as a youngster in that toughest of all exploitation schools—the streets of the slums. He continued this particular branch of his education by keeping his orbs and ears open in political gatherings and in the police courts. He learned still more about the art when, as a pastime, he directed the destinies of a stable of pugilists. He won his post-graduate diploma when he became part owner of a Brooklyn baseball club.

Under his careful guidance, Mae serged ahead rapidly.

She always has referred to herself as different from other actresses. Distinctive, perhaps, is a better word.

It was when she discovered she could pull audiences into the theatres just by her presence on a vaudeville bill, or keep them away by her failure to appear, that she decided to take up playwriting.

"Give 'em plenty of sex!" was her slogan then as now. "Not just plain, ordinary sex, but sex of the Mae West variety!"

And so it was that she wrote and produced—with the assistance of Timmie, to be sure—such startling offerings as *Sex*, which brought her a ten-day sentence in the city prison on Blackwell's Island; *The Drag*, which she removed under orders from the authorities; *Pleasure Man*, which was raided; *Diamond Lil'*, which got her into no serious difficulties despite its daring qualities, and *Constant Sinner*, which met with no opposition until it reached Washington, D. C.

James Timmoney, barrister and political power, could have spared Mae that stay behind the bars—the penalty for having staged *Sex*—but she wouldn't have it that way. To her, the cell term was a publicity stunt worth battling for, not against.

She laughingly did her "time," got her picture on every front page in America, and never played to less than a capacity house thereafter.

"Of course, there isn't any other woman on the stage or in pictures doing just what I do. I've got my own style. I give them the physical stuff. I guess you'd say I have an animal personality. Something that's right out—appeals to the primitive in men. It's something that makes them want to love you!"

But that was Mae West, the actress, talking. One mustn't confuse her with the Mrs. James Timmoney so few people know.

The latter is not the heavy-hipped Lou you saw in *She Done Him Wrong*, her first talkie, which swept the country like a prairie fire. One gathers, from watching her on the silversheet, that she weighs 160, and has to move sideways through crowds. It is a fact that she has never tipped the scales at more than 118, and those hips were the handiwork of the Paramount studio wardrobe staff!

She does, however, believe in diamonds—both as decorations and investments.

It is not unusual for her to appear at a studio conference in a simple summer dress, her fingers weighted down with huge sparklers, her wrists encompassed in dazzling dog-collar bracelets and a string or two of costly gems circling her white throat.

A great actress, this Mae West, and a grand person, this Mrs. Timmoney!

Handclasps and Hisses

[*Continued from page* 52]

mind that the circled eyes and sagging chins do not go well with coy pouts and girlish grins?—Edythe Crang, 2320 N. 15th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Bits From The Mail

"Hollywood's greatest box-office combination is Alice White and James Cagney. See them in *The Picture Snatcher* and see if you don't agree."

"Much as I admire Greta Garbo, I have no patience with her for the mystery with which she surrounds herself."

"Wouldn't Clark Gable and Mae West make one hot team! (The asbestos, please!)"

"How about some more pictures about life in the middle-west. *State Fair* was a great success and others of the same type should be just as popular."

"Dozens of reasons have been advanced as to just why the stars are continually divorcing and marrying, but most of it sounds like bunk. Why not just admit that most of them have no sense of moral values?"

"Eat five cream puffs and top that off with a chocolate sundae. Then you'll know how I felt after seeing Janet Gaynor in *Tess of the Storm Country*."

"Lupe Velez . . . has no figure whatsoever!"

"Whatever happened to Jean Harlow and Clark Gable since *Red Dust?* I thought they were going to be starred together."

Stomach Disorders Threaten His Life Says N. Y. Patrolman

"I tried everything," says Officer David R. Caldwell, 2305 Holland Ave., New York City. "I suffered from gas in the stomach and heartburn so bad that I could hardly stand it. My case was diagnosed by one doctor as ulcers, another said I had gall stones. One went so far as to tell my wife that I had cancer and had only a short time to live. I suffered much agony and lost weight until one day I saw an advertisement in the New York Daily News by the Udga Co., St. Paul, Minn. I wrote for their treatment and thanks be to God I did, for today I am a different man. I have no pain, can eat anything and I am getting back to my normal weight."

DAVID R. CALDWELL

Acid Stomach Afflicts Millions

Hyperacidity (acid stomach) is, as every physician can tell you, the curse of millions. It is the most common cause of stomach or gastric ulcers as well as many other distressing conditions and there are comparatively few adults who can truly say it has never troubled them. In addition to stomach ulcers, acid stomach is often the direct cause of gas pains, dyspepsia, poor digestion, pains after eating, bloating, belching, gnawing pains, heartburn, gastritis, sour stomach, constipation, etc.

Double Acting Treatment Needed

To combat these conditions you need a treatment that will first counteract or neutralize the excess acid secretions and then protect, soothe and tone the membranes of the stomach lining in order that the process of healing may take place. This is the function of the Udga Treatment and the excellent results it has produced in so many thousands of cases are due to this double acting feature.

Offered on 15 Days' Trial

And now that the merits of this splendid treatment have been so conclusively proved, the distributors invite all sufferers to try it at their risk and are willing to send a full 15 DAY TREATMENT ON TRIAL. So if you can believe what your own stomach tells you—if you agree that freedom from stomach pains, distress and misery are the surest proof of results, accept this liberal trial offer and see for yourself what the Udga Treatment can do for your sick stomach.

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Please send me your 15-DAY TRIAL OFFER on the Udga Treatment. Also free copy of your book on stomach troubles, testimonials, affidavit of genuineness and $1,000.00 Reward Offer to back it up. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

No. and Street

City State

I Ran Away With a Hoofer

[*Continued from page* 41]

Glenda Farrell on the beach with Jack Durant of vaudeville fame, in whom she has displayed more than a casual interest. Rumor has it that the two will soon wed

out. He joined the Navy because it provided three meals a day. It was the lazy man's means of escape.

However, I didn't see that in time. When I met him, my brain ceased to function, and I was motivated solely by my heart.

AFTER Tommy's arrival, I labored on in the flower factory for months before I got a chance with the Morosco Stock Company in Los Angeles. I think that was the happiest moment I had known up to then, for it meant I could bring Mother and Dad here, and install them in a little house, where they could look after Tommy while I earned the livelihood. No castle ever built could look as grand to me as did that $25-a-month bungalow after our siege in that down-at-the-heel rooming house!

When the Morosco organization disbanded, I went into *The Spider* in a Hollywood theatre. There I met William Courtney, who was about to go back to New York with his company, and he induced me to accompany them.

I hadn't given pictures a thought, because film producers weren't interested in stage people in those silent days. I knew I'd have to brave Broadway if I was to get anywhere with my career. I had saved while I was with Morosco, and I had enough put aside to take Tommy and Mother with me.

New York, however, didn't receive me with acclaim. I had to go on fighting. There was no chance to rest between engagements, for Tommy was growing up, and the expenses were increasing. One job ended, I had to get out and rustle another.

My first real opportunity came when I went into *Love, Honor and Betray*, which starred Alice Brady. Clark Gable and George Brent were in the cast, too.

Things were a bit easier for me after that. Two years ago, I decided Tommy needed a change of climate for a while, so we came out to Hollywood. It was to be our vacation together.

Warner Brothers signed me as the ingénue in *Little Caesar.* It sounded splendid—the idea of a salary while Tommy and I were having a good time. But disillusionment was just around the corner.

When *Little Caesar* was previewed, I hurriedly packed our trunks, and we dashed back to New York in disgrace. Even Tommy admitted I was terrible. I was ashamed to face my friends.

I knew nothing of picture-making methods. Secondly, I am a character actress who doesn't belong in *sweet young thing* rôles such as they had given me. I vowed I was through with pictures forever!

BACK in New York, I created the nurse in *Life Begins.* It was a great part. I was mad about it. It caused me to forget Hollywood—and my disgrace.

Then Warner Brothers bought the screen rights, and invited me to play a rôle in the silversheet version. I couldn't refuse, despite my earlier disaster. I saw a chance to provide Tommy with another trip West.

When the picture was finished, Warner Brothers offered me a long-term contract as a featured player. I accepted because of the change California had brought in Tommy's health. His chest was expanding, his shoulders were broadening. I put him in St. John's Military Academy here, and was I the proud mamma when I glimpsed him in that gray-blue uniform!

Next I went into *I am a Fugitive from the Chain Gang.* The part opposite Paul Muni was a natural. Any actress could have scored in it. But it was my good fortune to have been picked.

ALL this while I had never seen my husband. Sometimes I wondered; did he look the same? Did he still think of me and his little boy?

The answer came only a few weeks ago. I saw him again.

It is a strange thing to come face to face with the man who once had been everything in life! The man who was the father of your child . . . and then to realize that love can be so completely dead and gone.

We sat and talked for a little while. We might have been utter strangers. And then he asked me if I would lend him five hundred dollars. He needed it, he said, to pay some debts and buy clothes for the woman who succeeded me in his affections.

That was the love for which I had given my heart, and everything I had! Yes, the most precious years of my youth, given without stint and without complaint.

I must have laughed rather bitterly. He stood up to go.

The words I had hoped to hear from him didn't come—he *did not mention our son once!* If he had just asked about Tommy; what he was doing, and how he looked. But all he asked for was money.

EASY NOW TO QUIT TOBACCO

If tobacco has a hold on you, if it is injuring your health, spoiling your ambitions, and you find the habit hard to quit, you should write to John Malick, 173 Coates House, Kansas City, Mo. He offers free information and instructions for using a simple home method of relief that many say has quickly aided them to leave off from all desire for smoking, chewing or snuff. This simple home method is pleasant, non-habit forming, non-narcotic, entirely harmless, and has been reliable over 15 years. Tobacco may injure your health, make you look and feel older than you should, and may hold you back from financial or social success, so don't hesitate to write, as there is no obligation.

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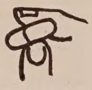
Daintily packaged for convenience while traveling or for home use. Keep safe with Sanacaps and enjoy their convenience.



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Please send me sample of Sanacaps, with complete directions for use, also valuable booklet. I enclose 10c.

Name ....
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$35.00 in Prizes Every Month!

Turn to page 52 for full particulars.

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To obtain a perfect bust use Thoraxium, simply rub Thoraxium into the breasts when retiring at night. Thoraxium adds flesh to any part of the body. Sent in plain sealed wrapper. Large Jar $1.00. Money back guarantee. SAMPLE FREE.

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Women, men, girls with **faded, gray,** streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"**SHAMPO-KOLOR**". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "**SHAMPO-KOLOR**". No "dyed" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 23 W. 30th St., New York City.**

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Don't suffer any longer. The LIEPE METHOD relieves and permanently benefits Varicose Ulcers, Enlarged and Swollen Veins, Eczema, etc., while you walk. A special prescription for each case. 40 years of success! Praised and endorsed by thousands. **FREE!** New booklet "HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY HEAL LEG DISEASES AT HOME" sent FREE. Just send name and address. Write today.

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Milwaukee, Wis.

And I thought of Tommy, *my* Tommy, how I had worked and slaved to bring him up. I wasn't going to give Tommy's money away like that.

But the years of struggle and privation and unhappiness are forgotten now. We have each other, Tommy and I, and money to buy what we need.

Now they tell me they've made me a star! Am I happy? Why, I didn't know the world could look so bright for anyone—not because my name has gone into lights, for that's an insignificant something after all these years of struggle. No, I'm elated for Tommy's sake, because it means that we're not going to be separated for a long, long while, and that I can give him the things that will make him a man worth while when he grows up.

◆

The Real Story of Sally Eilers' Marital Troubles

[*Continued from page* 12]

and confidence was not an easy task as Sally was to learn during these first difficult months. Lois was not a particularly recalcitrant child, but like all children she tested and weighed the extent to which parental restraint might go. She made things as perplexing as possible for her young mother before the two learned to understand one another.

As an example of the close bond which unites Lois and Sally, I offer the incident that occurred when the Gibsons parted temporarily last year. The child read the headlines announcing the separation of Sally and Hoot. She turned the thing over in her mind and by the time her father came home that first night, she had reached a decision.

Little Lois Sides With Sally

She hung around him, obviously summoning the courage to speak her mind. Finally she literally burst forth with, "Daddy, you know I love you, don't you?"

"Yes, Lois."

"Well, if you know that, I have something to ask. I read that you aren't going to live any more with Mimi (Lois' substitute for the conventional Mama when speaking of Sally). And I'd like to live with Mimi. Not that I don't love you, understand. It's just that Mimi and I are both women and should stick together."

Do you need further evidence of the splendid understanding Sally has given Lois—of how good a mother she has been to Hoot's young daughter?

There is little question but what Lois was a tremendous factor in the decision of Sally and Hoot to try again after their last separation. It is possible that she may bring them together even now. But more about this later.

While Sally's problems with her newly acquired "daughter" were still unsolved, fate further complicated matters by bringing her sudden stardom in pictures. In the title rôle of *Bad Girl*, she won undreamt of fame. The fact that her marriage had not interfered with her career in no way lessens the sacrifice she had willingly, gladly made for love.

Screen Status Of Pair Reversed

Coincident with Sally's triumph came a decline in the popularity of Western films. Hoot's status as a star was effected. Almost overnight, the professional position of the Gibsons was reversed. Now Sally was the more important member of the household.

Doubtless the beginning of their marital troubles dated with this moment, although neither will admit it. Hoot's masculine pride made him ultra-sensitive. He imagined changes in Sally. The division of interest now demanded by the recently increased importance of her film work did not hamper her motherly duties to Lois as attested by her eventual success. But Hoot believed that it did.

In justification to Sally, I must report that, as a friend, I have been unable to note the slightest difference in her behavior since *Bad Girl*. Having a great capacity for fun that extends even to practical joking, she is, at times, a bit more sedate. But should her mood change, she immediately becomes the same gay, laughing girl she has always been. Disregarding any comparative ages, Sally Eilers is one of the most perpetually youthful persons I have ever known. Hoot bears his years less lightly.

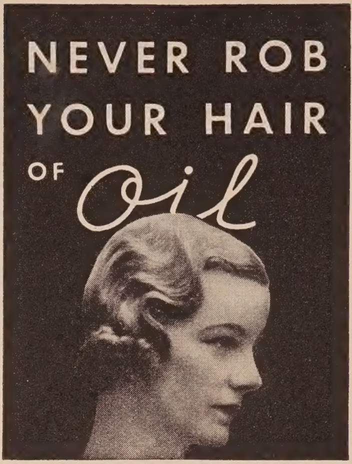
A little more than a year ago the differences that were forcing Sally and Hoot apart came to a climax. While attending a dance at the Mayfair, they openly quarrelled. Their disagreement was not serious and might have been patched up with ease in the morning's sane light, had not a series of strange circumstances prevented in the week that followed.

Sally was injured in an automobile accident from which she was rescued by Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Her negro cook ran amuck and brandishing a razor, gave Sally a bad half hour until police could be called to disarm the woman. The next day she was advised of the death of her favorite aunt and that same afternoon, her father was hurt when his car collided with a truck.

"Such a number of tragedies and near-tragedies made our separation seem silly and inconsequential," says Sally. "Hooter and I decided to try again. And we have tried for more than a year. Today we know the answer. Divorce is our only alternative.

"I do not intend to give up seeing Hooter or Lois. As a matter of fact, I see nearly as much of Lois as does her father. She has been visiting me for three days now—with Hooter's permission, of course. In the ten days since we separated, he and I have been to several previews together, twice we have dined and once we have danced. We have found that this friendly relationship is quite delightful and as long as marriage is not for us, I hope we continue as friends."

So do I, Sally. But should you change your mind as you did before and become Mrs. Hoot Gibson again, it wouldn't surprise me.



Are you robbing your hair and scalp of health and beauty-giving oils by using soaps and soap shampoos? Beauty experts are agreed that oil is as necessary to the beauty of the hair and to the health of the scalp as food is to the body.

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Now, for the first time, Venida presents an Oil Shampoo . . . *a pure oil that mixes with water and rinses away without soap!* Contains no harmful ingredients to dry and brittle the hair . . . no soap, no free alkali, no alcohol! That's why Venida Oil Shampoo checks dandruff, corrects dry and oily scalps, and makes the hair softer . . . bringing out the natural lustre without the use of harmful dyes or bleaches.

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Because Venida Oil Shampoo does not lather, one rinse *without soap* in plain water is sufficient. No lemon or after-rinse is necessary. No longer is it necessary to go through a tedious drying operation. And, what is more important, you will be able to comb your hair or "set" your waves *immediately* after the shampoo.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Sounds almost too good to be true . . . doesn't it? But get a bottle today and prove all these claims. You take no chances, for Venida Oil Shampoo is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, and sold with a money-back guarantee. The large 50c size is featured at drug and department stores. If your store does not yet feature, mail coupon today for your generous introductory bottle.

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"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH
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. . If I Give It To YOU?" . .

Think now how you could spend $3,500.00 . . . Would you start a business of your own? Would you pay off a mortgage on your home, or buy new furniture and clothes? Maybe you would use the money for an education. Just think what $3,500.00 could mean to you! Think of all the things you could do with it. Plan now — then write your answer.

I'LL PAY $250.00
JUST FOR THE WINNING ANSWER

Yes, I am going to give $3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcement. You may be the one to get it! But before I give it to anyone I would like to know that the money will be used wisely. What will you do with this fortune if I give it to you? Just answer this question. Tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less what you would do with $3,500.00. Nothing fancy is needed. Just tell me in plain words. Costs you nothing to win — nothing to buy — no selling. This $250.00 prize will be given just for answering my question.

BE PROMPT! $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

$1,000.00 Extra if you are prompt and win first prize in final distribution. So don't delay. Nothing more to do now or ever toward getting answer prize and qualifying for an opportunity to get your share of $6,000.00 to be given away.

Every person who takes an active part will be rewarded in cash. Send no money . . . Just send your answer.

RULES:—Only one answer accepted from a family. You must be 16 years of age and reside within the Continental U S. $250.00 given for the best answer to: "What Will You Do With $3,500.00 If I Give It To You?" Your answer must be postmarked not later than September 16, 1933. The judges will consider answer only for the practical value of the idea. Construction, spelling, and neatness not considered. Duplicate prizes given in case of ties. Mail your answer today to —

TOM WOOD, Manager,
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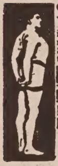

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LONELY HEARTS—Join our Club, the world's greatest Social Extension Bureau. Meet nice people; correspondents everywhere. Photos, descriptions free. Standard Box 605, Grayslake, Ill.

ESCAPE FROM YOUR LONELY EXISTENCE! Valuable information free. Write today. Box 128-SB, Tiffin, Ohio.

WHY BE LONELY? You can make new friends. Particulars Free. The Exchange. H3827 Main, Kansas City, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS

MAGIC CATALOGUE. Wonderful Knockout Card trick, 10c. Singer, 222 Hancock, Wisconsin.

Hollywood Banishes Fortune Tellers

[*Continued from page* 49]

important studio executives sat in conference. Opinion was divided. What seemed a prohibitive expense stood in the way of a promising picture—should it be made?

That night the studio's head slipped into the home of an old colored man where he was a frequent visitor. Uncle Tom shuffled. The picture man cut the cards and laid them down—faces up. Near the top of the deck was the studio chief's "wish card," followed by five of the diamond suit—and all large. Three times the deck was shuffled and cut and three times came the "wish card" and the five diamonds, with never a club or "trouble card" in sight. The wish card told of success and the diamonds of money.

"Gentlemen," said the studio executive, when the conference was resumed the following morning, "I've given this matter careful thought—we will make the picture."

And thus, a great picture was made—one of today's outstanding boxoffice triumphs. And the studio man was grateful and Uncle Tom received a check for fifty dollars.

"Funny," confided the old colored man, "jus' befo' dat studio man done come to my house, I wuz doin' card tricks to amuse my little gran' chile, an' I done taken all de clubs out'n de deck to do de trick an' I forgets to put 'em back in—what you reckon make me taken all de trouble cards out'n de deck for, so dat pitcher man don't fine any—sho' is funny."

AND does Hollywood believe in the numerologist? The mystic prophets of the numeral have changed the names of more picture players than the courts of Reno. As an illustration—Jane Peters started her career on the old Fox lot, and there was little advancement. Along came a peripatetic numerologist, and lo, Carole Lombard stood before a waiting world.

BUT it is exotic Anna May Wong, who has the final laugh on the Los Angeles aldermen and the rest of Hollywood. It was the Chinese who invented fortune telling, using astrology as a background and two thousand years before the Christian era. Every morning, every honorable son of China "throws the sticks"—little numbered slivers of bamboo. Tucked away somewhere and usually near by is an inscrutable, highly educated Celestial, who, for a small sum, will consult his musty tomes anent the stars and the Zodiac and interpret the mysteries of today's number. But to get the interpretation, one must know where to find the ancient philosopher and to understand Chinese. The authorities do not. Miss Wong does.

And so it is that Hollywood mourns its only singer of sweet songs its one note of hope, its weekly message of joy, its daily promise of better things—and all at reasonable prices. Like the inventor of the better mousetrap, the high-priced studio executive, the actor and the little foot-weary extra girl had beaten a path to his door—but today, in that path, the green grass of spring is showing its head.

Are You Another Bill Hart?

Bill Hart, in real life, is the man he used to play on the screen. Courageous, sympathetic, he is possessed of great determination. His ability to be "quick on the draw" was no greater than his ability to think fast when cornered. All these qualities are revealed by his handwriting.

Your Handwriting Will Tell!

Your writing reveals your quick or slow thinking; your courage or cowardice. It shows the real you. Let Dr. M. N. Bunker, noted grapho-analyst, analyze your writing as he did Bill Hart's. Read what Bill says about his report. You will be as pleased with yours for it will help you overcome your faults and win great success in life.

William S. Hart says:

It is mighty pleasant to say fine and good on anything. That has always been so, and your comment on my scrawl has always been fine and good. So I'm for you!

William S. Hart

SEND FOR YOUR ANALYSIS AND LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF!

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

M. N. Bunker, SCREEN BOOK, Minneapolis, Minn.
I am sending you ten cents with a stamped self-addressed envelope and a letter in my own writing. I am to receive a personal reply on what my handwriting tells.

....

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Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed.

John Boles' Wartime Spy Adventure

[*Continued from page* 45]

overlooking of some one simple, obvious —and innocent—explanation for her conduct.

"I tried to get her to reveal something of her past and ancestry. She said she was a war widow, of part-German parentage, who had married a Frenchman in Alsace-Lorraine. I determined to inspect the upstairs part of her house, to see what might be concealed there, and how good a view of our camp it offered, and who might see any code signals, such as her brilliantly-colored undergarments, that she might display there.

"She agreed to take me upstairs readily enough. When we got there, I soon saw why. She began to make love to me!

"That solved the whole thing. It was the one, obvious and simple thing I had been vaguely expecting might upset and disprove all our deductions. You see, the woman *was* a war-widow, lonely, and a bit crazy. She had a passion for soldiers. *That* was why she watched us always. That was why she hoed in the garden, just across the fence from us. That may even have been why she hung out those eye-arresting displays of colored undergarments! She was no spy at all."

So it was officially proved later, when, for purposes of record and to clear her definitely in the eyes of all three governments, "Madame X" was arrested and brought up for a hearing. All the puzzles of her identity were speedily solved, and it was even shown that the real German spies, then in custody, had visited her because they, too, had suspected her of being in the Kaiser's employ.

Boles never saw her again, but it is safe to say that she missed the friendly "Schwartz." Unless she reads this, she will never know his part in the affair, or that she might never have met John Boles if Oscar Seagle, the celebrated singer and vocal trainer, hadn't beaten a baseball scout of the Southern League to Boles' Dallas home. If the young B. A. of the University of Texas had signed a contract to pitch baseball, instead of going with Seagle to Europe, later to train for opera there under the famous tenor, Jean De Reszke, he wouldn't have been able to enter the Intelligence Department—which he gained through operatic and practical knowledge of the French and German language.

Grapevine Gossip

[*Continued from page* 22]

the Bank Holiday. Joel said quite pleasantly when people asked if he was worried, that if they didn't cut him below $5 a day, he wouldn't mind. That anything above was just so much velvet.

What A Child!

JOAN BLONDELL, who has just never grown up, has been bicycling around the hills on which she lives, in company with George Barnes, to whom she is married. With the advent of the March winds, he bought her a kite to fly and she has been tangling that up in the telephone wires. He bought her tops and marbles for April, and for May he is getting her a fleet of May baskets.

Why Complain?

IN HIS "feminine" makeup for his rôle in *The Warrior's Husband,* Ernest Truex went a-lunching with his wife one day. (He didn't have time to change into his formal pants and sack cloth coat.) Very much embarrassed, he slunk into a corner. Mrs. Truex, seeking to console him, said "Why none of the other women worry like you do about their costumes and makeup!"

The Season's Hit

EDWARD G. ROBINSON'S "It's a boy" announcement to the press was by far the most amusing ever to greet the reporter boys. The card bore the picture of a very cunning as well as very nude baby with the following business-like announcement: "Released March 19, 1933. A First National Production, with Gladys Lloyd and E. G. Robinson, directed by Dr. Richard H. Pierson assisted by Elizabeth Jones and Alice MacKenzie. A New Talkie Sensation."

Slick Work

YOU'VE heard about Hollywood wives getting their husband's jobs, but have you heard about the Hollywood wife who got her husband out of a job? It was Ruth Chatterton and she got George Brent out of a rôle in *Mary Stevens, M. D.* so that he could go to Europe and Ireland—which he much prefers to Hollywood—by selling the studio the idea that Lyle Talbot was much better suited for the rôle. Ed. Note: Ruth and George are now somewhere on the Continent!

Bennett vs. Swanson

THE queens are battling once more. It takes more than a long ocean voyage and a stay in England to bring peace to the great title and husband feud of Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson.

You heard how Connie—who is "in" none too well with the New York reporters as it is, slammed the door in their faces recently. Why? Well, it appears that Miss Swanson beat Miss Bennett into town by about five days and thus gave out the first interview. (You remember she had the Marquis de la Falaise first, too.)

Miss Swanson told the ladies and gents of the press that she preferred "masterful men." Miss Bennett, when asked if she agreed with Miss Swanson (the question based on the premise that they had the same preference in husbands) nearly exploded and before giving the door an emphatic swing right in the reporters' faces shouted that she didn't give a whoop about Miss Swanson or Miss Swanson's opinion.

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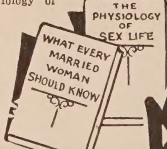

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Helen Hayes' Romance

[*Continued from page* 15]

inwardly she hoped her face wasn't quite as flushed as she thought it must be.

"For various reasons. Suppose we let 'em hang for now? Maybe some day you'll come across the right answer."

"You're the limit!" gasped the curly-haired girl. "You really are."

"Born that way," he drawled. "Seriously, though, just what DO you think of me?"

Helen eyed him and saw a medium-sized young man, with black curly hair; firm chin—and was that a dimple in it?—and bright, dark eyes. "They are very nice and very friendly, particularly when he smiles," she thought to herself. There was something even distinguished about his suit, too—yes, in spite of the fact that it did seem a trifle too large for him and even if it could stand a bit of pressing! "He's an awfully nice young man and I do like him lots!" she finally admitted to herself. Aloud, however, she teased:

"Think of you? Let's see—mostly I think you are funny—yes, very funny!"

"Funny, huh?" he echoed. "Thanks a lot. I always thought so myself. Glad YOU agree!"

Then they both laughed merrily. They rather completely monopolized each other's company that chilly December afternoon, and as Helen left the party, she told him: "I'll be playing in *Caesar and Cleopatra* for quite a spell. Why don't you drop in some time and see me?"

"Maybe," he smiled. "Well, so long."

When A Young Girl's Fancy—

THAT night the visage of a dark, curly-haired young man figured largely in the dreams of a curly-haired little girl. She dreamt that they were roller-coasting at Coney Island and at every dark corner a firm kiss would be planted on her lips! At the end of the ride, they were gripped tightly in each other's arms, much to the delight of the madly yelling crowd! Helen awoke with a start and tears were in her eyes—maybe to think that she had dreamed this bold, naughty dream—maybe because it WAS ONLY A DREAM!

During every performance of *Caesar and Cleopatra*, for several nights, she looked earnestly in all directions, hoping to catch a glimpse of her new friend. But he did not show up—that is, not for a whole week. Then one night, right after the show, came a knock at her dressing room door.

"Come in," she directed. And in sauntered Charlie MacArthur and flung his hat in one direction and himself in another—into a chair.

"Gee, it's good to see an old friend!" cried Helen, not stopping to think that this was but the second time in her life that she'd seen the "old friend"! "Like the show? Like me?"

"Yep," he nodded, "good little show. You were good, too. Quite an actress. Oh, by the way, did I ask you to marry me the other afternoon?"

"Why, no!" replied Helen, surprised most suddenly and completely out of all serenity.

"I was just wondering," he mused. "Well, got to be going. Will see you again some time. So long!" And before Helen could think of a suitable retort, he was gone!

"The Grandest Person I Know!"

THE next night the little actress did not hear the music of the orchestra nor the applauds of the audience. She just drifted through her rôle. Her feet, her slim body, moved with the action of the drama, but her thoughts were far away. And she wondered what was causing this strange, exciting thrill which made of the music, the crowd, the play, the whole theatre she loved just a dim background. "Can it be that I AM in love—head-over-heels in love with a man I've seen but twice?" she asked herself. In her heart of hearts, the question was needless—she knew the answer!

It got so that whenever Helen would glimpse a young man on the street who even remotely resembled Charlie, her heart would start beating like a dozen trip-hammers.

Finally, she decided he had quite forgotten her. It was an age since he had been to the show-house. Spring came. *Caesar and Cleopatra* played on—it was a great success. Every night Helen would drive out to Syosset, Long Island, where she and her mother had hired a little farmhouse for the summer. Then one warm night in June it happened. Charlie popped his head into her dressing room. Helen nearly collapsed from sheer joy!

"Gosh, I've been busy!" he exclaimed, mopping his brow and brushing back his hair. "You see, I've been writing a play. Say, you look better every time I see you. Did I ever ask you to marry me?"

"No, you didn't," laughed Helen. "And, furthermore, you aren't going to make your exit now, either—like you did last time! You're going to drive out to Long Island tonight with me and meet my mother."

"But I look a sight—just came from my work-shop," protested Charlie.

"She won't mind," insisted Helen, "she's plain folks just like me." In her happiness, she gave not a solitary thought to her English.

An hour later they were driving through the star-lit night toward the Sound. Helen's fluffy locks were blowing against her flushed cheeks under the tight little brown hat she wore. And one or two tiny freckles marched across her saucy nose, making her companion think of a pert little school-girl, gay with the joy of living.

"Say, kid, you're pretty!" he commented.

"Ditto—so are you!" jollied Helen.

Another hour and they were "home." "I want you to meet Mr. MacArthur, mother," Helen said. "He's an old friend—probably you've heard me mention him."

The evening passed all too swiftly for Helen. Charlie did his best to entertain her mother and related many fascinating and humorous anecdotes. But he didn't make the mistake of talking too much—he was a wonderful "listener," too. After he had departed, Helen, in her bedroom with her mother, suddenly demanded: "How do you like him, mother?"

"Oh, he seems quite nice," was the rather cautious answer. "But, Helen, don't you think he's just a little bit—er—well not exactly eccentric, but sort of odd? He has such a blunt way of saying things, too."

Helen laughed. "That's just his way, dear. He's really a king among men!

I think he's the grandest person I know!"

"What does he do?" questioned her mother.

"He's a newspaperman," Helen explained, "but he's giving it up and is going to be a writer. He's just completed a play, *Lulu Belle*, and was telling me about it on the way out here. I think it's wonderful!"

"H-m-m, I suppose you do," laughed "mother." "Well, good-night, dear. If my little girl is happy, that's all I care about."

True Love Never Runs Smooth

THE next day was the beginning of many long days of happiness, days filled to the brim with work, then play, with dinners and dances and long talks in front of the fire, of moonlight rides along the curving roads, of long, lazy days lying in the sand at the beach. Time passed—and a lovely girl grew more beautiful, and an interested man grew more and more in love.

"We're just plain silly," Helen laughed one day, rumpling Charlie's hair as they sat together on a lonely stretch of the beach.

"I'm always plain silly according to a lot of people," Charlie grinned back, bending his head closer for a more thorough rumpling, "but I've never before been so darned happy!" Suddenly, he turned to her and drawled: "Say, darling did I ever ask you to marry me?"

"Nope!" sighed Helen. "But, seriously, Charlie, if you don't do it soon maybe one of these days I'll get desperate or something and propose to you!"

At that, Charlie MacArthur turned from a frivolous mood to a most serious one.

"Listen, dear," he began, and for once in his life a grin wasn't hovering on his face, "you know I care for you, but just the same, I'll now state the fact—I love you, Helen—tremendously, and always shall but there's something I should have had sense enough to have told you before this. I am already married. . . ."

"You're m-m-married?" whispered Helen and her face was the color of chalk.

"Yes, honey—my wife happens to be a Chicago newspaperwoman, a film critic. We were both young and liked each other, but we were never madly in love. The marriage just didn't take. I haven't lived with her—in fact, haven't seen her—for an age and she has begun a suit for divorce. After it is all over, you WILL marry me, won't you, Helen?"

"I guess so," she replied in a very small voice, "but you certainly came near putting me out for the count of ten—and then some!"

"You Must Give Up The Stage—"

HOWEVER, his wife DID NOT go through with her divorce suit. She heard the rumor that Helen Hayes was in love with Charlie and that his play, *Lulu Belle*, gave promise of being a real Broadway success and accordingly, she promptly withdrew her suit. And then Charlie had to commence proceedings. Fortunately for the two, during the next year they had no time to brood much over matters. Helen was busy becoming a famous actress. Charlie was busy becoming a noted playwright. Still, they found time to share a little of each other's company. Every other evening, after the final "curtain," Charlie was waiting outside Helen's dressing room. Arm in arm, they would go for a bite to eat or just drive around the quiet streets for an hour or so.

Then one sultry August morning, the seventeenth, 1928, to be precise, Charlie called up Helen. He had his decree. His first wife had twenty-four hours in which to take it to the highest court at Springfield, Illinois. They might uphold her—there was that chance, but in the meantime he was free. And he wanted Helen to marry him immediately, before the former Mrs. MacArthur could possibly obtain a stay.

"I'll meet you in Times Square right away!" shouted a very delighted little Helen. And she was there just as quickly as a taxi could carry her. They rushed and obtained a license and were quietly married by a justice of the peace just off Times Square. No honeymoon was taken. Helen was playing in *Coquette* and had to be on hand the next day. It wasn't until the end of the play's New York run that she was given a vacation and then it was only for two weeks. They sailed for Bermuda at once—that was their brief honeymoon. It was wonderful, of course, while it lasted, but it lasted no where near long enough. Back in New York, Helen found she must entrain for Chicago at once as *Coquette* was beginning a long run there.

She quickly threw herself once more into the spirit of her rôle and was soon charming record-breaking audiences. One eventful day proved too much for her and she fainted on the stage. The curtain was rung down and a doctor hastily summoned. He was kind but stern as he told her, "You must give up the stage for the time being—until after your baby is born."

Happy Ending

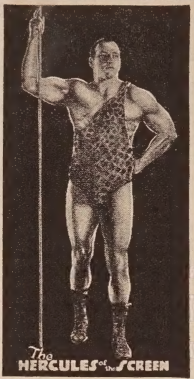
THUS the company that had played so many, many months together was forced to disband several weeks before they had expected to. And at once many of the players sued the producer for the additional salary they would have received had the play run its full course. The producer startled the theatrical world by claiming they had closed because of "an act of God" and that he, therefore, by the terms of the contracts, was not responsible! It was because of all this that Helen's baby became known far and wide as "the act of God baby."

In due time, she regained her full strength and soon she and her husband, baby and mother all came to Hollywood.

Today, Baby Mary is, and quite naturally, the big part in their lives. She has an apartment all her very own. They figure this way: Charlie will be busy with his writing, Helen with her picture work—company will undoubtedly be at the house often—baby will need her rest and a place to call her own, where she cannot be disturbed by anything or anyone. So, upstairs she has a little three-room suite consisting of living room, nursery, kitchenette and bath. All these tiny rooms are fitted up with miniature furniture. In her nursery you will find all her toys—dolls, stuffed animals, teddy bears, all sorts of things of every description. The little living room holds her tiny bed, dresser, table and several chairs and a couch. Tiny electric floor lamps are in all the rooms. Just an ideal place for a little tot.

They deserve all the happiness that is theirs, for they are grand folks and they've worked hard and struggled long to obtain what they have.

Let me put you in the Movies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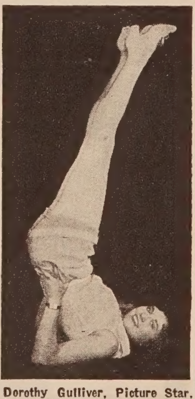

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7 Stages of Bebe Daniels

[*Continued from page 37*]

beside a stream and arranged the "pews."

On Sunday every member of the cast came. Bebe had warned the cowboys that they had to "clean up." Probably for no minister on earth would they have darkened a real church door . . . but they came in force to hear a small girl preach a sermon on "The Golden Serpent" on a sunlit mountainside. . . .

When they returned, Bebe and her mother took a house in Edendale to be closer to the studios. The chief reason young Miss Daniels liked it was because it was near the corrals where the beautiful horses, used in the westerns, were kept. A high fence was built around it, everything was wired and the gates locked—but that didn't prevent her from getting in. She made a hobby of riding the wildest horses there. Jim Kid, the noted character actor, said if he ever caught her riding *his* horse—well!

The horse was a fiery-eyed Indian pony from the plains and there was no telling what he'd do if a youngster jumped on his back. And then . . . one penetratingly cold night Jim got drunk. So drunk he forgot to cover his pet and bed him down. Bebe noticed it. She crept out with old sweaters and blankets and put them around the shivering animal—and he turned to nuzzle her! After that he'd eat out of her hand and Jim declared she was free to ride any horse in his string.

A plucky, fearless little girl, Bebe at thirteen. She was too big for children's parts so she suddenly determined to grow up. There was money to be earned, you see. Although she'd drawn a man's sized salary when she was working, sometimes work was scarce. Mrs. Daniels meantime was casting pictures, writing scripts for them, publicizing them—doing every sort of odd job.

Bebe was alone in her grandmother's house one afternoon when the BIG IDEA dawned. She had heard Harold Lloyd needed a leading lady for his *Lonesome Luke* comedies. True, he wanted a blonde—but Bebe argued to herself that she could wear a wig. Now what about clothes? All she had were her short frocks and hair-ribbons. One didn't wear things like that for such an interview. Fortunately her young aunt was home from college. Bebe selected the dress with the most fraternity pins on it from her closet, appropriated a pair of very high-heeled pumps and a large picture hat. She was so set on getting that job that she didn't even tremble. *And when she came back she had it. . . .*

No. 3. A Comedienne Changes Her Mind

WHICH ushers in *episode number three.* For four years Bebe made a comedy picture a week with Harold. During the time most girls are primping for high school proms she was working hard—and loving it. There was a tutor, of course, right there on the set to see she kept up with her grades. Bebe kept up with her dancing, too.

She and Harold practiced fancy steps between "shots" so that on Friday nights they could win cups out at the Sunset Inn. Sometimes they'd see a golden-haired girl there called Mary Pickford, and John Bunny would tell jokes and those two handsome screen idols, Harold Lockwood and Wallace Reid would appear. . . . Blissful days. Once a week the whole Roach crowd went down to the beach in the studio bus to ride the ferris wheel and pop guns at clay piegons. Tired, scratched, with sleeves torn out, they would wind up at Bebe's house for dinner as happy as healthy young mortals can be.

It was Bebe's proudest day when she drove her first clover leaf roadster onto the lot. Everyone, it seemed, was smiling admiration at her. And THEN she jumped out and saw what they had really been smiling at—a huge sign, "For Sale—$25," that Harold Lloyd had put on the back.

Norma Talmadge was Bebe's favorite star. In a dreamy state she'd watch Norma and new hopes of a career in drama stirred in the seventeen-year-old little Daniels girl.

She took the plunge in characteristic fashion. No futile longings for Bebe. "I hate to leave here but I—I've just got to go!" she told her chums at Roach's. They nodded sympathetically. But naturally their Bebe couldn't spend all her days in comedies. Even Harold, who loved her and to whom she was engaged, made no attempt to hold her back. They gave her a banquet—and at the end presented her with a little necklace of real pearls. . . . Long after she'd left the studio they found notes tucked everywhere, on the edge of dressing room mirrors, in makeup boxes, on chairs, telling them: "Bebe loves you;" "Don't forget Bebe."

No. 4. Cecil B. De Mille, Maker Of Stars

SHE took her friend, Marie Mosquini, along to pray outside in the car when she went in to see Cecil B. de Mille about a contract. He was with her when she came out but she managed to wave the fateful piece of paper to Marie behind her back.

Her first dramatic part was as the Christian slave in *Male and Female,* with Thomas Meighan. After that things began happening in rapid succession. With the beginning of *Stage No. 4* Bebe slipped into stardom.

Meanwhile Harold Lloyd had been very nearly killed in an accident. She pleaded with him that they be married at once but with his future and life so uncertain he refused to let her take the risk. When he recovered, their work kept them apart. They drifted, almost unconsciously, down different roads. . . .

No. 5. Nine Escapes From Death

A FETED celebrity—fun at every turn—swamped with proposals—that was Bebe at twenty.

She was with Rudy Valentino in *Monsieur Beaucaire* and with Richard Dix in *Sinners in Heaven.*

One read about "BEBE DANIELS SEEN AT THE RACES WITH MICHAEL ARLEN—FRIENDS SAY THEY'RE ENGAGED."

"BEBE DANIELS RUMORED MARRIED TO MILLIONAIRE POLO PLAYER."

She was the first woman to fly down Fifth Avenue in New York—and she did it with Nungessor who later lost his life with Coli in an attempt to cross the Atlantic.

Thrilling, adventuresome days—and out of them was born the screen characterization that won international fame for Bebe. She became the athletic playgirl of pictures. You saw her clashing blades with bandits, diving into deep wells, hurtling over chasms, riding a horse as madly as she used to ride Peanuts. A very exciting period, this *Stage No. 5.* It was also her gayest.

And yet—I know of a certainty that during it Bebe faced Death *nine times*!

There was that time in *Senorita* when the curtain on which she swung off a balcony, gave away. It was hours before they knew if she would live. And in

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The Fifty-Fifty Girl an explosion occurred in the mine where they were on location. Bebe escaped through a miracle then. "I used to fear dying," she said to me once, "but I don't anymore, not since I've been so close to it."

No. 6. Then Came The Talkies

EACH transition she made has been so clearly defined with Bebe. She didn't merely slip from one to another; she took a bold step forward. It was that way when she took the *Sixth Step*—probably the hardest of all.

The talkies were in and for a short while it looked as if Bebe was out. Instead, with customary energy, she mastered the "mike." No easy task, that. She studied voice for four and a half hours every day and read lines aloud until the print blurred in front of her. But it was worth it. Because she was given *Rio Rita* to do.

Glamour now. Rich glamour and golden romance. For Bebe was in love. She had disliked Ben Lyon intensely when she first met him. Then, later, they both dropped in at the same house party and Cupid hit a bull's-eye. Ben flew his red 'plane, I remember, over Bebe's beach house the next morning, and before we knew it we were dancing at their wedding.

No. 7. Love And Motherhood

AND so Bebe entered upon the most momentous stage in her life—this *Seventh One.*

"It's been the most wonderful three years I've ever had," she told me simply. "It has been such a joy to have someone to share things with and to plan with. When Ben came back from Detroit recently with his new Stimson 'plane . . . and we sat on the floor with Baby and laughed for the sheer joy of laughing . . . I had a sense of contentment like I've never known before. Of fulfillment, you know. As if everything else in my life had been leading up to this. . . .

"But naturally we can't stand still just because we're happy. Neither Ben nor I can afford to retire now. There's mother to look after Barbara Bebe while I'm gone on the concert tour and, Jerry, I *am* thrilled about this new experience. It's going to mean so much to me. I'll wear costumes in keeping with my songs and I'll have my own electrician along to manage the vari-colored lights—they play a very important part, don't you think? Here in the United States a five piece orchestra will travel with me. . . . "

Bebe, you see, has no intention of letting this be the last step. She's reaching out for new worlds to conquer, spirited and courageous as ever. . . . The best of luck to you, Bebe. Always. . . .

◆

Why I Hated Von Stroheim

[*Continued from page* 33]

Hersholt Runs Amuck

At last, worn out with the struggle, the mule died of exposure, but the actors lived! The scene didn't suit Von but the mule had given up the ghost. In the boiling sun the water they threw on me to look like perspiration, dried, so Von tried oil. Whereas with the water I had boiled, with the oil I fried, and my entire upper body was a raw sore.

The next scene, taken on The Devil's Golf Course, was the final fight between myself and Gowland. Our clothing was torn to shreds. We staged a rough and tumble fight over the rough rock-salt surface, beneath the broiling sun, wallowing in salt crusted sand that burned like fire.

"Terrible!" screamed Von Stroheim. "Do it again. Imagine you are fighting me, you dirty tramps, and perhaps that will give you hate enough to give me a decent fight!"

And how we were hating that man at that moment! Today Von and I are the dearest of friends but under the awful heat we were all going mad. Before we started, it was agreed that Von was to carry the only gun in the troupe, and it's a good thing.

Again and again we fought before the camera. The salt edges tore our skin and the brine in the wounds increased the agony. Still the relentless Von drove us on. Suddenly as I sat panting from my exertions, I went amuck—stark staring mad. With a lunge of fury I leaped at Von Stroheim.

"I'll kill you, you dirty so-and-so!" I screamed and with my bare hands tried to tear the director apart. Backing away in fright, Von Stroheim drew his gun and had not a nearby electrician knocked me cold with a stake, he would have had to shoot in self-defense.

At last, after three terrible weeks, the picture was done. Only a handful of the original company remained, the others having been sent out, one by one, victims of the terrible sun. I guess we were more like maniacs than men. Communication with civilization had been cut off and the nation's papers were filled with news of the movie company lost in Death Valley.

No one can imagine the horror of it. We were sleeping on the ground, our cots long since broken down. We had nothing but canned food and that, as we opened it, was so heated by the sun that it burned our mouths as we tried to eat it. Film melted and spoiled half the stuff we had shot. Papers all over the world gave us up as lost. I was so weak I could not stand without support and my body was one big pain from head to foot. The rest were in the same shape.

At last we worked our way back to civilization.

My wife failed to recognize me as I stepped from the train, so swollen was my face and such a horrible creature I was. It was like returning from the dead. We started to San Francisco to rest up, but I collapsed in Santa Barbara and returned to Hollywood where I spent four weeks in bed before I could even walk.

Greed was one of the great disappointments of Von Stroheim's life and he has refused to this day to view the picture as it was finally released.

But it paid off the mortgage on my home, and so, in spite of the fact that I never want to be so near to hell again, I can't complain. For all our hardships in Death Valley, the scenes ran less than ten minutes on the screen and Bob Montgomery talks about hardships!

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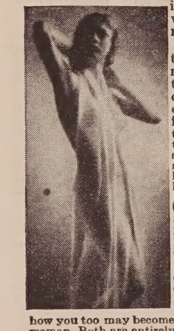

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Movie Reviews

[*Continued from page 25*]

THE MASQUERADER

REMEMBER Katherine Cecil Thurston's novel of the dissolute young member of the lower house of Parliament who runs into his double, a blood cousin, in the London fog? He gets the upright young chap to substitute for him, in order to have time out for play and drugs. The new Sir John Chilcote makes electrifying speeches in the House of Commons, rekindles the dead love of the real Sir John's beautiful wife. Just about the time that the real Sir John dies in a hideaway, Eve unlocks the door between the Chilcote bedrooms. What to do? You will delight in the suave Ronald Colman in the dual rôle of Bad Boy Sir John and Good Boy John Loder, be moved by the sentimental predicament of Elissa Landi as Eve. Stars love dual rôles and Colman revels in this. The old novel, once filmed silently by Guy Bates Post, has been written down to date and given a tasteful, charming production by Samuel Goldwyn. The direction is intelligent, the detailed atmosphere effective. (*United Artists*).

PLEASURE CRUISE

BOASTING a daring big scene borrowed from Mr. Balzac, this 1933 droll tale dawdles along its uninspired way until the blushful interlude. A bored wife takes a matrimonial vacation on a Baltic cruise, the jealous husband ships as barber to watch his wife. He learns that she is wavering on the night of the big ball, locks the pseudo Romeo in his stateroom and takes the fellow's place in the boudoir rendezvous. The masquerade, I hesitate to chronicle, is completely successful. The comedy is mildly acted by Genevieve Tobin and Roland Young as the chief protagonists. (*Fox*).

HUMANITY

STARTING out to show the contrast between the old-fashioned general practitioner and the newer medical specialist, this film runs into melodramatic backwaters. The father has dedicated his life (and every moment of it) to curing the ill, the son starts out to cater to the wealthy, the neurotics and the gangsters. This clash of medical ideals has been the subject of several films recently. Ralph Morgan is the self-sacrificing physician, Alexander Kirkland is his selfish son. (*Fox*).

A BEDTIME STORY

GRABBING the whole picture in one tiny hand, an eight-months-old baby, billed as Baby LeRoy, walks off with *A Bedtime Story*. You never have seen such a youngster. He had all Hollywood in love with him during the making of the film. On the screen, he is even more lovable. Playing secondary rôles to the baby are Maurice Chevalier, doing his captivating best as a gentleman of Paris, Edward Everett Horton, a valet of ability and imagination, and Helen Twelvetrees as the love interest. All distinguish themselves whenever Baby LeRoy allows. The story is straight farce concerning the complications caused by the arrival of the foundling waif. It is a bit naughty in the best Chevalier manner and the French star has four musical interludes. (*Paramount*).

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR

A VIENNESE attorney sets out to defend his best friend, who has killed his pretty but unfaithful wife. As he prepares his case, he discovers, through examination of the incidents leading up to the crime, that his own wife is faithless. He decides to resort to murder—but he plans to hold off until he wins his friend's acquittal. All of which works up a neat atmosphere of suspense. The moral of this film is—unfaithful wives should keep away from mirrors. Their unconscious expressions, caught by suspicious spouses, will cause a lot of trouble. This picture, indeed, may seriously affect the mirror industry. It is not a pretty tale, this ingenious yarn of indiscreet wives, but it is tautly acted by Frank Morgan, Paul Lukas and Nancy Carroll, and it is shrewdly directed by James Whale. (*Universal*).

PICK UP

GEORGE RAFT is distinctly disappointing as a taxi driver who picks up a homeless girl on a stormy night, shares his small apartment with her and finds in her the inspiration to make something of himself. The illicit, but highly helpful, romance hovers on the rocks when the ex-taxi driver is vamped by a harem-scarem heiress out for a new thrill, and when the pick up's convict husband appears to get revenge. The story is turgid and involved, while Raft, the victim of bad photography, turns in a dull performance. Effective in appearance, this young actor seems to lack acting variety. Sylvia Sidney is fairly effective as the girl while Lilian Bond, as the heiress, offers an arresting pair of knees. These, I admit, are the main dramatic interests of *Pick Up*. (*Paramount*).

SWEEPINGS

KING LEAR in a department store. Following the new mode in panorama-of-time themes, *Sweepings* shows how Lionel Barrymore arrives in Chicago after the great fire, builds a humble emporium, grows up with it until, thanks to his Jewish assistant, the establishment has grown into a great enterprise. The old fellow looks forward to having his children succeed him in business but they, grown soft in a life of luxury, have other ideas. The author of *Sweepings* thought of a twist in parental disappointment untouched by Mr. Shakespeare. ONE OF THE 1933 LEAR'S SONS BECOMES A WINDOW DECORATOR. Lionel Barrymore, often given to over-acting, is guilty in the first degree here. Gregory Ratoff shades him as his unappreciated, humble Jewish aid. The best bit is contributed by Helen Mack as a tough little shop girl. Pretty dull. (*Radio Pictures*).

FEMININE SECRETS

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TABLOID REVIEWS

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Robert Montgomery and Sally Eilers in *Made on Broadway*

DRAMA

BABY FACE—Barbara Stanwyck as an embittered girl makes men her career. A bold, dramatic story with George Brent and Donald Cook supporting.—*Warner.*

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—Katharine Hepburn walks off with the whole show in another version of the eternal triangle. Colin Clive and Helen Chandler.—*Radio.*

CLEAR ALL WIRES—Lee Tracy as a war correspondent becomes enmeshed in Russian intrigue. Good comedy moments. Una Merkel, James Gleason and Benita Hume.—*Metro.*

DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Was it Christ who saved the twelve men and one woman lost at sea on a rum-runner? Decide the answer by seeing this subtle, powerful drama. Cast: Pat O'Brien, Tom Brown, Betty Compson.—*Universal.*

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—Walter Huston's magnificent portrayal of the president who led his nation out of the depression jungle. Karen Morley and Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

LOOKING FORWARD—Propaganda against depression, with Lionel Barrymore as the old bookkeeper who is dismissed after years of service. Lewis Stone steals the picture.—*Metro.*

MADE ON BROADWAY—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers and Madge Evans in a melodramatic story of the man who picked the wrong woman.—*Metro.*

OUR BETTERS—An American girl gets her title and finds it doesn't mean a thing. Clever, sophisticated entertainment with Connie Bennett, Gilbert Roland and Grant Mitchell.—*Radio.*

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—Husband and wife discover that it is impossible just to agree not to be jealous. Somewhat trite fare, although fine cast includes Gloria Swanson, Laurence Olivier and Genevieve Tobin.—*United Artists.*

REUNION IN VIENNA—Husbands mean nothing to John Barrymore, the reckless exiled duke, who aims to recapture Diana Wynyard, his one-time sweetheart. Frank Morgan is the husband who objects. One of the year's best.—*Metro.*

ROME EXPRESS—Grand Hotel-ish entertainment on a railway train. A good foreign-made picture with Esther Ralston and Conrad Veidt. —*Gaumont-Universal.*

SECRETS—Mary Pickford gives a remarkable performance opposite Leslie Howard in a fine historical drama.—*United Artists.*

THE KID'S LAST FIGHT—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. contributes grand performance as a cocky prize-fighter who kills a man in a drunken brawl. Loretta Young, Aline MacMahon, Lyle Talbot and Shirley Grey.—*Warner.*

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR—An attorney, defending a man who murdered his wife for infidelity, finds himself in the same situation. Packs fine dramatic punch, with Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan and Paul Lukas.—*Universal.*

THE MASQUERADER—Ronald Colman in a dual rôle which gives him a real chance to show off his ability. Whimsical humor and dramatic sequences. Elissa Landi and Halliwell Hobbs.—*United Artists.*

THE WHITE SISTER—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable in a modern, stirring version of the screen classic that brought fame to Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman.—*Metro.*

TODAY WE LIVE—The psychology of war treated through the characters of Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Robert Young. Excellent film fare.—*Metro.*

COMEDY

A BEDTIME STORY—Maurice Chevalier in the most amusing picture of his career finds a baby and is captured by a scheming girl. A grand cast, featuring Adrienne Ames, Helen Twelvetrees, Edward Everett Horton and Baby Leroy.—*Paramount.*

ELMER THE GREAT—Joe E. Brown scores a home run in his latest as the clown ball player who muddles everything but bats a high average at the finish. Patricia Ellis is the girl.—*Warner.*

HARD TO HANDLE—Jimmy Cagney turns promoter and promotes everything from dance marathons to a romance for himself. Mary Brian, Ruth Donnelly, Claire Dodd.—*Warner.*

OUT ALL NIGHT—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville go honeymooning at Niagara Falls with all the anticipated comedy situations.—*Universal.*

THE PICTURE SNATCHER—Jimmy Cagney socks his way through a laugh-infested story of the ex Sing-Sing convict who makes good. Alice White and Ralph Bellamy share second honors.—*Warner.*

MUSICAL

42ND STREET—Dramatic story of the joys and sorrows of theatrical life. Scores of pretty girls, beautiful songs and settings. Cast: Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and George Brent.—*Warner.*

BE MINE TONIGHT—Light operetta featuring the glorious voice of Jan Kiepura, Polish opera star. Okay for music lovers.—*Universal.*

George Raft and Sylvia Sidney in *Pick Up*

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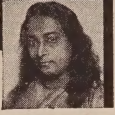

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Jig-saw Puzzle Contest Winners Are Announced

THE nation's NEW DEAL policy already has begun to work, and as a result, Mrs. V. J. Schneider of Portland, Oregon, was awarded first prize in SCREEN BOOK's recent contest for the following essay telling, in twenty words, why she likes SCREEN BOOK magazine.

SCREEN BOOK is a NEW DEAL magazine at a MORATARIUM price, read by rich and poor to forget the DEPRESSION.

And that simple little sentence, expressing a complete thought in exactly twenty words—count them—wins fifty dollars for its author. As you can see, it is original, complete, and told in up-to-the-minute language.

Second prize of twenty-five dollars was awarded to Sylvia Harriet Ross of Cleveland, Ohio. Third prize of ten dollars went to Emilie Vaughan of McGraw, New York.

The contest was conducted jointly by SCREEN BOOK magazine and the TARZAN OF THE APES jig-saw puzzle.

Announcements concerning the $500 and $1,000 cash prize contests in conjunction with the jig-saw juzzles will be made in SCREEN BOOK next month. Watch for them!

The complete list of winners are as follows:

First prize of fifty dollars: Mrs. V. J. Schneider, 730 N. E. Weidler street, Apt. 12, Portland, Oregon.

Second prize of twenty-five dollars: Sylvia Harriet Ross, 10505 Glenville avenue, No. 6, Cleveland, Ohio.

Third prize of ten dollars: Emilie Vaughan, Academy street, McGraw, N. Y.

Ten prizes of one dollar each: Laura Elliott, R. F. D. No. 2, Pottstown, Pa.; J. E. Johnson, Brule, Wis.; Mrs. C. W. Hertzog, 177 Elford Terrace, Spartanburg, S. Car.; J. G. Allen, R. D. 2, Duncannon, Pa.; Mrs. Wm. Geers, Iron River, Mich.; Homer Howe, 4033 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Belva Cochran, Dublin, Ind.; Evelyn M. Peyre, 521 Eureka St., San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. O. H. Larson, 725 Ramsey St., Blue Earth, Minn.; Roy Cain, Irvington, Ky.

"Mothering" Leslie Howard

[*Continued from page 26*]

WELL—that was a few years ago. I mention it only to point out that Leslie hasn't always been the perfectly domesticated husband at which Hollywood has marveled. He's done his share of playing with fire; that he didn't get burned is probably entirely due to the fact that he had such an efficient "protector." And I think that Leslie is just wise enough to know that he needs a wife like that—particularly in Hollywood where the matrimonial pavements are so slippery that husbands need chains to keep them from skidding.

Not that I'm trying to make Leslie out to be a philanderer. But there seems to have been considerable surprise that this soft spoken gentleman who is not particularly good-looking, who has none of that hit-you-between-the-eyes sex appeal with which Hollywood is so familiar, should suddenly have become the man of the hour. The answer is simple. In addition to being an excellent actor, Leslie Howard is the sort of person who inspires what women like to call that "maternal something" which is just about the most insidious appeal of all. Also, women feel intuitively that in him they would find sympathy and understanding. Well—you know how fatal that can be. So it's probably just as well that Mrs. Howard has remained in Hollywood instead of yielding to that homesick feeling for England which sometimes overtakes her.

The Howards have a charming old Tudor home in England which they purchased more than a year ago and have never lived in.

"I wanted to go back to England," Mrs. Howard told me, "and get the place all fixed up so that it would be ready when Leslie arrived. But he insists that he would be lost in Hollywood without his family."

In fact, if Leslie were left to his own devices he would probably get into all sorts of jams. Like the husband which he portrayed so delightfully in *Animal Kingdom*, he's always late for appointments. He makes dates and then forgets all about them. "Unless Mrs. Howard reminds me," he confesses. And I suspect that it is Mrs. Howard who is responsible for his always looking so very Bond Street. Leslie's favorite costume is a pair of old corduroy trousers and some comfortable sandals which cost $3.95. He hates to wear hats and when forced to do so usually drags out a disreputable headpiece which looks as though the dogs had been chewing it.

"I think that men's clothes are really instruments of torture," he told me. "Why women should want to wear anything as uncomfortable as trousers I can't imagine. But then comfort doesn't seem to be as important to a woman as to a man. Or rather appearance seems to mean more to them than comfort.

"For instance, when Mrs. Howard and I go to a Hollywood première. I always start out wearing my glasses. I know that they don't add anything to my looks but I'm near-sighted, you see, so I'm more comfortable with my glasses on. But when we get within about a block of the theatre Mrs. Howard invariably jerks my glasses off and puts them in her handbag. She thinks I look better without them—which I probably do. But the result is that I stumble out of the car, blinded by the lights, not seeing a thing, and feeling much embarrassed for fear I won't speak to somebody I should.

"You see Mrs. Howard has a sense of showmanship which I simply haven't got. She thinks of appearances. I think more of comfort."

To repeat what I said before, I think Leslie is fully aware that he needs just the sort of person that Mrs. Howard is—a combination wife, mother, manager and protector. And that is doubtless the very reason why their marriage has lasted seventeen years.

One of the most amusing stories I've ever heard about Leslie was when he was attending art school in New York with Alfred Lunt. One day they had to draw from life. The model was late. Suddenly she appeared—nude. Leslie was so embarrassed that he could not look at her. When the instructor looked over his shoulder to see how he was progressing Leslie's drawing board contained a mass of meaningless lines.

◆

Let's Do That Hollywood Tango

[*Continued from page* 43]

open position as illustrated in photograph No. 2.)

2. Step forward with the right foot.
3. Step back with the right foot. (Facing as you are.) By stepping forward with the right and left foot, you may repeat movements Nos. 2 and 3 as many times as you wish. In finishing this figure you will be standing as illustrated in photograph No. 2, with the right foot back.

Figure E

1. Step forward with the right foot.
2. Swing left foot off the floor, in a half circle, turning the right foot to the left, making a half turn. (As you complete this movement you will be facing in the opposite direction.) You are now standing as illustrated in photograph No. 2, only you are facing in the opposite direction, with the left foot forward instead of the right.
3. Step back with the left foot raising arms high in the air, and you are now standing as illustrated in photograph No. 6.

Figure F

1. Step forward with the left foot, dropping your arms as you do.
2. Step back with the left foot raising your arms again as illustrated in photograph No. 6.
3. Step forward with the left foot, again dropping the arms.
4. Swing right foot off the floor in a half circle, turning the left foot to the right, making a half turn. (As you complete this movement you will be facing in the opposite direction, as illustrated in photograph No. 2.)
5. Step back with the right foot, facing as you are.
6. Step back with the left foot. (Then lady swinging her right foot off the floor, placing it between man's both feet, facing each other, and swinging arms to the left. You are now standing in the regular ballroom position as illustrated in photograph No. 1, only your left foot is back instead of forward as shown, finishing the dance.)

Fox studio officials are daring anyone to discover a more lovely brunette than Heather Angel, recently imported from England. Looks a wee bit like Janet Gaynor

—*Ray Jones*

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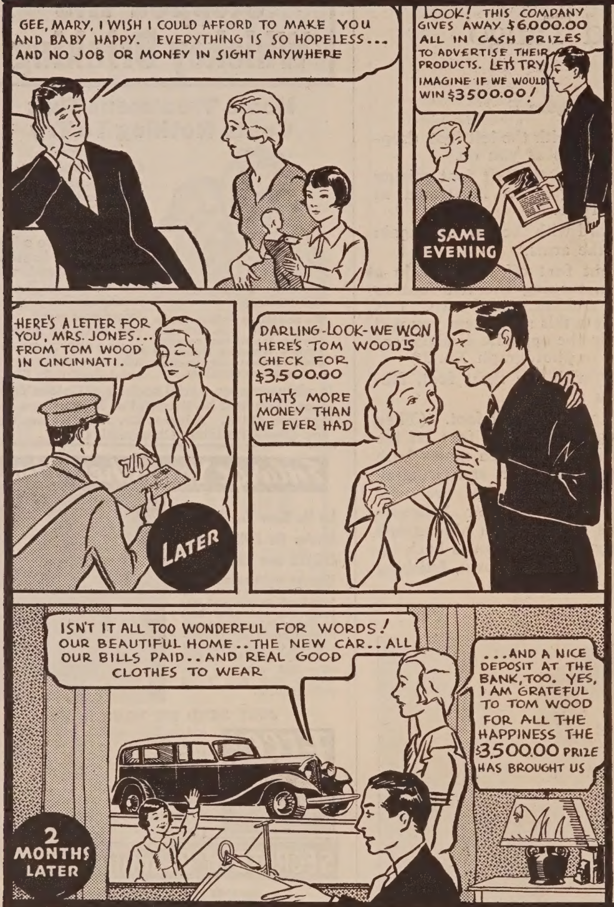
GEE, MARY, I WISH I COULD AFFORD TO MAKE YOU AND BABY HAPPY. EVERYTHING IS SO HOPELESS... AND NO JOB OR MONEY IN SIGHT ANYWHERE
LOOK! THIS COMPANY GIVES AWAY $6000.00 ALL IN CASH PRIZES TO ADVERTISE THEIR PRODUCTS. LETS TRY IMAGINE IF WE WOULD WIN $3500.00!
SAME EVENING
HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU, MRS. JONES... FROM TOM WOOD IN CINCINNATI.
DARLING-LOOK-WE WON HERE'S TOM WOOD'S CHECK FOR $3,500.00 THAT'S MORE MONEY THAN WE EVER HAD
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ISN'T IT ALL TOO WONDERFUL FOR WORDS! OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME..THE NEW CAR..ALL OUR BILLS PAID..AND REAL GOOD CLOTHES TO WEAR
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JUST FOR THE WINNING ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION

I am going to give $3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know that the money will be used wisely. *What will you do with this fortune if I give it to you?* Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less what you would do with the $3,500.00—*nothing more to do toward the $250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is simple! Nothing "fancy" is needed—just tell me in plain words what you would do with the $3,500.00. Answer now—Win!

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Nothing more for you to do! Costs nothing to win—nothing to buy—no selling—This $250.00 Prize given just for an answer to my question.

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One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are prompt and win first prize in final distribution. So don't delay. Nothing more to do now or ever toward getting answer prize and qualifying for an opportunity to get your share of over $6,000.00 to be given away. EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH . . . Think what you would do with $3,500.00—write your answer and rush it to me. SEND NO MONEY . . . No "puzzles," "number paths" or "lucky numbers" to win over $3,500.00 cash. BE PROMPT. I will send you $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE.

RULES—Only one answer accepted from a family. You must be over 16 years of age and reside within Continental U. S. $250.00 given for best answer to **"What Will You Do With $3,500.00 If I Give It to You?"** Answers must be postmarked not later than Sept. 16, 1933. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea. Construction, spelling and neatness not considered. Duplicate prizes given in case of duplicate winning answers.

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Some say I am wrong. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away over $6,000.00. Someone is going to get $3,500.00 All Cash. If I gave you the $3,500.00 what would YOU do with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3,500.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me what you would do with the money if I gave you the $3,500.00.

TOM WOOD, Manager
Dept. W-306-F H-O Building Cincinnati, Ohio

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TOM WOOD, Manager
H. O. Bldg., Dept. W-306-F, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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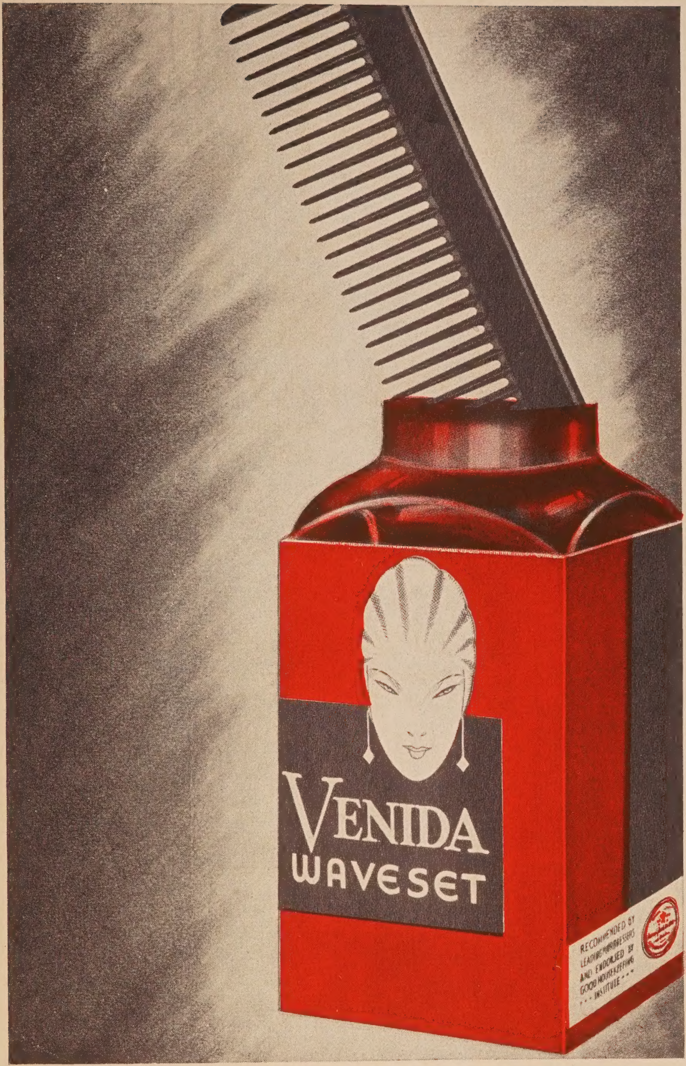
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Enclosed find 50c in cash ( ) or stamps ( ). Send me large 16-oz. bottle Venida Waveset and the Venida Waveset Comb free.

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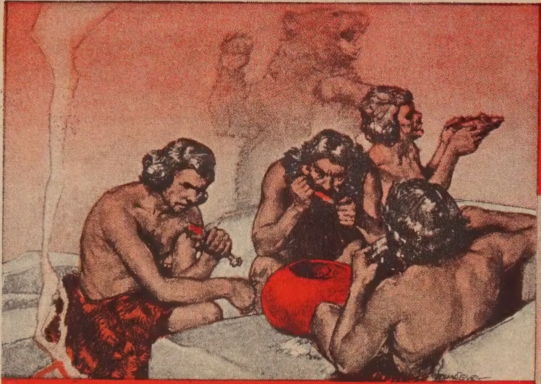
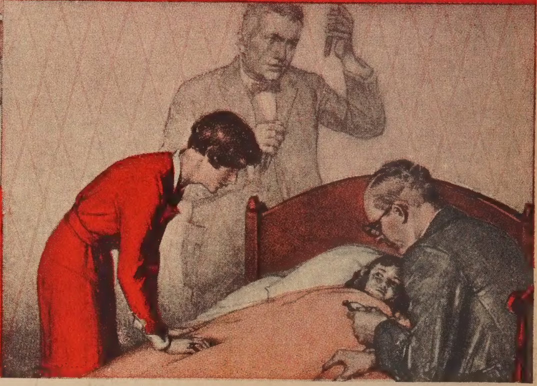


3000 B. C. — Food — tough wild meat which was gnawed from the bones; roots, and coarse grains. They had perfect teeth then. And their health must have been remarkable for them to survive the rigors of uncivilized life.

TODAY — NEARLY 5000 YEARS LATER
Science has made great progress, but several troubles have never been conquered—tooth decay, mouth and gum disorders which bring a train of serious results.



A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY CORRECT THESE MISTAKES OF CIVILIZATION

CHEWING, doctors say, was the cause of primitive man's fine teeth. *Chewing* kept him healthy. It is because we no longer *chew* enough that many of the present day physical handicaps persist. Exercising all the parts of the oral cavity is essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth structure.

Dentyne — a special chewing gum — helps overcome these conditions just as our ancestors were helped by chewing tough meats, coarse grains, and by gnawing roots. Because it has a special consistency — *a special chew* — it exercises the mouth. It causes the flow of saliva to return to normal, cleansing the mouth and teeth and increasing the flow of blood to all the mouth tissues.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE — Here is an aid to health for your family in the pleasantest form, for Dentyne is delicious. Here are healthy mouths and white, beautiful teeth. See to it that every member of your family chews Dentyne every day for five minutes. Be as regular about this as about other health habits. It is just as important.

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1. To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.
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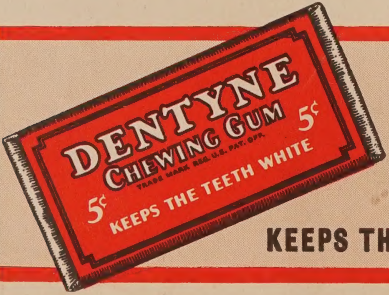
Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.



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ANN HARDING QUITS THE MOVIES

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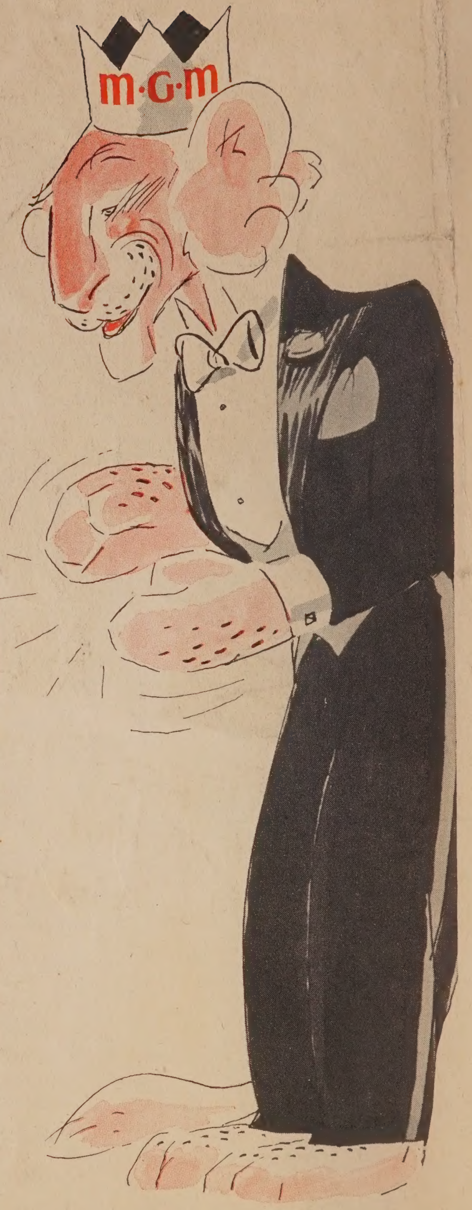

PEG O' MY HEART, that beautiful stage play by J. Hartley Manners, with its laughs, its tears, its heart throbs, is more exquisite still in its screen version. Supported by Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell McDonald and Juliette Compton, Marion Davies is the most utterly winning Peg the heart could desire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from an adaptation by Francis Marion . . . A first rank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cosmopolitan picture.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Her Finger-Tips Gleam

Her teeth are dull... her gums soft and she has "**pink tooth brush**"!

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—*and gums.*

If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

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—*Wide World*

Greta Garbo arrives with a smile

● Greta Garbo greeted the reporters with a smile when she arrived on the *Annie Johnson* at San Diego. Miss Garbo's manager had denied persistently the report that the star was on the *Annie Johnson.* All Hollywood had doubted that she was on the freighter. But SCREEN BOOK had checked the report, verified it and obtained the diary of an actual observer on the five weeks' trip. Turn to page 11 of this issue and you will find the whole story of the voyage from Sweden to California, with hundreds of fascinating details. This is another news beat for SCREEN BOOK.

Radio Favorites of the Stars

● Next month SCREEN BOOK is going to tell you all about the radio favorites of the motion picture stars. Even as you and I, your movie idols listen in on their radios. At least they do when they are not basking on the beach at Malibu or dining at the Brown Derby. Next month you will learn just who likes Amos 'n' Andy, Baron Munchausen, The Fire Chief, Kate Smith and the other ether headliners.

Learn About Charm

● A new department has been brought into our magazine—another feature to make SCREEN BOOK of service to you. Fashion notes to help in making your wardrobe the "last word" in style; beauty hints to answer your every question; a pattern service to make it possible for you to be dressed like your favorite actress, inexpensively. Next month in the August issue of SCREEN BOOK, an additional feature will be in the "Charm" department. This new service will be of interest to every woman who is attempting to please a male admirer. *Watch for it!*

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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor

Vol. X Contents for July, 1933 No. 6

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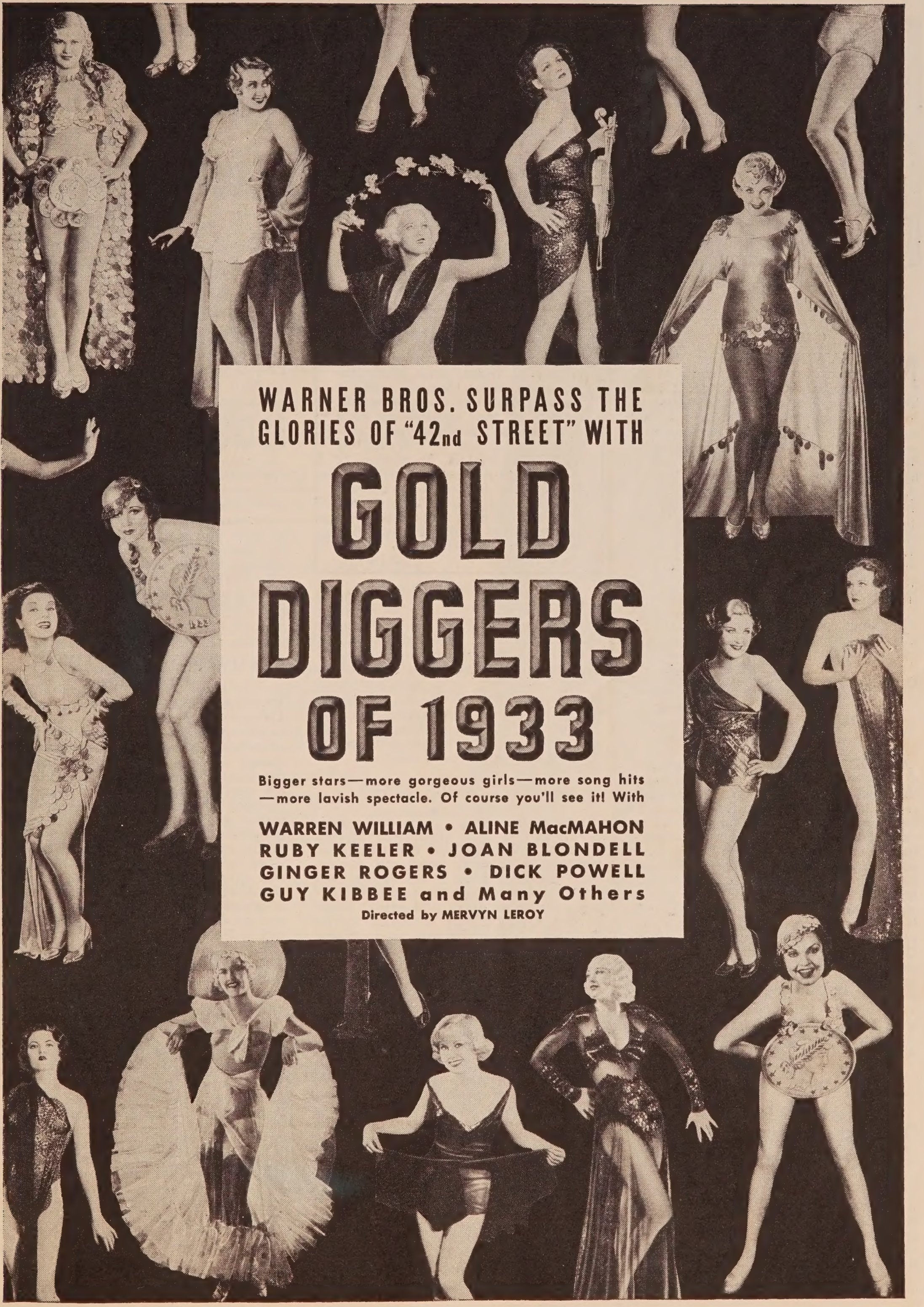

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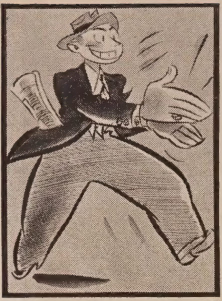


HANDCLAPS and Hisses

Where SCREEN BOOK readers talk back to the stars

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Come one, come all—here's a chance to make some honest-to-goodness cash. Simply write a letter of not more than 100 words, expressing your opinions on stars and pictures. Address your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. The following awards are offered for the best letters each month. First prize: $15.00. Second: $10.00. Third: $5.00. Fourth: Five prizes of $1.00 each.

BUY AMERICAN

($15.00 Letter)

MR. FAWCETT'S article, "Home Grown Movie Stars," contains my sentiments to the letter; I have long been adverse to the importation of foreign movie talent, at the expense and subsequent letting down of the employment of our own artists. In trying times like the present, when Americans should be given preference in America, I think if this importation continues as vigorously as at the moment, it will tend not only to discourage those in the business of acting, but more than ever, discourage those who may be future possibilities. Surely the splendid ability and appeal of Irene Dunne, Helen Hayes, Bebe Daniels, and others I might mention, who possess all that foreign talent possibly could, plus musical ability, not yet given its possible opportunities, should not be discouraged and slighted.—Mrs. Anna C. MacKenzie, 1000 13th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

THANKING THE MIKE

($10.00 Letter)

AFTER seven years, it is a little late to voice thanks for the invention of the talkies, but—has anyone stopped to reflect how fortunate we really are to be enjoying them today? The silent screen undoubtedly had its great artists—some having bridged the gap into Talkie Land successfully—for which we are wholeheartedly glad. But—if it had not been for that little gadget called the microphone, we wouldn't be able, today, to hear the racy voice of Lee Tracy, that priceless ZaSu Pitts wail, Edna May Oliver's significant sniff, Chatterton's faultless diction, or Paul Muni's poignant voice. These fine artists would have remained in virtual obscurity forever, for voice means everything to them—and what a loss that would have been to *us!* —Maurice Jacobs, 4119 Westminster Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

($5.00 Letter)

THIS letter is dedicated to Mae West—a diamond in the rough! Prettee rough, I calls it, prettee rough! But I must break down and confess—I like her! She was a big hit in *Night After Night,* and when *She Done Him Wrong,* who could blame her? It was nautical, and that's not supposed to be nice—but who cares? Perhaps that's why she broke B. O. (Box Office to you!) records. So come again Mae, with your diamonds and curves, 'cause you just "Ain't ice" in our hearts, and we're all going West! And what a time we young maidens are going to have—trying to keep our young men from going West!!!! Perhaps, from now on, our theme song will be—"When will our wandering boys come home?"—Elsie M. Pesarcik, 145 Peshine Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

LIKES FOREIGN STARS

($1.00 Letter)

I WANT to talk about our foreign stars. I like Dietrich and Garbo because of some inner poise and personality mostly lacking in our native product. It does not matter to me whether my favorite actors are married, single or divorced; recluses or social lights; but I am attracted because they are able to depict experiences they have in common with me. Our foreign stars, maybe because they represent an older civilization seem to have more in common with those confronted with the stark realities of life, than our gay American product. (And when the movie lords think people go to the pictures simply to forget they make their big mistake. I for instance, go to see HOW people with the same problems as my own, work them out.) And then, splendid as Joan Crawford is, for example, she works so hard to get an effect that Dietrich can produce merely by a lift of her eyebrows. Although WITH Joan in her effort, she tires us a little, while Marlene rests us with her effortlessness. But it takes character to do this, and no amount of press agenting, good looks or lovely clothes can successfully counterfeit character.—Genevieve Clark Campbell, 111 N. Seventh St., Ironton, Ohio.

INDIVIDUALITY IN PANTS

($1.00 Letter)

SO YOU think girls shouldn't wear trousers? Funny! I bet you think a girl is disgraced if she smokes! For goodness sake, if a person has any individuality—let her express it. The only thing that is the matter with you is that you are envious of those girls who don't care what you say about them. You're spoiled! You are used to the stars living like *you* think they should live. I am glad there are a few who live like and do what they want to and pay no attention to what you say! Let them bring over the foreign stars! We send ours over there. A sprinkling of foreigners add zest to the motion picture work. They make our stars work harder to keep on top! Competition is good for all!—Garet Ray, Georgetown, S. C.

THE BEAUTY OF LIVING

($1.00 Letter)

DISSATISFACTION and criticism of the motion pictures has become a habit. Always—it's the zest of seeking adventure, splendor and laughter in the absurd and tragic that entices us. For the movies bring to us the glamour of the past, the vigor of the present; they broaden the minds and hearts of our people and instill there an appreciative understanding of how small are the big things and how big are the small things. They indubitably stand for all the beauty and grace of living that hundreds of thousands ever have the means of beholding—surely an incentive to the stars and producers.—Jean Titus, West Alexander, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

SHOWING CENSOR CUTS

($1.00 Letter)

AFTER the censors finish chopping a picture, I think that the paying public is entitled to see each and every scene that remains, but it isn't being done and I don't know who is to blame. Who ever is at fault, I want to tell them that they are not doing right by their little public. Why are theatre owners permitted to display lobby pictures and show certain scenes in the coming attractions advertisements, and then when the picture is shown, those very same scenes are cut out. I think it very unfair. It's like paying for an orchestra seat and being forced to sit in the gallery. If those particular scenes are cut by the censors, then why are theatre

[*Continued on page* 54]

"I have REDUCED my waist and hips 9 INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . writes Miss Healy

"I REDUCED from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian . . . "Massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

WE GUARANTEE TO
REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or it won't cost you one penny!

»You will reduce much more quickly during the Summertime

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit...its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

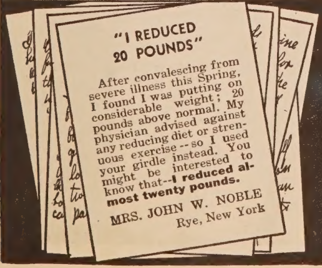
● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days...then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results...and your money will be immediately refunded...including the postage!

THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER - NOW



"I REDUCED 20 POUNDS"

After convalescing from severe illness this Spring, I found I was putting on considerable weight; 20 pounds above normal. My physician advised against any reducing diet or strenuous exercise -- so I used your girdle instead. You might be interested to know that--**I reduced almost twenty pounds.**

MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE
Rye, New York

"I REDUCED 9 INCHES"

I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle -- it seems almost impossible that since last May **my hips have been reduced nine inches.** I think this is perfectly marvelous--at least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.

MISS JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue,
New York City

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 77, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic Rubber and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

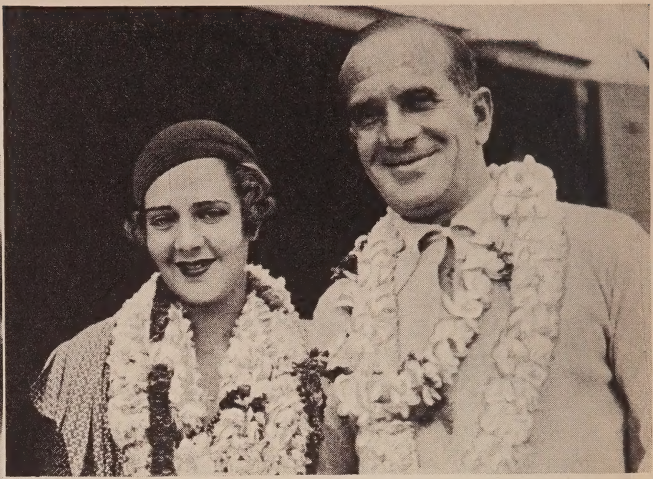
*Name*____________________________

*Address*____________________________

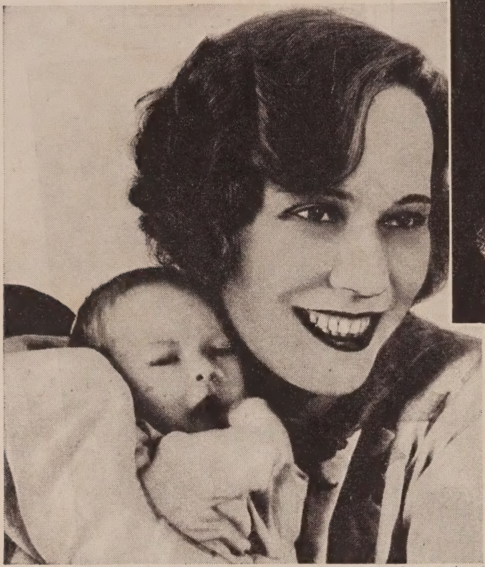
*City*______________*State*____________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Al Jolson, famous Mammy singer of the air and talkies, and his wife, Ruby Keeler, take time out to vacation in Hawaii. Miss Keeler, surprise of *42nd Street*, is said to score another hit in *The Gold Diggers of 1933*



—*Wide World*

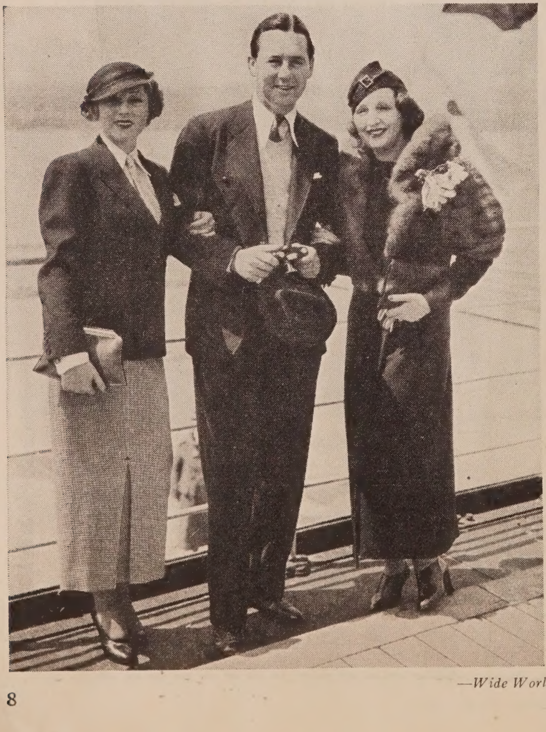


—*International*

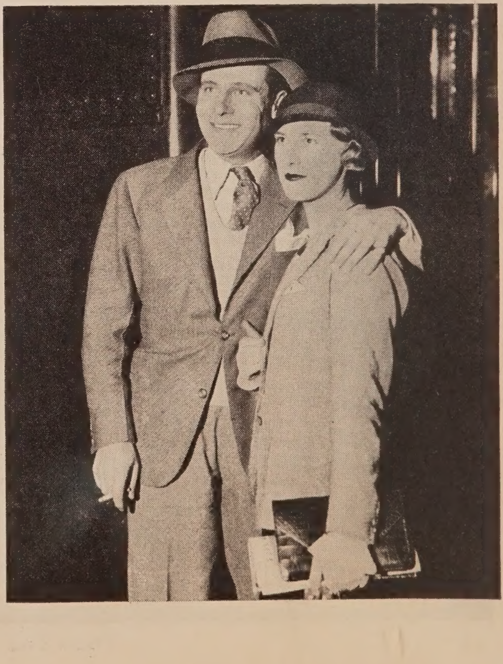
Above, Mrs. Hal K. Willis, known to the films as Louise Fazenda, gives her son his first picture test. You know Louise as the comédienne of many a film. The young gentleman with the yawn was born April 10

Photo Flashes

All aboard for Europe! Ben Lyon and his wife, Bebe Daniels, depart for a three months' vacation in Europe, taking along their little girl. Sally Eilers sailed on the same boat, the *Ile de France*. Below, Henri Garat arrives in New York from Hollywood with his wife, Betty



—*Wide World*



As We Go to Press

ALL Hollywood was at Hoot Gibson's annual rodeo. That is, all save Sally Eilers, on the high seas bound for France.

Dorothea Weick startled a Beverly Hills theatre audience by rising and denouncing a scene in a movie showing a dog being killed. She is an animal lover.

Miss Weick, by the way, will co-star with Charles Laughton, the Nero of *The Sign of the Cross*, in her first American movie. Laughton is now in London playing Henry VIII in a stage play.

The Marx brothers have bought all rights to a prize fighter who will be known as Canvas Back Cohen. He is reported to be so dumb that, when he is hit on the head, he answers the 'phone. That empty, ringing sound, of course.

Hollywood's latest game is a treasure hunt on bicycles.

Stop press note—Jimmy Dunn's latest flame is Helen Vinson.

Spencer Tracy has won a battle with the Fox Studio. He has completed work in *The Power and the Glory* and thinks his performance in that film is the best of his film career. The studio wanted Tracy to appear in a picture based on the life of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, releasing the Cermak film ahead of *The Power and the Glory*. Tracy threatened to quit if forced to do another film for prior release—and he won his tilt.

George Raft is giving a big rush to Marjorie King, who is the girl that Jack Gilbert wooed and lost two years ago.

Gloria Swanson has decided to do no more sophisticated comedy. Substantial dramatic rôles in future, of the type she played in *The Trespasser*.

Lewis Milestone is to direct Leslie Howard for Columbia Pictures in a French farce, tentatively titled *How to Take a Wife*.

Elissa Landi said to be plenty hot stuff in vampirish rôle of *I Loved You Wednesday*.

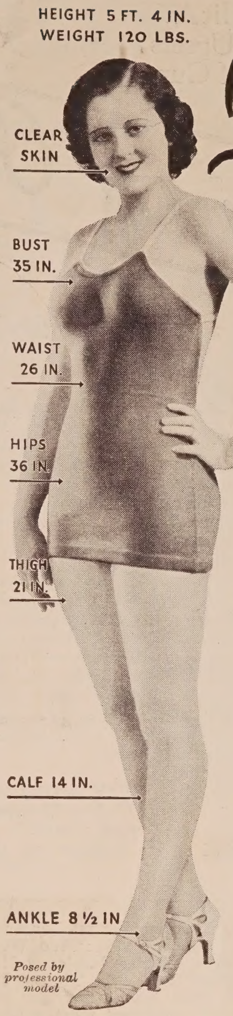
Norman Foster has leased a beach house at Malibu.

The new Darryl Zanuck-Joe Schenck organization is plotting to sign Clara Bow for two pictures a year, believing her the best bet on the screen today.

Harold Lloyd may discard his black rimmed glasses in his new picture, a more sophisticated story with a new sort of characterization.

Karen Morley is anticipating a blessed event.

Doug Fairbanks rushed into New York from Europe, raced across country to Hollywood. He is bent upon producing a picture in China and may start off on the new expedition within a few weeks.


HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.
CLEAR SKIN
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
HIPS 36 IN.
THIGH 21 IN.
CALF 14 IN.
ANKLE 8 ½ IN
Posed by professional model

SKINNY GIRLS listen to this!

Amazing easy way adds new pounds double quick!

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron

THOUSANDS who were once scrawny, sickly, weak, praise this new way to gain weight and health.

For years doctors prescribed yeast to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to this new scientific discovery, you can get even better results — put on firmer, healthier flesh than with ordinary yeast—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds—but other benefits, too. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep, vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

2 greatest body-builders in 1

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times —*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. So successful has it been that it is absolutely guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.

15 lbs. in 4 weeks

"I was skinny, weak, nervous, tired, couldn't sleep, had an awful complexion. But after taking Ironized Yeast I gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, look fine."
Mrs. Ethel Airhart, Edinburg, Va.

28 lbs. gained

"I was so rundown I had to give up work. My druggist advised Ironized Yeast and I quickly gained 28 lbs., work hard and never tire, feel and look great."
J. F. Bork, Buffalo, N. Y.

8 lbs., lovely skin

"I had lost weight and my complexion was terrible, but Ironized Yeast soon gave me 8 lbs. and a lovely skin."
Ida Lenze, Houston, Tex.

10 lbs. in 1 month

"For several years I had no pep or ambition. Was very nervous, tired, worn out, skinny. I've taken Ironized Yeast for one month now and gained 10 lbs., new strength, wonderful complexion."
Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.

The Warners Achieve a Remarkable Hit Average—Mickey Mouse Worries and Upsets Hollywood—Trend Toward Stories of Current Personalities and Events

Speaking of Pictures

By Frederick James Smith

OUR sincerest congratulations to the Warner Brothers upon the splendid average of their new Spring and Summer product. Consider releasing George Arliss' *The Working Man*, Dick Barthelmess' *Central Airport*, Joe Brown's *Elmer the Great*, James Cagney's *Picture Snatcher*, Bette Davis' *Ex-Lady* and Edward Robinson's *The Little Giant* in succession! Each and every one a hit! Along with *42nd Street*, which turned the screen upside down.

THE students at Princeton have selected Mickey Mouse as their favorite actor. Norma Shearer crowded Minnie Mouse out of first place as Princeton's choice for leading screen actress.

MICKEY MOUSE, declares R. C. Sheriff, author of *Journey's End* and other plays and recently a Hollywood scenario constructor, is gnawing a big hole through the fabric of studio inefficiency in Hollywood. The actor of the future will be a player artificially constructed after the fashion utilized by screen cartoons.

Mr. Sheriff believes that the use of human beings as actors is too cruel. He thinks that to torture emotions out of an actor is a detriment to the player's health and that the glamour, fame and big money that go hand in hand with the torture in no way balance the sheet.

Those odd sounds you hear are our sobs over this cruelty.

Mr. Sheriff further describes Hollywood as a place of beautiful houses and gardens—but no homes. Hollywood people, he says, are not really interested in the development of the film. They want to make their pile and go home.

SPEAKING of Mickey Mouse reminds me that Mickey is the favorite screen star of Queen Mary of England. When they cut a Mickey Mouse comedy for a charity show program recently, in order to shorten the show, Queen Mary balked. She wouldn't go until they restored Mickey to the program. Thus the phrase, What, no Mickey Mouse, seems to have been traced to Windsor Castle.

We doff our hat to the William Fox advertising copy writer who describes The Warrior's Husband, *adapted from the Broadway success of the Amazons who battled for their gods and their country while the males kept the home fires burning.*

Here's how he explains matters:

"Uproarious comedy romance of the land where women are the traveling salesmen and the men are the farmers' daughters."

THE screen has been going in strongly for topical stories, in other words yarns built about current personalities and events. Edward Robinson's next, tentatively called *Red Meat*, is built about a front page financier who is now residing amid the ruins of ancient Greece. The picture opens in Greece, where the chief protagonist is a student, and ends there, with the principal character a fugitive from justice. In between, the gentleman carves his way to the top as a tycoon of business amid the slaughter houses of Chicago. In brief, a meat king.

WE WONDER what would have happened if, instead of Ann Harding, Mr. Shaw had picked on some other Hollywood actress.

Suppose the victim had been Constance Bennett. Connie would have tweeked his whiskers, slammed her dressing room door in his face.

Or Greta Garbo. The gloomy Swede would probably have ordered the Irish playwright off her set.

I suspect that George Bernard Shaw picks his victims with care.

MOTION picture authorities report that Western melodrama—the good old horse operas—are on their way out. The market is narrowing daily, they say. However, the same authorities have been saying the same thing since the beginning of pictures. Still, I am afraid that the Western is fading now because the public will not accept callow youngsters as pioneer heroes. And the old timers, who rode out of the old West, have grown grey in the saddle. Their day has passed and with them passes the Western melodrama.

SCREEN BOOK regrets the publication in the June issue of the story that Mae West and James Timony were married has caused annoyance to this popular pair. Mr. Timony has for many years been Miss West's manager and our demon reporter had unearthed what appeared to be definite information that the marriage they have long denied had actually taken place. However, Miss West has come forward with proof that wedding bells have not rung for her and that, so far as she is concerned, the happy clangor will never be heard abroad in the land.

Everyone, including ourselves, admire Miss West and we would not, for the world, publish a story that was incorrect or which she objected to and so our readers will please consider this a denial of the story.

Miss West was a highly popular vaudeville star appearing in the best theatres of the country and was co-starring with Ed Wynn when Mr. Timony and Miss West met. Mr. Timony, contrary to the Gentleman at the Keyhole, never suffered amputation of the leg but received an injury playing football in his college days, which caused a perceptible stiffening of one limb. SCREEN BOOK takes this opportunity to correct any misleading impressions that may have been obtained by our readers and regrets the annoyance it caused Miss West and Mr. Timony. Our congratulations and best wishes for continued success to Miss West and her manager, Mr. Timony.

THE EDITOR OF SCREEN BOOK.

SCREEN BOOK

JULY, 1933

GARBO'S Five Weeks at SEA!

The Actual Diary of the Glamorous Motion Picture Star's Trip on a Freighter from Sweden to San Diego

SCREEN BOOK presents a complete diary of Greta Garbo's return to Sweden. Reporters and photographers were barred from the S. S. Annie Johnson during the whole trip, the ship's officers refused all sorts of offers to write an account of the five weeks' passage from Goteborg to San Diego. However, SCREEN BOOK is able to present a complete first hand story of the trip written by an actual observer.

SCREEN BOOK naturally cannot reveal the identity of the writer who reports in detail the day-by-day activities of the famous Swedish star on her thirty-five day journey back to Hollywood. SCREEN BOOK can guarantee that every detail is accurately reported.

Thus SCREEN BOOK offers another magazine beat: The first and only story of the fascinating Garbo's trip from Sweden back to movieland.

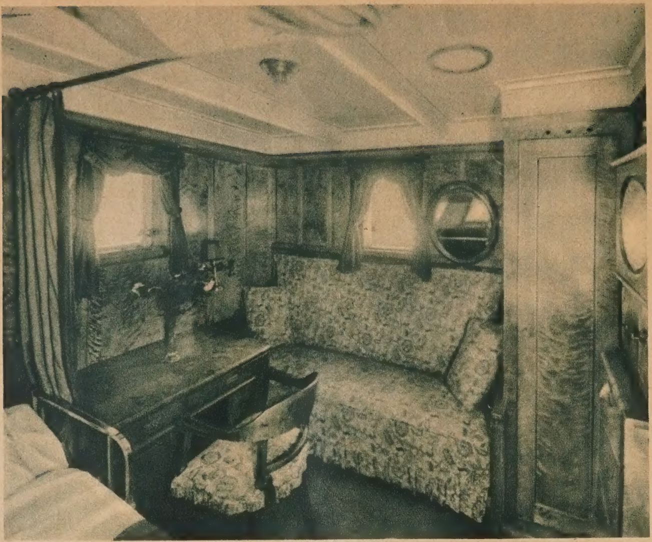
GRETA GARBO said farewell to Stockholm in her own peculiar way. She drove through its streets together with her old friend, Max Gumpel, the civil engineer, in his Duesenberg car.

Together they visited each section of the city that holds so many memories for Miss Garbo, the city she wished to hold close in her memories while in far off Hollywood.

Max Gumpel had been her tennis and dancing partner during her vacation. She knew him long before she departed from Sweden to try her luck in Hollywood.

The NEWS Beat of the MONTH

Remarkable Day-By-Day Story of Greta Garbo's Journey Back to Hollywood and the Movies



Greta Garbo's cabin amidships on the *Annie Johnson.* Just outside is the promenade deck. This is part of the owner's own de luxe suite and for five weeks this was the famous star's home. Here Garbo spent her leisure time writing letters and reading

Taking his advice, she had purchased considerable real estate. In fact, it was through his firm that she bought at least two houses.

About a week before she vanished from Stockholm she attended the opening of her picture, *Grand Hôtel,* with her good friends, the Count and Countess Wachtmeister. This was at the Vasateatern—and Miss Garbo appeared on the stage for a few moments.

On March 14 it was announced that Miss Garbo had booked passage on the *S. S. Gripsholm,* scheduled to sail on April 1. Accordingly the newspapermen made their plans to see the famous star depart on that day. But perhaps Miss Garbo has a strange sense of humor. For April 1 is All Fools' Day—and certainly Miss Garbo never intended to sail as announced.

On March 21 Miss Garbo left her home at Danderydsgatan 7, which she had rented from a Madame Lonnegren. She paid a last visit to her mother and brother—and motored away alone.

That night she arrived at magnificent Tistad, the lovely estate of the Count and Countess Wachtmeister, in whose company she had spent much of her vacation.

The Wachtmeisters also own a town house in Stockholm, where Miss Garbo had dined frequently during the winter. It was in the company of the Countess Martha Wachtmeister that she had visited England and France last summer. The countess is extremely wealthy and a great traveler. She will visit Garbo in Hollywood this summer when she comes to America to attend the Chicago World's Fair.

Tistad, which is located fifty miles south of Stockholm, is famed for its beauty. The house itself, a veritable castle, was built in 1630 by Baron Rosenhane and the estate came into the Wachtmeister family fifty years later, in 1680.

The estate boasts of an avenue of linden trees, several hundred years old, and the most celebrated avenue of fir trees in all Sweden. These fir trees extend for a mile and a half over a well kept lawn and are over two hundred years old. The estate has a hot house peach and grape garden. The castle houses a valuable art collection given to the family by the kings and queens of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

At Tistad Garbo frequently found a haven of seclusion during her vacation. She was guest there many times during the winter.

Garbo spent the twenty-second and twenty-third of March at Tistad, visiting her favorite nooks and corners and bidding farewell to everything that had given her pleasure and peace. She went riding over the estate, romped with the Wachtmeisters' little daughter, Gunilla. There was no hint of her impending departure.

But early on Friday, March 24, the Count and Countess Wachtmeister motored down to Goteborg with Garbo seated between them, hidden from view. The party arrived at Goteborg in the late afternoon.

Now follows the diary of Garbo's trip:

March 24th—The Count and Countess Wachtmeister come aboard the *S. S. Annie Johnson* with a mysterious stranger. The cabin of the ship's owner had long been reserved for a "Mr. John Emerson," for whose comfort a special swimming tank

Tistad, the castle of the Count and Countess Wachtmeister. Built in 1630, this houses a valuable art collection. Garbo found Tistad a haven of seclusion many times last winter

This Absorbing Diary of Garbo's Five Weeks on a Freighter Gives a Complete Insight into the Real Garbo

had also been erected. The party of three was greeted by the captain of the *Annie Johnson,* C. E. Holmberg, and the identity of "Mr. Emerson" was revealed as Greta Garbo. She was dressed in a trousered suit with a mannish light English overcoat, pigskin gloves and a round flat felt hat. Garbo appeared unusually cheerful, unworried by the long trip ahead of her. Garbo and her friends were escorted to the de luxe suite consisting of bedroom, sitting room and bath.

Captain Holmberg then summoned his officers, imposing strict silence as to their guest. The steward and stewardesses were given positive orders not to mention Garbo's presence on board. One of the stewardesses, a Garbo admirer, almost gave way to her emotions when she found she was to serve her idol for five whole weeks.

An elaborate dinner was served in Miss Garbo's suite. Sandwiches with imported Russian caviar, broiled lobster, squab, imported fresh asparagus and peaches were served. Garbo drank a farewell toast to the Wachtmeisters and Sweden in champagne.

At eight o'clock the Wachtmeisters left the boat. The countess and Garbo kissed each other tenderly and the countess wept. Garbo was apparently deeply moved but controlled herself. As soon as the Wachtmeisters had departed, Garbo retired to her cabin.

March 25th—*The Annie Johnson* sailed at dawn today. As it makes its way through the little rocky islands of the west coast of Sweden out into the North Sea, Garbo stands on the bridge with the captain. Dressed in a heavy brown ulster, a berét and a fluffy big wool muffler, she stands like a statue, gazing at her homeland, fast disappearing over the horizon. Time and again Garbo wipes away her tears. The crew moves about, noiselessly and sympathetically. For a time Garbo stands silent and sobbing. When, an hour later, she comes to the dining room to have tea with the captain, her eyes are red and it is plain that she has been crying. The farewell to mother, friends and country have been difficult—and Garbo is not the inscrutable woman of the movies.

The radio in the dining room broadcasts dance music from London and Garbo tries to cheer up. She tried to hum some of the popular tunes but tears choke her voice. She leaves hurriedly for her cabin. Several hours later, when the pilot boat departs for Goteborg, she comes running from her cabin, carrying two letters she had written hurriedly to her dear ones at home.

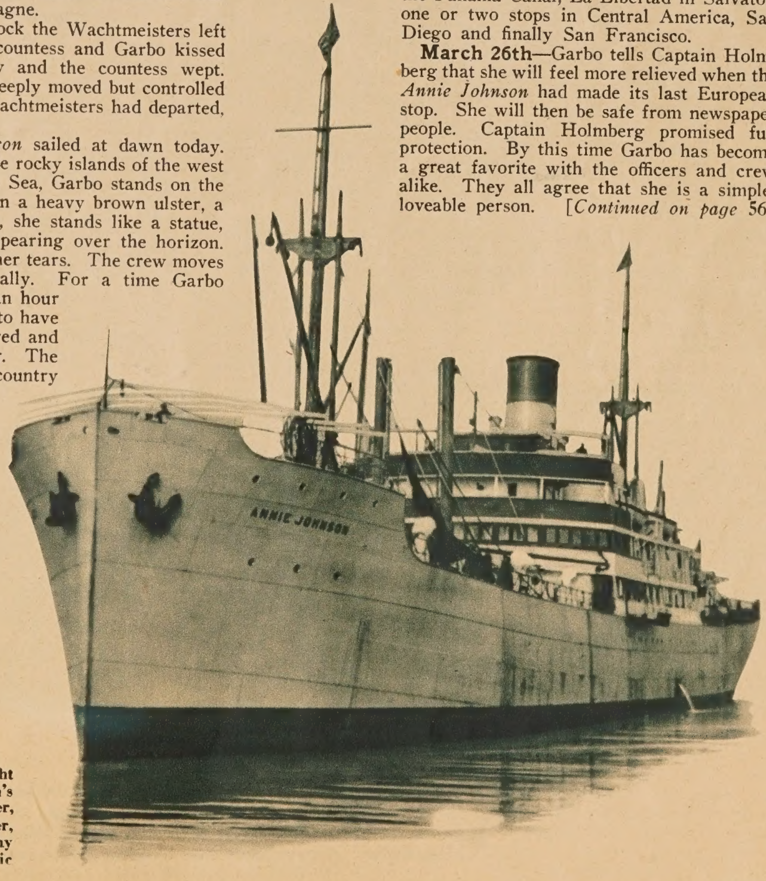
When Garbo came aboard it was noted that she carried little baggage. She had only two trunks and three suitcases. One item of the baggage brought a smile. It was a scale. Apparently, Garbo intends to exercise away some poundage during the trip.

Late in the day Garbo inspects her swimming pool, asks members of the crew the temperature of the water. Also she asks for a list of the passengers. She learns that there is only one on board, that five would come aboard at Antwerp. Apparently she felt much relieved. No newspapermen or women on board!

Garbo's suite is situated in the center, mid-ships, on the board inside the promenade deck. *The Annie Johnson* can carry sixty passengers and is a 11,000 tonner. She is Sweden's most luxurious freighter, and was named after the wife of the owner of the line, Consul General Axel Johnson. She carries her own physician and nurse. *The Annie Johnson* has carried many famous passengers, including Anna Q. Nilsson.

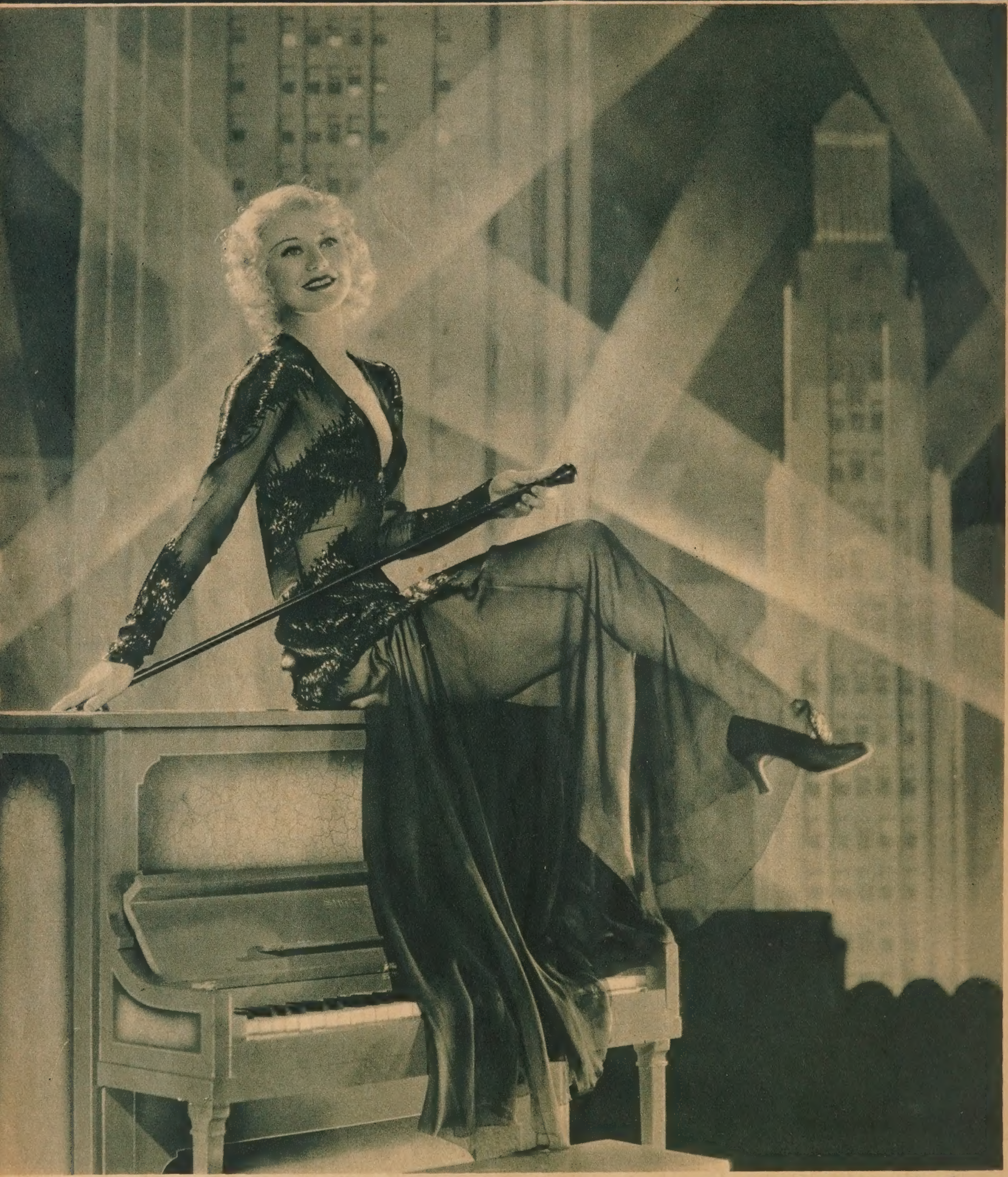
The Annie Johnson carries paper pulp from Sweden to San Francisco, fruit from Los Angeles to Sweden. She stops at Antwerp, Puerto, Columbia, Cristobal in the Panama Canal, La Libertad in Salvator, one or two stops in Central America, San Diego and finally San Francisco.

March 26th—Garbo tells Captain Holmberg that she will feel more relieved when the *Annie Johnson* had made its last European stop. She will then be safe from newspaper people. Captain Holmberg promised full protection. By this time Garbo has become a great favorite with the officers and crew alike. They all agree that she is a simple, loveable person. [*Continued on page* 56]



The *Annie Johnson,* which brought Garbo back to America is Sweden's crack freighter. It is a 11,000 tonner, can carry sixty passengers. However, but five passengers made the lengthy trip with the star from the Atlantic to the Pacific

Putting Ginger Into New York Night Life



—Elmer Fryer

Ginger Rogers becomes a blonde temporarily in the big new Warner revue, "Gold Diggers of 1933." Here Miss Rogers is doing a Helen Morgan as one of the principals of the big revue which numbers Ruby Keeler, Warren William, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. Hollywood has gone musical—which should bring added popularity to Miss Rogers, charming graduate of New York musical comedy and revue

—*White*

Hollywood has a new and interesting bachelor—Franchot Tone. Already he has two hits to his credit, the brother in *Today We Live* and the president's secretary in *Gabriel Over the White House.* The movie colony looks upon Tone as the most promising newcomer of the year

Giving Tone to Films

By Mary Francis

The Most Talked About Young Man in the Most Talked About Town in the World Reveals All

FRANCHOT TONE is that rare Hollywood actor—a player who doesn't want to talk about himself.

He has the well-bred, restrained, young person's horror of the two personal pronouns "I" and "me." He was perfectly willing, even eager, to discuss anything else. He tried tactfully, but with a grim determination, to turn the conversation to California, to other stage and screen personalities, to football, even to the weather. In fact, to anything except a discussion of Franchot Tone.

But he failed. And finally he broke under the strain of trying and gave up. From that moment on he answered questions with the pained but courteous truthfulness of a defeated boy.

"I like to talk about myself," he admitted, "everyone does if his listeners are really interested. But I have been brought up not to do it and it is rather hard. I'm always afraid that I'll seem conceited or foolish."

But I don't believe that Franchot could seem conceited or foolish. There is too much sincerity in the way he speaks. He doesn't try to be serious. Neither, thank Heaven, does he make any attempt to be humorous. And, best of all, he doesn't take the attitude of so many successful New York actors during their first visit to Hollywood, the attitude of condescension toward the motion pictures. He is frankly and vitally interested in Hollywood and the making of pictures.

So far as Franchot is concerned his record and the stage is a thing of the past. Not even to be mentioned. Pictures and the present and future are the only things which interest him now.

But, in the very first place, who and what is this Franchot Tone? That's what I wanted to find out. Having heard so many stories about him, I wanted to know. That was the reason for all the questions which he tried to avoid answering.

THE Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, which has signed him for a long-term contract, was all agog about this new young man. People were talking about him everywhere.

"Have you met Franchot Tone?" a dozen people asked me.

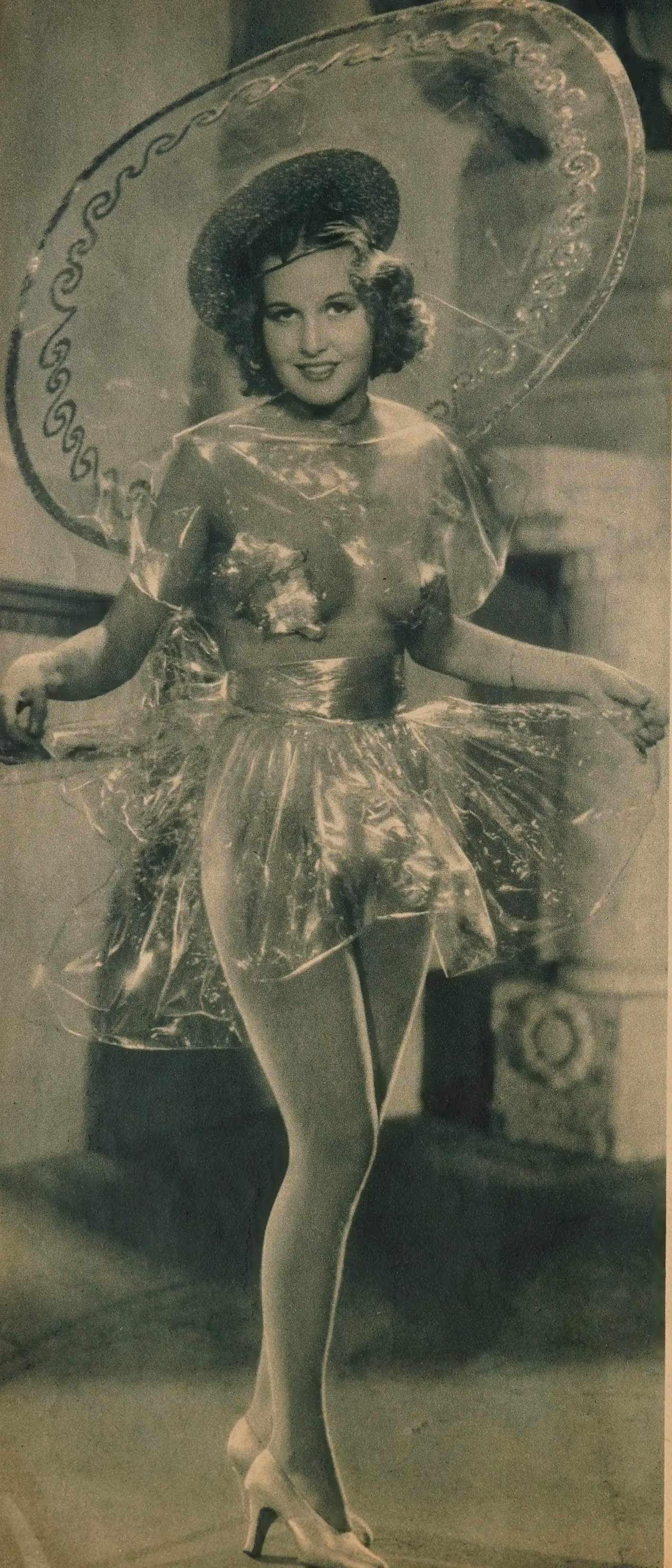
So I met him and understood why he was causing so much discussion.

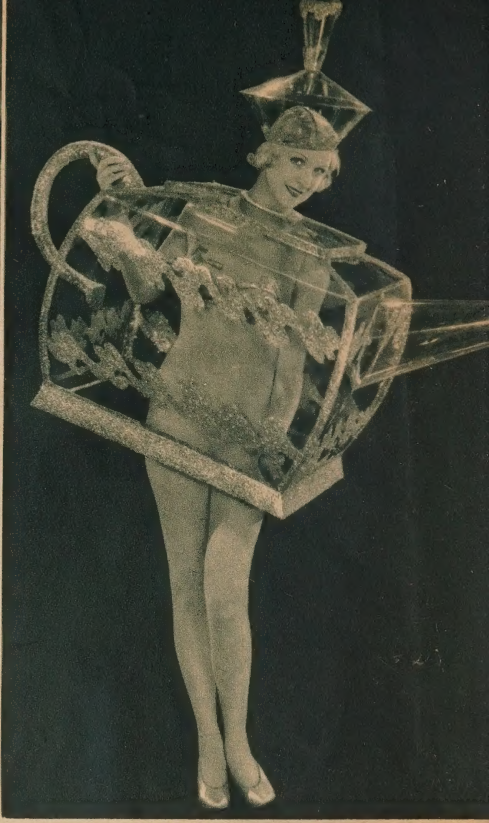
Franchot Tone isn't good-looking—that is, handsome—according to old Hollywood standards. But he has something more than looks. I suppose that you'd call it personality, with a capital P. And, in addition, he has the charm of good breeding and culture, qualities which must be genuine to be picked up by the camera and by close observation.

We found two empty canvas chairs at one corner of the stage and there we sat while Franchot told me the story of his life. Told it, after and during a barrage of questions from me.

"I'm not a new discovery of any kind," he laughed at the very beginning, when he was trying to dodge my questions, "I've been making screen tests for three or four years, ever since the talking pictures came in. But the making of the tests ended the affair. I never heard any more from them until this year, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tested me for the third or fourth time in New York and offered me a contract."

[*Continued on page* 59]

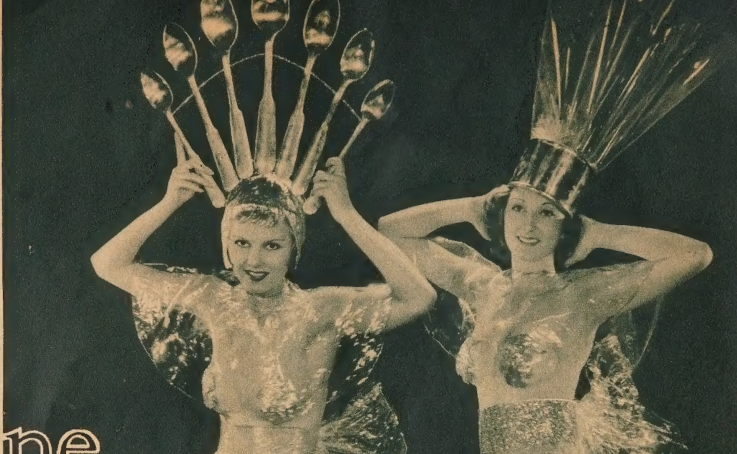




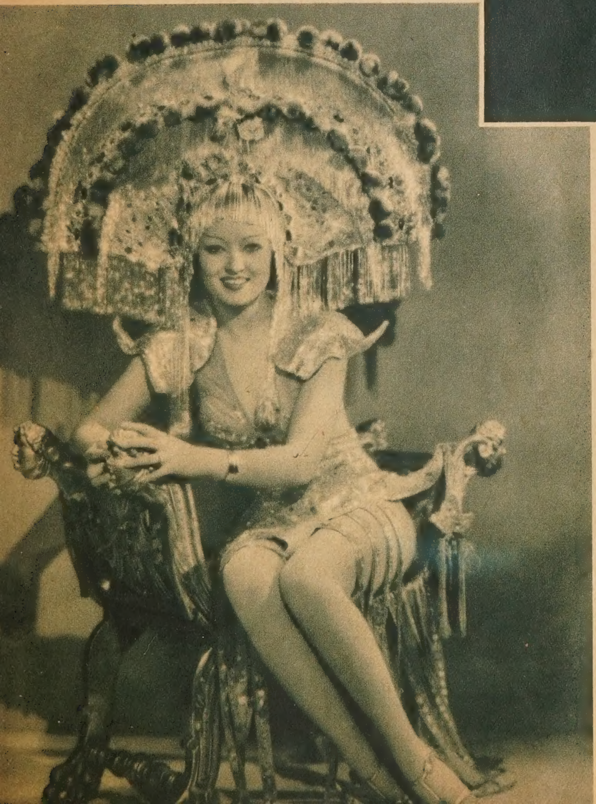
● The chorus was attired to represent a tea set, their costumes being decorative tea cups, saucers, sugar bowls, spoons and napkins. Above is the tea pot, alias Gwen Zetter. SCREEN BOOK regrets that it is unable to present pictures of any of the girls in their cups. The Paramount studio staff had a hard time getting girls who could both sing and dance—and stand the revealing test of cellophane costumes. But the staff undertook it with characteristic fortitude. Was the staff successful? See for yourself

● At the left is Helen Harris as one of the saucy saucers. Studio statisticians figured that Miss Harris is shielded by enough cellophane to wrap thirty-seven and one-half packages of cigarettes. Under ordinary front lights, the cameramen discovered, with an eye to doing their jobs well, that the cellophane reflected light like silver and gave off a terrific helation. Consequently, they had to throw in thousands of kilowatts of back lights, which practically eliminated all appearance of costuming, along with the helation

Rapt *in* Cellophane



● Hollywood has discovered a new way to keep chorus girls fresh. Wrap 'em in cellophane! Hence the Cellophane Chorus of Paramount's new picture, *International House.* More than 30,000 yards of cellophane were used to costume the chorus. The girls were sewed in each morning, ripped out each night. All of which eliminated an entire set of costumes every night. You know the old saying, "A stitch in time saves—" The costumes were trimmed with gold leaf, decorated with rhinestone buttons at strategic spots to catch the light



Photographs by Richee and Lippman

● The two merry young women above are Lee Winters, who represents a napkin with its ring, while Althea Henley is the spirit of the spoons. At the left is Lona Andre, Wampas baby star, who leads the Cellophane Chorus. The cellophane costumes, by the way, presented a difficult sound problem, because the garments crackled like machine guns. The sound cameras were necessary to record the girl's voices and the clicking of their dance steps on the floor. Experimenting with heavy hanging drapes along the back walls, the sound experts found that the cellophane sounds were entirely eliminated for some unknown reason. Imagine all this zeal for one chorus number. Thus does science come to the aid of art in Hollywood

What *Is*

The Hollywood Sex Appeal Experts Tell You All the Answers—but they Fail to Agree. Will You Join the Investigating Committee?

Fredric March believes that sex appeal is a sort of electric current and you've got to be tuned in on the right wavelength to get it. That, he says, is why one sort of girl appeals to you and another to your pal. It's all the reaction of the individual—and you never can tell what it's going to be.

Clark Gable (above) says sex appeal is just being attractive to the other sex, that sex hasn't anything to do with it. But you've got to have it to be good at whatever you're doing. Mr. Gable names Jimmy Durante and Mickey Mouse as two possessors of sex appeal. Mae West (right) says "Kings aren't immune from it and peasants don't seem to be able to get along without it," that it has taken "more girls out of the five-and-ten and put them on Riverside Drive" than all the education in the world. And Miss West remarks that "from Eve to Peggy Hopkins Joyce the gals who have it ain't done so bad by themselves." Miss West ought to know. She is Hollywood's 1933 National center of sex appeal since her first hit in *Night After Night*

WHAT *IS* SEX APPEAL? Is it charm? Is it a biological reaction or a chemical compound? Why do some have it to a greater degree than others? Is it an actual, living, throbbing thing or is it a phrase coined by Hollywood to sell pictures and personalities? Can it be defined or is it so nebulous as to defy definition? Does anybody really know anything about it or are they just guessing?

You pays your money and takes your choice. Hollywood's experts don't agree, except with Joan Blondell who wise-cracks as usual:

"I dunno! But I do know that if you've got it, you don't need anything else. If you haven't got it, nothing else is gonna help you!"

Sex appeal is Hollywood's stock in trade. It's a commodity which Hollywood has made world famous. A girl used to be charming, attractive, appealing or interesting. Now she's got to have the well-known S. A. or she might as well give up and start reading up on canary raising. They've heard about it in Bali and the Eskimos take it with their seal blubber. It's the one priceless ingredient and without it Clark Gable would be a lumber-jack, Greta Garbo a barber's helper and Jimmie Durante a banana peddler.

It isn't a matter of beauty, for many of Hollywood's sexiest sex appealers are as homely as mud pies. It don't depend on curves in exactly the right places for Garbo has it and she hasn't any more curves than a technocratic problem. Whatever it is, it's the thing that makes mamma pile the dinner dishes in the sink and hurry out to see James Cagney and papa forget the depression and the income tax as he spies Mae West's name on the billboards.

Elinor Glyn really started it. She named *Rex* the wild horse as Hollywood's foremost exponent of *IT* and advised the sheiks to take a few leaves from his book. She called Clara Bow the *IT GIRL* and the fun began. It was probably some bird in the publicity department who decided to give *It* a college education and called it *Sex Appeal.*

SEEKING a definition, I called upon the authority of authorities, Mae West.

"Sex appeal?" There was no indecision on the part of Diamond Lil', let me assure you.

"Well, in the beginning, it had

SEX APPEAL?

By J. Eugene Chrisman

something to do with an apple and, if Eve hadn't had it, baby, where would we be today? It's my specialty y' know, and y' don't mind if I go into a few raphsodies about it, do y'? From a small beginning in the Garden of Eden, the idea spread like wildfire. I don't know what the world's population is but look it up and you'll catch on to what I mean, dearie.

"Kings ain't immune from it and peasants don't seem to be able to get along without it. You're liable to find it concealed under a calico wrapper, just as much as under an orchid corsage. It has taken more girls out of the five-and-ten and put them on Riverside Drive than any amount of education would do and, from Eve to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, the gals who have it ain't done so bad by themselves.

"Sex appeal is nature's biological camouflage. It's the same in any language and you can recognize it when you see it from Nome to Zanzibar without looking at the guide book. It's just natural, that's all, honey, and ain't nature grand?"

From the famous Mae, I went to Ernst Lubitsch, the director. I found Mr. Lubitsch rolling the inevitable black cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. It stopped mid-way when I asked him about sex appeal.

"Two and two make four," observed Mr. Lubitsch, "but figures don't make much sense when you come to sex appeal. You see somebody, you fall for them—but what is it? Don't ask me! All I know is that if you're going to get anywhere, you've got to have it. You've got to have it to be a successful painter, a writer, an actor or even a soap salesman. Even a comedian can't be funny without sex appeal.

"If you've got it, you can't hide it (not that anybody ever tried to) but what I mean is, you can't wrap it up so you can't recognize it. If a girl's got it, you can put her in a pair of dungarees swilling swine and she's still got it. It doesn't depend on beauty for some of the women on the screen with the greatest sex appeal are not beautiful. It doesn't depend upon a fine feminine figure, for look at Garbo. A smart woman once said to me that Chevalier's sex appeal was all in his voice. Maybe it's the eyes, the way of using the hands, the walk, a quirk of the mouth. We don't know! A beautiful woman without it can be a cold, dull dummy and a girl without beauty can be transformed by it into a warm, pulsating creature, alluring and desirable. I don't know."

On the set where Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are making *Black Orange Blossoms,* their latest picture together, I found the platinum blonde Harlow busy with her make-up for the next scene. "What's sex appeal?" I demanded. She wrinkled her brows and the corner of her mouth drew into a funny little quirk.

[*Continued on page* 69]

Jean Harlow believes you can acquire sex appeal just as you can learn to play the accordion. Any girl can select her outstanding quality, develop it and get S. A., says Jean Harlow. Miss Harlow says her own outstanding feature is her hair. "So I exploited it," she declares

Ernst Lubitsch (right) says you can't define sex appeal but you can't succeed in anything without it. "Even a comedian can't be funny without sex appeal," he says. Jimmy Durante, well-known authority on sex appeal, says it's "the look you get and the look you give." Jimmy is a trifle baffled in doping out his own success in the field of S. A. but he points out that "I know I'm not good looking but what's my own opinion against thousands of others."

All Over The Hollywood Lot

Is Johnny Weissmuller sentimentally interested in Maureen O'Sullivan? They're seen everywhere together—but is Lupe still first in Tarzan's affections? When he came to New York recently, Lupe seemed first choice. Johnny is now an honorary life guard at Santa Monica and Maureen is his guest for the day

MOTION pictures have come of age. Vapid unrealities and hoke endings have given way to searching analysis of people, character, social problems—with motives, causes and situations brought to a logical conclusion.

Dinner at Eight, I Loved You Wednesday, Cocktail Hour and *Jennie Gerhardt,* now in the making at the various studios, are all adult. There is no lack of pictures made for entertainment only. But these four productions add their number to others recently produced which clearly indicates that the movies have stepped out of their swaddling clothes and are becoming the mirror of contemporary morals and manners.

Dinner at Eight, an M-G-M production, tells the story of the dramatic conflict in the lives of the various people invited to a dinner party. Of a shipping magnate who is losing his business. Of his wife concerned only with the social success of her dinner. Of their daughter's affair with a motion picture star whose career is behind him. Of this actor, who realizing finally his complete failure, commits suicide. Of a rich Westerner with social and political aspirations, and his wife, a former hat-check girl. Of a famous actress now middle-aged.

Not even *Grand Hotel* had as resplendent a cast as this production boasts. Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Edmund Lowe, Karen Morley, Madge Evans, Phillips Holmes, each bring their full measure of art to this picture.

Dwarfing the never-ceasing wonder of lights and cameras and microphones and the technicalities of a sound stage, is the superb courage of Marie Dressler—that spendthrift of energy—who has permitted neither illness nor years to modulate her enthusiasm.

Every scene in which she appears is punctuated by Director George Cukor's—"Now sit down and rest." "Get a chair for Miss Dressler." "Are you all right, Marie?" "Don't stand there while waiting for your cue."

Invariably she comes back—"I'm just fine and I don't want a chair."

Yet the end of the scene finds her walking slowly towards her set dressing bungalow. "I'm just an old woman," she sighs, as eyes follow her.

But her appearance belies it. As the famous actress of former days, she is resplendent in black sequin gown with train, and a cascade of pearls and jewels. Her eyes are soft with youth and unquenchable fire.

She's never too tired to make a suggestion to a younger player. In this scene, which she plays with Madge Evans and Phillips Holmes, she suggests inflection to Madge by explaining the situation from the storehouse of her own experience, from her own understanding of life and people.

What's Going On Behind the Barred Doors of the Studios

By Sonia Lee

SONIA LEE

It is a scene in which she tells the girl that she knows of her affair with the movie star (John Barrymore). Phillips Holmes, the nice young man to whom Madge is engaged, is banished from the room. The actress wants the younger girl to realize what her entanglement means. She suggests a certain position for the girl in the camera eye to give potency to the delivery of her lines. "But I'll block you," Madge insists. "It doesn't matter, and you won't," Marie replies. It's the right pose, of course. And Madge rises to the passion, the superlative daring the scene requires. Spurred on by Dressler.

The scene clicks. "Don't tell me it's right," Marie laughs. "I can't stand it." The crew laughs. They laugh often when Dressler is working. An accolade to a grand trouper. A prop man picks up her train; her stand-in Iris, who has been with her on every picture, places a warm yellow shawl about her shoulders.

"Tired? I can't be," declares Marie Dressler. "I've got to get in a lot of pictures right away to beat the competition of President Roosevelt. In the news reels he gets applause to make any star jealous."

Charlie Ruggles is climbing steadily the Hollywood ladder of popularity. You will see him next in *Melody Cruise*. Jean Parker is the tree climber. She was a Pasadena High School girl until she posed on a Tournament of Roses float in a bathing suit. That won her a film test

Joe Brown used to be a professional ball player and he loves the game. He went all the way up to San Francisco to pitch the first ball in the game between the 'Frisco Seals and the Los Angeles Missions

Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery—the uncouth, power-hungry man. He suspects her of intrigue. He accuses her of infidelity. The rising crescendo of the situation tautens the emotions of the spectators. That Harlow is an actress. She has the ability to portray a primitive, shallow woman, as no other screen player. She is the lazy, scheming wife to the hilt. Her dressing table, loaded with perfume and cosmetics is a guage of her restlessness.

Fifteen hundred dollars worth of expensive perfumes are used in this scene. The containers are fantastic. Swan shaped, flower-shaped, tall, thin [*Continued on page* 65]

Hollywood Goes Places

①

Helen Twelvetrees is one of those few beautiful women who remains aloof from Hollywood gossip. In private life she's Mrs. Frank Woody and from the looks of both her and her husband she'll be Mrs. for a long time. Doesn't she appear younger since she's become a mother?

②

After airing her peeve and running away to Europe, Ann Dvorak has resumed friendly relations with Warners. Renouncing Hollywood, Ann and husband Leslie Fenton set out to tour Europe. But once a Hollywoodian, always a Hollywoodian

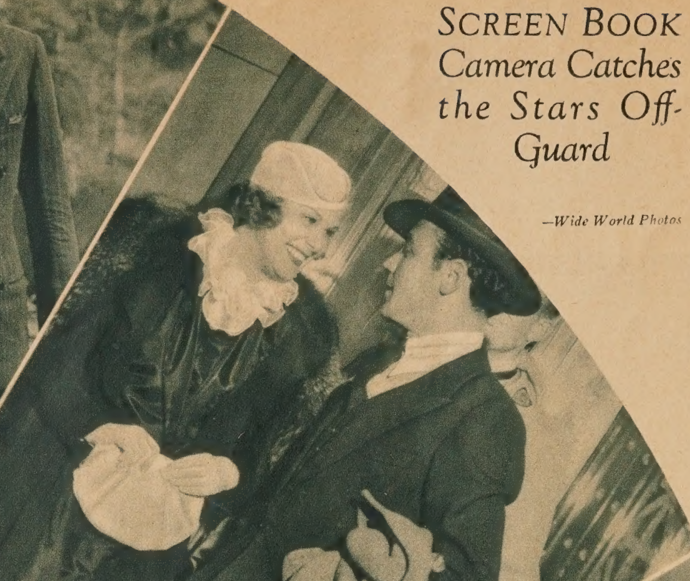
③

"Lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said—" Mae West, in her own way, would probably answer it with "You can be made." Whatever the answer, leading man Jack La Rue seems to enjoy the glamorous blonde's company

SCREEN BOOK Camera Catches the Stars Off-Guard

—Wide World Photos

④



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Beloved wisecracking Will Rogers has gone Hollywood. In place of his old clothes, he dons regulation polo clothes—his Hollywood note being the berét. We caught him unawares between chukkers at the Riviera Country Club. His Riviera Colts defeated the Hollywood Polo Club

④

The goal of a million feminine hearts, Gary Cooper has been able to remain charmingly indifferent. But who could withstand the irresistible glamor of Lilian Harvey! We don't blame Gary, she has that elusive something which has captivated all of us

⑤ ⑥

Trying to keep track of Cy is like finding the ever elusive haystack needle. Formerly Alice White's fiance, Cy Bartlett escorted Boots Mallory (5) to a Hollywood preview. Next the camera found him entertaining Alice (6) Wish he'd make a decision!

Movie Eavesdropping

Diana Wynyard arrives in New York, en route to London to appear in a stage production. She did not even wait for the Broadway première of *Reunion in Vienna* in which she appears with John Barrymore

RUBY KEELER, now vacationing in Honolulu, with her ten favorite actors, Al Jolson, wires that she will be back in New York next month.

Being a jig-saw puzzle addict, I am now trying to put two and two together to solve where her career goes from there.

Of course, it is no state secret that Al has never approved of sharing Ruby with a career and it is an equally well known fact that Ruby would rather play the rôle of Mrs. Al Jolson under a life contract than have the adulation of the world.

So, it wouldn't in the least surprise this reporter if, with the release of *Gold Diggers of 1933*, Ruby gives up her career to devote herself exclusively to Al, who after a quarter of a century of show business is ready to settle down to a leisurely, normal mode of living.

And the first thing that Al and Ruby plan to do when they finally settle down is to immortalize *Mammy* and *Sonny Boy* in their own home. Not having been blessed with a child of their own, they hope to adopt a baby boy.

VAS YOU DERE, SHARLIE?

At a recent dinner party, Ernst Lubitsch found himself without his inevitable cigar and asked Charlie Ruggles for one. "Ah, the Lubitsch 'touch!'" was Charlie's retort.

Recognition

WHEN Ethel Barrymore was recorded in 100 per cent sound for her talkie début in *Rasputin*, I was reminded of the time that she made her first sound test at the Paramount Long Island studios several years ago. Taken into a private projection room to hear the result, she exclaimed,

"My God, it's Elsie Janis giving her impersonation of John!"

Praise From Caesar

OF ALL the famous movie mothers I know, the one who manages to make herself the least conspicuous is Beth Whiting, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s charming mater.

Recently, she turned down a huge sum from a national magazine to write an article on Joan and Doug. The editor was admittedly amazed. "You must be

—*Wide World*

Just back from New York, Katharine Hepburn dodges out of the way of the camera. She doesn't want to be pictured with Doug Fairbanks Jr. just when he is starring in the front page newspaper headlines

Filmdom Viewed From The Broadway Sector

By Radie Harris

RADIE HARRIS

very rich, Mrs. Whiting!" he exclaimed.

"On the contrary," she answered, "but, you see, I have never capitalized on my position as their mother, and I don't want to begin now."

A few weeks ago, when all the world buzzed with the sudden news of the Crawford-Fairbanks separation, both Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Mary Pickford were interviewed on the subject.

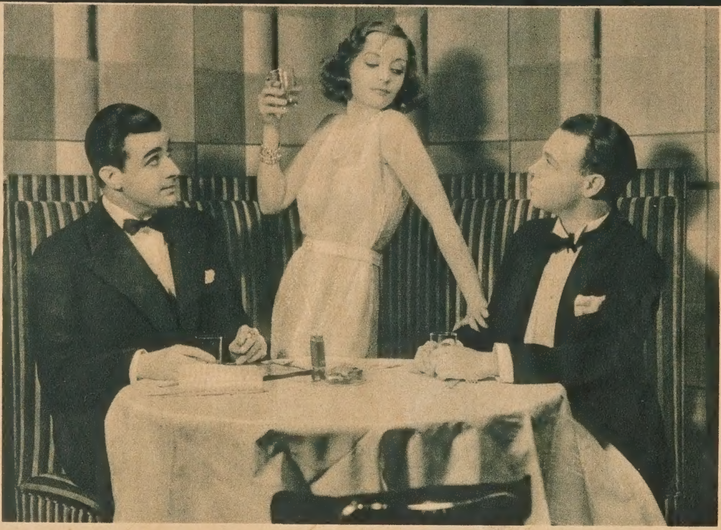
"Joan and Doug consulted me before they took this step and I approved of it, if it meant their happiness," said Doug, pere.

"I have nothing to say. It is a matter of their own private concern," said step-mama, Mary.

Beth Whiting, as usual, remained unobtrusively in the background. It wasn't until I lunched with her the other day that I learned her reaction. Breaking her usual reticence in discussing the "children" for publication, she told me,

"As long as they are well and happy, that is all that matters to me. Joan is the most wonderful wife and daughter anyone could want. I worship her and always shall."

Praise such as this—and from a mother-in-law—is praise indeed!



—*Vandamm Studio*

Tallulah Bankhead is back on the stage in New York, appearing in *Forsaking All Others*. With her, in this speakeasy scene, are Fred Keating and Donald MacDonald

"Go West, Young Man!"

VISITING Phyllis Haver in her "Skye-High" pent house apartment the other day, I was reminded of how many erstwhile screen players have forsaken their Hollywood careers for Young Men of Manhattan. In addition to Phyllis, who chucked a $100,000 contract with M.-G.-M. "on account of" she was so in love with Billy Seeman, the big TeaNTea man, there are:

Ruth Lee Taylor, the blonde whom Paul Zuckerman, wealthy stock broker preferred. With all thoughts of a screen career relegated to a dim past, she now presides over a beautiful apartment on Park Avenue, where two-year-old Paul Jr.'s nursery is the pivotal point of interest.

Jane Winton also annexed a "wolf of Wall Street" when she "ankled up the altar," with

[*Continued on page* 53]

Dorothea Wieck, Hollywood's newest importation from Germany, dropped around to visit Katharine Cornell backstage during the playing of *Alien Corn*. Miss Wieck is now in Hollywood ready for her first film

Shaw Socks Hollywood

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

—*International*

George Bernard Shaw pictured on shipboard after he had answered a question as to what he saw in Hollywood. "Nothing," snapped Shaw, "except rocks, grass, vegetables and Americans." The Irish dramatist left Hollywood palpitating and bleeding. Ever since he departed, movieland has been thinking of snappy answers. Shaw further declared that the movie hero who goes about socking people is highly immoral. All of which places James Cagney (right) as filmland's most immoral star

HOLLYWOOD still is rocking over the visit of the Grey Ghost of England.

George Bernard Shaw dropped in to call upon the movie colony and the movie colony hasn't been the same since.

In swallowing some of the white whiskered Irish dramatist's biting comments, Hollywood is wondering whether the old fellow is still himself or just a bit childish and crotchety. Hollywood, I am sure, prefers to believe that the hypercritical iconoclast is no longer the Shaw who penned such brilliant dramatic criticism back in London in the dying days of the Nineteenth Century, whose life-long comments upon the activities of the world have been so provocative, who wrote such flashing dramas as *Candida* and *Man and Superman.* Hollywood, you know, is very sensitive and it prefers to believe that Shaw was just a tired and peevish old man when he made Ann Harding cry and pointed a withering finger at Alice Brady's hat.

But I am ahead of my story.

Alice Brady—in the hat at which the eminent George Bernard Shaw pointed the finger of scorn. Was he wrong?

Reaching California on his trip around the world on the *Empress of Britain,* Mr. Shaw went for a visit to William Randolph Hearst's ranch at San Simeon. Every celebrated visitor gravitates to San Simeon—and so did the great playwright. When he concluded his visit, Shaw flew in an airplane to Los Angeles.

The plane made a forced landing on the world famous beach at Malibu and, as luck would have it, no celebrated star happened by in a Rolls. Instead, a sophomore at the University of California at Los Angeles drove up in an old dilapidated car. The student, destined to fame as George Gray O'Connor, offered Mr. and Mrs. Shaw a ride to Los Angeles. So the famous Irishman went bouncing to studioland.

Right now Hollywood is happy to recount Mr. O'Connor's comment on the trip. "Now that I think of it," said the student, "I can't recall a cock-eyed thing said by Mr. Shaw that was really funny."

The way Hollywood feels right now Mr. O'Connor is likely to get any number of offers to go into the movies.

NEXT Mr. Shaw made a visit to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. What he said while sitting at the right hand of Marion Davies and Louis B. Mayer is not recorded. All the stars and executives were there and, as a special tribute to Mr. Shaw, the local genius, Charles Chaplin, was invited.

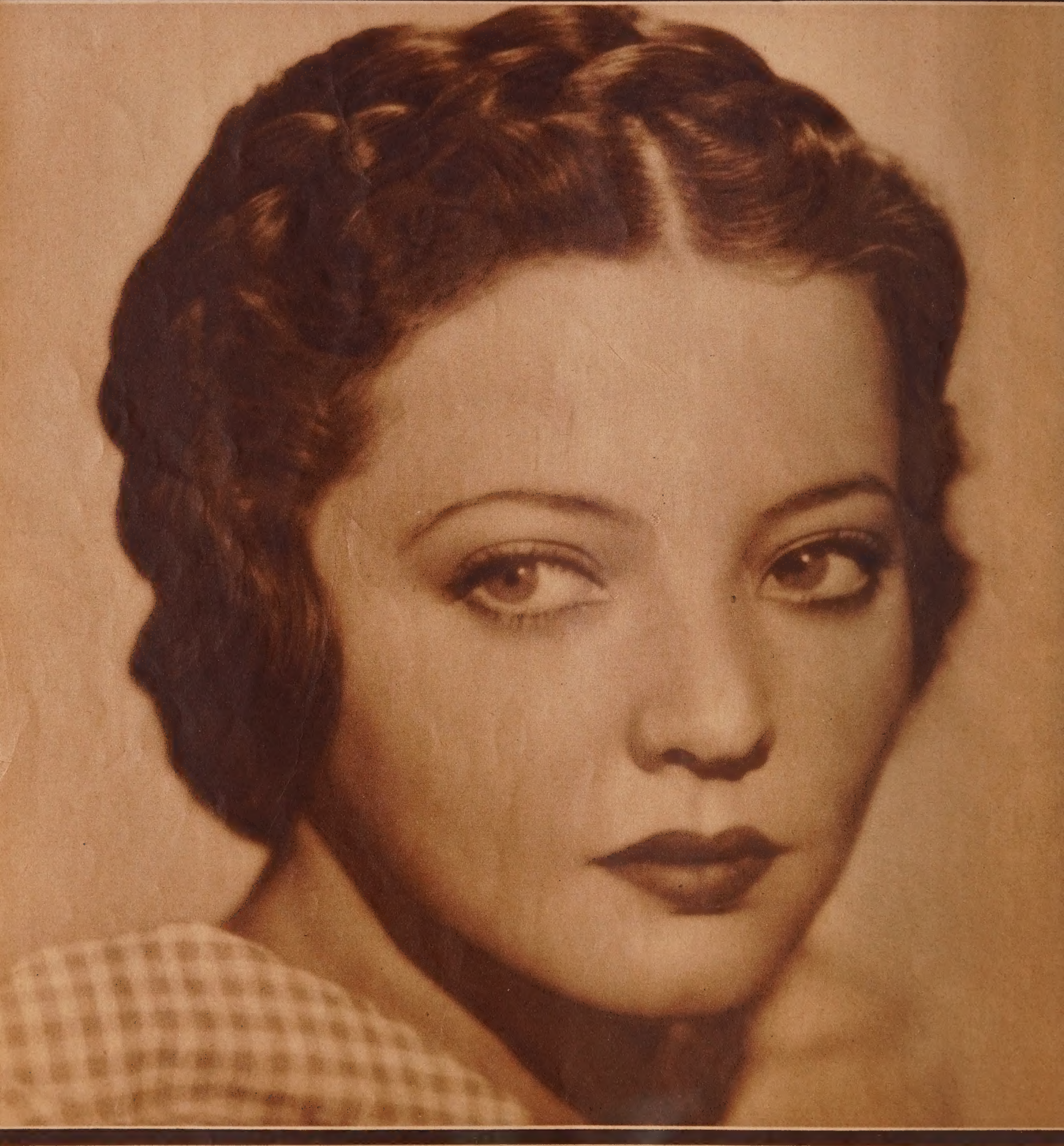
[*Continued on page 72*]

Glamorous Ladies

—Clifton Maupin

● Hollywood's newest divorcee, Janet Gaynor, returns to song films in her next picture, "Adorable," in which the French newcomer, Henri Garat, appears as her leading man. Described as a romance in rhythm, this is a kiss-in-the-moonlight story of another Cinderella and another Prince Charming

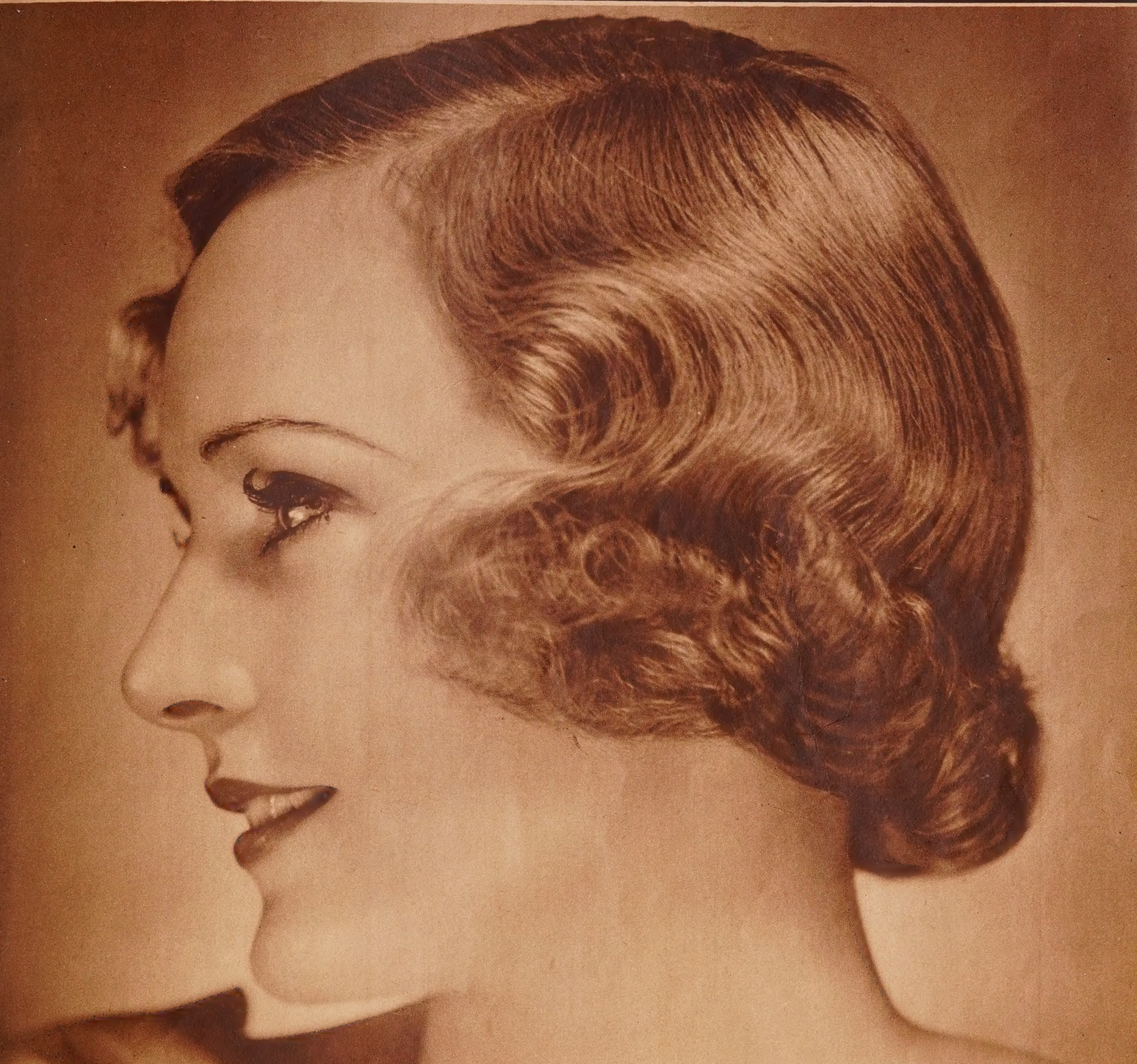
Once Again She Plays a Dreiser Heroine - - -



—Eugene Robert Richee

● Sylvia Sidney portrayed the unhappy victim of love in the Theodore Dreiser study of small town passions, "An American Tragedy," and aroused a lot of discussion, particularly from Mr. Dreiser. Now she is doing another Dreiser heroine, Jennie Gerhardt. Mr. Dreiser approved her selection

She Was a Child Star of the Silent Films - - -



—Harvey White

● Madge Evans rates as one of the real beauties of the screen. And she is one of the authentic stars of the films, because she grew up on the screen. She was a child star of the old silent films, grew up to be one of the loveliest players of the Hollywood talkies

Twelvetrees in a Beverly Hills Garden - - -

● Helen Twelvetrees gave up her job as a star on the Radio lot in order to become a mother. But as soon as little Jack Bryan Woody had developed his interest sufficiently in rattles and Grade A certified, Mamma Helen returned to motion pictures. Master Jack is now eight months old

Lilyan Tashman's place as Hollywood's arbiter of Fashion is being challenged by none other than stylish Hedda Hopper. However, she seems to be bearing up very well under the strain

Hedda Hopper is not accepting Lilyan's daggers. As challenger she has plenty to say as to ways and means of setting styles in the town of films. Hear ye!

"Too Flamboyant" *Says* Hedda "Too Passe," *Says* Lilyan

Blow by Blow Account of First Round in Movietown's Fashion Feud

By J. Eugene Chrisman

EVERYBODY loves a good fight. If the combatants are beautiful ladies, there is added zest. Hollywood is thoroughly enjoying the verbal tilt between Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper on the question of styles.

Hedda fired the first shot. In a quotation, printed in a well-known syndicated column, Hedda hurled the following charge:

"Both Lilyan Tashman and Marlene Dietrich have chosen bizarre styles to attract attention to themselves. To me it has always seemed possible to be an actress, without carrying the theatre around on one's back!"

Bang!

Dietrich, with customary German stolidity, ignored the thrust—but not the glamorous Lilyan. Horse, foot and artillery, she moves to the attack. But before she could counter-attack, Hedda fired another volley:

"I think Lilyan is one of the most amusing people I know but I believe she dresses in too flamboyant a manner. Where some women wear one or two diamond clasps, she wears four! And as for Dietrich, she carries the trousers idea entirely too far. She particularly lays herself open to the charge of bad taste when she dresses her little girl in masculine fashion, too!"

Hedda selected Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett and Kay Francis as Hollywood's best dressed women, eliminating Lilyan who has always been first candidate for that honor.

LILYAN'S first barrage was devastating. In the same column she replied:

"As far as I'm concerned, the three are Corinne Griffith, Joan Crawford and Gloria Swanson . . . apparently Hedda didn't think my new coiffure too flamboyant to copy. When I came back from Europe, she was the first one to look at my clothes. As for my four diamond clasps, I only wear them where clasps are needed. If I happen to wear real diamonds instead of paste who's to object. And why of all people, Hedda? What has she done to set herself up an arbiter of style? And particularly of *young* women's clothes?"

Adding fuel to the flames, came a wire from Harry Pollok, press agent for Agua Caliente, asking both Hedda and Lilyan to act as judges for the annual style show at that resort! By this time, Hollywood was in convulsions. In reply to Pollok's invitation, Hedda wired:

"Resign in favor of Miss Tashman who will fit the glamour and flamboyancy of your Casino to a dot!"

Lilyan, not to give a single round to her opponent, also wired, as follows:

"Sorry but am giving cocktail party Sunday. Miss Hopper qualified to judge anything passé!"

And so the battle raged. Interviewers sought out the two ladies but while each seemed glad

[*Continued on page 65*]

The Films Sing

Tin Pan Alley is Moving Back to Hollywood and Theme Songs are the Thing Again, for the Musical Picture has Returned

At the left you can see what the cellophane chorus of *International House* looks like when it isn't in cellophane. Across the top are Helen Harris, Althea Henley, Lona Andre and Gwen Zetter, below are Lee Winter and Mary Jane Sloan

SONG writers are packing their trunks and buying tickets to Hollywood again!

All because the screen has gone musical.

Remember the vogue—back in 1929—of pictures with songs and dances? *Broadway Melody* started the avalanche and all the studios plunged headlong into the making of revues. Theme songs became as numerous as autograph hunters at a Hollywood première.

Practically every Broadway writer of songs was hired and rushed West. The Great White Way barely had a dance director left. Ballets were engaged intact and shipped to Hollywood. All the screen stars hired vocal instructors. If they couldn't sing, voices were dubbed in. Remember how Dick Barthelmess "sang" in *Weary River*, thanks to the neat synchronization of somebody else's vocalism? And how the New York critics praised Dick's voice?

Screen song hits were played from one end of America to the other. Remember "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Singing in the Rain," (along with its successor, "Singing in the Bathtub"), "Broadway Melody," and the rest?

Then the bottom fell out of musical pictures. One or two belated revues were shelved, never to be released. The song writers—saddened by the turn of fate—moved out of the sunshine back to Tin Pan Alley. Some of them came back in day coaches. Some were reported to have "ridden the rods" a la Jim Tully.

Why did musical films wane? Because the producers lacked ingenuity. The endless photographing of dull chorus evolutions bored the public. Hollywood was merely taking pictures of cut and dried musical comedies

DUPLEX OVERSTRUNG SCALE
Straube

Forty Hollywood beauties were selected to grace the bathing suits of Radio Pictures' musical effort, *Melody Cruise*. This will be the Radio contribution to the oncoming avalanche of song-and-dance pictures. A thousand girls were summoned to the studio, only forty were selected

Again

By
Frederick Anthony

and trying to get away with it. Nobody—save Ernst Lubitsch—seemed able to develop any sort of technique for song-and-chorus pictures.

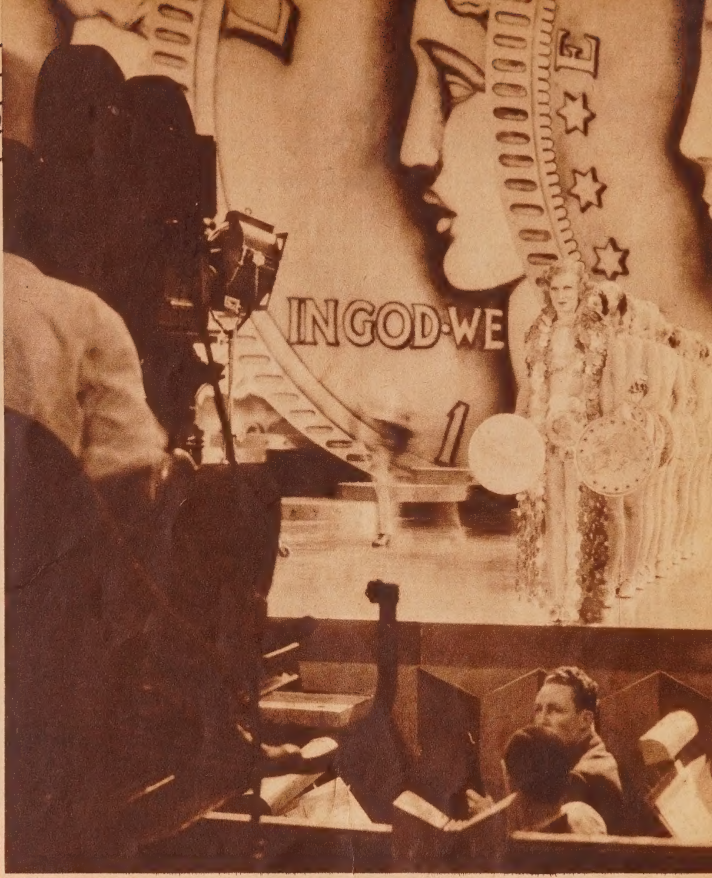
So the musical film went into retirement.

Now it is returning. The first symptom was the success of Eddie Cantor's *The Kid from Spain*, with the amusing antics of its star and the neat support of a very pretty chorus.

But the musical film definitely came back when the Warners hit the bell with *42nd Street*, the most successful musical film since *Broadway Melody*. Indeed, it caps that landmark in sprightliness of production and in possessing four song hits. The amazing—and well deserved—success of *42nd Street* has turned Hollywood upside down.

The new deluge of musical films is on.

The Warners will follow *42nd Street* with *The Gold Diggers of 1933*, another de luxe musical. This has a big cast including Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Warren William, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Also an ornate chorus.



Ginger Rogers leads the chorus of beautiful and shapely gold diggers in the Warner de luxe musical of that name. Of course, if America stays off the gold standard, the title may be changed to *The Silver Diggers of 1933*

Right here we might whisper that Hollywood is going a little further than ever before in decollete. The chorus of *The Gold Diggers of 1933* courts pneumonia most of the time.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is preparing another *Hollywood Revue*. This—like the famous *Hollywood Revue* of 1929—will have a notable cast. Lined up already are Jack Pearl, the air baron; Jimmy Durante, Jean Harlow and Mickey Mouse. A sure-fire quartette, if there ever was one. Edmund Goulding, maker of *Grand Hotel*, will direct and a big Albertina Rasch ballet will decorate the proceedings.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will also present Ed Wynn, the eminent ether Fire Chief in a musical film

Metro, too, is going to make *The Merry Widow* again, with Jeanette MacDonald in the most coveted rôle of years, the gay widow of Franz Lehar's mythical kingdom of intrigue, love and champagne

Paramount has completed *International House* Turn to pages 16 and 17 for a [*Continued on page* 60]

The co-eds of *College Humor* (left) would be a great aid to any institution of learning. They are, if you must know, Anne Nagel, Lona Andre, Mary Kornman, Patsy Bellamy and Dorothy Kent

Bette Davis won't lose her perspective because she doesn't take herself seriously, never thinks of herself as an actress

"Nice girl—but no sex appeal" said the movie men when Bette Davis first tried for screen success. But Miss Davis wouldn't give up. Her luck started when George Arliss selected her for a leading rôle in *The Man Who Played God.* Arliss said "She'll do"—and she was off on the road to stardom

"I'll Never Go Hollywood"

By Miriam Gibson

FOUR years ago, Bette Davis went to Hollywood to do small "bit" parts. Now she is a star in her own right. And yet she has been able to go through this metamorphosis without "going Hollywood."

"I never take myself seriously," she explains as the reason for this miracle. "When I'm not actually making a picture, I never think of myself as an actress."

Bette doesn't believe that people will single her out, take particular notice of her. She feels and acts as you and I would do.

"But there is one thing that Hollywood has done to me and for me," she admitted. "I've gained poise and confidence. I used to be scared to death to enter a room full of people. Now I go in with a confident feeling of 'like me or leave me,' for which I am very glad."

The road to stardom was not all sugar and roses. For the first year Miss Davis was in pictures, each "bit" became more insignificant. She was finally playing little girl parts—wearing ginghams and hair ribbons. The studio under whose banner she was working, did not believe in her. Their records of her read "Bette Davis—nice girl but no sex appeal." (Have you seen her in *Ex-Lady?*) At the end of that year she was out of a contract, out of a job, discouraged! She considered returning to the stage.

"Then I said to myself, 'No, Hollywood is not going to beat me. I'll fight it out.' For nearly a year nothing happened. It was ghastly. Mother and I got so tired of spending every minute together," she explained.

Then came the inevitable "break." George Arliss was looking for an ingenue for his picture *The Man Who Played God.* Bette was called to the executives' office. Mr. Arliss took one look at her and said, "She'll do!"

[*Continued on page* 63]

SCREEN BOOK TABLOID

JULY, 1933

Loses Life For $3

FOR the insignificant sum of $3.00, Hurd McClellan, former Hollywood stunt man, made of himself a human target with the result that instead of re-establishing himself in his old profession, as he intended, he lies dead from a .45 calibre bullet in his abdomen! The fatal bullet was fired by Mrs. Marion Semmelmeyer, Beverly Hills society woman and pistol expert, who had agreed to work with McClellan for the Universal newsreel.

In former years, *Daredevil* McClellan was one of Hollywood's premier stunt men. Scores of times he risked his life for the sake of a thrill hungry public and his iron nerve and splendid physique always brought him through safely. Retiring from his hazardous profession, he tried to make a living in the more quiet walks of life but the call of danger was in his ears and he was unable to resist it. It was a drug which he craved as an opium smoker craves his pipe and he returned.

He realized that a spectacular publicity stunt was needed to re-establish him as a stunt man. During his absence such men as Harvey Peary, Duke Green and other daredevils had taken his place. He conceived the idea of making himself a human target, wearing a bullet-proof vest of his own invention and Universal newsreel agreed, after much hesitation, to film the event.

Mrs. Marion Semmelmeyer, society woman of Beverly Hills, also an expert pistol marksman, agreed to donate her services and do the shooting. Since it was publicity, rather than money, that McClellan wanted, he agreed to do the stunt for the cost of the ammunition used. This was set at the sum of $3.00.

The cameras were set up. McClellan donned his bullet-proof vest. Mrs. Semmelmeyer loaded the heavy .45 calibre revolver and took her place. The cameras ground and Daredevil McClellan, a smile on his face, let some thirty-nine .45 calibre slugs be sent from the gun into the vest. As a climax to the stunt, McClellan was then swung up on a rope. The idea was that he was to sway back and forth, a human pendulum, while Mrs. Semmelmeyer pumped bullets into his body.

—*Wide World*

Mrs. Marion Semmelmeyer, crack pistol shot, who fired the bullet that ended the life of Stunt Man McClellan

At the fortieth shot, McClellan suddenly slumped and a look of surprise spread over his face.

"The damn [*Continued on page* 71]

"I'm Too Unhappy," Says Vallee

POOR Rudy! Fay Webb appears to have handed him the dirty end of the stick! At least it seems so, for Rudy Vallee is unhappy. He even says so—which is much for a man to admit.

"I'm sorry, but I can't talk about it," was his reply when asked about his marriage rift. He was sincere. His sensitive nature has been too hurt by what has happened to him.

"Any statement which has been credited to me is not true I have refused to talk to anyone about my personal life," he continued.

"I have been misunderstood so often that now I don't have a publicity agent of any kind. Not that I dislike reporters—they're fine—but after all they must please their editors."

A look of dismay, a hurt expression, must have covered the face of SCREEN BOOK's reporter for Rudy quickly reassured him with, "Most newspaper people are really kind."

What he says of his publicity is true. There is probably no person in the public eye who has been as misjudged as Rudy Vallee. His sincerity is misunderstood—it is interpreted as "he takes himself too seriously." His desire to be truthful is considered conceit.

His megaphone his best friend as circumstances go against him, Rudy Vallée refuses to talk

Unsympathetic publicity usually reacts unfavorably on the person concerned, but not so with the first of the crooners.

"I disagree with the belief that the public is fickle," he explained. "When I was down South last winter, the audiences were larger than four years ago. The applause was greater. More fans gathered at the stage door.

"The public is not fickle if you give them what they want—if you give it with a new angle."

Conceited, you say. But let this reporter assure you that conceit had nothing to do with his remarks. Quite the opposite! Rudy Vallee was giving the public a "pat on the back." He was expressing his gratitude to them—gratitude for their support and tribute.

He doesn't know why this public clamors for him. (No, he expressed it in a far less brazen way.)

"But I do believe in myself. I have ever since a [*Continued on page* 71]

"Nothing Can Ever Hurt Me Again"

—*Wide World*

John Gilbert and his wife, Virginia Bruce. "I've been in pictures for eighteen years," says Gilbert, "and, when I see what has become of many players in that time, I think I'm lucky!"

John Gilbert Faces the Future—But He Says that the Public Hit Him Below the Belt

By Radie Harris

"NOTHING can ever hurt me again," says John Gilbert. "During the past two years I have reached such a saturation point of mental torture that I have built up a self defense barrier within myself and now I don't give a damn anymore!"

Gilbert has just arrived in New York on the *S. S. Santa Paula*, after an eighteen day trip via the Panama Canal. With him was his wife, Virginia Bruce.

Gilbert appears amazingly well. He looks younger and happier than at any time in his whole career. There is nothing of the defeated in his attitude, nothing of the embittered actor who has watched his name suddenly flash from the electric signs of the land. He harbors no bitterness towards a fickle public that raised his salary to $10,000 a week and then proceeded to turn its favor elsewhere.

"It was just a combination of things that resulted in an unfortunate situation," he explains. "At first, it hit below the belt and, being a highly sensitive person anyway, I was completely sunk. But when one is hurt terribly, there soon comes a time when pain ceases to mean anything. One suddenly becomes numb, much as a wound when it is etherized.

"Of course," he continued, "I want to make good on the screen again but it is only to justify my own confidence. It is my belief in myself that has kept me going these last nightmarish months."

Asked what his future plans are now that he is unburdened by any contractural obligations, he answered,

"If I can find a good play, I'd like to make a temporary return to Broadway. It's been years since I've acted on the legitimate stage, and I feel the experience would be good for me . . . provided the part is a good one.

"My career is now at that precarious stage, where I have to be very careful of my next step. I don't want to rush into any new contracts or even sign for one picture unless I am absolutely sold on the part. I don't care whether it's a star rôle or a second lead as long as it's a rôle with some guts to it.

"Recently, when George Raft walked out on *The Story of Temple Drake*, I called Barney Glazer, who is an intimate friend of mine, and asked if I might play his part."

"But, Jack, that's no rôle for you," he retorted. "He's a dirty dog!"

"Listen, Barney, I'd rather play an interesting dirty dog than a dull, pure hero," was Jack's comeback.

But having Gilbert play the rôle meant borrowing him at an enormous salary from MGM and Jack La Rue was already under contract to Paramount, so the deal never went through.

GILBERT lit another cigarette and sat down. "I'm not worrying about my future plans, now," he continued. "Virginia and I are here to see a few shows and visit with our friends. When we return to Hollywood, we're going directly to our cottage at Malibu Beach to await the arrival of our 'blessed event.' If something interesting in the way of a picture turns up, well and good—if not, I can afford to wait.

"In the meantime, I have nothing to squawk about. I've been in this picture racket eighteen years, and when I look around and see what has become of so many players

[*Continued on page* 51]

Marlene Dietrich Flees Hollywood

Marlene Dietrich and her daughter slipped quietly out of Hollywood because of persistent kidnap threats

FEARING for her little daughter, who has been the object of various kidnapping plots since last May, Marlene Dietrich slipped secretly out of Hollywood, enroute to Germany for an extended stay. None but Dietrich's closest intimates know just how or when she left the film capital, so closely guarded were her plans.

Since the flood of threatening letters which were received last May, purporting to be from a kidnap gang, Dietrich has lived in constant fear for the safety of little Maria. When the first notes were received, Dietrich had the house in Beverly Hills, in which she was then residing, heavily barred and a veritable army of armed guards patrolled the place day and night. Dietrich and her daughter never appeared in public in Hollywood without at least three burly guards in close attendance.

Moving to Santa Monica, the same precautions were taken. Guards were redoubled and the place resembled an armed camp. Dietrich's trips to the studio, during the making of *Song Of Songs* were reminiscent of Public Enemy Number One on public display.

It is rumored that the kidnap threats have recently been renewed, hence Dietrich's secret departure from Hollywood. Her future plans have not been revealed although a dozen unsubstantiated rumors have been making the rounds. At any rate, it is certain that Dietrich will be at least temporarily lost to American fans since she is homesick and will no doubt spend several months with her husband and daughter in Germany, before making another picture, whether in Hollywood or Berlin.

Miss Dietrich as she appears in *The Song of Songs*, her last picture to be made in Hollywood

If Dietrich makes pictures in Germany, it is possible that Josef von Sternberg, who made most of her American films, will direct her again.

Polly Moran Adopts Son

AT LAST Polly Moran's cup of happiness is overflowing. After sixteen years of waiting, the courts have made John Michael Joseph Moran, the foundling, her legally adopted son.

For sixteen years, ever since she first found him in the infant's ward of Saint Anne's Orphanage on Hollywood Boulevard, Polly has loved and cared for the dark eyed boy with all the tenderness of a mother. For sixteen years she has tried in vain to locate his parents, in order that the adoption might be made legal. At last the legal difficulties have been removed and Juan Trujillo is legally John Michael Joseph Moran.

Few, outside of her intimates, would suspect rowdy, wise-cracking Polly Moran of being Hollywood's gentlest mother. It was Polly's love for children in fact, that led her to the baby who is now her adopted son.

In those days, Polly Moran was famous as the dashing, hard riding, straight shooting *Sheriff Nell*. In the evenings it was Polly's want to visit the Saint Anne's Orphanage, then located on Hollywood Boulevard, to take clothes and toys to the orphan children there and amuse them with her antics.

One night, as she entered the infant's ward, she saw a tiny, emaciated baby in a crib.

"It was his

[*Continued on page 57*]

Polly Moran, one time *Sheriff Nell* of the movies, with her adopted son, John Michael Joseph Moran. John was a foundling and for sixteen years he has been in the care of Miss Moran. Until recently, however, it was impossible for the actress to legally adopt the boy

Joan Crawford Asks a Divorce From Fairbanks

Joan Crawford Files Suit For Divorce From Doug. Jr.

Joan Crawford Alleges Cruelty In Divorce Suit

Joan Crawford Sues for Divorce, Charging Cruelty

JOAN CRAWFORD SEEKS DIVORCE

YOUNG FAIRBANKS SUED FOR DIVORCE

Joan and Doug as they appeared when they were first married. Now their romance has reached the end of the road and all America has been grieved. But romance has a hard struggle to exist in Hollywood

JOAN *Sues* DOUG

JOAN CRAWFORD has filed suit for divorce against Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., charging mental cruelty.

This definitely puts an end to all speculation as to the outcome of the trial separation between the two, as announced first in SCREEN BOOK, two months ago.

In the living room of her *honeymoon house* in Brentwood Heights, a room pregnant with the sweet memories of their life together, Joan told me of her decision to seek her freedom.

"We realized, in the more sober moments of that first fine ecstasy," said Joan, "that such a thing could not last indefinitely but we both hoped, when it was over, to be able to build something stronger, finer, on it. Instead, we found ourselves drifting apart. We both made every effort to recapture that first happiness and failing, (as we knew we must), we tried to find a substitute. We even took a trip to Europe in our attempt, thinking that perhaps a new environment would help. It didn't."

Over Joan's head, as she sat in the newly decorated room, hung an oil of Doug Junior.

"We decided to announce a trial separation. Had we been people less in the public eye, we should not have made such a to-do about it but we knew the answer, if we tried secrecy. So, we frankly called in the press and told them the truth — namely — that Douglas and I were attempting to find happiness through a trial separation. We wanted to see what it would mean to each of us to be apart."

"Really, I've felt honestly sorry for some of the poor dears who tried to find some scandal in our first announcement. They were like a pack of bloodhounds on the trail but little 'Liza got safely across the ice because there simply wasn't any. There was no other woman or man in either of our lives and you can't make scandal without a triangle!"

"Strangely enough," continued Joan, "even a divorce will not make the slightest difference in either of our lives, I'm afraid. For months we've lived freely, Doug seeing the girls in whom he was interested and I (the gossips be hanged) the men with whom I wanted to dance. Neither of us have any romantic or serious attachments — so what difference will it make?"

Says Joan:

"We realize, in the more sober moments of that first fine ecstasy that such a thing could not last indefinitely but we both hoped, when it was over, to be able to build something stronger, finer on it."

Says Doug:

"Perhaps we set too high a standard. We wanted ours to be the perfect marriage. We would much rather let it end now, with our happy memories than to let it drift on until we lost all respect and love for each other."

Those who know Joan and Doug intimately have always felt that Doug was slightly immature to be the mate of Joan. Joan is a straight-thinking, straight shooting young woman. She has not lifted herself from obscurity to fame without having climbed through many a bramble thicket and along that weary road she has formulated a mature philosophy.

Doug, on the other hand, is the Crown Prince of cinemaland. He was educated in

[*Continued on page 66*]

Aristocratic Ann Harding is unhappy in the movie capitol. Dissatisfaction with picture rôles, extortion plots against her baby, her divorce from Harry Bannister—all have been elements in causing this actress to desire freedom from filmdom and all it has meant

Why Ann Harding *Wants* to Quit Hollywood

By Jack Grant

VOLUNTARILY—of her own free will—Ann Harding wants to quit pictures.

She seems sincere in her desire to leave Hollywood. Only a contract, the terms of which she feels honor-bound to fulfill, holds her to the screen. And that contract is near its end. It is extremely improbable that she will sign another.

"I have had my fill of contracts," Ann will tell you. "There was a time when this business of making motion pictures was very important to me. I fought for my career, only to discover that fighting was futile. I couldn't win and under the circumstances, all that remained was to be as good a loser as possible. A picture called *Prestige,* I hope you don't remember it, was the turning point. Since I lost the decision to my studio regarding the release of this film, I have done as I was told without protest."

Money, gold, riches! These are the words which lure thousands, millions, to discontentment. However, Ann Harding is one of the rare exceptions to this thought. An artist in every sense of the word, Miss Harding is giving up films, and all they mean, to return to her first love, the stage. Circumstances over which she had no control have overwhelmed her, have brought her too much unhappiness for her to continue.

Prestige, nevertheless, will be remembered if for no other reason than it caused Ann Harding to do something no other movie star has ever done before—or since. *She attempted to buy it.*

The story goes that a price was finally set at five hundred thousand dollars. Ann had not that much money to her name. So the deal fell through.

Ann was unhappy over the picture. It seemed to date the beginning of a series of unhappy things she was to suffer.

HER marriage with Harry Bannister crashed within the next few months—crashed upon the rocks of circumstances that would not permit two successful careers in the same family. There is no denying that the parting of Ann and Harry was the fault of Hollywood and its false

[*Continued on page 73*]

Robert Montgomery is the hero, a submarine lieutenant, in the exciting subsea thriller, *Hell Below,* and Madge Evans is the girl he loves. *Hell Below* is an absorbing picture of the World War from beneath the surface of the sea. This is one of the big films of the year

Edward G. Robinson plays a Chicago gangster who cuts the racket and decides to go into society in *The Little Giant.* He gets a terrible trimming but he meets one nice girl, played by Mary Astor. Below, Richard Barthelmess and Tom Brown are brothers, stunt pilots of the air, and they both love the pretty parachute jumper, Sally Eilers, in *Central Airport.* The story packs a punch in its final scenes, a seaplane rescue during a Caribbean hurricane

MOVIE REVIEWS

THE LITTLE GIANT

OUR personal selection as best picture of the month. Bad Boy Bugs Ahern, *de luxe* Chicago racketeer, sells his machine guns and his bombs, disposes of his breweries, disbands his gang of choppers when beer becomes legal. He decides to go in for culture and society. He takes up polo, gets hooked by a questionable blonde hanging on the edge of society. Bugs is just a gullible mug away from the game he knows and in no time at all he is cleaned. So he has to summon his ex-henchmen from Chicago and re-collect his dough from society gyps. The story is written with gusto and tang, the action crackles and the 1933 Little Caesar is played with verve by Edward G. Robinson, who makes his killer a sympathetic figure. He gets good aid from Russell Hopton as the mobster lieutenant who follows his chief to the polo field against his will. *Warners.*

Ramón Novarro and Myrna Loy make a graceful romantic duo in the new sheik drama, *The Barbarian.* The picture is not strong but it has the ever picturesque background of the Sahara and the sands that never grow cold

The waltz moment of *Adorable,* with Janet Gaynor and Henri Garat as the two participants. This is a lovely, charming little romance with music and you will like both Miss Gaynor and Mr. Garat. This is Mr. Garat's first appearance in American motion pictures

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AND HIS STUDIO SPIES

CENTRAL AIRPORT

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has made better pictures than this one—and many much worse. But *Central Airport* achieves an exciting climax. The story concerns two brothers who barnstorm their way across country as stunt pilots and a girl parachute jumper they both love. The girl loves the elder but she marries the younger. So Jim goes off to ride the skies as a soldier of fortune. He comes back when Neil is down in a Caribbean hurricane with a battered plane crowded with terrified passengers, rides his own ship through the storm, takes off his brother and the survivors. This sequence packs a genuine punch and possesses real suspense. Mr. Barthelmess is the elder brother, Tom Brown is the younger, Sally Eilers is the girl. They are all good. This film is something of a departure for Barthelmess. There is more than a hint here of relations with the parachute jumper that are not according to Hays. *Warners.*

HELL BELOW

THE movies have gone into the trenches, into the air, into the prison camps to depict the horrors and excitement of war. Now they go below the sea. In brief, the World War as observed through the periscope of a submarine. There are grim thrills when the sub, shaken by a barrage of depth bombs dropped by a German vessel, settles to the bottom. The men struggle to get the engines going while deadly chlorine gas seeps from the battery room. The members of the crew gasp and reel, fight for life. One kills himself. This is a sequence a little too gruelling for popular appeal. The lieutenant hero falls in love with his commander's pretty daughter but she is the wife of a shattered, half paralyzed aviator. Robert Montgomery is better than usual as the hero, Madge Evans is a lovely heroine tortured between love and duty, Walter Huston is properly grim as the sub commander and Robert Young makes his brief rôle of a sub officer destined for early death stand out. Best of all is Jimmy Durante as a sailor who is whiling away idle war time with a correspondence school course in dentistry. *M-G-M.*

[*Continued on page 70*]

Society in

LILYAN TASHMAN'S parties are always stunning. In her garden is a huge pepper tree which drips over half the garden. It is out here that "Lil" has tables arranged, with fascinating food and drinks.

The garden is dimly lighted, which makes it fun to continually discover new guests. Eddie Lowe and his gifted wife are epicureans to their finger tips. They serve such *cheeses*—innumerable ones, each rarer than the last one.

One of the loveliest parties of the spring season, these two gave. People were invited for tea, but they stayed on and on into the night, and many until four in the morning. The house had countless lily-of-the-valley plants placed around. La Tashman never uses anything but *white* flowers.

The Marx brothers and their wives were there. Dolores Del Rio, too, in a heavy black satin suit with enormous shoulders. She was the first girl in Hollywood to use mother-of-pearl on her fingernails. Cedric Gibbons chatted for hours with Lionel Barrymore in a corner next to the fire. Alice Brady, stunning in severe black and white. Alice Glazer, always perfectly groomed. Her clothes are really blissful and her jewelry has great distinction.

Fay Wray wore black and white—with a small black fez embroidered in white, with bag to match.

Carmel Meyers never looked better. She was in a white corduroy suit—three-quarters length coat—with blouse of Roman striped silk, gloves to match.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Leslie Howard stayed the entire evening, although Leslie left, took his small daughter to a movie—then came back. Just for fun, Doug, Jr. calls Leslie "Whimsy."

Chester Morris and his cunning wife did some trick dances which brought down the house.

Sam and Edith Hoffenstein were there —Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Goulding—the Sam Jaffes—Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pedley. A group of polo players from San Mateo were among the guests. Laddie Sanford —Mary Duncan—George Cukor—Irene and David Selznick—Jobyna Howland—Harry Lackman, with his beautiful Chinese wife—Benita Hume—Polly Moran—Billy Haines (who was *such* fun)—Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Atwill, with their house guest, Mrs. Sturges, from San Francisco—Jean Harlow—Bessie

—Hurrell

Doesn't she typically look the part of a gracious hostess? What's more, she is. Lilyan Tashman and her Beau Brummel husband, Edmund Lowe, gave one of the season's most brilliant tea parties in the movie colony

Hollywood

By
Marcella Burke

—*Wide World*

Harold Lloyd and his charming wife, Mildred Davis, recently gave a luncheon for Vice-Admiral Gengo Hyakutake of the Japanese Navy. The comedian and his wife, with Commander Ellis Mark Zacharias of the United States Navy, and the guest of honor were snapped by our camera

Love—Bill Hawks—and dozens and dozens of others.

A beautiful buffet supper was perfectly served.

Lilyan wore a very chic Roman striped silk, broad-shouldered, tailored jacket—with a severe black silk skirt.

Louella Parsons was all in white, and a little limp from having given a beautiful wedding the day before for Margaret Ettinger and Ross Shattuck.

BILL HAINES' party the night before—a good-bye party for Polly Moran, and a return-home party for Connie Bennett—was exciting. Bill has remodelled his home—the one which Tallulah leased when she was in Hollywood. It is more stunning than ever, if you can imagine such a thing.

Speaking of houses, Walter Huston is that proud of his in Lake Arrowhead. He can hardly talk about anything else. He has every sport within finger tip's distance—swimming, shooting, skiing, sleighing, and innumerable other delicious amusements. It took him a year and a half to build this place—every week-end between each picture he gave to his newest hobby. He keeps a well-trained couple up there who take care of him and his guests with perfection.

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND is one of the most delightful hosts in all Hollywood. He has a charming house down at the beach, just this side of Malibu. There he has an expert French couple who are thrilled to pieces when a party is being given. You have never tasted such cooking in all your life.

The last time I was there, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., spent the entire evening talking to Maureen O'Sullivan. Lynn Riggs, successful young playwright, drove down with Frank Conroy.

Did you know that Bill, Mr. Kirkland to you, has three enormous photographs—beautifully inscribed—from none other than Joan Crawford? One of the photographs is a reproduction of her portrait done by a famous artist in Paris. Joan and Doug Jr. sat for him while in that city.

Incidentally, the bronzes and paintings of these two young people must be causing considerable embarrassment.

"Joan and Doug" eternally emphasized the youth of today—eternally challenging Fate—and so they have been photographed—painted—and sculptured—together.

How can *these* rare possessions be divided?

If Joan should marry again, you can't imagine the new husband being particularly fascinated by a portrait hanging in the drawing room of his predecessor—and vice versa.

Miss Burke, personal friend of Movietown's most interesting personalities, brings to you the real lowdown on the social side of Hollywood. The minutest details are recorded with descriptions of the glamorous costumes worn by your favorite star. Those intimate things which only can be told by the person on the inside are brought to you in Miss Burke's inimitable manner.

These two talented youngsters have enough of such treasures to start an art gallery. It is said that in *art* alone, two people can be kept together.

THE Harry Lachmans gave a "Venice" party for Anna May Wong before she left.

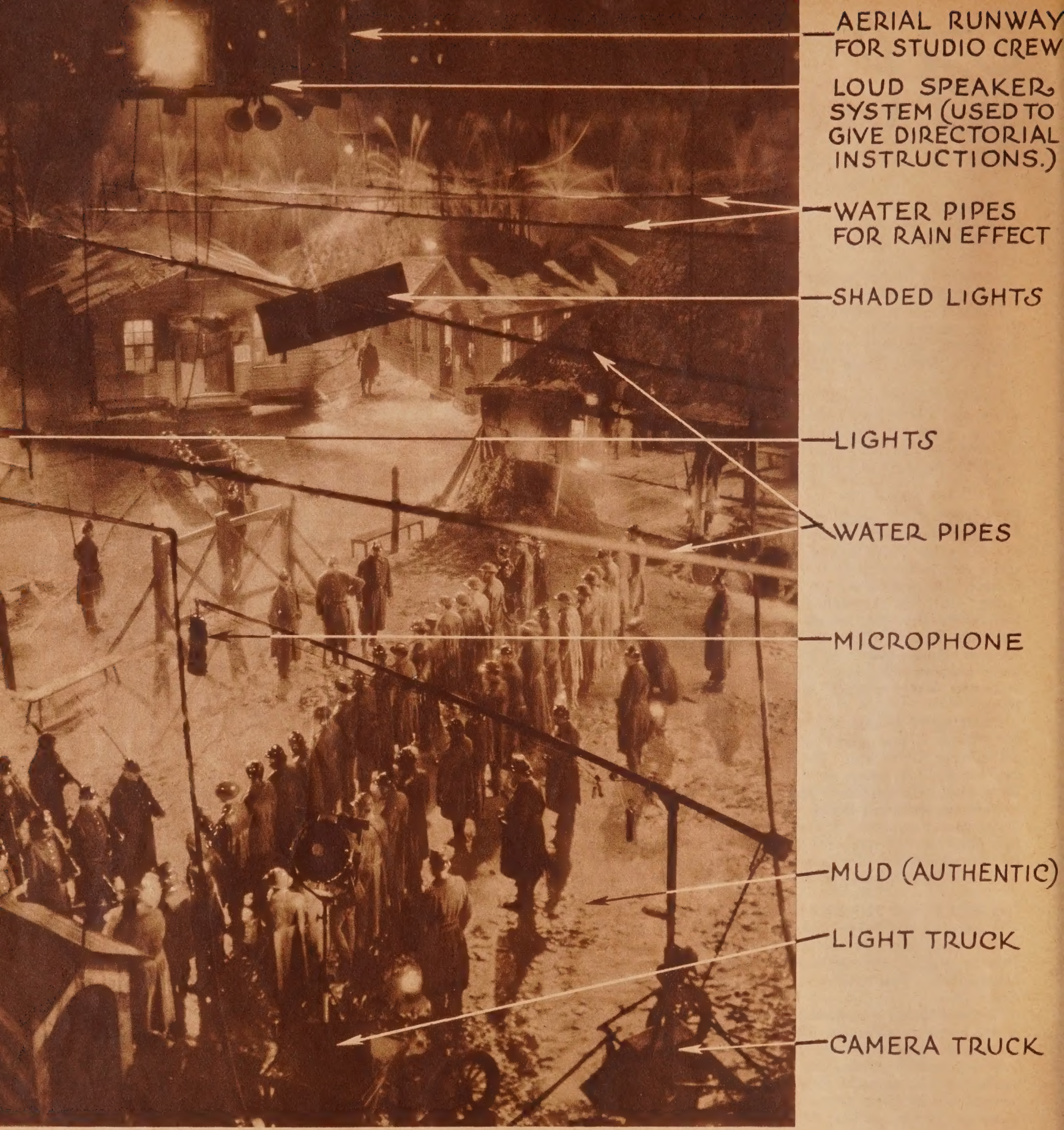
A Venice party is fun, if you don't get your head bumped coming down a roller coaster. The crazy house, ferris wheels, shoot the shoots, and all the hundred and one concessions are taken in, down the entire length of the pier.

Harry Lachman is more or less of a newcomer to Hollywood, but has an international reputation as a painter. His pictures are hung in the Luxemberg. In his beautiful house, next door to Jimmy Gleason's home, he has at least a dozen canvasses which are extraordinarily rare.

Mrs. Lachman is of Chinese birth. She studied in Paris for the operatic stage.

LESLIE HOWARD had more darned fun all by himself down at La Quinta, that beautiful hotel twenty miles away from Palm Springs. Between pictures all season, Leslie would take his small daughter, Leslie—named after her father—and sometimes his son would join them. The three would ride horseback for hours on end. Then they'd come back and bicycle over to the date grove where there is a swimming pool. Every morning, as soon as the sun was all warmed up, Leslie would hike out across the desert to his private sand dune. Not a soul around—just friendly little horned toads.

He was [*Continued on page* 51]


AERIAL RUNWAY FOR STUDIO CREW
LOUD SPEAKER SYSTEM (USED TO GIVE DIRECTORIAL INSTRUCTIONS.)
WATER PIPES FOR RAIN EFFECT
SHADED LIGHTS
LIGHTS
WATER PIPES
MICROPHONE
MUD (AUTHENTIC)
LIGHT TRUCK
CAMERA TRUCK

Here you get a director's eye view of a wartime prison camp as constructed in the Warner-First National studios. It gives you some idea of the modern screen's zeal for details and authenticity. Mud has to be real, rain has to be genuine. Watch for this scene when you see "Captured," in which Leslie Howard and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., play the leading rôles, prisoners in a German internment camp. This, by the way, is Doug's first step-down from stardom, his first sacrifice of name-in-lights for good acting opportunities. Also, when you watch this scene, give a thought to the lowly extras who splash through mud to make Hollywood safe for democracy

How to Have A War in Your Own Studio

CHARM

Be Feminine if You Would be Smart

EDITED BY MIRIAM GIBSON

Watch Your Shoulders

"High hat" Sari Maritza, the high hat being a chapeau. Chechia, as this model is called, will have to be in every smart woman's wardrobe. This one is in white pique — washable for summer

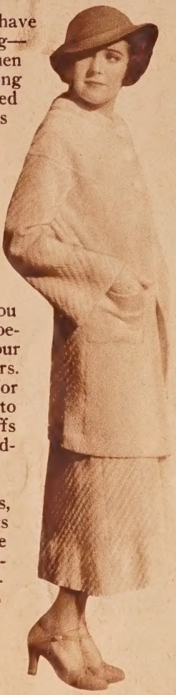
FEMININITY has been a word from which we all have shied. At last that word which embodies everything—charm, glamour, beauty and appeal—for which women *really* strive, has been heard by fashion. Trousers are being confined to the beach or lounging. These days a well-dressed lady (and isn't that the goal of everyone of us) shudders at the thought of appearing masculine.

This doesn't mean necessarily that you *must* wear lace and ruffles if you are not the type—though both features are good this year. But it *does* mean touches of organdy, which has taken a most definite place as trimmings, capes of every length and description, and those cunning little jackets which set off most flatteringly everyone's face.

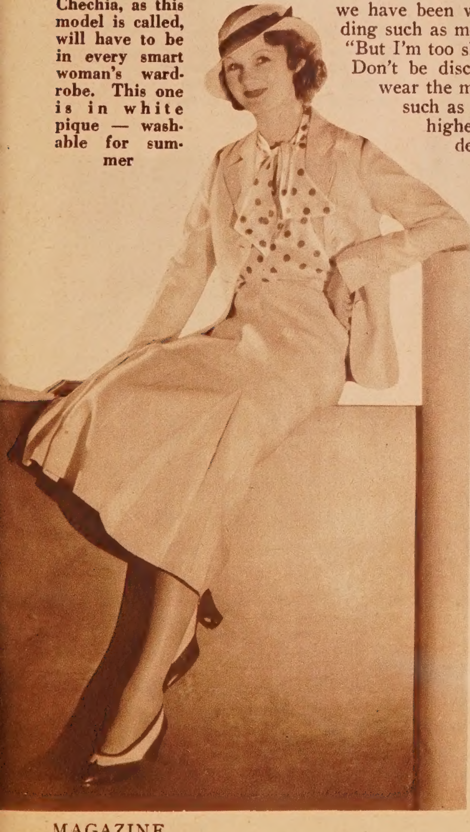
However, the most radical feature that Dame Fashion has given us is the new shoulder effects. Do what you will with the length or width of your skirt, the most becoming "place" for your waist, the size and length of your sleeves, but for *Style's sake* don't overlook your shoulders. True, we've been wearing puffs the size of balloons for the past year, but now shoulders have taken on effects to broaden. This can be accomplished by the same puffs we have been wearing, ruffles, capes, or ordinary padding such as men have been using for some time.

"But I'm too short for these new styles," you say. Don't be discouraged. If you belong in this class, wear the modified sleeve, and one of the high hats such as Sari Maritza wears on this page. The higher the hat, the less flattening wide shoulders become. There is an "out," however, in case you just can't get used to these shoulders—the raglan sleeve set on a deep yoke. Ruby Keeler shows you this idea on this page. But be sure the coat has a full back.

In the way of accessories! Jabots have become as smart as bows. Organdy is the most important trimming. And gloves have become a highlite. If your gloves match your hat or gown you can be assured your accessories are up-to-the-minute.



White waffle crêpe makes up this swagger suit for Ruby Keeler. The full sleeve is the new finger-tip length. Notice the deep yoke and collarless neck, a variation from wide shoulder effects



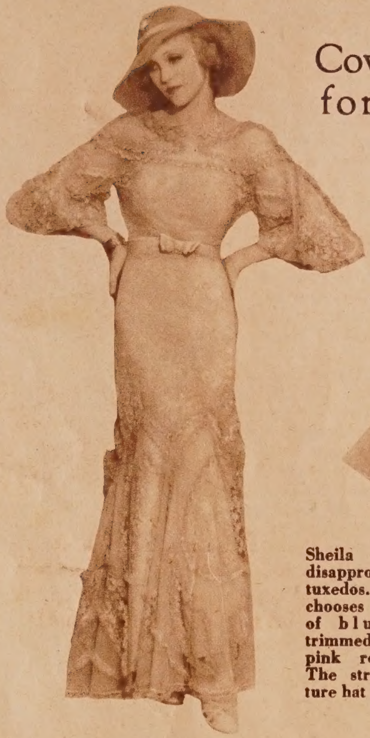
Elizabeth Allen wears a white crash-linen suit with blue and white polka dot blouse. A linen hat, purse, and inserts on slippers complete the costume

"Gloves must match" says Dame Fashion, and Una Merkel agrees. Her knitted sweater and knitted string cap are accompanied by knitted string sports gloves

Organdy and Lace

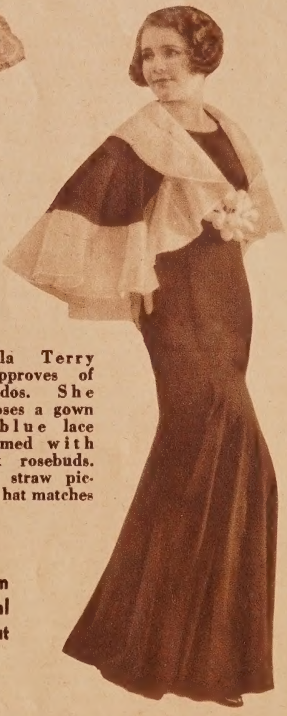
Evening Clothes are Dainty

Cover your shoulders at formal parties if you would be chic



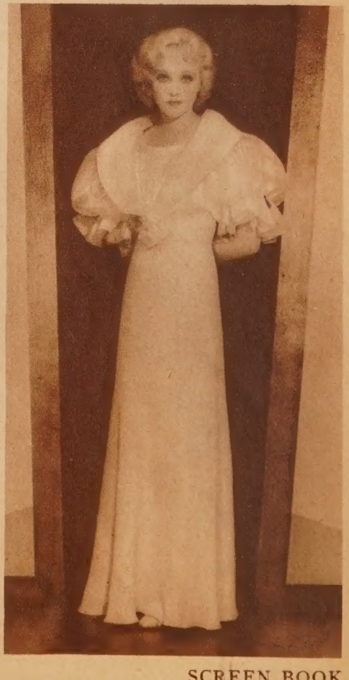
Sheila Terry disapproves of tuxedos. She chooses a gown of blue lace trimmed with pink rosebuds. The straw picture hat matches

Chiffon and lace solve the problem for Summer lawn parties and formal dinners. Floppy straw hats carry out the feminine trend

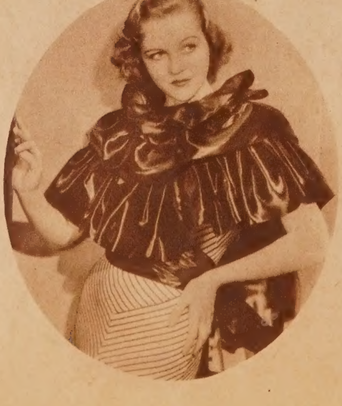


Organdy is back with us again as the newest note for evening. Use it as trimming, as a jacket or cape, even as an entire costume. If last Summer's gown is sleeveless, add a dainty organdy note and you will be gowned in the latest 1933 manner

Yellow is chosen by Sheila Terry for a crêpe gown. A demure organdy jacket of the same hue has full sleeves which are gathered into a band of black ribbon to form huge puffs



Above, Ruby Keeler models a black crêpe frock. Sheer white starched chiffon, used double, trims the tiny jacket. Left, Patricia Ellis shows how a sleeveless black and white striped gown is accompanied by a ruffled wrap of black ciré ribbon. It fastens at the back

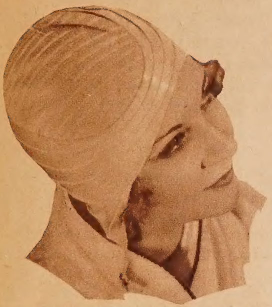


Formal skirts are full. Hips are slenderizing and skirts flow out voluminously from the knees. If material must be skimped, don't take it out of the skirt

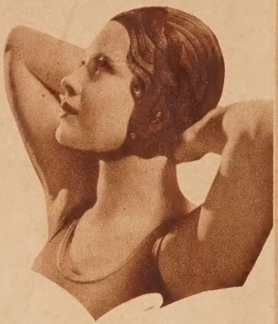
Wear Your Trousers on the Sand

Comfortable Beach Costumes

Whether you're a swimmer or sun worshipper, stylists have remembered you



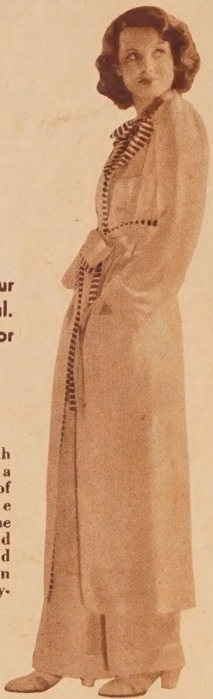
Una Merkel's favorite bathing cap resembles an aviator's helmet, fastening under the chin. This one is in yellow rubber with a crêpe designed top



Worried about your hair? Choose a coiffure cap like Mary Carlisle's. Before or after swimming she knows she looks chic—the cap is like a hair dress

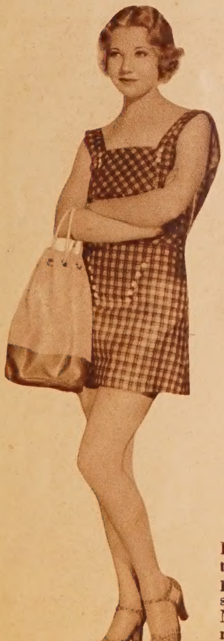
You can tuck every last hair beneath your new swimming cap and still be beautiful. The new caps form a flattering frame for your face

Those trousers which you are so anxious to have, can be worn with perfect immunity on the beach. But be sure the legs are full!

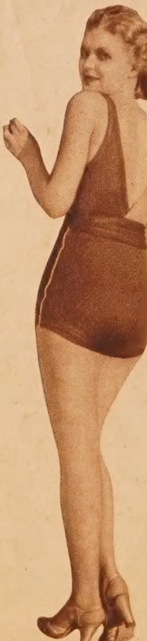


Slim Elizabeth Allen chooses a pajama suit of heavy white pebble crêpe. The coat lining and short sleeved shirt match in white and Kelly-green stripes

Suits for swimming will always be stylish. This year, simplicity is the keynote. Contrasting colors are the feminine note. If you must have trimming, limit it to the belt. However, if the water is not to your liking, there are several cute dress-like suits that are being shown this summer. These may be fancy or simple, as you wish



Did you ever see anything cuter than Una Merkel's suit? The plaid gingham bathing suit resembles a little girl's play dress. Notice the pearl button trimming and zipper side closing. Slippers of plaid gingham match



Silk jersey has been selected by Verna Hillie for her swim suit. It's one of the popular new materials. Miss Hillie's is in a brown and tan combination. Notice the contrasting side stripe on the trunks?

The Beauty Cabinet

Personal daintiness for summer months presents milady's chief problem. It is not nearly so difficult to solve as most women suppose. Let Janet Lynn help you

Have you a personal problem to be held in strictest confidence? Janet Lynn will gladly give you free counsel if you will address her at *SCREEN BOOK*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (U. S. postage only.)

Gail Patrick maintains her feminine daintiness with a final pat of fragrant eau de cologne. When dressing for a formal party she is particular to give her shoulders a special pat. It makes her feel that much fresher

By Janet Lynn

ALTHOUGH it isn't a very pleasant subject, it's high time we had a chat on the subject of superfluous hair and excessive perspiration—two problems so troublesome to women in summer. Years ago women simply endured superfluous hair and thought that by the simple expedient of saying nothing about it, it would be made invisible. Of course, in those days it was often actually invisible, too, for dresses decorously covered arms and legs. The perspiration bugaboo, however, was not so easy to down. The silly ladies doused themselves with strong scent and hoped for the best.

But today when everyone revels in an epidemic of frankness about everything from babies to perspiration odor, there isn't the slightest excuse for a single square inch of superfluous hair or the faintest suggestion of perspiration odor. Excellent chemists have spent the last two decades perfecting their formulae for effective and harmless hair removers and for preparations that either check perspiration locally or at least deodorize it. An excellent example is this: When paste depilatories made their début, they smelled to high heaven. Anyone brave enough to use one found that it did remove the hair pretty well, but discovered that the sulphurous fumes simply asphyxiated her. Naturally, fastidious women [*Continued on page* 62]

To give you that feeling of luxury use a dash of bath salts—scented or otherwise—in your daily bath. Gail Patrick uses pine needles

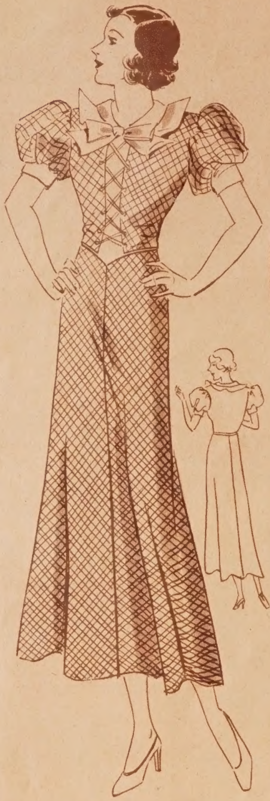
Dress Like the Stars

Cottons! Cottons! Betty Furness shows you what can be done with this new, very popular fabric. Chic from collar to hemline, this frock is inexpensive to make

BEING smartly groomed on hot July days presents a problem. A shortage of money adds to the difficulty. Designers, however, have heard our plea and have turned to cotton—that most inexpensive of fabrics.

Wouldn't you like to look as Betty Furness does? Fresh and dainty? And feel as cool as a cucumber? Then sit down right now, fill out the coupon below and send it off with fifteen cents.

The minutely detailed directions make it possible to complete this frock perfectly—even if you have never before sewn a stitch. The pattern comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 can be made for exactly $1.97 including the price of the pattern. Your neighborhood shop has good qualities of gingham and organdy at 39c and 59c per yard respectively. Add to this a few spare hours and your friends will say, "You must spend a small fortune on your clothes. How do you do it?"



Organdy collar, cuffs, and piping form the accent on Betty Furness' choice. This girlish frock has the natural waistline so popular this season. The broad collar and puff sleeves obey the fashion command of "broad shoulder effects." Notice the slenderizing hip line

Left, the bodice-frock so girlishly simple in gingham, yet so charmingly smart in pert organdy trimmings, is given you in pattern B-206. A step-by-step, clearly illustrated sewing lesson accompanies each pattern to make results perfect

WE HAVE another aid to dressing smartly yet inexpensively. The Summer edition of our Pattern Book is ready. It includes styles for afternoon, spectator sports, golf and tennis dresses, blouses, skirts, as well as formal costumes. And it caters to the full-figured matron as well as to the slim miss or junior. One of the special features is the group of *special beginners'* patterns. And all this for the small sum of fifteen cents. To be really economical, order the book and pattern at the same time. The combination price is twenty-five cents. Five cents saved is five cents gained.

Betty Furness follows the "Buy American" trend in this quaint and original red and white gingham bodice frock. It is combined with crisp white organdy

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
52 Vanderbilt Avenue,
New York City.

For the enclosed .... send me Betty Furness' dress, No. B206. Size .... Summer Edition Pattern Book (check if wanted) ....

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

Fashion Book 15c—10c when ordered with pattern.

—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Clark Gable's best performance of the year probably will be considered his Giovanni Severi in "The White Sister" opposite Helen Hayes. Personally we select his rugged Indo-China rubber plantation overseer in "Red Dust" with Jean Harlow as the torrid charmer from Saigon. Gable's popularity still holds. Indeed, it shows no indication of waning. He is one of the screen's definitely vigorous personalities. Psycho-analysts dope out the Gable appeal as that of the "civilized brute," the cave male tamed to a tuxedo, the elemental man of strength and power tempered with kindly good nature and tolerance

"Nothing Can Ever Hurt Me Again"

[*Continued from page* 36]

within that time, I consider myself pretty damn lucky! After all, I'm still in my prime—I'm thirty-five—and I still have plenty of vim and vigor. I've been down and up and down again but I'll climb up that ladder again one of these days. And unless the United States or the whole world goes completely to hell and takes away everything I've got, I'll be financially independent for the rest of my life.

"Then, too," he went on, "for the first time in many years, I am happily in love. My other marriages didn't prove very successful but this one is going to last forever. Virginia is the grandest girl that ever lived!"

His face lit up with a joyous grin and his dark eyes danced happily.

I was treading on dangerous ground but I ventured to ask him whether he expected to see Ina Claire in *Biography* while he was here.

"Of course," he laughed. "As husband and wife, Ina and I didn't hit it off so well, but as 'ex's,' we're the best of friends! Besides, I wouldn't miss her marvelous performance for anything! Like everyone else, I consider her one of the most brilliant actresses on the American stage. I know that if I ever do a stage play, she would be the first person whose judgment and advice I would seek."

◆

Society in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 43]

exactly like a boy finding a secret cave. It was Tilly Polak who told him where it was, however. From the day he first discovered it, Berkeley Square Howard preferred it to his sun bath tent. He turned completely bronze colored.

HEIGH ho! Zita Johann has had her trunk packed for three months, planning to go back to New York. Snowstorms—Palm Springs—a divorce—a contract—all prevented her from leaving. Zita came out to Hollywood with such a brilliant reputation from New York. It is unfortunate that she hasn't clicked more effectively up to date upon the screen.

IT'S interesting to hear from one of those subterranean, yet reliable, sources that Hedda Hopper was bounced from a nice Metro contract because of her willingness to discuss certain people none too kindly. She looks like such a thoroughly nice person that I wonder if it's true.

POLLY MORAN continues to shock some and to amuse others in this funny little very important town. When Polly Moran ad libs, the gods should cause a pestilence to pass over the country—maybe they have. But, willy nilly and 'for keeps', Polly is a friend. And all the four letter words in the alphabet won't swerve her from this course.

PATENTED! . . . because it's utterly different

Equalizer KOTEX

20 to 30% greater protection

KOTEX radically improved . . . Kotex emphatically bettered all the time . . . yet offered at lower and lower prices. Today you can buy Kotex with the New Equalizer at any drug, dry goods or department store.

New Patented Equalizer

The new patented Equalizer in Kotex gives 20 to 30% greater protection; more adequate but less bulky protection; a feeling of lasting safety. An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Ends, of course, are "phantomized" . . . not only rounded but flattened, tapered, made absolutely non-revealing. Absorbency, softness, disposability are identically the same as in the Kotex you've always known. Its soft, downy filler never was softer, never gave you such perfect comfort as it does now—with the new Equalizer. It can be worn on either side with equal protection.

Unique to Kotex

This new Equalizer is so unique it has been protected by patent No. 1,863,333. In Kotex—and Kotex alone—you get this new, carefully worked out principle of better, safer protection. Protection especially designed for greater security, freedom, ease of mind.

Try it. Learn for yourself, what immeasurable advantages to comfort, ease of mind, safety this new Kotex with Patented Equalizer brings.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer . . . and this is why:

1 – it took two and one-half years to perfect.

2 – a board of three hundred women tested it.

3 – medical authority of high repute checked their findings.

4 – ★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

Over *the* Air Waves!

By

The Tuner Inner

JACK PEARL—the celebrated Baron Munchausen of the air waves—says that radio success is just a matter of luck. It happens—and that's all.

He attributes his own hit to his chance development of the baron. "The idea of a super-liar had been developed by Billy K. Wells for the use of a black-face team and had been sold to the advertising agency of Lord and Thomas and Logan," says Pearl. "An executive heard my dialect on one of those Flo Ziegfeld broadcasts of two years ago. He saw the possibilities of coupling Munchausen with me. It was just a matter of luck for me."

The Charlie of "Vas you dere, Sharlie," as you know, is Cliff Hall. Mr. Hall has been straight man to Pearl's dialect comedy for four years. A lot of people think Hall is the best stooge on the air. Undoubtedly a lot of the Pearl success is due to Hall.

—Apeda

Above, Col. Stoopnagle and Budd examine another of their strange inventions, a jack to lift the world out of the depression. They make their movie début in *International House*. Left, George Gilvot, the newest dialectician to ride the kilocycles. George hails from Omaha and his Greek dialect is one of the rare things of the air

—Ray Lee Jackson

Left, Ethel Shutta, once a Ziegfeld glorified girl, is popular on the radio even without the aid of television. She is the wife of Orchestra Leader George Olsen and about the best singer of character songs on the air

Pearl was born on the lower East Side of New York in 1895 with a desire to be an actor. He haunted the theatre galleries of the old days and Dave Warfield was his great idol. He worked as office boy on *The Evening Journal* and later as a song plugger. His first stage work was as a Gus Edwards protege along with George Jessel, Georgie Price, Eddie Cantor and Walter Winchell. Finally he went into burlesque and there he developed his dialect and learned the rudiments of comedy. Five years later he stepped to musical comedy.

Now that Pearl is one of the three big names of the air, he has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for two pictures. He will appear with Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante and Mickey Mouse in the *Hollywood Revue* and he will be seen prominently in another film—but he will not be the star. "I prefer to ease into pictures as I did into radio work," says Pearl, "with nobody expecting too much."

PEARL made one picture in the old silent days of films. It was a comedy and Peggy Shannon was featured. He thought himself a flop and decided to avoid Hollywood. Meanwhile, Miss Shannon became a star, faded from the screen. All in the brief span of Pearl's radio success.

"I will make my last broadcast of the summer on June 29 but I'll return to the air in the fall. Despite published reports that I [*Continued on page 71*]

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 25]

Horace Gumble. Although one of Gotham's busiest young matrons, Jane manages to find time to study voice with Ginotte every day and to sing over WINS every week.

Doris Dawson, who used to be one of First National's most promising ingenues, is now playing the rôle of devoted wife opposite Pat Rooney Jr.

Margaret Livingston promised Paul Whiteman, popular orchestra leader, that as soon as she could put her arms around him, she would marry him. So Paul promptly lost 100 pounds—and Margaret promptly married him. She is now writing a book called *Whiteman's Burden*, which will reveal how the first 100 pounds are the hardest!

Helen Ferguson, widow of William Russell, is now happily married again to Richard Hargreaves, well known banker. She has just launched herself into the publicity business.

Sally Phipps, former co-star of Nick Stuart, is the present Mrs. Benedict Gimbel Jr. and resides in Philadelphia, Pa.

Thissa And Thatta

SIDNEY FOX, who temporarily abandoned her career when she married Charles Beahan, Universal scenario editor, will shortly return to the screen in a few independent pictures made in New York . . . she is also considering a Theatre Guild or Gilbert Miller stage play for the fall . . . the Dixie Lee-Bing Crosby "production" scheduled for a June release will take place at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in the same room where Sue Carol's, Carol Lee, was born and with the same Doctor Joe Harris officiating . . . Stanley Smith is houseguesting chez Walter Chrysler Jr. . . . Harmon O. Nelson, who refuses to be known as "Mr. Bette Davis," is building up a reputation of his own via the ether waves in New York . . . Jean Hersholt's sixteen-year-old son, Jean Jr., writes motion picture reviews for a Hollywood magazine . . . and like all the other critics, he has never been able to give his father anything but a four star rating . . . Jack Dougherty, husband of the late Barbara La Marr, is owner of a swank rendezvous in the swank Fifties . . . Adrienne Allen, who returned to London after a brief tenancy at the Paramount studios, is now cradle shopping . . . she is Mrs. Raymond Massey in private life . . . as though any actress ever had a private life! . . . Patsy Ruth Miller spent Easter in Rome while her spouse, Tay Garnett, was "on location" in Germany . . . Irene Rich has joined Chamberlain Brown's stock company in Atlantic City for one of the leading rôles in *When Ladies Meet* . . . and if you hear that Margaret and Paul Whiteman plan to adopt a child, don't say I didn't tell you first!

Optimism

HEREWITH is a conversation overheard between two picture house owners:

First Owner: How's business, Sam?

Second Owner: Simply colossal, Jake! But now that Roosevelt is President, it will pick up again.

[*Continued on page* 61]

SALE ON KLEENEX all over the United States

3 full size 25¢ packages 59¢

KLEENEX
THE HANDKERCHIEF FOR HEALTH
TO PREVENT SELF-INFECTION REDUCE SPREAD OF COLDS

Illustrations and text Copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

Use Kleenex disposable tissues instead of handkerchiefs! Sanitary! Economical! No washing —no spreading germs.

STOCK UP on Kleenex during this nation-wide sale! Take advantage of this remarkably low price. It costs much less to use Kleenex than to pay for handkerchief laundry!

And think of the greater safety! No germ-filled handkerchiefs to infect hands, pockets, laundry bags. No soiled, disgusting handkerchiefs to carry germs back to your face. No repulsive handkerchief washing. You use a fresh Kleenex Tissue every time. It's safe. It's dry and soothing. Soft and very absorbent. Saves nose from getting red and raw.

Try these Kleenex uses

Lots of other uses for Kleenex, too. For removing face creams and applying powder and make-up. For cleaning glasses and wiping razor blades. For applying ointments and salves, to keep from staining garments.

Use Kleenex freely, at this low price. And get yours now, while supplies last. At drug and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

The Sweetest Love Story Ever Told!

- Enjoy the superlative beauty of the story of *Pilgrimage.* It will tug at your heartstrings and give you an unforgettable thrill. Be sure to read the other great fictionizations of leading current talkies in this issue of HOLLYWOOD. And remember—every month you'll find the latest and most entertaining talkies in story form in this fascinating magazine.

JULY
HOLLYWOOD
MOVIE NOVELS
NOW ON SALE

- In addition, this month, you'll thrill to *The Tragedy of Marie Dressler,* and other absorbing stories of glamorous screen personalities and Hollywood life, and the wealth of intimate pictures of your favorites of the type that has made *Hollywood Movie Novels* a favorite among fans. Secure your copy at your newsstand today!

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MOVIE NOVELS
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The Tragedy of Marie Dressler
Pilgrimage
Private Detective
Melody Cruise
Song of the Eagle

If your news dealer is sold out, send 10c (stamps or coin) to HOLLYWOOD MOVIE NOVELS, *529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn., and your copy of the July issue will be mailed direct to you.*

Handclaps and Hisses

[*Continued from page* 6]

owners permitted to use them in advertising their pictures? I've noticed this in dozens of pictures and it simply makes me furious.—Edna Long, 809 8th St., Highland, Ill.

MAKE HELEN HAPPY

($1.00 Letter)

THERE is no disputing Helen Hayes' great talent—all agree that she is one of the screen's best actresses, but I have one complaint to make about her pictures. They're all so darn sad! Personally my taste doesn't run toward gloom when I seek entertainment, and yet I *do* admire good acting. Before Helen Hayes' name becomes a synonym for misery, can't we see her occasionally in something just a trifle lighter than her past releases?—D. H. Chapman, 1532 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

MORE "BUY AMERICAN"

($1.00 Letter)

COULD you mix a potent portion of fairness, intelligence, common sense and balanced, unbiased judgment, and administer a goodly dose to those in the picture industry who parcel out parts? It's the foreign inhibition. Some plays need foreign actors and actresses. These plays give employment to hundreds of our own people. We need these plays and we should be glad to have them. But, do we need to suffer from a foreign complex and give them all the calcium lights and all the banner lines? If "Buy American" is a good slogan in the business world—and who will dare deny that it is—why not "Cast American" for the picture industry? You have influence—what say?—B. Janeith Knight, 1216 S. Highland Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

THE JOAN-DOUG SPLIT

($1.00 Letter)

I THINK it's a shame that Doug and Joan are splitting! Hollywood's ideal couple! It's only natural that after four years of married life the passionate thrill would wear off. That's never known to last any longer in the longest and best of marriages. Can't they realize that? Doug's and Joan's differing interests should give them just that kind of personal independence that would keep them from being bored with each other, and that would act as a soft cushion for those little petty antagonisms to light against, that every pair find soon or later. Jack Grant said in his article in your May magazine that their main goals and ideals are alike. Well, isn't that the most important thing in marriage after all? We fans have come to take divorces and separations of lesser stars as so much daily bread—but not so Doug's and Joan's. They're real people. They belong together!—Leah Lampson, 901 E. 64th St., Seattle, Wash.

Write your motion picture ideas to HANDCLAPS AND HISSES. Fame and reward await you.

Cupid's Column

By THE SNOOPER

BRIAN AHERNE, handsome leading man in Dietrich's new picture, did not deny his infatuation for the lovely Mar-lay-na before she went to Germany and he went to England.

Buster Crabbe put one over by eloping with his schoolday sweetheart, Ada Virginia Held. Now, instead of swimming, he's cooking

GLENDA FARRELL and Allen Jenkins are no longer *thataway.* Wonder how Jack Durant, Glenda's on-and-off for five years, reacts to this news.

SOMETHING'S happened to the Peggy Hopkins Joyce-Jack Oakie *pash,* with Jack going back to Mary Brian and sweat-shirts, and Peggy to Roland Brown, the director.

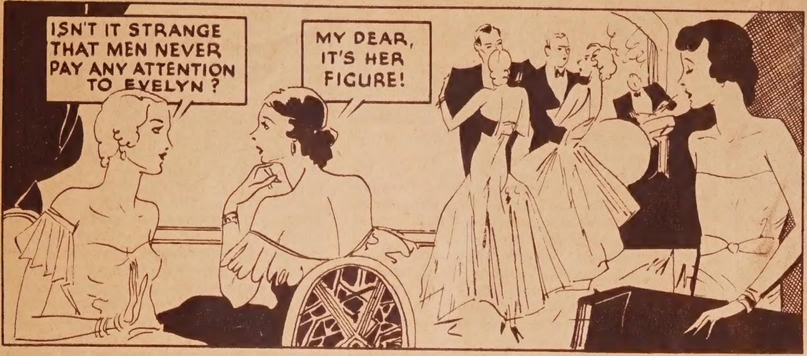
LUPE VELEZ has nine pictures of Johnnie Weissmuller in her New York stage dressing room—so it appears he's still "the one." Although his name has been linked with that of Maureen O'Sullivan, Lupe and Johnnie were seen together often when he visited the Big City.

MIRIAM HOPKINS is absolutely sold on Jean Negulesco, the artist, though her own ex-hubby, Austin Parker, takes her dancing, too.

JIMMIE DUNN has forsaken Boots Mallory for the time being to court Helen Vinson, pretty blonde actress, but the town is betting ten to one that Maureen O'Sullivan is still first in his heart.

It will be amusing to watch this man-about-town when June Knight, his former heart, arrives. She's due to hit the movie colony the end of June.

HOW ONE GIRL FOUND ROMANCE


ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT MEN NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO EVELYN?
MY DEAR, IT'S HER FIGURE!

A *Whispered* REMARK THAT CHANGED A GIRL'S LIFE!

SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

ARE YOU FLAT-CHESTED?

Give Me 30 Days To Prove I Can

INCREASE YOUR BUST MEASURE

LOVE, Romance, Popularity—all are attracted by *feminine charm.* And the outstanding charm of beautiful womanhood is a full, shapely bust. Lovely, rounded curves are the vogue. The straight-line figure is hopelessly "out."

Do you lack the allure of a shapely, well-developed figure? Is your bust small, flat and drooping? Are you embarrassed when you appear in a low-cut evening frock or a bathing suit? Let me show you how to fill out your form to fascinating curves. Let me show you how to add inches of firm, rounded tissue to your bust. No matter how small and undeveloped your bust may now be, my famous Miracle Cream treatment will quickly increase its size and mould it to lovely, arching form.

ADD 1 to 3 INCHES

One woman writes: "My bust was so thin and undeveloped that I was positively ashamed of my figure. I had tried everything without success. Then I decided to make one last try with your Miracle Cream treatment and I am certainly glad I did. My bust soon began to fill out nicely and now it has increased to attractive size and shapeliness. I never dreamed that a well-formed bust could make such a difference in one's appearance."

THANK GOODNESS FOR NANCY LEE'S MIRACLE CREAM TREATMENT

DEVELOP YOUR BUST THIS NEW, EASY WAY

Thousands of women all over the world have used this safe, simple home treatment to develop the bust. Will you give me 30 days to prove that I can give *you* a full, beautifully modelled bust? Take advantage of my special offer now. Mail the coupon below and see how easily you can add one to three inches of shapely beauty to your bust measure. Sagging contours are lifted, flabby tissues are made firm and rounded. Soon your breasts will stand out in exquisite beauty.

INSTRUCTIONS

FREE: *A Beautiful Form*

My new illustrated book tells all about this new easy way to develop the bust. It is yours free. And here's my great special offer that brings you the Miracle Cream treatment to try for yourself: **send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and valuable instructions—free book included.** Don't delay—mail the coupon or write TODAY—before this wonderful offer is withdrawn.

NANCY LEE, (Dept. P-7) 816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE CHARM of a Beautiful Bust

MAIL THIS COUPON

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816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and instructions with Free Book—in plain wrapper.

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Address ....

Town ....State ....

Take 3 Inches Off Your Chest-Line!

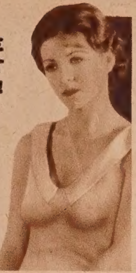
REDUCE YOUR BUST THIS NEW EASY WAY!

IS your bust large? Reduce that bulging, matronly chest-line to the slender, girlish lines of youth. Take 3 or more inches off your bust measure. Flabby, sagging fat disappears swiftly. Bust is left small, firm, arched and lovely. No sag. No wrinkles.

Large, Sagging Contours Made Trim and Shapely

Just apply FORMULA-X treatment at home and watch your breasts grow slim and young-looking. This wonderful new discovery quickly removes soft, flabby fat, firms and moulds the bust to trim shapeliness.

FORMULA-X treatment is absolutely harmless—but so effective! No wonder that women have welcomed this safe, simple way to reduce the bust!



SPECIAL OFFER NOW!

Take advantage of this Special Introductory Offer: Send ONE DOLLAR for the FORMULA-X treatment—including big container of FORMULA-X and instructions—mailed in plain wrapper. Write today.

INSTRUCTIONS and TREATMENT
Formula X

BETTY DREW
799 Broadway Dept. P-7 New York, N. Y.

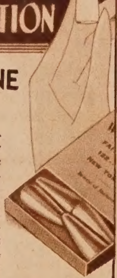
BOYS AND GIRLS

Mickey Mouse and **Uncle Jack** have a message for you on **Page 58.**

WOMEN! Here is Sure PROTECTION

FEMININE HYGIENE Made Easy

Banish fears and uncertainties. Here is the new, easy way. Just use one of these handy little antiseptic cones. Simple, safe, lastingly effective. No mixing, no water, no douche, no apparatus. WIN-FORMS are always ready for use, anytime, anywhere. They melt at body temperature, forming a protective antiseptic film that destroys germs.



End Worry and Uncertainty

Why take chances with your health and happiness when a single WIN-FORM suppository gives effective protection for eight hours or more. Absolutely safe to use; soothing to the delicate tissues. Contain no carbolic acid, mercury or burning caustics. Just a reliable combination of cocoa butter and dependable antiseptics, recommended by physicians. Dainty, odorless, deodorizing.

SPECIAL—SEND ONLY 35c

Take advantage of special introductory offer. Send only 35c for trial box of WIN-FORMS today. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

FAITH WINSTON
122 Fourth Ave., Dept. P-7. New York, N. Y.

Garbo's Five Weeks at Sea!

[*Continued from page* 13]

Far removed from the exotic, aloof star so often publicized.

Garbo keeps to herself most of the second day, remaining in her cabin in spite of the glorious weather. Her breakfast, taken to her cabin, consists of American bacon, scrambled eggs, grape fruit and oatmeal.

Garbo listens on the radio to the broadcast of a sermon from Sweden. She sits with her hands in her lap, listening. The star seemingly has a strong religious feeling.

She spends the afternoon writing letters and sending numerous telegrams. Some of these are addressed to her family, others to her friends in Stockholm. Quite a few go to the Wachmeisters at Tistad.

Garbo sits at the captain's table for dinner. She looks unusually pretty in a simple, white dress. She talks and laughs with the captain and seems in good spirits. She declines, however, to visit him on the bridge, remaining instead in the writing room, reading magazines and newspapers. At 8 o'clock she goes to bed.

March 27th—Up early, Garbo walks on deck. She talks with the first officer, asking when the *Annie Johnson* would reach Antwerp. Garbo looks particularly fetching in a grey tweed suit. She wears no hat and her beautiful hair was flying in the wind. She wears smoked glasses to protect her eyes from the glare of the strong sun. Garbo has breakfast, lunch and dinner in the company of the captain and is in lively good humor. She tells Captain Holmberg that she would like to take sun baths on the journey across and the captain promises to have canvas screens arranged so that she can take these baths in seclusion. She says that she looks forward to the salt baths she will take daily in her special pool as soon as the *Annie Johnson* swings westward from Spain into the trade-winds. Late this night the *Annie Johnson* docks at Antwerp and a strict guard is maintained all night to prevent newspapermen slipping on board.

March 28th—Early in the morning Garbo leaves for a long automobile trip through the city, returning to the boat for lunch. Some twenty newspapermen and scores of photographers came on board, hoping to see Garbo. But they miss her through a neat trick that is played on them.

When Garbo concludes her automobile trip, she boards the private motor boat on the local ship broker and zig-zags out to sea. When sufficiently far out, the little boat turns back at slow speed and pulls in on the larboard side of the *Annie Johnson*. The newspaper people are massed on the other side. Garbo climbs up the rope-ladder, slips into her cabin unobserved. The whole crew agrees that Garbo has climbed the ladder like a real sailor. "She's as nimble as a squirrel," exclaims one of them.

The newspapermen return to Antwerp disappointed and the *Annie Johnson* puts to sea late this night. At midnight Captain Holmberg sends this cable to the steamship office in Stockholm: "All first class passengers safely on board. All well." This cablegram had more significance than appears at first glance. The five passengers to come aboard at Antwerp were: The Swedish-American heiress, Mrs. S. Stem, and her son, returning to California from a visit in Paris; Helmar Hallberg and his wife; and Doctor Rudolf Rosenfeld, of Vienna. Hallberg is president of the Swedish ballbearing factories in Columbia.

March 29th—One day out from Antwerp. Today is Captain Holmberg's fiftieth birthday and the *Annie Johnson* is adorned with flags of all nations. At night a big festival dinner is served. Garbo sits at the captain's right hand, dressed in an exquisite evening gown of black silk. The first officer sings and everybody has a lively time. The captain receives many messages of congratulations, mostly radiograms from Sweden, and Garbo, who acts as conferencier, reads them to the officers and passengers. The party lasts until the small morning hours and throughout Garbo is the gayest of the gay.

April 2—Sunday. Garbo receives a long radio message from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company and seems very much pleased with its contents. She is very gay all day. She listens to a concert played by the ship's doctor. When he concludes playing, Garbo sits down at the piano and herself plays. She is no virtuoso but she has a fine touch. The passengers listen with great interest and pleasure. Later the passengers play bridge but, as on other nights, Garbo does not play. Instead, she acts as score keeper.

April 5—The intense heat does not bother Garbo. She takes her daily sun bath inside improvised canvas walls on deck and goes swimming in her tank. She has invited the other passengers to use her tank and swims with them. The flying fish interest Garbo immensely. At times they almost fly upon the deck.

April 9—Garbo visits the stoke hole and talks to the stokers, then the machine room with Engineer Bernt Joranson. They discuss a play, *On Board*, written by Prince William of Sweden. This play describes a sea tragedy caused when the ship's boilers explode. Joranson says that tragedies like that have happened many times. Garbo shivers and hurries on deck.

April 13—Garbo has been a splendid sailor. Never once seasick, although the *Annie Johnson* has encountered some rough weather. She has worn white flannel trousers the whole trip, played tennis and shuffle board almost daily. In the cramped confines of a long journey on shipboard, many people grow restless and short tempered. Not so Garbo. She has been in excellent humor the whole trip. She frequently stays up late at night to watch the stars and gaze at the Southern Cross.

April 14—Garbo spends much of her time on deck studying the manuscript of her next picture, *Queen Christina*, based upon the life of the Swedish queen who was raised as a boy. She studies her part very seriously, now and then rushing up and down gesticulating. Her fellow passengers sit and look on in silent admiration. Garbo is unusually happy and she does not refuse a request to recite a few lines from the manuscript. However, Garbo tells her fellow passengers that this may only be a pleasure trip, and that she has not definitely made arrangements to stay in Hollywood. While the radiogram from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios has made her happy, she apparently has not yet signed a contract for further work.

April 17—The *Annie Johnson* reaches Panama. All well on board. Boat again stormed by newspapermen who fail to see the famous star. The radio operator has received more radiograms during this one journey than during a whole year under ordinary conditions. Captain Holmberg himself has been offered more money to write an account of the trip than he receives in a year as chief officer of the *Annie Johnson.* But he has refused. Garbo remains secluded in her cabin and the *Annie Johnson* pushes on toward the Pacific—and San Diego, where the star will debark for Hollywood.

April 30—The *Annie Johnson* reaches San Diego and Greta Garbo walks down the gangplank, carrying a bouquet of roses presented by the captain. She shakes Captain Holmberg's hand warmly, seems on the verge of kissing him. Miss Garbo is gracious to the waiting reporters, saying "I am very happy to be back. As to how long I will stay, I cannot say. One never knows what tomorrow will bring, does one?" Asked about his star passenger, Captain Holmberg said, "Very easy to do with." And so the trip ended.

Polly Moran Adopts Son

[*Continued from page* 37]

huge, sorrowful brown eyes which attracted me," says Polly fondly, "and I asked the priest to give him to me."

A woman, evidently of Latin blood, either Spanish or Italian, had left the baby a few days before, to have it treated for an infection of the eyes. She had registered it under the name of John Trujillo and given a fictitious address. No trace of the mother has ever been found.

Polly took the infant into her home. Polly was away a great deal of the time but her mother, who has always lived with her, took care of the child. Under the loving care of the two women, the sickly, anemic baby grew into a strong sturdy man child. When Polly went on the road on her numerous personal appearances, the baby accompanied her and for sixteen years she mothered him. There were years when all was not well with Polly but she managed to keep the child in school.

Today, John Michael Joseph Moran is a handsome, upstanding lad of sixteen. He is enrolled in the Pacific Military School and his ambition is to become a criminal lawyer, an ambition which the proud Polly encourages.

Each week, no matter how busy she is, Polly drops the mantle of Hollywood's snappiest wise-cracker and with all the dignity of the most staid matron and mother, gives instructive talks to the mothers of the school on such weighty problems as child diet and child training. And would Polly stoop to wise-cracking on these occasions? Not on your life. She isn't the Polly Moran that Hollywood knows but the proud mother of John Michael Joseph Moran, prize pupil of the school.

"If you think I'm witty," brags Polly to her intimates, "you should hear that boy of mine. Why he can top any gag I pull, just like that. And smart—say, if he isn't the best criminal lawyer in the country, my name isn't Polly."

TWO MONTHS AGO *her skin was dull and blotchy—Men never looked at her—Today her lovely skin brings her admirers and romance.*

Have the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run down nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Look and Feel Years Younger

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

•

Thankful for clear skin again: *"I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."* OAKWOOD, WIS.

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Not a blemish now: *"My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face."* CLEVELAND, OHIO

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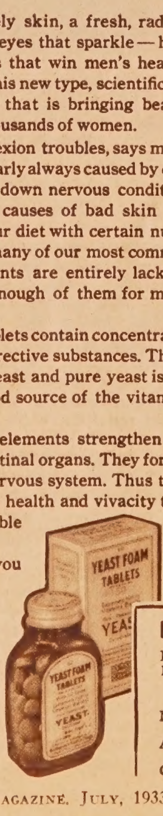

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1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

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Address____________________
City__________ State__________

JUNIOR SCREEN BOOK

KIDDIES, your old Uncle Jack has had a long letter from Mickey Mouse, who says he had a lot of real fun and excitement reading letters in the contest SCREEN BOOK announced in the May issue.

Mickey is giving a doll that looks exactly like himself to C. A. Astleford Jr., who wrote the best letter among my friends who were eight years old and younger. This is Master Astleford's letter:

Biloxi, Miss.

"Dear Mickey:

"How would you like living with me at my grandpa's house in the country? You could help feed the chickens, ride on the wheel-barrell, go fishing and crabbing, and you could have all the cheese you want. Better come. I'm six years old."

This is Jack Bryan Woody, Jr., the little boy who is the son of that pretty blonde lady, Helen Twelvetrees. Doesn't he look like Baby LeRoy who plays in *A Bedtime Story* with Maurice Chevalier?

Careful, Spanky! Mickey Mouse might jump across the page and fight

ANOTHER doll, for the best letter written by kiddies not more than twelve years old goes to "Jerry" Horn of Forest City, North Carolina. Miss Geraldine sent Uncle Jack this letter: "If I had a Mickey Mouse doll I would put him on the table and when I had my birthday party, everyone would see him, and whenever daddy had Mickey Mouse on at the show I could put him in the window and advertise it. You see my daddy owns a theatre at Forest City. He has a lot of comedies about Mickey and Minnie and I like them best of all cartoons. I am in the fifth grade at school and ten years old."

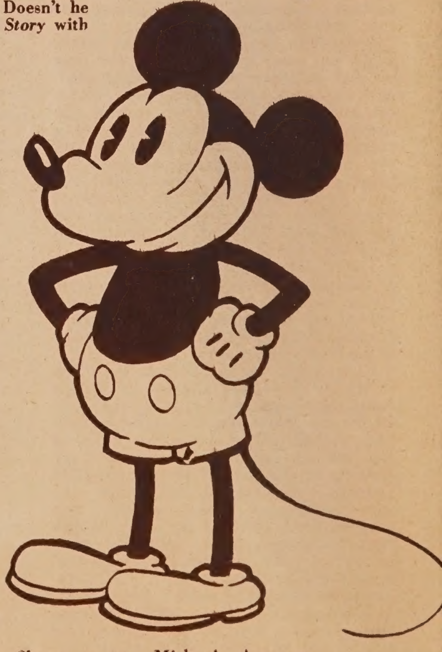
Uncle Jack is pleased to know that so many of you kiddies are interested in Mickey and wishes he could give away more dolls, which he may later on. There were ever so many other interesting letters. Mickey had to think a long time before he decided who would win, and he wants me to particularly thank Margaret Learn, Fort Collins, Colorado; Helen Harper, San Antonio, Texas; Deborah Day, Glencoe, Ill.; Carolyn Woolsey, Maplewood, N. J.; and Helen McCormick, Vergennes, Vt., for their nice letters. They all deserve an "honorable mention."

Watch for a new contest soon, kiddies!

Boys and girls, listen to what Uncle Jack is going to show you next month. A picture of one of the grown up ladies in the movies as she looked at your age.

This is to the little girls! I know your Uncle Jack has been showing a lot of pictures of the boys in Hollywood—not very fair to you girls. But Uncle Jack will make it up to you. Watch for a surprise which will be on this page very soon.

Uncle Jack,



Shame on you, Mickey! Are you laughing at Spanky?

Giving Tone to Films

[*Continued from page* 15]

FRANCHOT was signed in the first place and rushed to Hollywood to play opposite Jean Harlow. But there were several delays in the Harlow picture, so, while he was waiting, he was assigned the rôle of the brother with Joan Crawford. So many successful young men have begun their screen careers with Joan. Clark Gable. Bob Montgomery, for instance. It should be a good omen for Franchot. Not that he needs good omens, however. After seeing four reels of the picture, I don't believe that Franchot Tone will need anything after his first feminine audiences see him.

Well, to get back to the story of his life, he was born in Niagara Falls, that Mecca for American honeymooners. His father was and is a manufacturer. His mother's maiden name was Franchot, which explains his first name. And he has one brother, four years older than himself, Frank Jerome Tone Junior.

Franchot went to small private schools in Niagara Falls, Arizona, Saranac Lake and several others places, because his family moved around quite often while he was small. Then he entered the Hill School in Pottsdam, Pennsylvania, to prepare for Harvard. But he never got to Harvard.

"I was fired from school in my senior year, because I was a disorderly influence," he confessed with a grin. "The letter announcing my being expelled reached me at home the day before Christmas. Believe me, it was with fear and trembling that I showed it to the folks.

"Jerry, my brother, was a student at Cornell at the time and he got in touch with the registrar there and made arrangements for me to take the entrance examinations. So I went to Cornell with him, tutored for three weeks and entered the university."

Franchot finished the course in three years, managing to get in one summer school session at the University of Rennes in France in addition to his regular course. So you see, young Mr. Tone is no slouch as a student.

"My one great blessing was a good memory," he explained. "I never had to study very much. I could remember things easily. So I managed to slip through without much effort."

Which is, of course, a very nice and modest way of disclaiming all scholastic glory.

He never went in much for athletics. His older brother "copped all the athletic honors," he explained and he couldn't follow very successfully in Jerry's shoes. So he plunged himself into dramatics and was president of the Cornell Dramatic Club in his senior year.

"I DON'T know why I should have been so interested in the theatre," he went on, "there are no actors or stage people on either side of the family. And I have my mother to thank for encouragement along that line. Not that Dad ever said anything against my becoming an actor. But Mother encouraged me. She wanted me to have some kind of a profession, she didn't much care what. And, if I liked the stage, it was all right with her."

A cousin of his mother owned the summer stock company in near-by Buffalo, so after he finished college, Franchot went over there and got a job as assistant stage manager. The salary for this work was fifteen dollars a week.

And, while he was assistant stage manager, Franchot acted as self-appointed understudy to the juvenile of the company, learning his rôles each week and watching rehearsals with an eagle eye. As luck would have it, one Sunday night at dress rehearsals the juvenile was unable to appear so the part was thrust into Franchot's hand and he played it.

Thus was a good stage manager lost and a better actor found. For the rest of the season Franchot played the juvenile rôles in the company and had his salary increased to forty dollars a week.

Encouraged by his brief Buffalo success, Franchot packed his bags and departed for Broadway.

"I pounded the pavements for weeks," he laughed. "No one seemed to care about my juvenile accomplishments in Buffalo. Finally someone gave me a letter to the New Playwright's Theatre in Greenwich Village. I talked them into letting me read the leading rôle in their first play. For three days I worked in the part and then they told me that they couldn't use me as a leading man. But offered me a much smaller rôle in the play.

"However, having played juvenile leads in Buffalo, I wasn't willing to do a practical walk-on in Greenwich Village, so I declined grandly and left," Franchot's dark brown eyes twinkled. "But I came back. After I had found not even walk-ons on Broadway. That was the beginning of my connection with that theatre. The play was *The Belt* and it ran for about six weeks. After that I did bits for them in *The Centuries* and *The International*. Then I went back uptown to Broadway."

FROM that time on Franchot's career was a hectic one, first a good play then a bad one, some running for months, others for weeks. And some not even running at all, after having been tried out in a suburban town. In *Age of Innocence*, he played with Katherine Cornell for an entire year. Then followed *Cross Roads, Red Dust, Meteor, Hotel Universe, Pagan Lady*, with Lenore Ulric, *Green Grow the Lilies*, which made it necessary for him to have his dark brown hair marcelled because his character was named "Curly;" *The House of Connolly, 1931, Night Over Taos, A Thousand Summers,* and, finally, *Success Story.*

Now he has deserted Broadway. He's in Hollywood, eager and anxious to get going. And he has very definite ideas about what he wants to do and where he wants to go.

"Of course, I'm still rather bewildered," he confessed, "I haven't been here long enough to know much about pictures or to be able to judge anything, including my own screen ability. But I do know this, that the screen offers infinite possibilities, far more than does the stage. I'd like to create a definite character, a serious counterpart of the Chaplin screen personality, a man who could live through the entire field of human emotions and circumstances, keeping his own individuality definitely but colored, as all human beings are, by

[*Continued on page* 60]

30 MAGIC MOMENTS
and Youth again

Here is the most generous introductory offer. UTHAGEN (Youth Again) is the Hollywood sensation extensively used by the stars. Results with UTHAGEN are truly magic. It gives you a healthy, youthful, beautiful skin. Gets rid of complexion cloudiness, large pores, blackheads, age lines and crepey neck.
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This Complete UTHAGEN Beauty Routine —6 Exquisite Preparations EXACTLY THE SAME AS USED BY HOLLYWOOD STARS

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JULY

SCREEN PLAY

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July
10 Cents
Beginning - MAE WEST'S SENSATIONAL LIFE STORY
Mae West

If your news dealer is sold out, send 10 cents (stamps or coin) to SCREEN PLAY *Magazine, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn., and your copy of the July issue will be mailed to you.*

Giving Tone to Films

[*Continued from page* 59]

circumstances and events. Perhaps it is possible to create such a person. Perhaps not. I don't know yet. But that's my ambition."

Franchot has rented Carmel Myers' lovely, little beach home and is living there with a houseboy and, at present, one of his old friends from New York. He isn't very athletic, a little golf and a smaller amount of tennis constituting his physical activities. He goes to all the pictures which he can find time to see and he loves to dance. He plays an excellent game of bridge but prefers to read.

And he is not married. Has never been. But hopes to be some day.

FRANCHOT admitted that he is always in love, to a greater or less degree, that being in love with someone is his normal state. But evidently it has been so far to a less degree. We'll wait and see how he feels after a few more months in Hollywood.

"I guess that's all," he ended his story, sighing a little with relief, "you see, there isn't much of interest to tell about me. But, honestly, I've sort of enjoyed talking about myself, after you got me started. The only thing I wish is that I had some long, harrowing, exciting story of struggles and adventures to tell you."

So that is the story of Franchot Tone formerly of Niagara Falls and New York and now of Hollywood.

I don't know how much hunches are worth. But I have a feeling that Franchot is going places in Hollywood. It's just a hunch. But you know what Elinor Glynn said. You either have it, or you haven't. And Franchot has.

The Films Sing Again

[*Continued from page* 33]

glimpse of the Cellophane Chorus that will be the talk of America in a few weeks. This revue has W. C. Fields, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Stuart Erwin, Sari Maritza and Burns and Allen in its cast.

Paramount has another musical, *College Humor*, in production. Bing Crosby will also appear in this, helping to present campus life as it ought to be.

Radio Pictures is ready to release its contribution to the musical epidemic, *Melody Cruise*. With a sea going yacht as a background and a bathing girl chorus in its foreground, such players as Greta Nissen, Charles Ruggles and Helen Mack will have to fight for attention.

Later Radio Pictures will present its new importation, the Czechoslovakian matinee idol, Francis Lederer, in a picture as yet to be titled.

For the Fox studios lovely Lilian Harvey and John Boles are soon to be seen in a romantic musical effort, *My Lips Betray*. Too, you will find Janet Gaynor and Henri Garat singing in *Adorable*.

Whatever happens, these are happy days in Hollywood for chorus girls and song constructors. America may be off the gold standard but these girls and boys have just moved back on it.

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 53]

Information, Please

A WEEK before Claudette Colbert came East to decorate the sidewalks of New York, she moved into Greta Garbo's house in Brentwood Heights.

Soon after her arrival, she was seized with a bad sinus attack and immediately underwent an operation. Afraid that her mother might hear of it and become unduly alarmed, she decided to long-distance her the news, herself. But for the life of her, she couldn't remember her new phone number.

"Information" refused to come to her aid, insisting that the number was a private one and under no circumstances could be divulged. Claudette tried to explain that she was Miss Colbert, "in person"—not a stand-in, but to no avail.

And now, Claudette doesn't know whether to complain to the telephone company that the service is too good or too bad!

Re Tallulah

PERHAPS the most thrilling first night that Broadway has witnessed in many a season was the première of Tallulah Bankhead in *Forsaking All Others.*

On the same stage of the theatre, which she had left eight years ago to embark on a sensationally successful career in London, Tallulah came back to Broadway . . . came back to the most tumultous welcome ever given a daughter of the stage and screen. Her first entrance was greeted with such prolonged applause that for fully five minutes, she was unable to speak her lines. At the end of the play, an enthusiastic audience elicited ten curtain calls and demanded a speech. As Percy Hammond, dramatic critic of the New York *Herald Tribune* reported the next day, "Audiences cheer Katharine Cornell in admiration; they cheer Tallulah Bankhead in affection."

Of course, Tallulah thinks it is "too, too divine!" She is thrilled at being back in the theatre again, and although she is besieged daily with all sorts of lucrative offers to return to Hollywood, she vows that she will not accept any of them unless the script or salary is too good to turn down.

In the meantime, she is spending every leisure hour, reading the piles of manuscripts submitted for her approval. There is a strong possibility that she may follow *Forsaking All Others* with Ivor Novello's *Party*, in which she will enact herself, the main characters of this play having been built around her and Mrs. Pat Campbell. I only hope she goes through with it, for unless you have seen Tallulah playing Tallulah . . . well, as Al Jolson would say, "you ain't seen nuthin' yet!"

Incidentally, if you were to ask Taloo, she would tell you that a Certain Columnist has the most divine blue eyes and that Certain Columnist would answer that she is his "newest Valentine" and point with pride to her autographed picture reposing conspicuously on his desk!

Can This Be Love?

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL, who won critical and public acclaim for her performance in *Dinner At Eight*, the outstanding dramatic hit of the Broadway season, amazed everyone by handing in her notice and sailing off to England.

No, no other job was waiting for her there—just Lucille, Jimmie and Russell Gleason, whose house guest she will be in London. Now, it may be my suspicious nature creeping up on me—BUT when an actress voluntarily quits a hit show to visit . . . well, Marguerite has promised to cable me any Important News and just as soon as I hear anything, I'll relay it to you and you!

Was His Face Red!

IF YOU want to see the whites of a man's eyes, call a non-professional husband by his wife's name.

Remembering this, a reporter at Adrienne Ames cocktail party for the press, came up in fear and trembling to the head of the publicity department.

"I've just called Adrienne Ames' husband 'Mr. Ames,'" he confessed sheepishly.

And was his face red when he was told that was his name!

Mother Knows Best

AS SOON as Gladys Moran had launched her daughter, Lois, on a successful career, she adopted her brother's little girl, Betty, and is now readying her to follow in Lois' footsteps.

Like Lois, Betty has received her initial groundwork in Europe. She has just returned from three years' schooling in a Belgian convent and now, at the age of twelve, speaks French and German like a native.

While Lois is touring the country in *Of Thee I Sing*, Mrs. Moran and Betty are remaining in New York, where in addition to receiving private tutoring in the "three R's," Betty is also studying dancing, music and voice.

With such a clever mother to guide her, I don't need to be an Evangeline Adams to predict that she will soon emulate the success of her talented adopted sister!

Importance Of Being Ernest

I DON'T know whether it was the effect of spending sixteen days on the water with George Bernard Shaw or not—but poor Ernest Torrence, bound for a vacation trip in Europe, was taken off the *Empress Britain* in New York and rushed to the Lennox Hill Hospital with a bad case of toxic poisoning.

As soon as his condition permits, he and Mrs. Torrence will leave on their belated holiday.

Thoughtful Ilka

WHEN Louis Calhern, ex-husband of Ilka Chase and Julia Hoyt, recently "altared" again with Natalie Schaeffer, it recalled one of my favorite stories.

It seems that when Ilka Chase was Bride No. 1, she had ordered visiting

[*Continued on page* 64]

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

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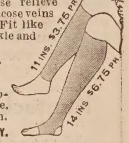
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A doctor's remedy. This compound has been used by physicians and nurses for 30 years. It may now be had by **every woman** in need. Thousands of women use this remedy with amazing results and recommend it to their friends. **Read what they say:**

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Every married woman in need should send for this great remedy today. Full strength, $2; 2 boxes $3.50. Special **triple strength** Regulator for **very obstinate** cases, $5. Simply mail coupon below with remittance.

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The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 48]

hated this odor but they simply *had* to remove that hair "shadow," so they reverted to razors. It simply sent the depilatory manufacturers into a lather trying to remove that objectionable odor from their products. Anyone who has used the latest types of paste hair removers, will testify to the fact that they have succeeded mightily.

The most decided example of this success that I've found is a comparatively new hair remover that comes in a white powder form. It is mixed with a bit of water to make a paste and then spread on the offending hair with a spatula. Not only does it have no nauseous smell, but it actually has a delightful fragrance! Another phenomenal thing about this particular depilatory is that it is guaranteed to remove hair *permanently*. I'll have to admit that I haven't given the powder the requisite trial, although I've used it once or twice, so I can't bear out this statement, but I am quite ready to believe it. And I'm not exactly credulous. This powder is meant primarily for facial use because it is completely non-irritating to the tenderest skin and then too, its price of $2 makes it a bit "steep" if you intend to spread it all over your arms and legs.

The permanent removal of the hair is not affected the first time the depilatory is used, as you have no doubt guessed by this time. However, the hair is softened and devitalized and its growth retarded each time the preparation is used. And after a varying number of applications, the hair roots, I am told, are sterilized so they cannot reproduce. Applications should be made regularly twice a week, and the cessation of growth usually occurs about the twentieth application—or ten weeks. If you are one of those tortured souls with obvious hairs on your upper lip or your chin, then you will be enormously interested in this new hair remover.

I MUST say a word here to the type of girl who foolishly loses sleep and poise because of that light down that is perfectly natural and that doesn't in the *least* detract from feminine beauty. People *never* notice it. Scarcely anyone is without it; and many beauty experts feel that it enhances the appearance of one's skin, giving it a softer, peachier look. Of course if you have a slight growth of hair that is noticeable because it is dark, bleach it. In many cases, repeated bleaching will discourage its growth and finally weaken it so that it disappears permanently. There is an excellent, prepared bleaching liquid on the market that is just the thing for lightening facial hairs. It is quite harmless to the skin. If you would like the name, drop me a line.

Coarse, wiry hairs and down, however, are two vastly different problems. There is really nothing to do but *remove* coarse hair, whether it is blonde or dark. Hair of this kind if removed with a razor, becomes definitely thicker. The only way to cope with this summer-problem is to use a good reliable paste depilatory. These depilatories are easy to use, for they can be applied and removed in less than five minutes. And they do a good clean job, too. I know one grand depilatory that sells for fifty cents a tube. The tube is fat and generous and will do for several depilatory treatments. If your superfluous hair is very coarse and hardy, you must resign yourself to removing it regularly and train yourself to look on your twice-a-week or weekly depilatory treatments just as you do your manicure or wave. For many women whose hair is of light or medium texture, weekly applications of a good depilatory, after a year or two, cause the growth of hair to diminish a great deal, and in time to disappear almost entirely.

One more thing about superfluous hair. I feel that few women realize that this beauty-threat is frequently caused by glandular activity. Almost every woman, as she grows out of her twenties, will find her superfluous hair increasing. Pregnancy often causes a temporary growth of hair on the face, but it usually disappears after the normal state of health is regained. And, too, women with a glandular type of obesity usually have too much unwanted hair. In these cases, one of these hair removal methods should be used faithfully.

BUT, enough about superfluous hair, after all, it is only one of *us wimmin's* troubles. Excessive perspiration or odorous perspiration can be quite as embarrassing, we all know from reading the ads. Frequent bathing used to be considered the only safe way of checking or deodorizing it, but now physicians realize that there is only one person in a thousand who is so free from perspiration that she can get along without an antiperspirant or a deodorant. Of course, frequent bathing plays a great part in keeping the body free from odor. But it must be the *right kind of bathing*. It requires lots of warm water, a perfect "slather" of soap suds and some hearty scrubbing to remove perspiration and clinging odor. Cool showers are ver', ver' nice in sultry weather, but you shouldn't substitute them for a warm, soapy bath. Make them the finale of your cleansing bath, please. If you want to be doubly sure that your skin will be free from odor, you should use a soap with deodorizing properties. There is an excellent one on the market that lathers beautifully and leaves you feeling cleaner than clean. Its very smell tells you that it ought to do something special for you in the way of cleansing.

But after your bath, before you don your fresh undies, you should use a good antiperspirant. Old fogies used to think it was harmful to stop perspiration. It undoubtedly would be harmful to stop it on every inch of the body. But most people use it only in the arm-pits (where perspiration can be most offensive, because it evaporates more slowly), leaving all the rest of the body as an outlet. Even as recently as a year ago, the application of a liquid antiperspirant was something to be dreaded. You had to pour the liquid on a wad of cotton and then pat it on the under-arm. Usually, you dropped the cotton in the receding bath water, or spilled the liquid. But now there are two superior antiper-

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Indiana's political czar thought he could get away with a fiendish kidnaping and murder—but a dying girl revealed him as a modern Dracula preying upon a helpless victim. Were it not for the court records this amazing true story would defy belief.

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Early every month *Startling Detective Adventures* magazine is on the newsstands everywhere, packed with numerous thrilling true stories of mystery taken direct from the police and court records; stories that rival any fiction—and illustrated with sensational actual photographs.

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spirants available that have convenient rubber sponge applicators attached to the bakelite screw-tops of the bottles. This trick applicator enables you to perform the rite in less than two shakes. The stem of the applicator is long enough so that you can reach the very last drop in the bottle, too. One of these liquids is ruby red in color, and it gives the best protection against perspiration that is offered today. An application will free you from perspiration and odor for from four days to a week. The twin to this preparation is clear, water-like and can be applied in a jiffy because it dries so quickly. You can apply it while dressing without losing a minute. It gives perfect protection, but not for quite so long a time. If you pride yourself on being a clean, tidy person with a lot of self respect, then you won't want to be without these two very fine perspiration correctives.

Haven't you often been dashing around, at the office or shopping, and suddenly wished that you could pop into a tub, and "dainty" yourself up a bit, to insure against any perspiration odor? Well, a thoughtful manufacturer has introduced just the thing for such emergencies—a stick of deodorant cream that fits into a swanky looking lipstick case. It can be carried in your purse just as inconspicuously as a lipstick. It costs only fifty cents and it certainly does the work of deodorizing perspiration quickly and properly. A stamped envelope will bring you the name.

◆◆◆

"I'll Never Go Hollywood"

[*Continued from page* 34]

She made such a hit in this part that Warners signed her to a contract, started to build her up to stardom. Now she is that star.

In *Ex-Lady*, her first starring picture, she is a "vamp" to the nth degree. It must amuse Miss Davis to think back to that record where she was called "a nice girl but with no sex-appeal."

Bette likes these vampy rôles—for awhile—feels flattered that Warners believe she can play rôles in which she is a bad woman. "But I hope they're not going to keep me in such parts. I'd like eventually to play parts such as the one I did in *So Big*. A girl whom men adored but not because she was bad.

"I enjoyed making *Ex-Lady*—probably would have had more fun if I hadn't felt so miserable." Miss Davis started working the day after she left the hospital.

"The first day on the set, I kept waiting for the 'big shot' to appear. It was such a funny feeling to realize that it was I who was to be favored—in lights, cameras, and direction—to have the best of everything."

Bette Davis is like that. Now she's a star and married. But she remembers the time when she was not either of these things—when she felt that every girl in the room was better dressed than she, (now fashion houses beg her to wear their clothes, giving her suits, coats, hats) when she and her mother were alone in the movie capital.

"Hollywood, you know, is manless—at least it was for me. A single girl has a terrible time. I'll never forget my first New Year's Eve out there. I was invited to a big party, to bring a man if I wished. I didn't know anyone, so I went alone. And alone I stayed all evening. No partner had been planned for me.

"In a picture I'd play opposite some nice young man, and think, 'He might be nice to know.' Within ten minutes he'd mention his wife." Bette claims that all the best men in Hollywood are married.

"If I didn't go out at all, people thought there was something wrong with me—that I was 'high-hatting' them. In Hollywood people are always trying to 'get something' on you. I recall one week-end in particular when Mother and some friends and I went to Agua Caliente.

"I was in the foyer of the hotel talking to one of the men in our party. On the other side of the lobby was one of the Hollywood gossip-mongers. I could see that he was mentally licking his chops—he had at last 'caught' me spending a week-end with a man.

"Just then Mother joined us. We walked over to the gossiper and in my politest tone I said, 'Of course you remember my mother.' His disappointment was pitiful. I almost felt sorry for him."

Hollywood never has been able to "catch" Bette Davis, because she has had the good sense never to open herself to adverse criticism. She hasn't even "gone Hollywood" because she can "remember the day." That, they say, is what keeps the great, simple.

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

Plans to announce the winners in the $500.00 Jig-Saw Puzzle Contest in the August issue. Due to the many thousands of entries received from all over the country, judges are finding the task of selecting the winners a long and difficult procedure.

Watch for the announcement in

August Screen Book.

You may be a winner!

ANY READER OF THIS MAGAZINE
IS ELIGIBLE TO
WIN $3500.00
FIRST GRAND PRIZE
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AMAZING PLAN FREE
Telling how you may win $3500.00 Cash.
SEND NOW--TODAY!

RADIE HARRIS

Friend and confidante of the stars, writes exclusively for SCREEN BOOK. Read her Movie Eavesdropping this month and watch for this feature next month.

THE WOMAN PAYS or "Marriage Mysteries"

Published at last! No married woman can afford to be ignorant of correct technique in marriage relations and feminine hygiene. "The Woman Pays" goes deep into secret problems of modern womanhood, guides you safely thru periods of worry and uncertainty. Lavishly illustrated with instructive pictures — contains advice for brides and mothers worth hundreds of dollars. Sent prepaid in plain envelope for limited time, only 10c, coin or stamps, to married women or prospective brides.

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Rates as low as $5.00 a day, American Plan.
European Plan if Desired
A. C. ANDREWS, President.

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 61]

cards, expensively engraved, "Mrs. Louis Calhern," as part of her trousseau. But by the time she returned from her honeymoon, her romance had embered and the visiting cards were relegated to a more or less useless state.

Therefore, a few months later, when the undiscouraged groom married again—this time Julia Hoyt—Ilka sent the new bride the following note:

> My dear Mrs. Calhern—
>
> I am taking the liberty of sending you my visiting cards, which, obviously are no longer of use to me but which you may find quite convenient.
>
> Hoping they reach you in time, I am
>
> Cordially yours,
> Ilka Chase.

Soft Lights And Sweet Music

NEW YORK'S newest and smartest after theatre rendezvous is the Hotel Algonquin Supper Club. Here every Thursday and Saturday night, the popular Frank Case and his charming wife, play host and hostess to a gay crowd of stage, screen and social notables.

Your "movieavesdropper," tripping the light fantastic there one recent evening, discovered among the dancing feet, Tallulah Bankhead, Anna May Wong, Beatrice Lillie, Frances Lederer, Clifton Webb, Constance Collier, Charles Winniger, Marion Tiffany Saportas, Cosmo Hamilton, Elizabeth Young, Jack Whiting, Joan Payson Whitney, Ilka Chase and Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson (making her first public appearance since the birth of Edward G. Jr.).

Beginning And End

IF I may be permitted to paraphrase Noel Coward's description of "Design for Living," this is a story of "two people who loved each other very much."

The girl was a young actress, trying to gain a foothold in the theatre. The boy was a young actor, with the same goal.

The girl appeared in a vaudeville sketch and was spotted by an agent, who sent her to Hollywood. The boy remained in New York and was signed by the Theatre Guild.

At the first opportunity, the boy flew to the coast to visit the girl. He took several screen tests in the hope that he might be able to remain there with her. When he saw the results, his hopes were blasted to the ground. He returned to Broadway, where in each succeeding play, he rose to further laurels.

The girl's luck in Hollywood suddenly took a bad turn for the worse. She was assigned negligible parts. She was in an automobile accident. She was assigned no parts at all. She returned to New York in time to see the boy's opening night performance in a new play.

There was nothing on Broadway for her. She had decided to go to England, when she received a last minute call to read a part in a play, scheduled for immediate production. She started rehearsals that afternoon.

The boy, who had just finished a successful engagement in his play, came to her première and joined the brilliant first night audience in applauding her superb performance.

At last their dreams had come true. Both of them had gained a foothold on the Broadway stage.

But the boy, now besieged with offers from all the studios, had signed a picture contract. The following week, he left for Hollywood.

The girl stayed behind. Her play was the dramatic hit of the season.

The boy made his screen debut and proved to have What It Takes. He is being groomed for stardom. Already, his name is linked with one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars.

The girl he left behind has had no word from him. She, too, is now being besieged with picture offers again, and there is a strong possibility that she may be signed up by the same company to whom he is under contract.

Will they still be two people who love each other very much—this girl named Judith Wood and this boy called Franchot Tone—or will they "call it a day and say, it was just meant to be a sweet memory?"

Did You Guess That—

MARGARET LINDSAY, who played the rôle of "Edith Harris" in the all-British cast of *Cavalcade*, is an American, whose real name is Peggy Kies?

Eleanor Boardman, recently divorced from King Vidor, may merge with Harry d'Arrast?

The Lawrence Tibbetts are adding a nursery to their Park Avenue apartment?

Joseph Schildkraut, who returned from Hollywood three years ago with the worst case of "sour grapes" on record, is now back in the land he damned so belligerently and is angling for a new contract?

Bert Lytell has his own stock company in Newark, N. J., while his lovely frau, Grace Mencken, is in charge of the Lucinda Gown Shop in New York?

Grace Moore is flirting with M-G-M for another musical picture?

Gilda Gray, who "shimmied" her way to fame at the Pavillion Royal and Rendezvous many seasons ago, is nightclubbing again at the Club Richman—only she's an "artiste" now, so there's not even a quiver of her old shivers to be seen?

Catherine Dale Owen has joined the cast of Lenore Ulric's new play, which will be presented in Chicago during the World's Fair?

Coming And Going

BEBE DANIELS, accompanied by Ben Lyon and Sally Eilers, sailed on the *Ile de France* for England, where Bebe will make several pictures for Gaumont Productions. Barbara Bebe ("Babs" to you!) was taken along at the last moment instead of remaining with her grandmother.

Anna May Wong boarded the *S. S. Europa* for a five months' holiday in England, Ireland and the Scottish Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt are off to their native Denmark for their first visit in twenty-two years.

Henri Garat completed work opposite Janet Gaynor in *Adorable*, his first American talking picture and returned to France, where he will remain long enough to appear in two foreign films before coming back to Movietone City.

Diana Wynyard, on an extended leave of absence from the M-G-M studios, sailed for England to appear in the London stage production of Clemence Dane's *Wild Brontes.*

Marlene Dietrich, accompanied by her little girl, Maria, and a retinue of private detectives and servants, departed for Germany. Her leavetaking was clothed in deepest secrecy and her plans for returning to Hollywood are most indefinite.

Maurice Chevalier arrived on the *S. S. Ile de France* from a brief holiday in Paris and after a few days stop-over in New York, proceeded to Hollywood to begin work on his ninth and final picture under his current Paramount contract.

Helen Hayes, who with her husband, Charlie MacArthur, and Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, had just arrived in Europe, received an S. O. S. to return to the M-G-M studios at Culver City immediately to start production on *Night Flight*, an all-star picture including John and Lionel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, John Miljan and Myrna Loy in the cast.

Mrs. Beatrice Sidney, Sylvia's mater, arrived in New York via the Panama Canal, to spend the Summer months with her husband, Dr. Sigmund Sidney.

As soon as Moss Hart finished the script of *I Married An Angel* he received a six months' leave of absence from the M-G-M studios to return to Broadway to co-author with Irving Berlin another Sam Harris musical production, entitled *As Thousands Cheer.*

Ever since she came East on the "42nd Street Special," Bette Davis has been having a glorious holiday spree commuting between her native Boston and the Hotel Ambassador in New York.

After a three months' visit with his mother and a round of show-shopping, Archie Mayo has checked in at the Warner Bros. studio to resume the directorial reins.

And what with saying "hello" and "good-bye" to everybody, no wonder my larynx is all worn out!

LOST IS FOUND!

Sally Eilers was almost in tears, sitting in her stateroom an hour before sailing for her European vacation. She had lost her passport.

Washington was on the telephone to try to fix things before she reached England.

When everything looked blackest, a fan dashed into the room, waving a trophy. The passport! Sally, in the confusion of pleasing autograph seekers at the pier, had given it away by mistake.

All Over The Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page 21*]

spires, holding priceless scents. And poor Jean, whose figure is important, had to stuff herself with three pounds of chocolates before a short scene, which points her indolence, is shot. She counterbalanced it by eating spinach the rest of the day.

Amusing tales are told of these great stars who play together. Billie Burke, who plays the ship-magnate's wife, had to kiss Lionel Barrymore in one scene. She muffed her next line. "I'm sorry," she apologized to Director Cukor, "but I can't get my mind off Lionel that quickly."

And Lee Tracy uses a stop-watch on his speeches. He is the fast-talking, fast-moving theatrical agent who finally convinces Barrymore that he is no longer great—only a has-been. In the scene in which he does it—he reached a speed of 225 words a minute. Take it from the camera crew as truth—they held the stop-watch on him.

Cukor directs with his usual sensitive and sure touch.

MY *LIPS BETRAY* will introduce to American audiences Lilian Harvey, the British girl who became the toast of Germany, and almost caused international complications when Fox wooed her to Hollywood. Certainly she well merits the tag line — "The Blonde Dream." She has a piquancy, a fluid, plastic grace, entirely bewitching.

The most elaborate set in many a day was built for this production. It is a beer garden—prospering, too, as a result of the piquant atmosphere of intrigue given to its program by the appearance of the presumed lady-love of Royalty. The Fox casting director was swamped in answer to his advertisement for 237 experienced beer drinkers. It stipulated that applicants must have unlimited capacity, know how to handle a stein, and be capable of absorbing endless seidels without getting mellow.

Real beer was used in this scene.

And so this scene has vivacity and authenticity.

Director John Blystone calls for "Lights, Camera, Action!" Vociferous applause. Lilian comes down a stairway—lithe, young joyous. Her dress is a cascade of pink mousseline de soie, created by her personal designer, Joe Strassner who came to Hollywood with the star. Her hair—which incidentally she dresses herself, is a blonde halo. And she sings "The Band Is Gayly Playing"—a pert tune with an enlivening tempo. She is a charming wisp, floating on magic feet around the stage to the rapturous delight of the audience—which aren't registering approval for the $7.50 a day extra pay, but in reality responding to the work of a real artist.

The scene is shot half a dozen times. Yet each succeeding take has added fire and verve.

Lilian's maid sits on the side-lines and tells tales of her divinity. The studio publicity men behold a star who isn't temperamental even under the burden of half a dozen taxing interviews a day. They're keeping their fingers crossed. And wonder if they're seeing things—and whether it will last.

John Boles, Lilian's leading man is the king—and adds his glorious voice to hers. And in his spare moments he is telling co-players to save the stamps of their foreign fan mail for Lilian. She is an inveterate stamp collector—and will talk about her collection with ardor.

It's an informal company—albeit serious at the business of making pictures. But a gag is a gag. Lee Garmes, the cameraman, winner of the Academy Award, is an incurable practical joker. Garmes' pet joke is to arrange a mighty crash of some sort to follow Director Blystone's request of "Quiet please."

A love scene is about to be shot. Garmes piles up hammers, saws, pliers and a bucket of nails on top of a high stool, very close to where John Boles is standing—concentrating on his cues and his lines. Garmes ties a wire to the leg of the stool. And just as Blystone calls "Turn 'em over," he yanks the wire.

There is a terrific crash—right at the feet of Boles. And is his face red?

◆

"Too Flamboyant," Says Hedda

[*Continued from page 31*]

to air their opinions on styles, each firmly refused to continue the feud, *at least in print.*

"It's all a joke," smiled Hedda, "and I'm really very fond of Lilyan. I don't understand why she had to get mad."

"I refuse to discuss it," said Lilyan and that was that.

But both girls, once off the subject of the snappiest style feud Hollywood has enjoyed for many moons, had some interesting observations on the well dressed woman and what she will or should wear.

"In spite of all claims to the contrary," said Hedda over the tea cups, "Hollywood has had but one real style originator. That is Garbo. It was Garbo who launched the Eugenie hat which she first wore in *Romance*. It was Garbo who first adopted slacks and mannish attire, not as a means of attracting attention to herself, but as a measure of comfort and convenience. Garbo first wore the pill-box hat in *As You Desire Me* and it was also in this picture that she brought in the high necked evening gown and long sleeves for evening. Garbo's bust is bad so the dress, high in front and low in the back was necessary. Her arms are also bad, hence the long sleeves. We might say that Garbo's physical deficiencies set our styles. All of these styles were followed by millions and I maintain that she is our only real style creator."

Lunching at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby with Lilyan, I gleamed many gems of the Tashman style code.

"Always see how much you can take away from a costume, never how much you can add." Sensible advice for the woman who would be well groomed and hardly the code of a flamboyant dresser. "Most new styles are the result of accidents," continued Lilyan, "something that happens unaware and proves desirable."

Miss Tashman believes that Holly-

[*Continued on page 72*]

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28x5.25	18	**2.65**	1.15	33x4½	**2.95**	1.15
29x5.25	19	**2.75**	1.15	34x4½	**2.95**	1.15
30x5.25	20	**2.75**	1.15	30x5	**3.25**	1.35
31x5.25	21	**2.95**	1.15	33x5	**3.25**	1.45
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Joan Sues Doug

[*Continued from page 38*]

the best schools of France. He grew up in an atmosphere of culture and sophistication and has never known the gnawing pain of hunger. Joan grew because she willed to grow. Douglas grew because he had a family obligation to fulfill. It is one of Hollywood's greatest tragedies that they could not be happy together but it is difficult for two people, drawn from such varied walks of life, to understand each other.

"I think I have been fair to Douglas," said Joan, "at least I have tried to. I am being fair to him now, more so than if I let this thing go on."

Although Joan would not sanction my telling it, here is a little story which illustrates how thoroughly and how bravely Joan played the game. Doug met and liked a certain young woman. Although he and Joan were separated, they were seeing each other and good friends. Doug told Joan of this young woman.

"Lovely," said Joan, "bring her out to dinner. I'd be delighted to have her!"

But when Doug asked the young lady to come, as a guest, to Joan's home, he could not make her understand that Joan really wanted her. He told Joan that she would not come because she did not want to hurt her. Joan laughed.

"I'll call her then and second the invitation."

But the girl refused to answer the phone so Joan wrote to her, a cordial note, telling her how nice it would be to have her. As a result, the girl called Doug frantically on the phone and broke the engagement.

"It is so difficult for people to understand my attitude," said Joan, "and I am sure I should have loved to have her. Douglas has such excellent taste."

I found Douglas in his dressing room at RKO-Pathe between the scenes on *Morning Glory* in which he has the lead opposite Katharine Hepburn.

"O yes, but these things make one feel so sloppy. Sure I want Joan to have a divorce but I don't want to talk about it. You see, perhaps we set too high a standard. We wanted ours to be a *perfect* marriage and our ideals were perhaps too high. Anyhow, when we saw that even if we could continue to get along, we were not living up to our own ideals, so we parted."

A boyish, straight-forward chap, Doug Junior who wants to shield Joan to the last minute.

"Another woman? Don't be foolish. At this very moment I'm loving Joan with all my heart and I always will, better, perhaps than I'll ever love any other woman. I think she's the grandest person who ever lived."

"We would rather let it end now," continued Doug, "with our happy memories, than to let it drift on and on until we lost all respect and love for each other. I don't know why two people who love each other and who have as much mutual respect for each other as Joan and I have, can't stay happily married but we evidently can't. I would rather it ended now, while we still love and respect each other than to have something beautiful, filled with beautiful memories, distintregate into a sordid thing."

Sanely, sensibly, these two young people have gone about the business of divorce. Scandal hunters will search in vain for anything upon which to hang their tales.

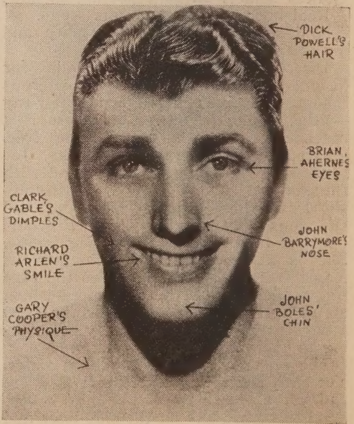
In her divorce petition, Joan asks a property settlement which gives her only the property which her own earnings have bought. Under the property settlement laws of California, a greedy wife might have asked much more. Income tax regulations also required Douglas to pay more than his share, under a joint return and even this, Joan returned to him. Doug, gentleman that he is, declined to accept until Joan reminded him that they were still playing fair with each other, to the very end.

"The idea of Doug being interested in another woman or I in another man, is silly," said Joan. "The fact that we are being divorced will not alter either of our lives in that respect. I do not say that I will never marry again for I probably shall—some day but certainly there is nothing like that in sight now."

I asked Douglas if he felt that Hollywood, the picture business and the professional careers of the two of them had anything to do with their divorce.

"No, frankly I don't. We happen to be two strongly organized people, both individuals. In any other environment, we should have probably come to the same conclusions. There has been no professional jealousy and we have not allowed each other's careers to intrude. It would have been the same story, anywhere."

And so ends one of Hollywood's most ideal marriages. Knowing them both, I believe that each of them still loves the other but they have had the good sense to realize that they are mis-mated. Joan's clear, fearless eyes look bravely into the future and Doug tries to smile as he talks of the romance that is over. May both of them find happiness!



Peggy Hopkins Joyce, well known connoisseur of masculinity, has selected her ideal man. He has—as you will see above—Gary Cooper's physique, John Boles' chin, Richard Arlen's smile, John Barrymore's nose, Brian Ahern's eyes, Clark Gable's dimples and Dick Powell's hair. The composite result, however, is a trifle surprising

TABLOID REVIEWS

The handy guide to the best in movie entertainment

DRAMA

BABY FACE—Barbara Stanwyck as an embittered girl makes men her career. A bold, dramatic story with George Brent and Donald Cook supporting.—*Warner.*

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—Katharine Hepburn walks off with the whole show in another version of the eternal triangle. Colin Clive and Helen Chandler.—*Radio.*

CLEAR ALL WIRES—Lee Tracy as a war correspondent becomes enmeshed in Russian intrigue. Good comedy moments. Una Merkel, James Gleason and Benita Hume.—*Metro.*

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—Walter Huston's magnificent portrayal of the president who led his nation out of the depression jungle. Karen Morley and Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

LOOKING FORWARD—Propaganda against depression, with Lionel Barrymore as the old bookkeeper who is dismissed after years of service. Lewis Stone steals the picture.—*Metro.*

OUR BETTERS—An American girl gets her title and finds it doesn't mean a thing. Clever, sophisticated entertainment with Connie Bennett, Gilbert Roland and Grant Mitchell.—*Radio.*

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—Husband and wife discover that it is impossible just to agree not to be jealous. Somewhat trite fare, although fine cast includes Gloria Swanson, Laurence Olivier and Genevieve Tobin.—*United Artists.*

PICK UP—George Raft as a taxi driver and Sylvia Sidney as the girl he picks up on a rainy night, takes home with him. The girl changes his whole life, of course. Raft isn't at his best here.—*Paramount.*

REUNION IN VIENNA—Husbands mean nothing to John Barrymore, the reckless exiled duke, who aims to recapture Diana Wynyard, his one-time sweetheart. One of the year's best.—*Metro.*

SECRETS—Mary Pickford gives a remarkable performance opposite Leslie Howard in a fine historical drama.—*United Artists.*

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR—An attorney, defending a man who murdered his wife for infidelity, finds himself in the same situation. Packs fine dramatic punch, with Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan and Paul Lukas.—*Universal.*

THE SONG OF SONGS—The brilliant Marlene Dietrich at her best in her last American picture. She has never given a better performance than that of the art model sold into a loveless marriage with a brutal army officer. Vivid and dramatic, with an admirable performance by Lionel Atwill and excellent aid from Brian Aherne and Hardie Albright.—*Paramount.*

THE MASQUERADER—Katharine Cecil Thurston's old novel of the two men who looked alike—one a dissolute member of Parliament, the other an upright young cousin from Canada—makes an ideal vehicle for the able Ronald Colman. How the nephew takes the place of the waster and falls in love with the other's unsuspecting wife forms the story. You will like Elissa Landi as the wife.—*United Artists.*

THE WHITE SISTER—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable in a modern, stirring version of the screen classic that brought fame to Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman.—*Metro.*

THE WORKINGMAN—George Arliss plays another elderly millionaire being elbowed aside by the younger generation. He has built up a great show business but his nephew thinks he has become an old fogey. Mr. Arliss shows him—and how! Bette Davis does some of her best screen work as a little spoiled daughter of the rich.—*Warners.*

TODAY WE LIVE—The psychology of war treated through the characters of Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Robert Young. Excellent film fare.—*Metro.*

COMEDY

A BEDTIME STORY—You'll love the baby in this fascinating yarn of a Paris rounder who adopts a baby and thereby transforms his life. Baby LeRoy walks off with the honors of the film. Maurice Chevalier is the star of this slightly naughty story, with Edward Everett Horton and Helen Twelvetrees lending their aid. Be sure to see Baby LeRoy.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 69]

Marlene Dietrich gives one of the best performances of her career as the art model in *The Song of Songs.* Brian Aherne appears in this scene with Miss Dietrich

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DINNER at 8

Metro-Goldwyn has made the Kaufman-Ferber Broadway hit, *Dinner at Eight,* into another *Grand Hotel.* It has a genuine all-star cast that even tops its famous predecessor. *Dinner at Eight* tells the various stories behind the lives of a number of guests invited to a formal dinner. Above, John Barrymore as a passé movie star and Madge Evans as a deb infatuated with him

Invited to the dinner are a noisy, blatant Western promoter and his wife, an ex-hat check girl, Wallace Beery is the Westerner and Jean Harlow is his wife. This vulgar couple are on the verge of a divorce when they come to the dinner at eight. Above, a boudoir close-up of Miss Harlow

In the cast, besides John Barrymore, Mr. Beery, Miss Harlow and Miss Evans are Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke and Edmund Lowe. Miss Dressler plays a one-time famous stage actress who saves the deb from herself after the suicide of the ex-movie star

What Is Sex Appeal?

[*Continued from page 19*]

"I suppose some people just naturally have it but I think it can be developed, acquired, like playing the accordion," said Miss Harlow. "An intelligent girl selects her outstanding attractive quality, intensifies it, and she acquires sex appeal. There are scores of more beautiful women in pictures than I am and scores with better figures. My hair is my best feature and I've exploited it. I think great beauty is a detriment to sex appeal. A beautiful woman or a handsome man is apt to think they are OK just as they are and take no further trouble to develop their appeal. Everybody has sex appeal for some other one individual and people who are successful on the screen are probably those who have a wider appeal, for a greater number of people."

I waited until the scene was over. Gable wore a bath robe in the scene and it was plenty intimate. Here were two of the greatest exponents of sex appeal on the screen, caught in the act. I had come to the right place but Clark doesn't like to talk about such things.

"I'd say it was just being attractive to the other sex, it is appeal without sex mixed up in it. I know one thing and that is that pictures wouldn't be where they are today if it wasn't for it. You've got to have it to be good, at whatever you're doing. Jimmie Durante has it and so has *Mickey Mouse.* It isn't always the handsome fellow or the beautiful woman who has it. A lovely woman may leave you cold while you fall like a ton of brick for some little gangling girl with a turned up nose and a raft of freckles. I dunno, let's talk about baseball. Do you think Babe Ruth will bust his home run record this—"

So I left him. A man who had just played a scene like that with Harlow and didn't know any more about sex appeal than that. Oh, well.

I CLIMBED a hill just two feet lower than Mt. Everest to see Willie Pogany, the famous artist who has painted most of the famous women of the world. Willie put down his brush and turned from a picture of Thelma Todd upon which he was at work.

"I think you can learn to do it," he said, "like card tricks. Garbo, for instance, knows all these tricks of mystery, secrecy, the movements of the hands, the eyes, the mouth. Now Lupe Velez, on the contrary, is dynamic and spontaneous. She never makes a calculated appeal to men. Garbo is a mysterious promise and Lupe is a high spirited kid—and yet both have what we call sex appeal.

"Mae West is at the moment the sex appeal queen of the screen," continued Pogany, "and why? Because she appeals to the primitive in men.

"Elemental man, such as the African savage, likes his women fat, the more curves the better. The barbarian, the Moor, the Arab, likes them plump. Sex appeal to them is all physical. As man becomes more civilized, he demands an appeal that is less obvious and more mental. The little tricks of love mean nothing to the savage, he is like an animal. The civilized man demands something more than the physical."

Fredric March laughed at me when I told him what I wanted. He denied being an expert on sex appeal but here is what he said:

"It seems to me to be an individual thing. A girl who hits you hard may not appeal to me in the least, let us say. This appeal colors the entire personality and makes people attractive, not only to the opposite sex but to their own. I don't think sex appeal is a good word. You can recognize a woman's appeal without having physical thoughts about her. I think it's a sort of electric current and you've got to be tuned in on the right wave-length to get it. That's why some people appeal to you and not to the other fellow.

"There's a game I've seen played," continued March, "and it only complicates the thing. The women, for instance, are given one minute to choose the man on the screen with whom they would like to spend a week-end and the men, in the same time limit, select a woman. Some of my pals select women I wouldn't be caught dead with, so you see it's a matter of choice."

Hearing of the sex appeal controversy in Hollywood, Jimmie Durante, distinguished authority on sex, rushed to a telegraph office and dashed off this message to SCREEN BOOK:

"SEX APPEAL MAY BE THE TWITCH OF THE EYE OR THE BENDING OF THE KNEE OR IT MAY BE THE NOD OF THE HEAD OR THE SIZE OF YOUR FEET STOP OR IN OTHER WORDS THE LOOK YOU GET AND THE LOOK YOU GIVE AND TO SUM IT ALL UP I KNOW I'M NOT GOOD LOOKING BUT WHAT'S MY OPINION AGAINST THOUSANDS OF OTHERS?"

And there you have it. Hollywood's experts have spoken and if we're being kidded, at least we're being kidded by experts. Eve seems to have started it, everybody wants it and now that you know all about sex appeal, we'll pass on to the next question—or do you?

◆

Tabloid Reviews

[*Continued from page 67*]

ELMER THE GREAT—Joe E. Brown scores a home run in his latest as the clown ball player who muddles everything but bats a high average at the finish. Patricia Ellis is the girl.—*Warner.*

PICTURE SNATCHER—James Cagney as a brash photographer for a tabloid newspaper. Lively, gusty comedy providing Cagney with a great rôle. Alice White gives swell aid as a hardboiled blonde baby of the tabloids. White and Cagney make a great team.—*Warners.*

PLEASURE CRUISE—Wifey takes a matrimonial vacation on a Baltic cruise, her jealous husband goes along incognito, as one of the ship's barbers. Serious things almost happen—and there is one sequence hot enough for anyone. Genevieve Tobin and Roland Young play the couple.—*Fox.*

MUSICAL

42ND STREET—Dramatic story of the joys and sorrows of theatrical life. Scores of pretty girls, beautiful songs and settings. Cast: Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and George Brent.—*Warner.*

BE MINE TONIGHT—Light operetta featuring the glorious voice of Jan Kiepura, Polish opera star. Okay for music lovers.—*Universal.*

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30x5.00-20	2.60	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.65	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.75	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.75	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
30x6.00-18	2.95	1.15
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Movie Reviews

[*Continued from page* 41]

MADE ON BROADWAY

WE HAVE had a number of stories built around Broadway press agents and here's another yarn of a super-publicity man. Jeff Bidwell picks up a little gutter rat and decides to make her famous. His plans succeed, the girl becomes the talk of Broadway. But she lacks any code of morals, in fact she hasn't a scruple to her name. So she shoots down a gigolo in a weak moment. Then the press agent has to use all his wiles to create sympathy and save his gutter Galatea. Robert Montgomery seems labored most of the way as the brash press agent, nor is Sally Eilers at her best as his front page creation. Much better is Madge Evans as Jeff's understanding wife. A flip tale this, of Manhattan and its strange undercover methods. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

ELMER THE GREAT

JOE E. BROWN is at his best playing a rookie ball player. Remember his *Fireman, Save My Child?* Oddly enough this comedy, by Ring Lardner and George M. Cohan, offers better material but does not seem quite so spontaneous. However, Brown gives a highly hilarious portrait of a fresh rookie who thinks he is the greatest ballplayer in the world and, unfortunately for his fellow players' peace of mind, comes pretty near being. Elmer Kane can break any pitcher's heart with a home run but he is a sap when it comes to blondes, hotel menus and locker room kidding. You will like the lad with the extensive smile as the ex-Terre Haute terror. *Warners.*

INDIA SPEAKS

THE adventures in India of the redoubtable Richard Halliburton, the fearless lecturer to the ladies' clubs. Mr. Halliburton takes his audience upon a tour of the land of the Shalimar, where holy men sit on spikes and drive nails into their bodies, and then climbs the Himalayas in quest of a fabled white girl held prisoner in a Tibetan monastery. He is almost killed by vampire bats, captured by unfriendly mountaineers, sees the girl, is forced to go away without saving her from her fate worse than death. Mr. Haliburton does not offer these as his own experiences, for he is merely a celebrated figure posing in enough exciting episodes (made in Hollywood) to hold together a scenic of feature length. We think it unnecessarily cruel to picture a horse falling down the rocky side of a mountain. *United Artists.*

THE BARBARIAN

AN ORNATE example of old sheik school of realism. Ramon Novarro is a wily, crafty dragoman who wheedles money and jewels out of susceptible white women tourists. That is, until he meets Myrna Loy. He kidnaps her in the desert, not for himself but to sell her to a greasy old Egyptian. Then love comes—and he saves her. All this is pretty long, saccharine and hard to take, although Miss Loy does make the prospective victim decidedly pleasant to view. Mr. Novarro is too whimsical an Arab to be sinister, too gentle to be ruggedly romantic. As for the story itself, it is just 3.2 romance. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

DINNER AT EIGHT

LIKELY to be the picture of the year. Out stars all all-star films to date. Glance at this cast: Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Edmund Lowe, Lee Tracy, Madge Evans and others. And they all have their opportunities. Who steals the honors? We won't venture a guess, but we do know you are not going to forget Miss Dressler, John Barrymore or Miss Harlow in a long time. The picture follows the play (and does it most expertly) in showing cross-sections of the lives of the host and hostess, together with their daughter, and the guests they invite to a formal dinner. Life moves in tense, gripping fashion for these people and the result is a strong drama, done with fine taste and distinction. Of course you will see this picture. You must. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND

AN AMUSING burlesque of Amazonian days when the women were the fighters and the men stayed at home to keep the home fires burning. Hilarious or overdrawn, it's all the way you look at it. The screen takes to burlesque none too easily, you know. However, you will find that Marjorie Rambeau is a joy as the Amazonian queen and that Elissa Landi gives one of her best screen performances as the princess. *Fox.*

THE GOLD-DIGGERS OF 1933

THE Warners gave us *42nd Street* and now they follow that hit with *The Gold-Diggers of 1933.* Built around the picturesque lives of three chorines, the plot shows how the wealthy scion of a socially prominent family tries to end the interest of his younger brother in one of the chorus girls. He tries to buy her off, with unfortunate results. The chorus girl triumvirate numbers Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon and Ruby Keeler and they all give grand performances. You'll love Ginger Rogers as a hard-boiled lady of the ensemble. This is full of big glittering scenes, lively chorus numbers, tuneful songs. Massive, ornate production of striking qualities. *Warners.*

ADORABLE

ANOTHER mythical kingdom, another prince charming, another Cinderella. This time the Cinderella is a princess who refuses to marry the man her ministers have selected for her. She prefers to pick her own husband. Of course, it all works out pleasantly, since Janet Gaynor is the princess and Henri Garat is the man she loves. You will remember Garat as the excellent czar of *Congress Dances.* There is a charming waltz to haunt you, an ingratiating background to help the little romance along. *Fox.*

Over the Air Waves!

[*Continued from page* 52]

am going to discard the character of the baron, I'll continue as Munchausen. There's a lot of fun in the old fellow yet," says Pearl. Pearl's last three June broadcasts will be made from Hollywood. As this issue goes to press, the baron is on tour with the Whiteman Orchestra, the broadcasts being made en route.

Pearl's Baron Munchausen skits are all written by Mr. Wells and run ten minutes each, twenty minutes to an evening. They average one hundred and twenty laughs a night or a chuckle every ten seconds. Pearl says he will be lost without a radio studio audience. He has to get an immediate human reaction.

Pearl's ambition? To be a serious actor after the fashion of Warfield. Every comedian wants to be a tragedian—and so does Pearl.

Fred Allen, the comic, says that the Rudy Vallée domestic break-up has reached the point where Mrs. Vallée has been awarded the megaphone but that Rudy can see it once a month.

"THE Rise of the Goldbergs" has been on the air for four years—something of a record for the ether. The series started on November 10, 1929. Gertrude Berg, who plays the beloved mother, the brave, resourceful Molly, is the author of the scripts. Not only the author but the stage director, as well.

About Miss Berg there is considerable of the radio character, Molly. She is plump, calm, direct of thought. In four years she has created some thousand scripts of the Goldbergs' home life. She has but one theory of writing: the stories must be direct, homely, unforced of either humor or tears. She has tried to make each member of the Goldberg family a real person, the fifteen minutes cross-section of their life something like a visit to the folks next door.

The newest dialect on the air—allegedly Greek—belongs to George Givot, who, oddly enough, isn't a Greek. He is of Russian descent, but he is an American, born in Omaha.

ETHEL SHUTTA, otherwise Mrs. George Olsen, hasn't been so prominent on the air recently but she is, in our humble opinion, the radio's best singer of character songs.

Ethel grew up on the stage. Her father and mother were veteran troupers and one of Miss Shutta's earliest memories is playing Little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* She made her first appearance at the age of three and by the time she was in her 'teens she was doing the leading rôle in *Why Women Sin.*

A vaudeville act brought Miss Shutta to New York and gained her a job in a Broadway revue. It was while playing in *Louis the Fourteenth* that she met George Olsen, then furnishing music for the show. They had a quarrel over how the music should be played—and fell in love.

After marriage Mrs. Olsen quit the stage but retirement began to pall and she returned. She began singing with the Olsen orchestra in night clubs and won the leading rôle opposite Eddie Cantor in *Whoopee.*

When *Whoopee* was filmed, Miss Shutta again played the leading rôle. Probably you remember her slim blonde attractiveness and charm of voice.

The Olsens have two children: Charles, aged four and a half, and George, Junior, aged two and a half. Miss Shutta manages the children, runs her home, plays a lot of golf. And she finds time for all three along with developing her radio career.

◆

Loses Life For $3.00

[*Continued from page* 35]

thing went through!" he exclaimed as the camera crew rushed forward.

A spot on the so-called bullet-proof vest was reddening with McClellan's blood. Released from the rope, he walked unaided from the spot to the Universal emergency hospital. The doctor, seeing the nature of the wound, ordered him sent immediately to the Cedars of Lebanon hospital in Hollywood.

McClellan was still able to walk and made his way to the ambulance. In the hospital operating room, the doctors discovered that the bullet had penetrated his abdomen, severed his appendix, pierced two folds of intestine and lodged in his pelvic bone, near the spine.

The bullet was removed and hope was held of his recovery but in spite of the finest surgical care, he died the following day. A coroner's jury speedily exonerated Mrs. Semmelmeyer of any blame but she retired to her home in a state of collapse. Investigation proved that under the continual barrage of heavy slugs, the structure of the vest had become weakened and the fortieth bullet had penetrated the steel stays of which it was composed.

And so *Daredevil* McClellan died, a victim to his own desire to give the thrill hungry public a shock for their jaded nerves. A man's life for the sum of $3.00. What price vanity?

◆

"I'm Too Unhappy," Says Vallee

[*Continued from page* 35]

small boy when I would gather together all the youngsters in the neighborhood. Each would have a kazoo." A kazoo is a tin instrument through which one sings to bring out a saxophone-like noise. "I knew then that I had a talent which had been given me."

This truthful remark has brought an avalanche of adverse criticism upon his head. It is the "divine spark" quotation in slightly different words. But the statement is made to disclaim any personal credit.

"It's a good thing I did and still do have faith in myself for no one else ever did—not even my own parents." I wondered if that hurt expression in his eyes was prompted by the thought, "not even Fay."

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There are ideas on every page to appeal to every woman. This new feature is to be of service to you. Be sure to use this invaluable aid each month.

Shaw Socks Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 26]

The studio invited the Hollywood newspaper and news service representatives to meet Mr. Shaw. They were introduced as the "Hollywood press."

"Hollywood press?" Mr. Shaw is reported to have inquired. "So far on this trip I have met the Italian press, the Russian press, the Japanese press and the Australian press. What has Hollywood to do with the press? Nothing important happens here. Hollywood press, bosh!"

On his tour of the studio, Ann Harding stepped forward to volunteer the information that she had once played Lady Cecily in the Irish dramatist's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion.*

Mr. Shaw's whiskers bristled. "It must have been a piratical performance," he announced.

"Indeed it wasn't," Miss Harding told him. "We had permission in writing from your own agent."

Then Miss Harding rushed to her dressing room to weep.

Next Mr. Shaw encountered Alice Brady. "Why," he asked, "does a girl with a pretty face wear a hat like that?"

The Brady reply was lost in the frozen silences.

The shot that hurt Hollywood worst of all came when Mr. Shaw boarded his ship at San Pedro. Someone asked him what he had seen in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

"Nothing," he commented, "but rocks, grass, vegetables and Americans."

Mr. Shaw took another crack at Hollywood when he made his single public address in this country from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Here is what he said:

"An eminent American, whom I will not name, sent me a letter which I received yesterday morning. He said, 'Do not judge us of the United States by its two-play spots, Hollywood and New York.'

"But you know Hollywood as one of the most immoral places in the world. It is a center of an abominable moral propaganda. But this is not realized, because the moment you mention, apparently, to an American the word 'immoral,' he immediately begins to think of ladies' skirts or stockings or something of that kind. He begins to think you are talking of that very admirable thing, sex appeal, the use of which in the theater and in the cinema is very important, provided it is well done and the sex appeal is really educational, which it can be.

"The real thing with which you are corrupting the world is the anarchism of Hollywood. There you put a string of heroes in front of people, and all of them are anarchists; and the one answer to anything annoying or to any breach of the law or to any expression which he considers unmanly is to give the other person a sock in the jaw.

"I wonder you don't prosecute the people who produce these continual strings of gentlemen who, when they are not kissing the heroine, are socking the jaw of somebody else. It is a criminal offense to sock a person in the jaw. When will we see a film issuing from Hollywood in which the hero, instead of socking the gentleman in the jaw, does the civilized thing and calls the policeman?"

Hollywood listened in on these comments, *via* the country-wide radio broadcast, and said a lot of things under its breath.

One thing is sure: Hollywood doesn't care if Mr. Shaw never drops in again.

◆

"Too Flamboyant," Says Hedda

[*Continued from page* 65]

wood styles lead the world but that as a class, Hollywood women are the worst dressed on earth.

"The secret is to dress always for the occasion. I would no more think of lunching here in slacks that I would in a night gown. The Hollywood tendency to wear sport things on all occasions is its worst style fault."

Paris really originates styles, according to Lilyan's belief, and Hollywood merely improves.

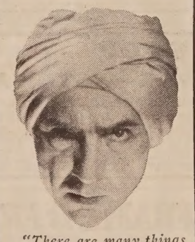
"One thing of importance is the small things. Don't wear costume jewelry or imitations. If you haven't a real diamond clasp, don't wear a cheap imitation but rather a bone or silver clasp that is genuine."

Miss Tashman laughs at the American woman's horror of meeting another woman with the identical gown she is wearing.

"French women consider that a compliment. In fact to see several duplications at the same event is the highest compliment. It only substantiates her good taste while for an American woman, the day is ruined."

And there's a ringside account of Hollywood's latest style battle, round by round. But what wouldn't you give to know what the girls said about each other in *private?*

END.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Why Ann Harding Wants to Quit Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 39]

standards. So false were these standards that they made impossible the acceptance of the Bannister's frank and straight-forward statement as to the reasons for their divorce.

Ann was tortured by malicious and utterly untrue rumors that swept the film colony. Even her retirement from public life, to live as a recluse in her hilltop home, did not stop the gossipers. She was forced to seek the disguise of a black wig in order to venture out at all.

And, as if this were not enough, the racketeers and extortionists descended upon her to strike terror in her heart at their threats against her baby daughter. No, Ann's life in Hollywood during the last year and a half has not been a happy one. Is it any wonder that she wants to shake its dust from her feet?

At least twice, to my knowledge, Ann has requested to be released from her contract with the studio. She has asked no financial consideration, merely the right to tear up the agreement. There probably have been other times as well but the studio never has agreed to allow its star to go.

Ann may have had one of those flashes of feminine intuition when she held out for more than eight months, refusing to sign the contract that now holds her to Hollywood.

"It seemed simply a matter of principle then," she explains. "The financial remuneration offered was completely satisfactory, in fact, flattering. But under the terms of the agreement, I was denied the privilege of choosing stories, of expressing more than an unofficial opinion.

"After eight months of arguing the point, I did sign the contract. I gave them the right to run my professional career. But not until I was given a guarantee of two years.

"The original document called for three years with yearly options. I was to make not more than four pictures in each twelve months. At the time I signed, the first option was taken up. I was thereby guaranteed employment regardless of how bad my stories might be. It was only under these terms that I agreed to sign away my freedom."

ON BEHALF of the studio it must be said that Miss Harding has not been infallible in her judgment of suggested vehicles. For instance, it is said that Miss Harding protested strongly against doing *Paris Bound*, which turned out to be one of her most artistic and successful films. Moreover, the Radio Pictures officials have been going to great pains to secure good material for their star. They have just purchased Sinclair Lewis' popular novel, *Ann Vickers*, the best seller of all books this year. Miss Harding will play this much talked about heroine.

Most of the feminine contingent of Hollywood would give anything to play *Ann Vickers*. These ladies are going to wonder just why Miss Harding is talking about quitting films.

"As a result of my work, I have achieved a financial security about which I have always dreamed," says Miss Harding. "That doesn't mean I am a millionaire. Far from it. But, then I don't want a million dollars or even half that sum. The responsibility of having so much money is appalling to contemplate. All I want is enough to insure freedom from worry.

"It has always been my contention that the greatest joy of having money is the fun of making it. I am sincerely glad that my parents were not wealthy. When I first went to New York to seek a career, newspapers were packed around my clothes in a suitcase to keep its contents from rattling.

"Circumstances in the last year and more have curtailed my pleasure in earning my salary. I have been robbed of the joy of working. It has been drudgery relieved only by the interludes of co-starring with that fine actor and gentleman, Leslie Howard, in *Animal Kingdom* and my recently completed work *When Ladies Meet*. These two pictures and the fact I was achieving a financial goal are all I can look back upon happily.

"I hope this doesn't sound ungrateful to my fans, for I am grateful, very grateful to the people who have supported my pictures. I am sorry my efforts have not been worthier of their support.

"Perhaps, now that they know my side of the question, it will be easier to understand my reasons for wishing to leave Hollywood. I may go back to the stage upon the completion of my screen work. It will be pleasant to have once again the surroundings of intelligence the theatre affords."

Ann's hatred of unintelligence is inherent. Her father, during his years as an officer in the United States Army, was no less of a stickler for military discipline than he was in demanding that men be intellectually fitted to their jobs.

One of Ann's most vivid recollections of her father concerns a time when she was driving with him across the parade grounds. A water sprinkler driven by a private approached. Recognizing the officer's automobile, the private shut off the sprinkler on one side just in time to allow it to pass. After the car had gone by, he turned the water on again.

Miss Harding heard her father say something about "that blankety-blank sprinkler."

"Why I thought the man was very efficient," Ann said. "He did not allow us to interfere with him nor did he interfere with us."

"That's just it," the General exploded. "Of all the blank-blank unintelligence. The very idea of wasting a fellow with brains on a sprinkling cart. Wait until I catch the officer who did it."

Ann gleaned a valuable lesson from this experience. She learned not to censure an individual for the way he did his job but to look to the man who gave him the job to do.

"And that, if you want my opinion, is what is wrong with the movies," she says. "There are too many men driving sprinklers who ought to be doing something better and too many others who should be on sprinkling carts."

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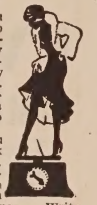

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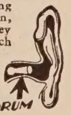

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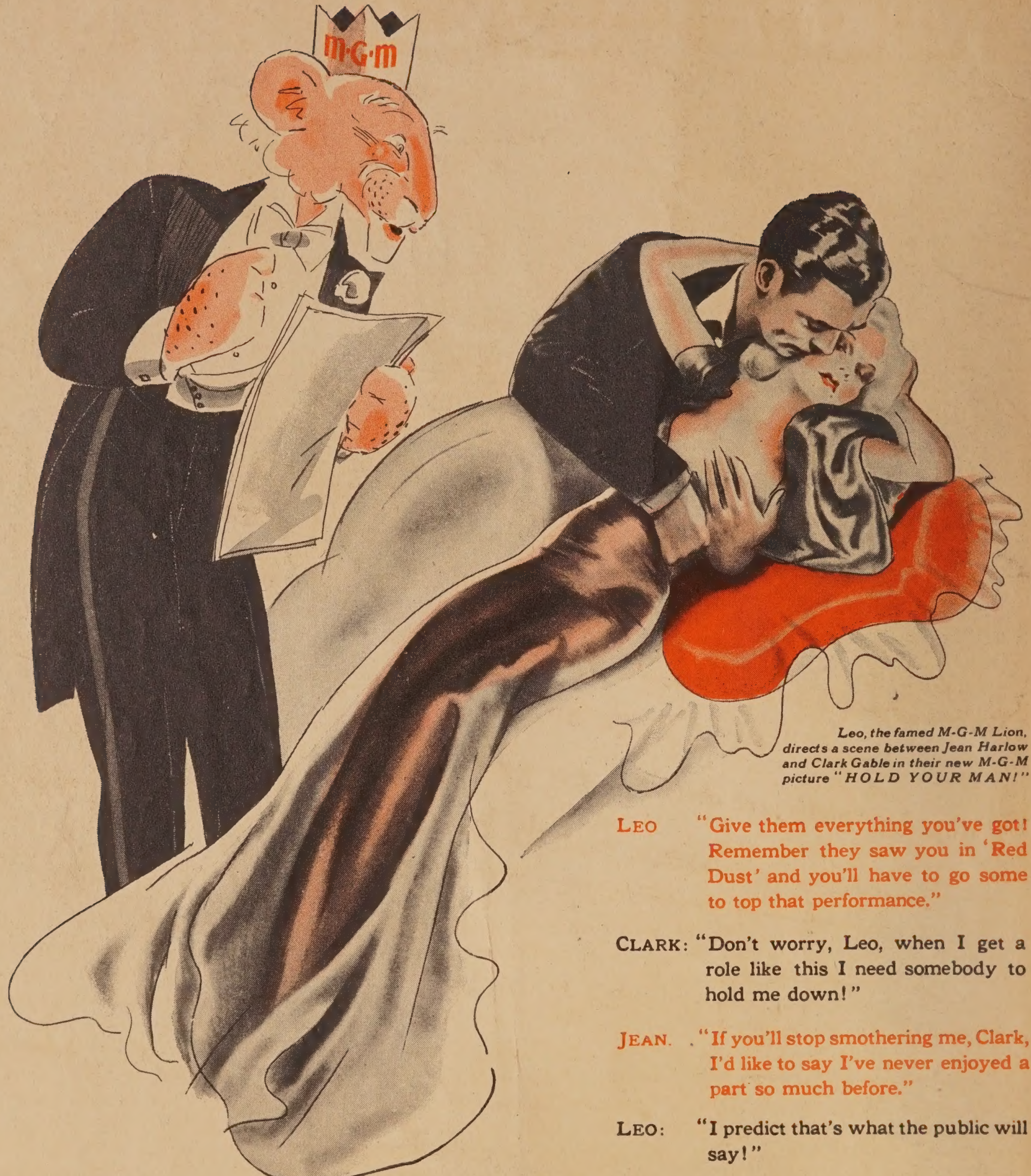

Leo, the famed M-G-M Lion, directs a scene between Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in their new M-G-M picture "HOLD YOUR MAN!"

LEO "Give them everything you've got! Remember they saw you in 'Red Dust' and you'll have to go some to top that performance."

CLARK: "Don't worry, Leo, when I get a role like this I need somebody to hold me down!"

JEAN. . "If you'll stop smothering me, Clark, I'd like to say I've never enjoyed a part so much before."

LEO: "I predict that's what the public will say!"

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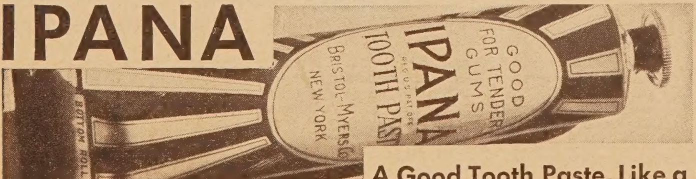

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John Barrymore and Joseph Cawthorne attend Hollywood preview of ***Dinner at Eight***

- SCREEN BOOK'S Hollywood spies teletype these last minute news items as this issue goes to press:
- Rumors are current all over Hollywood that Connie Bennett and the Marquis have definitely quit making the best of their marriage. It is further rumored that Miss Bennett has more than a casual interest in handsome Gilbert Roland.
- On return to Hollywood from New York, Lee Tracy and mother stopped over in Chicago to see World's Fair in one day. Lee said he wanted to see if his mother can take it.
- George Arliss has been signed to long term contract by Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century Pictures, the new United Artists producing unit. Arrangements were made by Trans-Atlantic telephone between London and Hollywood. Mr. Arliss' first picture is to be based on the life of Rothschild, the European financier.
- Poor doggies of Hollywood! Metro stars have been forbidden to take their pooches to the studio with them. It seems Nils Asther's dog bit a man on the Metro lot.
- Lucky Cary Grant has been selected as Mae West's leading man for her latest picture, *I'm No Angel.* You'll remember he played opposite the diamond queen in *She Done Him Wrong.*
- Alexander Kirkland, Ann Harding's companion on the recent near tragic trip of the sharks, is paying a great deal of attention to Boots Mallory right now.

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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor

Vol. XI Contents for August, 1933 No. 1

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WALTER CATLETT ➤➤➤ RUTH WARREN

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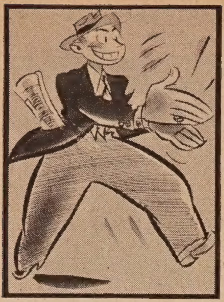

HANDCLAPS and Hisses

Where SCREEN BOOK readers talk back to the stars

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Come one, come all—here's a chance to make some honest-to-goodness cash. Simply write a letter of not more than 100 words, expressing your opinions on stars and pictures. Address your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. The following awards are offered for the best letters each month. First prize: $15.00. Second: $10.00. Third: $5.00. Fourth: Five prizes of $1.00 each.

MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

($15.00 Letter)

I HAVE watched numerous industries progress during the past two decades but none, I think, can compare with the movies. They owe their phenomenal success to their ability to make us live our lives over again or depict youthful hopes yet unrealized. All ages and sexes are affected and clamor for this temporal realization of their favorite phantasy.

The pages of time are turned back. The aged see their cherished spouse with amorous glances just as they were twenty years ago while youth sees loves young dream portrayed with all the glory and splendor of romance. To live again or to live through a hope that was not realized is good even if only for the hour. I believe a great deal of good comes from the right kind of movies.—J. L. Creshman, 1110 Realty Board Bldg., Miami, Fla.

SCREEN'S GREATEST VILLAIN

($10.00 Letter)

THE other night I hated a man, and that man was Warren William in *Employees Entrance*. To show that an actor could make his audience feel hate is proof of his great acting ability, and yet I admired him for doing just that. Mr. William always lives his parts; perhaps that's why I, for one, consider him the greatest villain and the greatest male actor on the screen today. His parts are mostly hateful ones. He was so hard as Anderson, yet likeable, to a certain degree. The highlight of the whole film was the scene where Anderson is bandaging his own arm and listening to the hospital report of Loretta Young's condition. It was the only spot in the whole film where he had the opportunity to be human and "soft," and did he make the most of that tiny chance! My hat's off to Warren William as the most convincing male star of this day!—Lillian N. Lees, 38 Milk Street, Fall River, Mass.

MOVIES MADE REPEAL POSSIBLE

($5.00 Letter)

WHILE we are guzzling down our bubbling 3.2, let's drink a toast to good old Hollywood, who did more than any other one agency to make this miracle possible. The splendid pictures showing the evils of the speakeasy era and the consequent monopoly of gangsterdom, did more than anything else to finally convince the American people that Prohibition was a ghastly joke. The handwriting on the wall points to complete repeal and as we clink our tinkling glasses, let's say: "Here's to Hollywood—she did her bit." Mrs. Hannah Feldman, ℅Puritan Chemical Co., 209 Peters St., S. W. Atlanta, Ga.

CHEERS FOR LEE TRACY

($1.00 Letter)

AN EXTRA helping of army beans to Lee Tracy! What for? His portrayal of a good old rear rank private in *Private Jones*, of course! He's natural. So much so that we could almost feel the old cooties crawling up our back again as we followed his hectic adventures in "la guerre." We did join in razzing the shavetail that dogged his steps. Perhaps it's far-fetched in a lot of respects, but it does bring some hearty laughs. After all that's the main thing with entertainment. Attaboy, Lee! Keep stepping right along! Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th Avenue, San Francisco, California.

KEEPING DICK INVIOLATE

($1.00 Letter)

PREPOSTEROUS! That Rock of Gibraltar, that fount of strength and placidity, Richard Barthelmess, was called upon in *Central Airport* to kick a lady's bedroom door because he had been refused admittance! And forced to share in a situation of crude humor! Fie on his director! No director need cater to the different vogues in screen heroes, with regard to Richard Barthelmess, for that grand actor already is securely established in the public's favor because of the fact that he possesses the finest aura of moral and spiritual strength of all the stars. This must be kept inviolate. Mabel Argo, 525 East Ninth St., New Albany, Ind.

What do you think about pictures and picture people? Write your opinions to *Screen Book* and win a prize.

MOVIES FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT

($1.00 Letter)

THE movies and movie magazines offer to an observing girl marvelous opportunities for self-improvement. I have been able to smooth out many of my rough edges by selecting my movies and carefully observing every detail that might be of value to me. My method is to see each movie in which my selected stars appear, twice if possible. The first time I just enjoy the show, but the second time I pay careful attention to every detail of dress, speech, gesture, etc. Try it sometime, it's interesting and helpful. Eunice L. Hudson, 1107 South 54th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ORCHIDS FOR GLENDA

($1.00 Letter)

LIKE an old fashioned melodrama, is the life story of Glenda Farrell published in the June issue of SCREEN BOOK. After struggling since childhood with the odds against her, she is finally rewarded with success. Then the husband who many years before deserted little Eva and her unborn child, returns with the usual hard luck story and wants some dough. Perhaps because she has seen life on both sides, tasted many of its hardships and a few of its luxuries accounts for her interesting and convincing portrayals. So as Winchell would say, "An Orchid to You Miss Farrell." James F. Broderick, 1605 Scott St., Little Rock, Ark.

HELEN HAYES' REAL ROMANCE

($1.00 Letter)

LIFE depicted in every known phase by a cast greater than life itself. That is the goal, which, consciously or unconsciously, the screen has set for itself. Helen Hayes is one of its latest contributions to a movie-mad public. She is the acme of charm, graciousness and sweetness to that public, as witness the box-office receipts of her pictures. What would endear her more in the hearts of her admirers than the story of her own real-life romance? I've just read that romance as published by *Screen Book* in their June number. In *my* heart she's intrenched for life. Jack Dowling, Jr. (A Hollywood secretary), 1937 Clyde Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

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OR IT WON'T COST YOU
ONE PENNY!

Since last May my hips have been reduced nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.
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I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips.
Miss B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria
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● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

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● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded . . . including the postage!

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Charles Laughton, the fiddling Nero of Hollywood films, becomes King Henry VIII in an English movie. Here he is with some of the ladies of the court. Soon he will be back in the film capital to appear in *White Woman* playing opposite Dorothea Wieck, with Herbert Marshall. It's good news, for Mr. Laughton is one of SCREEN BOOK's favorites

Flashes!

Eleanor Holm, Hollywood's athletic beauty, recently equalled her own world's record for the 100 yard backstroke

All photos Wide World

The proud parents of the smiling baby are Richard Arlen and his screen star wife, Jobyna Ralston. The camera couldn't resist snapping the ten days old baby. He's named Richard Ralston Arlen, having his mother's mouth and his father's eyes

Those *Marked* days

what will they tell you?

IS THE FEAR OF THEM SHATTERING YOUR HEALTH?

Many eminent physicians have declared that *fear* often acts on the system like a poison, creating a toxic condition that is particularly disturbing to the delicate feminine organism.

When women watch the calendar, month after month, with anxiety and apprehension, this very worry, in itself, often causes feminine irregularities and ill-health.

Why not banish "CALENDAR FEAR"? Why not follow the lead of millions of women who are safeguarding health, youth and feminine daintiness by practicing correct and sensible hygiene?

They use the "Lysol" method of feminine antisepsis that has been approved by leading doctors throughout the world, for more than forty years.

"Lysol" is mild and healing. It contains no free caustic alkali, commonly found in other antiseptics, which deadens sensitive tissues and inflames tender membranes.

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Don't let "CALENDAR FEAR" run away with your good looks . . . and your good health. Practice intimate feminine cleanliness. Use "Lysol" according to directions. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . And be sure to send for the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope. Please use the coupon below.

●

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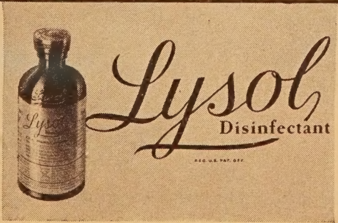

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Speaking of Pictures

Richard Rowland to Make His Own Films—The Screen Goes Front Page—Howard Dietz to Write Hollywood Revue—Mickey Mouse Becomes Art

By Frederick James Smith

RICHARD A. ROWLAND, one of the pioneers of the motion picture business and one of the best liked of all film executives, is going into the production of pictures on his own, according to reports. Rowland has been an active executive at Fox for some time, resigning to take up his present activities.

SCREEN BOOK extends its best wishes to Dick Rowland, who is rated as the best judge of stories in the business. No one in the whole world of movie making has a finer record as a picker of film stories. It was Rowland who persuaded Marcus Loew to produce Ibanez's *The Four Horsemen.* The film ran an earning of over $7,000,000, made Rudolph Valentino famous.

At the Fox Studios Rowland was responsible for the purchase of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*, likely to be one of the three biggest money makers of 1933, if not the greatest. Rowland, too, purchased another Fox boxoffice hit, Phil Stong's *State Fair.* The whole world of film making will watch Rowland's next moves with keen interest.

Speaking of Cavalcade, *reminds me of an odd error just discovered in the production.* Cavalcade, *you know, is one of the great films of all time. Yet, in a picture otherwise flawless, this slip occurs:*

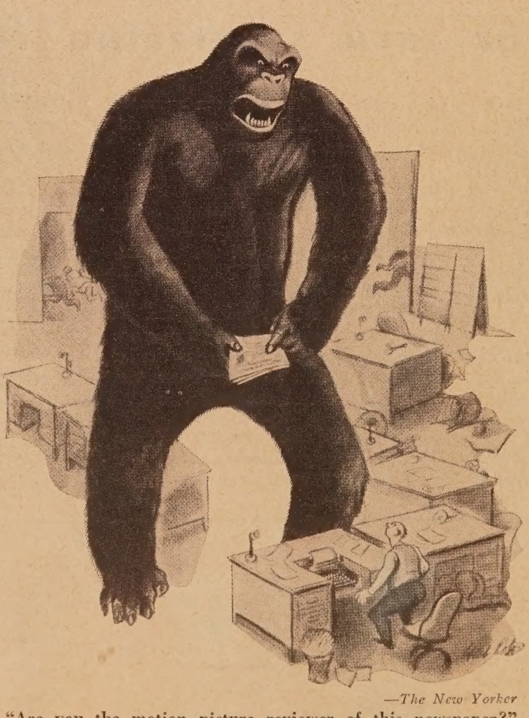
You remember the honeymooners on the ocean liner, the dramatic shock you get when they move away from the ship's rail and you see the life preserver bearing the words, "S. S. TITANIC, SOUTHAMPTON." The ill-fated Titanic sailed out of Liverpool, and Southampton never appeared on its life-preservers.

ERNEST TORRENCE is dead. And the sorrow of his passing will sadden the millions of movie-goers. Torrence, up to that time a comedian in musical comedy, made his début as the sinister mountaineer of Dick Barthelmess' immortal *Tol'able David.* Torrence became famous overnight—and permanently typed. From that moment he was destined to go on playing an endless parade of heartless ruffians. Remember his priceless old trader in *The Covered Wagon?* That was a great portrait of a roistering old pioneer.

There was one side of Torrence little known to the public. Torrence, who had once intended to be a piano concern artist, loved to compose gentle, lyric ballads. John McCormick included a number of these in his programs. These tender songs were very close to Torrence's heart.

They're telling a funny story out in Hollywood about Jack La Rue. Greta Garbo made a mystery visit to the Paramount studios to get an advance glimpse of Marlene Dietrich's picture The Song of Songs. *The visit was a secret, except to one or two Paramount executives. La Rue happened to be standing by when the glamorous Swede passed by.*

"Ye gods," he exclaimed, "Hollywood is crowded with women who look like Garbo."



—The New Yorker

"Are you the motion picture reviewer of this newspaper?"

JUDGING from Hollywood reports, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is enlisting the services of brilliant Howard Dietz in making *Hollywood Revue.*

Howard Dietz leads a sort of double life. By day he is the able director of advertising for this great film company. He stands at the very forefront of New York's crack advertising experts. By night he is a famous co-author of many Broadway musical hits, ranging all the way from *The Band Wagon* to *Flying Colors.* Nobody writes more flashing lyrics than Dietz. Nobody can stage a show more expertly. The new *Hollywood Revue* ought to be one of the grand events of the screen year.

It was inevitable that the movies would get the nighttime Mr. Dietz. However, we are wondering how the daytime Mr. Dietz, canny wielder of superlatives, will announce the activities of his other self.

DID you read the remarkable diary of Greta Garbo's five weeks at sea, published in SCREEN BOOK last month? It was an amazing close-up of the mysterious star as she really is, [*Continued on page 69*]

SCREEN BOOK

AUGUST, 1933

Hollywood's New Beauty Standards

Gone Are the Charmers of Yesterday—Today the Talkie Screen Demands Personality, Vivacity and Style

By Jay Brian Chapman

HOLLYWOOD has evolved a new beauty standard. The whole motion picture industry has developed new ideas on feminine pulchritude. Almost without realizing it, the screen has undergone a beauty revolution.

The old stereotyped kind of beauty—cold, immobile, more or less expressionless—is OUT.

The new beauty follows no classic standards. It must, first of all, have inner warmth. It must, and this is vitally important, have grace of motion. Besides visual charm, it must possess personality. And it is important, too, that the possessor wear clothes well.

SCREEN BOOK took its questions on the new standards of beauty to the leading motion picture cameramen, the experts who jell your favorites into celluloid. These men know more about beauty than all the experts on pulchritude in Paris, New York and Hollywood.

Do you want to know who these cameramen select as the foremost representatives of the Newer Beauty? Here they are: Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, Diana Wynyard, Kay Francis, Loretta Young and Janet Gaynor complete the first twelve.

Filmdom's new beauty queens are not listed here in any order of preference, however. A selection closer than a first twelve would, the cameramen thought, bring into the problem of choosing, the uncertain factors of purely personal taste.

Just the same, I don't mind revealing that if the list *were* in order of preference, the Misses Garbo and Hepburn would stand very near the top of it!

Almost as startling as the presence of Katharine Hepburn on the list, is the absence of famous screen beauties such as Billie Dove and Irene Dunne. The late Florenz Ziegfeld once said they were "perhaps the most beautiful brunettes that ever graced my shows," so this writer feels that his own weakness for Billie and Irene is no mere personal "yen."

Since there is a new yardstick for beauty measurement in Hollywood, let the cameramen themselves explain it.

"Until recently, the beauty standard we worshipped was that of the plaster statue," declares James Van Trees, who has photographed many famous stars. "Artists' models imitated the cold immobility of the marble Venus di Milo; photographers' models took frozen poses. Even showgirls on the stage were usually immobile, expressionless ornaments.

"The word movie implies motion and life. But unfor-

Hollywood's Cameramen Select the 12 Foremost Exponents of the New Film Beauty:

Greta Garbo
Katharine Hepburn
Jean Harlow
Marlene Dietrich
Mae West
Helen Hayes
Ann Harding
Ruth Chatterton
Kay Francis
Diana Wynyard
Loretta Young
Janet Gaynor

Venus de Milo Wouldn't Get to First Base in

JEAN HARLOW

tunately, some of the stiff, cold, model-like beauties got into motion pictures. Defects of old-time cameras, lights and film hid some defects of the subjects.

"Today, however, motion photography has vastly improved. The camera's lens is more penetrating than the human eye, and much more exacting. A real dictator of screen beauty, the camera prefers vivacity, motion, personality to the static sort of beauty we used to consider."

Van Trees, sincere and enthusiastic on the subject of the art to which he has devoted his life, forgot the dinner that was awaiting him while he continued:

"To give you some idea of the modern camera's almost uncanny powers, let me tell you how it treats the artificial blonde. Since blondes photograph more effectively than brunettes, the darker women are often tempted to bleach. But cameras discriminate between real and artificial blondes; no matter how they may deceive the eye, the latter are never so effective photographically!

"Since the camera surpasses the human eye in this test, you will more readily believe me when I say that it now can actually record on film the more intangible sort of beauty that *surrounds* a woman, and emanates from *inside* her. This sort of beauty is sometimes called 'personality.'

"Neither a cameraman nor his camera, these days, appreciates the 'beautiful but dumb' sort of woman. She is not our idea of *real* beauty. In the actress who has vivacity and expressive movement, we find beauty we can record to its best advantage."

Like several others, Van Trees would not name actresses he considered most beautiful. No one should blame him, for there is nothing about which a film star is more sensitive than her cameraman's opinion on her beauty! However, Nick Musuraca, another celebrated cinematographer, was among those who dared to choose among the beauty queens—and let me connect his name with the selection.

IT WAS over a luncheon table at the studio café, during the filming of his latest picture, *The Flying Circus.* Next to us sat Katharine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"There's one of the most beautiful girls, according to my preference," Nick declared, nodding toward Katharine. "Greta Garbo is another. Ruth Chatterton—particularly in *Madame X*—was strikingly beautiful. Diana Wynyard is another; I expect to see her develop to even greater beauty.

"I mean 'beautiful' by motion picture standards. The sort of beauty people *like,* not just the cold sort they may admire. Real beauty must be warm. In movies, it must express itself in

The modern camera has almost uncanny powers. It surpasses the human eye in detecting real beauty. It can actually record on film the intangible sort of beauty that *surrounds* a woman. This sort of beauty is sometimes called personality and combines vivacity, with expressive, graceful movement

Hollywood Where the Camera Demands Personality

motion. Finally, it must *reach* you. Many a woman's face is beautiful in one or two expressions, but she doesn't remain beautiful while a gamut of expressions is running over her countenance. Many a woman has a beautiful body that is ordinarily graceful—but at times disposes itself in ugly poses. It is like a window drape you may admire while it hangs just so; let someone disturb it by opening the window, and the lines of beauty are gone.

"Women like Hepburn and Garbo seem to be utterly careless of how they look, and yet they always have the striking expressiveness of face that is beauty. Their bodies adjust themselves, seemingly by sheer instinct, from one beautiful posture to another. Not an ugly gesture in a camera load!

"After all, who is there to say that a beautiful woman must have a mouth just so wide, eyes just so far apart, nose just so big? Too many women in pictures look nearly alike. That is why an entirely fresh and new sort of beauty, such as Mae West's, is welcome. Obviously the public agrees. It is tired of the stereotyped sort of beauty and now seeks variety and personality. Otherwise, Garbo, Hepburn and West would not be so popular.

"I do not mean to carry this comparison too far. One of my favorite photographic subjects is Edna Mae Oliver, but she is far from beautiful. And one of the most beautiful girls in films is Janet Gaynor, but the reason Janet is so beautiful isn't just because her face, in motion or repose, is charming. It is because she has a radiant personality."

THAT word "personality" was hammered into my brain by all the cameramen I consulted. They agreed that the mysterious quality is distinctly what constitutes modern beauty. As Martin Reid said:

"The standard, you'll find, does not apply exclusively to actresses, nor is it applied only by cameramen. Warmer beauty wins preference today over classical features and figure, from the man on the street. 'There's a girl I'd like to meet,' some lively young fellow will tell you. If your experience tallies with mine, he usually indicates a girl whose face and figure are magnetic and attractive, but when analyzed by the old standards, gets nowhere. Freckles; nose too stubby, mouth too large, funny lines under the eyes. Yet she'd take a man's eye, any time, away from the classical beauty beside her.

"And that, my boy, is what the camera rates 'beauty' these days. It is the beauty of ensemble, the very eccentricities of which lend the charm of infinite variety. You'll agree that there *is* charm in variety—and that the limitations of the old standards of beauty restrict it by

[*Continued on page 71*]

MAE WEST

The movie camera saw greatness in Greta Garbo before the human eye detected it. She was vitally beautiful—and it was the camera that discovered it. She registered effectively in her early pictures, which shows that the movie lens catches the sort of beauty deeper than mere surface appearance

● Twelve SCREEN BOOK caption writers tried to compose just three lines about this torrid close-up—grew incoherent and quit. So you will have to supply your own words for this fervid moment of *Morning Glory*—with Katharine Hepburn and Adolphe Menjou as the chief players

'Ats Off to 'Erbert

A Bit of All Right is Comedian Mundin, Whose Face is his Fortune

Once an 'Orrible Example, Now an 'Ollywood Star

By J. Eugene Chrisman

AMONG other influences which are rapidly dispelling the gloom of the dear departed depression is a funny little chap with a scrambled pan whose name is Herbert Mundin. In *Adorable, Cavalcade, Pleasure Cruise* and some half dozen other American films, he has proven himself the funniest comedian to reach the screen since Chaplin came over from the Tight Little Isle.

It all began in Lancashire, England, that morning of August 21, 1898, when the elder Mundin, a minister of the Church of England, looked down at the newly born addition to his family.

"He'll never do for the church," said the Reverend Mundin sadly, "not with a face like that. He looks like a wax doll left too long in the sun."

And so, having thus early in his career been eliminated as a prospect for the ministry, young Herbert set about his career. The second historical reference to the scrambled Mundin features was made when Herbert, leaving St. Alban's school, joined up with the North Sea mine laying fleet.

"TRYING to be funny, are you?" demanded an officer, on the first morning that Herbert appeared for inspection.

"No, sir," stammered the frightened recruit, "why, sir?"

"Well quit making those funny faces," said the officer, "or I'll see that you get what for!"

"But it's me own face, sir," wailed Herbert, "and I wasn't—"

"Your misfortune," snapped the officer, going on with the inspection.

The war over and the mine fields no longer a menace to British shipping Herbert set out to carve out a career. Something prophetic about that officer's remarks clung to his mind and so, without further ado, he decided to be a comedian.

"Always into trouble, that's me," observed Mundin sadly, "why me very first night in Hollywood, I dropped into a place where some men were playing cards and the place was raided.

"'What name shall I give them, my own?' I asked a man standing near me.

"'Why should I care,' he told me, 'I'm with them!'

"And there in the North Sea, even in war time, I always had me foot in it," continued Mundin, "and I mind the time I intercepted a wireless message from one destroyer to another in mucky weather when they was having trouble communicating. They got the sub all right and I went ashore expecting to get a V. C. at least. I stepped up proudly and all I got was,

"'Next time keep your snub nose out of other people's affairs.'"

Assigned to the de-mobilization offices, Mundin hastened his own discharge by the simple process of destroying various service records. His next move was to join a carnival company, in which he was rated a second comedian.

"The very lowest form of theatrical insect," he informs you, "is the chap who always gets the wet sock in the nose or the barrel stave in the pants."

But one night fortune smiled. The comedy lead got a taste of temperament and Mundin was put in his place. Fate decreed that the great Charlot should be in the audience, desperately in search of a comedian.

"And Gawd knows how desperate," says Herbert, "for he gave me the part."

FOR seven years Mundin played in various Charlot revues in all parts of the world. Without a contract or even the promise of a part, he and his wife decided to come to Hollywood. For months he knocked futilely at the gates, getting an occasional small bit as a butler or a valet. His first big rôle came in an important comedy, *Almost Married* and so much did the studio like his work that he was given a long-term contract.

Like all comedians, he has always wanted to play dramatic rôles and in *Cavalcade* he was given that opportunity.

"Imagine my embarrassment. I became disgustingly intoxicated. I slapped my small daughter, abused people who had been good to me, broke my wife's heart and was finally run over and killed by a fire truck. Nothing funny about all that, now is there. And yet everyone tells me it was the funniest rôle of my career. 'Orrible!"

Mundin is neither a slapstick or an eccentric comedian. He has some of the wistful pathos of

[*Continued on page 69*]

"I've Kept My Promise to Myself"

"When I Was Fourteen," says Gloria Swanson, "I Resolved There Would Be No Monotones in My Life"

By Jerry Lane

"I MADE a promise to myself.

"I was barely fourteen when I made it and I'm not sure I put it into words. *But I made up my mind there would be no monotones in my life.* No ugly, deadly ruts. And I have kept that promise!" Gloria Swanson threw back her head and laughed. Thrilled, joyous laughter. A kind of challenge to your flagging spirit to do a little soaring on its own.

She's as stimulating as a Bacardi cocktail. And yet—pierce through that glamour surrounding Gloria and you won't find the worldly sophisticate, the brittle moderne. You'll find a staunch, sweet, fighting little person with eyes wide open for what the next moment might bring. *That* is her recipe for keeping out of ruts. She *expects* big things to happen, waits for them, prepares for them. And they do happen! That is how she's managed to cram two or three lifetimes into her thirty-three years.

"It's hard to pick out the highlights as you look backward. As a matter of fact, I don't like looking backward. I prefer to look forward," she tucked one foot behind the other and thumped a pillow. "The old thrills are like lovely flowers that you remember but that you've lost the fragrance of . . . Oh, I think the *first* of anything is the really exciting moment. Your first home of your own, your first baby, your introduction to success—"

I nodded. I was thinking of a few of Gloria's "firsts." That marriage to Wally Beery when she was only sixteen—and madly, magnificently in love. That day she walked onto the *Male and Female* set, a proud little duchess with eyes blazing triumph . . . and a flattering contract with Cecil B. DeMille in her beaded handbag. She was twenty when she cuddled her first baby in her arms . . . and dared them to say it would ruin her career.

"I'VE been impulsive always," Gloria went on slowly. "At first, like most children, I was very serious-minded. And shy. Terribly so. I had to overcome all that. When you begin working as young as I did, you have to learn quickly—and there are a great many things you miss. You don't have your life plotted and planned for you; you simply seize it as you can. The reason I was funny in those early comedies was because I *was* so serious! I hated being a comediénne. They've said I was a Mack Sennett bathing girl. That isn't true. I played with Bobby Vernon in those taken-from-life funny skits but there was no slapstick in them.

"The only time I was 'fired' was when they cast me opposite

The Story of the Girl Who Made Millions—Lost—Remade Them

Gloria Swanson Recalls the High Lights of Her Career. "I Never Look Backward," She Says

Gloria Swanson says "old thrills are like lovely flowers that you remember but that you've lost the fragrance of." Her best remembered moments: When she married Wallie Beery at sixteen. When she was signed by Cecil De Mille for *Male and Female.* When she had her first baby at twenty. And, most of all, the night that *Madame Sans Gene* opened in Los Angeles

Charlie Chaplin in *The First Job.* I resented the part so they *had* to take me out.

"The thing that stands out as strangely important during that period was the time I was quarantined while we were having that flu epidemic. It was right after the war. Remember? You wouldn't think there would be anything important about being shut in but, you see, it was the only opportunity I'd had to actually get my bearings up to then. I used to lie there in my room and watch the sunsets and try to figure out how I felt about things. I was beginning to get my perspective on Gloria Swanson. And I found that what she needed most was a sense of humor! I think I learned a certain amount of tolerance then too. To realize the truth of that old saying: 'There, but for the grace of God, goes I.'

"There are so many circumstances that combine to make us act in a way that astounds other people. Even atmospheric conditions contribute. You know in the south of France they judge a woman very lightly, no matter what crime she commits, if she does it during the Mistral. That wind can tear the nerves ragged—

"I've often sat back since that time to see what I didn't like about myself, to find out where I was going. I'm doing that now—since I came back to Hollywood. I am going to keep right on sitting here, looking at these walls, and *thinking* until I see clearly my next best move." She doesn't evade issues, this slender Swanson person.

As we talked, I suddenly understood what her singing teacher had meant that day in his studio. "When you first came to me, Miss Swanson," he had said, "I was warned not to tell you singing was easy. I was told to stress how *difficult* it was!"

That's precisely it. Easy things do not interest her. They never have.

Watching her there in her drawing room with its cream satin hangings and soft greens and deep-dyed berry color, she seemed so startlingly *young.* Perhaps it was the effect of her finely flecked tweed costume. But most of all I think it was her enthusiasm, her complete and absolute naturalness.

"BEFORE you came I was wishing on the first cherry of the season out there," nodding toward the sun-splashed garden.

Wishing! What on earth had she left to wish for? A woman who has lived so fully, richly, gallantly—done the things most of us can only dream about. Could it be for the settlement of those debts the papers blared about?

But Gloria owes nothing.

For the first time in her life she is handling her own financial affairs and doing it remarkably well. What then? "I wished," said Gloria quietly, "for health. It's the greatest asset, isn't it? Greater than money, fame, anything. I discovered that the time I almost died in Paris—

"Everything I'd been striving for looked appallingly empty then. It was as if I were looking down on the world I knew from the wrong end of a telescope. And what made it all the more fantastic—I walked out from those shadows into the most thrilling event of my life.

"There's usually a peak to a career. I consider mine the night of the opening of *Madame Sans Gene* at Grauman's theatre. You see I had been away from California for four years making pictures in New York and then in Europe. I had been as close to death as it's possible to get and return, and on top of all the joy of home-coming, Hollywood has always been home to me, to receive an ovation such as I was given that night. Oh, I can't tell you. It was one of those unbelievable moments. The audience stood up as one man and sang 'Home, Sweet Home' when I entered the theatre. I never knew how I found my seat. Later, as we were driving away I thought: What a pity I am twenty-six instead of forty-six. I can never re-capture this moment. I ought to be able to retire on this high note of happiness."

Yes, Gloria has more than kept that promise to herself. She has made millions, lost them [*Continued on page* 66]

She Has Crowded Three Lifetimes Into Her Thirty-three Years

Francis Lederer, whose fascinating spell encompasses everyone he meets, is the newest competitor for Filmdom's crown of glory. Will he succeed? Wait until you see him in Radio Picture's new musical production. Unless he makes a complete turn-about he can't miss. As he has conquered New York theatre-goers, he will captivate movie-goers of the entire country

Watch Out Movietown!

Francis Lederer Descends upon Hollywood. Will the Self-confident Movie Colony be Able to Withstand his Compelling Charm?

By Evelyn Williams

FRANCIS LEDERER, sensitive and aesthetic, knocked Broadway cold. For years there had been no challenger for the title "Matinee Idol." Everyone was certain the expression was outmoded, but the quiet Czech gave them a surprise.

In his stride he has captured the hearts of every European city, then hard-boiled New York. Now blasé Hollywood is doomed for a fall. The current idolizing of jungle lovers will fade into the background now that film folks are becoming Lederer conscious.

Every female in the country, between the ages of eight and eighty, will adore him. And why? For one thing, listen to the beautiful things he has to say about these women.

"Women?" he asked gently. "One cannot generalize about them as you do. Each woman is like a new book, a new novel filled with mystery and romance. I cannot say—all women are beautiful. Or, all women are brilliant or dumb. What women do you mean?"

We looked at his inch-long lashes, at the softness of his big brown eyes and felt his spell encompassing us. We shook our head to clear away the romantic visions. "What do you think about American women—you, who are supposed to be an authority on romance?"

Earnestly he expressed himself. "American people are the most romantic I have ever met. I have acted all over the European continent, I have starred in England, but nowhere have I met a more romantic people than in this country. What is so ironic," he smiled indulgently, "is that you consider yourselves too practical for romance.

"I HAD thought—as most Europeans do after seeing a number of American films which show wise-cracking American girls, that I would find the American woman hard-boiled. Instead, I found them to be the most charming women in the world. Their amazing vitality, their independence, their naturalness, are among their greatest assets.

"Every man," firmly, "likes his women to be strong yet not coarse, lively yet not too much the gamin, natural yet not vulgar. That describes the women in this country. English women are charming, but too suppressed. Of course," smiling kindly, "that, too, is sometimes charming.

"You know, of course, that [*Continued on page* 67]

Gallery of Romance

—*Harvey White*

● **EXCITEMENT NOTE: Jean Harlow plays opposite Clark Gable again in *Hold Your Man*. Can she? We ask you. Remember the two in *Red Dust*? What a team for gusty romance!**

—*Eugene Richee*

● Richard Arlen became a proud daddy last month. Reason No. 1 for this page. Reason No. 2: Arlen has been doing consistently good work in films. Watch for him in *College Humor*

—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

● **Another promising lad: Robert Young. A personality growing fast in popularity although he's in a studio crowded with fine young actors. Did you like Bob in *Hell Below*?**

—Clarence Sinclair Bull

● How a star takes a tanning. Joan Crawford acquires her annual tan and here is how she does it: she applies vinegar and olive oil, then relaxes in that famous California sunshine, which, as you have probably heard from Californians, is always handy

Hollywood Was Afraid *of* Her

Peggy Hopkins Joyce's record for "Bringing 'Em Back Alive" had the Movie Colony Wives Worried—but She Won Them Over

By Virginia Sinclair

HOLLYWOOD was hostile to Peggy Hopkins Joyce when she first arrived. Every woman regarded her as a dangerous rival for every man. Because of her reputation for snaring the affections of men, the women of Hollywood did not welcome Peggy very cordially.

But Peggy was not dismayed. She went about her own business. She worked hard at the studio and didn't worry about going to parties. As her work became less strenuous, she went about with various single and romantically unattached men. In her own, unobtrusive way, she proved to Hollywood that she had not come here on a man-hunt.

Gradually Peggy became popular. Dinner hostesses suddenly were inviting her to their exclusive gatherings. They were no longer afraid of her and they found that she was a great asset at any dinner. Her ready wit, which never becomes cruel at the expense of others, brightened conversation whereever she appeared.

Because she never forced herself, and above all, because she never cast a confiscatory eye at any man claimed by another woman, Peggy Joyce has become one of the most popular women in Hollywood. She has many beaux. By going out with a variety of men she prevents chatter of a serious romance. Hollywood likes Peggy for what she is at heart—a good pal, an entertaining companion, and a square shooter!

PEGGY likes Hollywood, too—up to a point.

"Hollywood is a grand place for work—but it's not so hot for love," she says.

"I feel as if it would take more than love to warm me up today," laughed Peggy. She snuggled deeper into the voluminous folds of a Russian fitch robe. Logs in her three-cornered Spanish fireplace crackled brightly. It was one of those so-called occasional California days when a chill penetrated the air, and Peggy had been to the beach and returned shivering.

"And why isn't Hollywood a good place for love?" I asked.

"There are too many women here," smiled Peggy. "Woman outnumber the men preposterously. And yet, in spite of it all, I find Hollywood fascinating. Sometimes I am annoyed because I don't know just why this town does fascinate me.

Showing the influence of Jack Oakie. Peggy discards sables and diamonds to go Hollywood in polo sweater and wide flannel slacks

"There is an atmosphere of fear here, every woman is afraid that some other woman is going to steal her man. All the women eye each other with distrust and suspicion. And I guess they have good reason to.

"Hollywood should be a paradise for a man. In every direction you find hordes of beautiful women. No wonder the women are always keyed to an unhappy tension over the men—the competition here is keener than any place else in the world."

Peggy paused. Her blue eyes were puzzled.

"Hollywood is so utterly different from any place I've ever known in this country or Europe," she continued. "To me, Hollywood is a little world of its own—it might be isolated on an island far at sea. The rest of the world just ceases to exist when you are here.

"The people here think of but one thing—work. They are goaded by a fierce ambition—all of them! And the less success they have in finding love, the harder they work.

"Each person is pursuing a career, and each career conflicts with every other career. For instance, if Bette Davis should become enormously popular, then the career of Connie Bennett would be threatened. Every time a new person succeeds, it means that some one else is cast aside. There is room for just so many successful stars. Each new one threatens the careers of all the others."

Peggy was interrupted by her colored maid, who brought a telegram.

"These things always terrify me," she confessed. "I've received telegrams all my life, and still every time I see one I think it must be bad news." With a quick apology she read the message.

"This happens to be a nice wire," she smiled with relief. "It's just congratulations for my work in *International House*."

Suddenly she laughed.

"I behaved just like Hollywood over that telegram! Don't you see what I mean? Hollywood never lets down from a high emotional tension. People here either are in the clouds or in the depths. But there is no such thing as peace of mind in Hollywood. Perhaps that's why this town suits me—I'm half Irish and very emotional.

"In some ways, though, Hollywood is quite like certain smart resorts in Europe,"

[*Continued on page* 74]

Movie Eavesdropping

By Radie Harris

—Wide World

Just before he started for Europe, *via* New York, Doug Fairbanks acted as host to one of Hollywood's most distinguished visitors, the Prince Don Allesandro Taolonio, Prince of Civitella, Rome. Doug took the prince out to the Radio Pictures Studio to see how movies are made. Princes are interested, even as you and I. Doug, by the way, seems likely to become a world traveler like his father. He has gone to Como and Lagano for his vacation. Irene Dunne played a lot of golf during her recent visit to New York to spend a few weeks with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin

DOUG, JR., now an eligible bachelor in circulation and free from his long term contract with Warner Brothers, has shaken the dust of Hollywood off his feet, and departed for the magic shores of Como, Lagano, Majjorie and Stressa.

Inheriting his father's love for travel, he will then spend several weeks on the continent and the London he adores, unless his plans undergo a last minute change, he will return to New York to make his Broadway stage début in a play now being written for him by Noel Coward.

P. S. On the eve of his departure, Douglas dined with Joan, thereby proving that in Hollywood, when "ex marks the spot," the marriage is over—but the divorce lingers on!

Oh That Mitzi!

DROPPING in on a benefit performance the other night, I arrived just in time to see a lovely, young girl, giving a brilliant impersonation of Ed Wynn. To my amazement, it turned out to be Mitzi Green.

Of course, I've always known that Mitzi is an unusual child but I didn't expect that even she would be able to avoid the "awkward age" that all little girls suffer in the process of growing up.

Here she is, a charming young lady, entering her teens, with no trace of adolescent gaucherie.

As soon as she has completed her radio contract in the East, Mitzi will return to Hollywood.

The Ile de France Sails

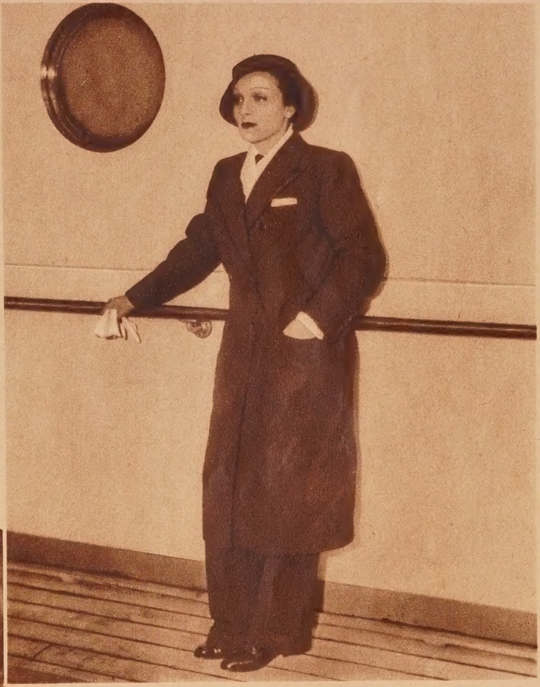
ARRIVE at the French line and air my best high school French to inquire, "ou est la cabine de Monsieur et Madame Ben Lyon?" A steward, who looks like Chevalier but isn't, rattles off a number which I immediately translate by looking at the passenger list. I proceed to Suite 319 on A Deck, where

Doug, Junior, Goes to Lake Como to Forget - - What Happens When Movie Stars Sail for Europe - - Those Dietrich Trousers Again - - George Arliss Wants to Play the Famous Banker Rothschild - - Manhattan Visitors Include Irene Dunne and Richard Barthelmess - - Some New Screen Finds Start for Hollywood and Electric Lights

from the crowd parked outside the door, it looks like a De Mille mob scene but it turns out to be the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon Fan Club, Inc. They inform me that there is no one in the Lyon's den. Undiscouraged, I decide to hunt up Sally Eilers, who is also *Ile de Francing* it. But I can't find Sally's name on the passenger list until the head purser comes to my rescue and tells me to look under the G's . . . she's traveling under her married name. As Jimmie Durante would say, "was I covered with confusion!" How was I supposed to guess that after all the rumors of her separation from Hooter, she was still a Gibson girl?

At the door of 273, Deck A, I am met by the Sally Eilers Fan Club, Inc., who tell me that Sally hasn't checked in yet. By this time, I am beginning to think it is "spinach and the hell with it," so I go down to the main lounge to see the welcome accorded Paderewski, the man who plays the piano—nothing else. Also hear the ovation for Arturo Toscannini, brilliant conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, although as Jack Benny says if his orchestra didn't show up, he would be in an awful fix! My linguistic prowess not including the Italian or Polish, I decide to leave the boys to see if Bebe and Ben are really sailing and that it isn't being done with mirrors.

Back at Suite 319 on A Deck, I find the mob mobilized into an army but the door firmly barricaded. "There is no one inside," admonishes an Important Man Who Isn't Half as Important As He Thinks He Is; You would have to be deaf as well as dumb to believe him, there is such a racket issuing from within.



—*Wide World*

Marlene Dietrich sailed for Germany in trousered evening clothes and top coat, a severe soft hat topping the general masculine effect. Later, in Paris, Miss Dietrich, similarly attired, was hissed by the French crowds

Top center, Elizabeth Young, nineteen-year-old New York deb, who is to try her luck in Hollywood. She looks like Joan Bennett. Left, Margaret Sullavan, Broadway stage actress, signed for films. Miss Young is the daughter of a New York judge

"But I'm a personal friend," I insist, when just as he is about to squelch me with a withering, "Oh Yeah?" Phyllis Daniels, Bebe's lovely mother, opens the door and welcomes me like a personal friend. And is his face red? Inside, Bebe, Ben and Barbara, aged two, are holding court. The sitting room is overflowing with relatives, friends, reporters, packages, flowers, cables, and wires—to say nothing of the Englishman who wants to know about the hotel reservations and the Frenchman, to whom Bebe jabbers like a native about her traveling reservations. Another huge box of flowers arrive—they are from Horace Dodge, the automobile manufacturer. "Why didn't he send a car, then we could all go for a spin around the deck!" some one wants to know. In the midst of the excitement, Ben discovers he has lost the keys to all the trunks. Bebe, whose first trip it is, is so thrilled,

[*Continued on page* 53]

Greta Garbo was a very democratic passenger on the freighter *Annie Johnson*. At the left is Captain C. E. Holmberg. This picture was made exclusively for SCREEN BOOK

Why Garbo Came Back

Here is a Surprising Insight Into the Real Star Whose Love for Her Homeland Colors Her Whole Life

By Julia Svenson

GRETA GARBO'S return from Sweden on board the freighter *Annie Johnson* gave an interesting slant into her real character.

Any other movie star would have crossed on a big liner, intent upon all the publicity that the trip could develop.

Not so Garbo.

With the return of the Swedish star some other interesting facts have leaked out.

Garbo, it seems, frequently motors secretly to San Diego from her Beverly Hills home. There she has dinner on board visiting Swedish vessels. On these ships, in privacy, she can have the food she likes with people from her homeland.

These dinners are stolen bits of Sweden.

Greta Garbo is actually a very shy person, motivated by an intense love of home and family. She is unhappy in Hollywood because she is far from the people and the things she loves.

Why did she return to Hollywood then, you ask?

Because she wants to build up a fortune to protect herself from all things, expected and unexpected. She had to work hard, for little money, as a young girl and she knows the value and importance of money.

Personally, I doubt if Garbo will remain much longer in pictures.

It is true that she has an intense love for her work, that she continually is trying to improve herself. Nobody in Hollywood takes her stardom as seriously as Garbo.

But when it comes to a final battle between the two, when she can no longer stand the separation from homeland and relatives, I think that she will desert Hollywood.

GARBO'S recent visit to Sweden was a long and pleasant interlude for the Swedish star.

To understand her reception, you must appreciate the fact that Garbo is one of the two best known women in Sweden. The other is Selma Lagerlof, the novelist and Nobel prize winner. Since Garbo never can be a Nobel winner, it has been suggested the Swedish government give her the honor often awarded world famous artists: *Literis et Artibus.* Surely Garbo has done enough for Sweden to deserve this honor.

I talked with Garbo twice during her Swedish stay. Once we had coffee and French pastry together at the little Patisserie Francaise on Ostermalm in Stockholm. Garbo was dressed in a heavy ulster and a brown slouch hat. Her cheeks were rosy and the tired actress of the Hollywood studios had disappeared.

Later I met and talked with Garbo at a party, an elaborate affair, given in her honor. Then [*Continued on page* 51]

My Boy, Jack

"I doubt if there are many mothers and sons who have as good times together as Jack and I have. He treats me more like his girl than his mother"

"There is only one girl's picture in Jack's room. You would never guess whose. ZaSu Pitts. Jack's first real girl was Joan Crawford"

By

Mrs. Evelyn Offield

as told to Grace Mack

"It makes me very proud that I am Jack Oakie's mother"

NOTE: *Hollywood knows Mrs. Evelyn Offield as Jack Oakie's mother. But to her thousands of ex-pupils she will always be "Miss Ev." She was for years Superintendent of Public Schools in Sedalia, Missouri. Later she was at the head of the Offield School for Girls in Muskogee, Oklahoma, and a teacher in the Scudder School for Girls in New York City. She holds a doctor's degree from Columbia University and is well known as a lecturer on psychology. She is a woman of charm and distinction—and a true mother in every sense of the word.*

ONE of my first ambitions in life was to be the mother of a boy. Jack was the realization of that dream. So I suppose it is only natural that I should be prejudiced where he is concerned. Mothers you know are like that about their boys. And like every other mother in the world the "cute" things he did in childhood are fondly stamped upon my memory.

I remember when he was in about the third grade at school—we were then living in Muskogee, Oklahoma—that he came home one day and told me that there had been a man at school that day who was making a report on the number of children with Indian blood in their veins.

"He asked all the boys with Indian blood to stand up—so I stood up," he said.

"But why should you stand up?" I asked.

"Well, there were only two boys stood up so I thought I'd stand up to help out. He wanted to know what tribe we belonged to. The other boys said Cherokee but I said Creek."

"Why Creek?" I asked.

"Because the Creek Indians have a lot more money than the Cherokees so I thought I'd rather be a Creek."

When Jack was eleven years old his father died and we went to New York City to live. I taught in the Scudder School for Girls. Mother-like, I was ambitious for Jack. I used to say to him: "Some day I want you to be Governor of New York state." When he was about fourteen some friends of ours took him with them to Albany to visit the Governor's Mansion. Al Smith was then Governor. While the men were talking, Jack's little voice suddenly piped up. "Governor Smith," he said, "Would you let me sit in your chair long enough to write a letter to my mother?" "Sure, Jack," the Governor got up and motioned Jack to his chair.

"Sit right down." And this is the letter Jack wrote:

[*Continued on page 72*]

—*Wide World*

What does a comedian's wife think about? Does he try out his gags at home? Does she think he is funny off-screen? Here are Oliver Hardy, hefty half of the team of Laurel and Hardy, and his pretty wife. Note the look of admiration in Mrs. Hardy's eyes. They have just returned from a trip to Central America

Magic Town's Playtime

Below, Joan Crawford and some of her guests at her New Deal party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, given—we suspect—to celebrate her divorce. Reports indicate a very gay affair. Left to right: Clark Gable and his wife, Miss Crawford, Leslie Howard, Heather Angel and Franchot Tone. Note Miss Crawford's tan, as acquired on page 22 this issue —*Wide World*

—*Wide World*

Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler (above), are in New York now. But they vacationed at Waikiki in the Hawaiian Islands before coming to Manhattan for the opening of *Gold Diggers of 1933,* in which Mrs. Jolson is a real hit

Lee Tracy arrived in New York for a holiday. Note all his vast luggage. Lee traveled light and was only scheduled to remain long enough to see the Broadway shows. His latest success is *The Nuisance* and he will do *The Bogus Prince* for M-G-M when he returns to Hollywood. Tracy is one of the genuine personalities of the new screen—and a swell actor

—*Wide World*

—*Wide World*

Above, one of the few pictures of Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, studio art director. The two were in Honolulu for a holiday before Miss Del Rio started her new Radio Pictures contract. Right, Joan Bennett, squired by Jimmy Dunn, has luncheon in Hollywood. Is there trouble in the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey menage?

The Stars Pick *Their* Radio Favorites

By J. Eugene Chrisman

Marie Dressler's radio favorite is Ed Wynn, the fire chief. "I suppose the reason I'm so fond of him on the air is because all my life I've appreciated showmanship and he certainly has it." Wynn—whom Marie calls "dear, mad, capering Ed"—is also the kilocycle favorite of Gary Cooper, Neil Hamilton, Allan Dinehart and El Brendel

OF COURSE you have a favorite radio star, just as you have a favorite movie star and when it's time for them to come on the air, whether it's day time or night time, hot or cold, wet or dry, twirl-l-l-l goes the dial to that station and you sit back to an hour of enjoyment.

But whoever you listen to, the goofy jokes of Ed Wynn or *The Baron*, the dulcet strains of Guy Lombardo's orchestra or the thrilling voice of Bing Crosby, you have the assurance that some of your favorite movie stars are listening to the same program for Hollywood too has its radio favorites, just as does Keokuk or Oskosh or Kalamazoo.

Who is the radio favorite of Hollywood?

Don't be surprised . . . it's Ed Wynn. So-o-o-o! Of some thirty stars, asked to select their radio favorites, five picked Texaco's goofy Fire Chief as the man they always tune in on. Of the twenty-five other radio entertainers or programs, all received but one vote each.

MARIE DRESSLER, Neil Hamilton, Allan Dinehart, Gary Cooper and El Brendel were the ones to select the inventor of the windshield wiper for grape fruit eaters as their choice so you see there can be no reflections cast for with Marie in the lead and El bringing up the rear, you have a representative slice of Hollywood's radio audience.

Bing Crosby, the lad with the curly voice and the haunting melody is Joan Crawford's choice.

"By far my favorite," says Joan, turning on a Crosby record to prove it. "If I can't get him on my radio, I have every record he ever made to take its place. There is something in his voice that soothes me and makes me dream."

And Joan's was the only vote given to Bing, despite his tremendous popularity on the air. Connie Bennett did, however, also select

Carole Lombard, in private life Mrs. William Powell, is strong for Donald Novis on the air. Mr. Powell didn't commit himself. No doubt you have heard Novis' pleasant tenor over the radio. Also you probably remember hearing and seeing Novis in *The Big Broadcast*

Out in Movieland They Take Their Radio Just as Seriously as You and I. Ed Wynn Holds First Place Among the Famous Dial Twirlers of Beverly Hills

a crooner but then it really shouldn't count for she picked Morton Downey and he's her brother-in-law and one might really as well keep those things in the family.

Lest she be accused of selecting low-brow radio entertainment, Marie Dressler valiantly gave her reasons for being an Ed Wynn fan:

"Dear, mad, capering Ed," sighed Marie, "I suppose the reason I'm so fond of him on the air is because all my life I've appreciated showmanship and he certainly has it."

Clark Gable stopped long enough on the set of *Hold Your Man* to name Lawrence Tibbett. "Every time," said Clark, "never miss one of his programs. He's got one swell voice and he sings songs you can understand and appreciate, like *Without A Song.* I defy anybody to listen to Tibbett sing that without getting a lump in his throat."

Harlow, Gable's team-mate in this picture didn't hesitate a minute when she said:

"Put me down as Gus Arnheim, Gus Arnheim, Gus Arnheim! There, I've cast three votes for Gus. He's an open date on the air for me, any time!"

It is natural that Jean Harlow, herself a throbbing, vital personality should select the almost savage rhythm of Gus Arnheim's orchestra. Mad, dancing jazz with an elemental note in it.

Bing Crosby, de luxe crooner, wins first place with at least one Hollywood star. Joan Crawford selects Crosby, the lad with the curly voice, as her idol of the air. "By far my favorite," she says, "If I can't get him on my radio, I have every record he ever made to take its place. There is something in his voice that soothes me"

"I don't want any of it except the March Of Time news hour," Lee Tracy consigned most radio programs to oblivion with a characteristic wave of his hand, "it's dramatic and keeps me alive and that's what I want. I eat up news reels on the screen and I like 'em on the radio."

WALTER WINCHELL, the Bad Boy of Radio, gets a solitary Hollywood vote, that of Alexander Kirkland.

"The pep he puts into it invigorates me," explains Alex.

Even the Baron, the inimitable Baron Munchausen, Jack Pearl, finds but one staunch supporter among Hollywood's stars. Give Richard Dix the Baron and you can have your music, your orchestras and your crooners. To Dix, the Baron with his *vass you dere Sharlie,* is the biggest panic of the air and *Rich* wouldn't miss one of his broadcasts on a bet.

And who do you suppose that curvacious hot shot, Mae West picks out? Hi—de—ho, that's it, Cab Calloway and his band! *Minnie the Moocher* gives Mae a stitch in the side when she starts *kickin' the gong aroun'*

"Primitive, elemental, it takes you

[*Continued on page 73*]

Clark Gable selects Lawrence Tibbett as his favorite air entertainer. "Every time!—I never miss one of his programs. He's got one swell voice and he sings songs you can understand and appreciate." Moreover Gable likes best to hear Tibbett sing such songs as *Without a Song*

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Big Moments

Exciting high blood pressure interludes in coming films. 1—Ginger Rogers finds that Norman Foster is her dream man in *Professional Sweetheart.* 2—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, those robust exponents of the grand passion, in *Hold Your Man.* 3—Watta Man Fredric March and ornate Carole Lombard in *The Eagle and the Hawk.* 4—Phil Harris, Pacific coast crooner, and Helen Mack in *Melody Cruise.* 5—Bruce Cabot and Helen Twelvetrees in a ninety-eight degree clinch of *Disgraced.* 6—Pullman car romance as exemplified by Joan Blondell and Warren William in *Goodbye Again.* 7—Joan Marsh says NO to Raul Roulien in *It's Great to be Alive,* but do you believe it? 8—Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot in *Mary Stevens, M. D.* So this is the way lady doctors behave! 9—Even Dreiser grows torrid when Sylvia Sidney and Donald Cook meet in *Jennie Gerhardt*

Is Chaplin Married?

Is the Comedian Married to Paulette Goddard? They Deny the Rumors But is it Love that Transformed the Young Actress From Blonde Back to Brunette?

By Ken Porter

Charles Chaplin and a camera study of Paulette Goddard during her blonde era. The young actress came to Hollywood after a Reno divorce and dazzled the movie colony with her blonde locks

OF ALL the "well-knowns" discussed in Hollywood, whether it be over a bridge table or under the proverbial café table, no one is more frequently mentioned than Paulette Goddard.

Little wonder then that much of this idle chatter is unconfirmed, for when Paulette Goddard stepped from her custom built sport plane into the heart of Hollywood's most cherished bachelor, perhaps she foiled the plans of many of those who envy her.

It was not until her regular appearances with Charles Chaplin that the limelight was focused upon her.

People began asking questions about her but no answers were to be had. Her name kept bobbing up at all places where those who go to see and be seen, gather. Hollywood buzzed in an effort to penetrate the mystery surrounding the beautiful newcomer who was receiving so much attention.

But to those who had read the news with their tomato juice and ice packs, her radiant smile and brilliant platinum hair recalled the picture and story which had appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper headed, "Reno's Platinum Blonde Seeks Film Career." She had been the toast of the famous Nevada divorce mart for many weeks and now she was here to enchant the film colony.

PAULETTE GODDARD, the would-be actress, was none other than the former Mrs. Edward James of New York, Palm Beach and Paris, who, like other mis-mated wives, had been severing the tie that binds. She arrived in Los Angeles by airplane but her past as Reno's pace-setter had preceded her.

Paulette Goddard was born of a modest family in Great Neck, Long Island, New York, June 3, 1911. Her mother, Mrs. Alta Goddard, was a devoted wife and her father an ambitious civil engineer. The daughter, an only child, was naturally a bit spoiled and given the best that could be afforded in schooling, home teachings and the necessities of life.

At the age of fifteen Paulette wanted to select her own career and immediately sought the glamorous life of an actress. The late Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., with an eye for beauty and a flare for the spectacular, gave the young woman her first opportunity with a small part in *Rio Rita*.

[*Continued on page* 70]

SCREEN BOOK TABLOID

AUGUST, 1933

Mystery of the Stolen Overalls

Katharine Hepburn in her famous—but lost—overalls, topped by an ermine coat. The celebrated overalls are no more

By Grace Mack

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S celebrated overalls—the pair of jeans that set Hollywood tongues wagging—are no more! They may become immortalized as a jigsaw puzzle. But no longer will they encase the celebrated Hepburn legs.

Faded and patched they were, these blue dungarees. No self-respecting stevedore would have been caught dead with them on. But they were royal raiment to Hepburn and they will go down in Hollywood history as the only pair of overalls that ever rode in an Hispano-Suiza.

They met their fate at the hands of a gagster — Hollywood's name for a practical joker.

Hepburn wore the overalls to the studio one morning as usual. Peeled them off in her dressing room; got into her costume for *Morning Glory* and went on the set.

Director Lowell Sherman kept her working late. Hepburn failed to note the sinister light in his eyes when he said goodnight to her. She hurried over to her dressing room and stepped out of her costume. But when she looked about for her overalls—they were gone.

THE loss of a pair of overalls would be a mere bagatelle to most feminine stars. They would only have to reach into the closet and take out a sable coat or a pair of slacks or something. But Hepburn, as you may have heard, is unique. The overalls constituted the sole article of wearing apparel in her dressing room. With them gone, she was in much the same predicament as the man who returned from a swim in the raw to find that somebody had stolen his clothes. In fact, she was worse off for she didn't even have a barrel to go home in!

But she was determined not to give the gagsters the satisfaction of hearing her call for help. She began rummaging about the dressing room. Luck was with her. She found an old raincoat. Without a word to anybody, she wrapped it about her and went home.

The next morning when Hepburn arrived on the set the rest of the cast, who were in on the gag, waited for the fireworks. But Hepburn acted as though nothing had happened.

"All right folks. Let's get going," said Director Sherman.

Hepburn stepped into the scene which was laid in a luxuriously appointed office. In the midst of the scene she looked toward the fireplace. Hanging above it, in a beautiful gold frame, were the Hepburn overalls!

Needless to say, work was suspended while everybody had a good laugh. Hepburn was a good sport about it. She even stood by while Lowell Sherman extracted the overalls from the frame, took a pair of scissors and cut them into jigsawed pieces and presented them to the entire cast "as souvenirs." But he should have been warned by the expression on Hepburn's face as she watched the dissection of her precious jeans, that she was "biding her time."

A FEW days later when Sherman was in the midst of a tricky scene he got Hepburn's answer to his gag.

Each director's chair is wired with a "cue button." When an actor is to make an offstage entrance and there is no conversation to give him the cue, the director presses this button and a light flashes on behind the scene to give the actor his entrance cue.

Sherman had called for silence. The cameras were grinding and the scene was under way. Adolphe Menjou was waiting outside the door for the light to flash his entrance cue. Sherman pressed the button and as he did so he got an electric shock which sent him out of the chair as suddenly as though a stick of dynamite had been set off beneath him.

"What's the matter with this damned chair," he demanded of one of the electricians. "When I pressed that button I got a shock."

The electrician, who was Hepburn's accessory on the gag, pretended to fix it. Sherman sat down again.

"All right, folks. Let's get on with the scene. *Silence everybody.*"

The cameras started grinding. Once again Sherman pressed the button and this time he let out a yell that almost split the microphone. He had received a worse shock than before. Hepburn's triumphant laugh was the tip-off.

"Okay," he gave her a profound bow. "I guess we're even now."

But women are never content just to be even and Katharine Hepburn wasn't through with Sherman. Not by a long shot. You see she liked those old overalls and, womanlike, she determined to make Sherman pay—*in full.*

A FEW nights later he told his chauffeur that he would be in the projection room until late, looking at rushes, and asked him to leave his car in the parking lot and take the evening off.

Hepburn heard the order and a neat little gag began percolating in her mind. She persuaded the other members of the cast to park their cars around Sherman's car so that it would be completely boxed in and then to lock them and take the keys, and go home in taxis. Several

[*Continued on page 73*]

Can Carlyle Blackwell Come Back?

Carlyle Blackwell, famous in the pioneer days of motion pictures, is going to try Hollywood films. "Not a comeback," he says, "for I do not feel that I have ever been away"

CARLYLE BLACKWELL, screen idol of two decades ago, has returned to Hollywood to begin anew his career in American films.

"Not a comeback," he smiled, "for I do not feel that I had ever been away. I think I can say without conceit that the name of Blackwell still means something to the fans, in spite of my long absence, for the autograph hunters nearly mobbed me when I got off the boat in New York. It's great to be back and I shall remain if I can find suitable rôles."

Back in the days when Hollywood Boulevard was still a dirt road, winding through the orange and lemon groves, Carlyle Blackwell was an idol of the silent screen. With Alice Joyce he formed the screen's first romantic team and before the names of Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks or Talmadge were even heard of, that of Blackwell was a byword in the land.

Before coming to Hollywood as a member of the old Kalem Company in 1910, Blackwell had been a star on the New York stage. He was, in fact, one of the first of the Broadway actors to see possibilities in the new medium, at a time when most of the legitimate people scorned the films. Among some of his better known films of that time were such masterpieces as *Such A Little Queen* with Mary Pickford; *Spitfire* with Violet Mercer; *The Case of Becky* with Blanche Sweet; *The Count of Monte Carlo* with Dorothy Davenport, and these, as the old timers will tell you, were the *Grand Hotels* and the *Dinner At Eights* of that period.

Blackwell's first wife was the sister of Allan Hale, well known screen player. They were divorced in 1921 and Blackwell immediately shook the dust of Hollywood from his feet and went to England where he entered British films. His son by that marriage, Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., is now making a name for himself in films and is now playing an important part in C. B. de Mille's current production, *This Day and Age*.

Carlyle Blackwell is today a far more handsome and distinguished man than in the days of his former fame. Time has silvered his thick black hair and the marks of maturity are on his features but his figure is erect, athletic and slender, his face firm and unlined and his eyes sparkle with health and vitality.

"There is every reason to believe that I have more to offer now than I had then," he observes and rightly, "for a man cannot gather the years of experience and tempering that I have, without benefiting by them. My years on the Continent and in England have given me a poise and a polish I lacked in the old days and certainly I am a far better actor than I was then. My work in British talking pictures proves my voice well adapted to the microphone and I am looking forward to my first Hollywood rôle, believing that I can once more make the name of Blackwell a favorite."

IN 1926 Blackwell married Leah Barnato Hexton, heiress to the millions of the Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa. The wedding received world wide publicity at the time, for Mrs. Blackwell was one of the wealthiest heiresses in all the British Empire. But their married life was an unhappy one and, in the early part of 1933, Blackwell appeared at Reno where he announced his intention of divorcing his wife. It was but a few days after the divorce was granted that Mrs. Blackwell passed away in England and Blackwell once more went abroad. It was on the boat going over that he met the present Mrs. Blackwell, who as Avonne Taylor, has appeared on the New York stage and was vacationing abroad.

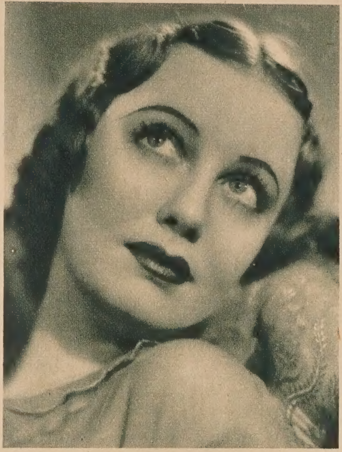
"I had intended to stay but perhaps a month in Hollywood," admits Blackwell, "and I must confess that I didn't relish the idea of even coming back for a visit. I had just completed a villa in the South of France where we expected to live and the furniture was in. My wife looked forward to Hollywood but I didn't. But once here, the spell gripped me. I was astonished at the number of people who stopped to shake hands with me. I met former carpenters who are now writers, former prop boys who are now directors. Many of them I had forgotten but they remembered me and it was all very gratifying. Both Paramount and MGM are considering me for parts."

The Girl Without A Name

A MYSTERY girl is playing the feminine lead in Cecil B. De Mille's latest picture, *This Day and Age*. She is under contract to Paramount and they believe she has possibilities of becoming a star and yet not even the highest officials know her real name!

"They have given me the name of Judith Allen, for temporary use," she admits, "I am under promise to my family not to reveal my real name or my identity. They are a staid, conservative old New England family to whom the stage is a place of evil to be avoided and when I left home to try and make a place for myself on Broadway they were horrified and made me promise to keep my identity a secret."

Miss Allen admits that she was born in New York city and that her early life was spent in New England. Stage struck since childhood, her earliest memories are of the horror of her family that she should have chosen such a career. Her first performances were given to audiences composed of the neighborhood children at the admission price of one pin a ticket. Later she appeared in school and college plays. Overcoming her families objections, she played in stock in New England, starting as an ingenue and later rising to the heights of leads in such plays as *The Trial of Mary Dugan, Interference* and others.



A conservative New England family is shocked. Daughter has turned actress incognito and seeks fame as Cecil B. DeMille's leading lady

Several months ago, she finished school and decided to take her very evident talents to Broadway. Before she had a chance to appear in a single play, a Paramount scout saw her and gave her a test which resulted in her being signed for the leading rôle in De Mille's picture.

"THE most thrilling experience I have had since coming to Hollywood," she says, "was when I visited the city morgue. Mr. De Mille wanted me to do a death scene in which a man was killed. I had never seen a dead person and I did not react as he wanted me to."

Who is this mystery girl who so successfully hides her identity? Is she the daughter of some prominent New England family who are ashamed of her career? Perhaps you will recognize her from her photograph.

Millionaires Become Producers

HOWARD HUGHES shortly will have opposition in the small class of movie millionaire producers.

John Hays Whitney, Jr., and his cousin, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, have organized the Pioneer Pictures Company to produce pictures in full colors. John Whitney, Jr., has purchased heavily into Technicolor, the organization making color films, and this process will be utilized in the products of the newly created Pioneer Pictures.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney enters production of motion pictures

Hollywood has had many rumors about the entrance of the Whitneys into pictures. It is interesting to note that the two young sportsmen are invading the world of picture-making in a very sane and careful fashion. Their first picture, it is said, will be H. W. Hudson's *Green Mansions*, to be produced in conjunction with Merian Cooper at Radio Pictures and to be released by Radio Pictures.

The Technicolor arrangement was negotiated by Dr. Herbert Kalmus, president of Technicolor, and may have a very decided effect upon the making of pictures. The old time silent pictures were relegated into oblivion by the appearance of a single sound film and it is not too much to suppose that a highly effective drama in full colors might cause another revolution.

Green Mansions, a story of the tropical forest and of wild life, ought to make an ideal vehicle for color photography. Dolores Del Rio has been mentioned for the leading rôle and it is possible that Joel McCrea will play opposite Miss Del Rio, reviving the combination of *The Bird of Paradise*.

John Whitney, Jr., is reported to have taken an option on a fourth of the capacity of the Technicolor plant.

John Hay Whitney, Jr., selects *Green Mansions* as first film

All Over The Hollywood Lot

By Marcella Burke

Janet Gaynor and her mother, Mrs. Laura Gaynor, are inseparable since Janet has become single. They are enjoying the California sun. Right, Dorothy Jordan proves she is no hot house flower

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN gave a buffet dinner party in honor of Marlene Dietrich in the Indian Room at the Ambassador.

Rouben was assisted in receiving the hundred or more guests by his mother and father.

La Dietrich, the honor guest, was unusually gay in a severe black crêpe dinner gown with a black jacket. The ensemble gave the illusion of being a tuxedo, for there was even a tiny white pique tie at her throat.

Leslie Howard was so thrilled over meeting her for the first time that he took her over to his table to introduce Marlene to Mrs. Howard.

Mona Maris was smart in a simple black and gold plaid dinner gown, with black and gold sandals.

Dorothea Wieck, the German actress who became famous in America for her performance in *Maedchen in Uniform,* sat at Marlene's table. Her gown was one of the outstanding ones at the party. Sapphire blue chiffon, which clung closely to her figure, but the sleeves billowed and swirled around her shoulders. The top part of the gown was of sapphire blue—very stiff—maline. Miss Wieck wore her dark hair brushed to one side, with short curls cascading over the right side of her head. Her sandals were also sapphire blue.

Rouben Mamoulian's Party

MRS. SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN, wife of the famous poet, was—as Tallulah Bankhead would say, "Too, too divine" in black Hattie Carnegie gown of black crêpe—slender skirt—frou frou of starched batiste and real lace peeled out above her black sandals.

Gary Cooper followed Sandra Shaw around. She wore a coral colored crêpe dinner dress with a short close fitting cape of the same material. This was trimmed with white fox.

Claudette Colbert looked about sixteen years old, in a crisp white lace dress cut demurely high in the front, with practically no back at all.

Miriam Hopkins came in very late all in crinkly cloth of gold ensemble.

Stars Find A New Place

THE new Colony Club is the most popular place in Hollywood these days.

Those old debbel Wertheimer brothers, who started The Dunes, just outside of Palm Springs, are responsible for this hot cha cha place.

They moved their now famous chef, their dinner orchestra, and all the rest of the Dunes flawless outfit, up to The Colony, the day after the winter season closed in the desert.

The formal opening knocked everybody for a loop. No one went home until the next day.

Now no one goes home at all, unless to change clothes. There's a move on to get lockers installed, so even that won't be necessary.

Director Mamoulian gives Farewell Party to Marlene Dietrich—Colony Club is Hollywood's new Play Ground—Joan Crawford leads Sun Tan Crusaders—Frank Morgans Entertain Polo Players—Jean Harlow gives House Warming in Pool—Garbo's fascination reaches Stars— Johnny Weissmuller shuns Tallulah Bankhead

LINEN dresses are growing *most* intriguing this season.

Greta Nissen wore a white one, with a brown dotted swiss blouse and huge puffed sleeves. It was cut very low in the back and there was a short white linen jacket to wear over this in the garden.

Claire Windsor, still as beautiful as ever, had on a stunning heavy white linen ensemble. It had a navy blue blouse with a red and white girdle. Two wopsie carnations—one red and one dark blue—were quite nonchalant about being effective. The white linen jacket was lined with the dark blue. Claire wore a white hat over one eye—made out of just about four inches of linen.

Nancy Carroll was very smart in beige and brown. A three-quarter length dark brown coat over a severely simple beige dress. All of her accessories were chocolate suede—from her short vamped pumps to her gloves and bag.

Lilyan Tashman had on a polka dotted linen dress, which was cut with extraordinary intricacy—a tiny fly-away cape of this same material proved that ladies aren't afraid of catching cold on these summer nights.

Jimmy Cagney, reputed hard guy of movies, is taking vocal lessons. Be not alarmed! It is in preparation for his next picture, *Footlight Parade*, in which treat-'em-rough Cagney will vocalize, of all things

JEAN HARLOW pops into The Colony sanctum on her way home from the studio. Jean has been wearing a great deal of grey this season—simple, tailored ensembles of soft greys.

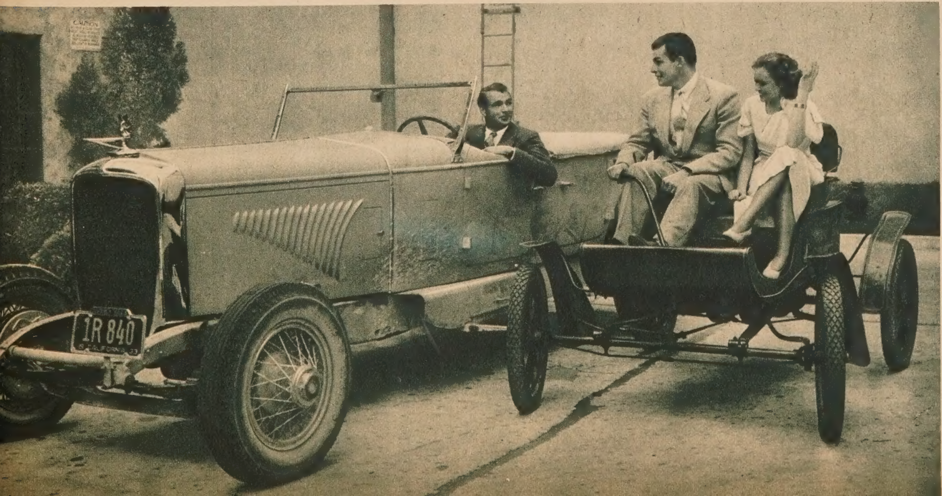
Everybody is having fun trying to get more sunburned than the other person.

Joan Crawford looks now like an exciting Tahitian native girl.

Connie and Joan Bennett are more often than not in gay, colorful printed chiffon dinner dresses. They both have one model which is utterly charming—almost an American Beauty shade of organza—demure from the front view, but most sophisticated from the back, with extreme decollete.

IF YOU play around The Colony long enough, here are some of the people you meet—Walter Connolly

[*Continued on page* 56]



Gary Cooper is being challenged by Buster Crabbe and Lona Andre. Really, Gary, don't take advantage of them. You plan to set a speed record with your spiffy Duesenberg

The New Pictures

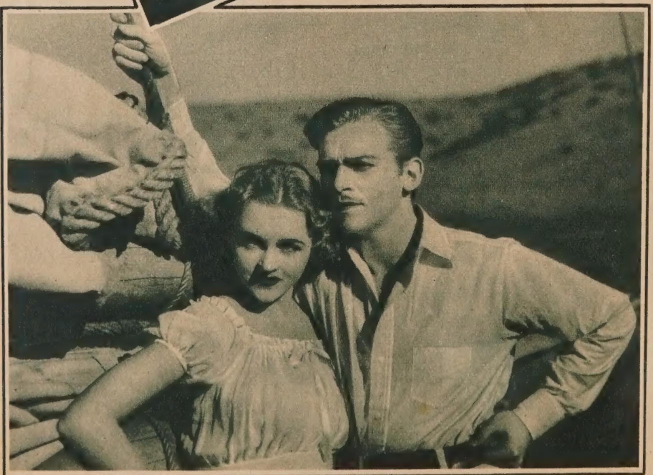
Fredric March (above) as an emotion-torn war aviator of *The Eagle and the Hawk* and Carole Lombard. Left, Sylvia Sidney and Donald Cook in *Jennie Gerhardt*, visualized from the Theodore Dreiser novel

PEG O' MY HEART

MARION DAVIES as the colleen from Ballymore, played successfully on the stage for so many years by Laurette Taylor. The romantic story of an honest, rich brogued Irish girl—an heiress—taken from her loving fisherman father and trained in the ways of society by a snobbish, penniless English family might seem a little old fashioned. But somehow it doesn't, thanks to Miss Davies' playing and Frances Marion's adroit modernizing. Several very pleasant songs have been introduced and Miss Davies sings one of them very well. You will like Onslow Stevens as a new sort of hero. Altogether, *Peg O' My Heart* has a genuine charm and appeal. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE NUISANCE

A WEAK title for a swell picture. A tangy, gusty, amusing comedy melodrama of an ambulance chaser—one of those wily, unscrupulous lawyers who hurry to accidents, sign up the victims and near-victims, and start suits against the "soulless corporations" whose carelessness, real or feigned, caused the trouble. This ambulance chaser, played so splendidly by Lee Tracy, manufactures injuries and evidence—and gets away with it. Until one of the corporations hires a pretty girl to trap him. Tracy, who is one of the few real Hollywood actors, gives a corking performance of the 1933 produce of our judicial system. Madge Evans is lovely



Doug Fairbanks, Jr., handsome fugitive from the police in the Dutch East Indies, in *The Narrow Corner* meets Patricia Ellis. Romance—tropical moon—you guess the rest!

The Movie Previews as Viewed

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AND HIS STUDIO SPIES

Bed of Roses* is Constance Bennett's newest picture with a New Orleans background, while Joel McCrea, opposite, plays a captain of a cotton boat. Dick Barthelmess (right) is an embittered war wreck who can't find his place in life in *Heroes for Sale

NO HELP WANTED

and sympathetic as the spy who comes to love her prospective victim. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

JENNIE GERHARDT

A PONDEROUS and slow moving picturization of a ponderous and slow-moving novel. Theodore Dreiser's novels present tough complications for the screen, with their mass of involved characterization and detailed story development. Yet Sylvia Sidney has a rôle that offers wide scope for her dramatic talents. The story: a young woman, betrayed by a prominent senator, is unable to take advantage of real love with a younger man when it comes along. The star's rôle follows the current pattern in pursuing the principal character from youth to age. The two men are well played by Edward Arnold and Donald Cook. Turgid and heavy going. *Paramount.*

BED OF ROSES

WHAT, another Mae West! Pert Kelton looms out of the maze of this Constance Bennett picture to exhilarate with the type of humor made famous by Miss West. Miss Kelton is a marquee name in vaudeville but she has been unknown in pictures up to now. Watch her strut her stuff in *Bed of Roses.* Connie and Pert are two girls just released from jail. The story takes them down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where Connie persuades a publisher, played by John Halliday, that she needs a little nest all her own. But Connie can not forget the handsome captain of a cotton barge, [*Continued on page 60*]

Lee Tracy gives a swell performance of a shyster lawyer—an ambulance chaser—in *The Nuisance.* Tracy is one of Hollywood's best actors. John Miljan appears in the scene shown at right

On With the Dance

In *I Loved You Wednesday* Elissa Landi plays a young woman in Paris studying for the ballet. The lovely Vicki (otherwise Miss Landi) finally stars in a Parisian ballet, *The Dance of the Maidens.* The ballet forms an ornate part of this story of a ballet novice in the French capital—and of her love affairs. Below, Miriam Jordan as one of the principals

The young woman with the beads and the supple spine is June Vlasek. The big tin hat and muscle man is George Bruggeman. The plot of the ballet, as described by the press agent: A depiction of the emotions of love

The Dance of the Maidens ballet of the film, *I Loved You Wednesday*, employed all the pretty ballet dancers in Hollywood. Aside from the ballet introduced into this picturization of the successful Broadway stage play, there is music. Richard Whiting, who did the score of *Adorable*, introduces what may be a hit, *It's All for the Best*. Aside from Elissa Landi, the cast includes Warner Baxter, who plays an engineer, and Victor Jory, who appears as a bad boy of Paris. Both, of course, are in love with the heroine

June Vlasek, the dancer, leads the ballet in *I Loved You Wednesday*. You have seen her in previous dancing interlude on the screen. The very blonde Miss Vlasek is a Minneapolis girl who made good in Hollywood. She has lived in California since she was twelve, has been on the stage since she was five. She made her film début at the Fox Studios. When she isn't dancing, she likes airplaning

—*Elmer Fryer*

Dick Powell must be a son of the gods. He is one of the most versatile young men in Hollywood. He is an excellent crooner, plays the piano well, is a splendid juvenile actor, and to top it all is good looking. So much for what the gods have done for young Dick. He, himself, has worked hard so that when opportunity knocked on the door, he was ready to take it. *42nd Street* brought him to your attention but his performance in *Gold Diggers of 1933* will make him stick in your mind

Charm

"Linen Takes Possession of the Smart Summer Wardrobe," is Decree of the Fashion Experts

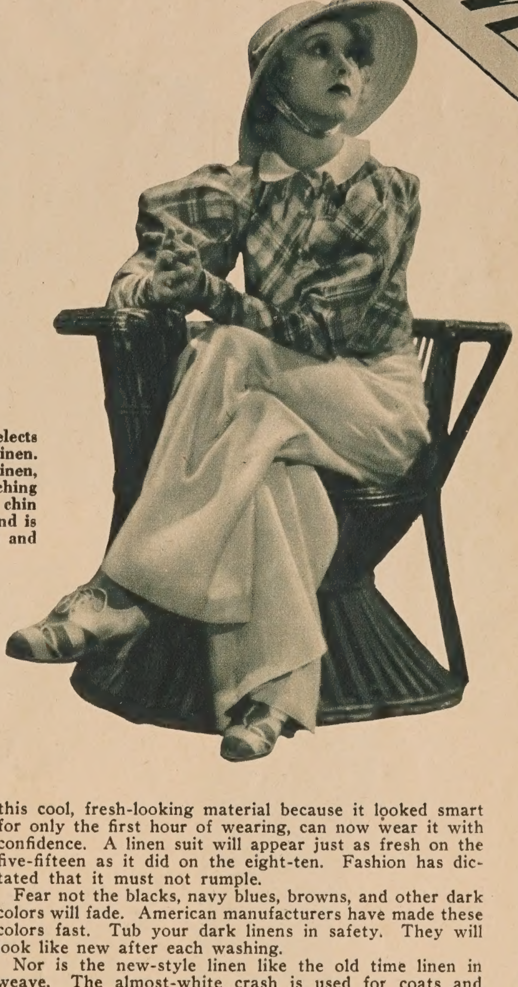
Edited by MIRIAM GIBSON

THIS Summer season, even stylists have joined in helping the reduced income class. For years they have been catering to the moneyed people by decreeing that the well dressed woman must use materials of heavy, expensive texture. Brocades, taffetas, satin-back crêpes, have been the order—fabrics to be afforded only by those few women who had much of this world's goods.

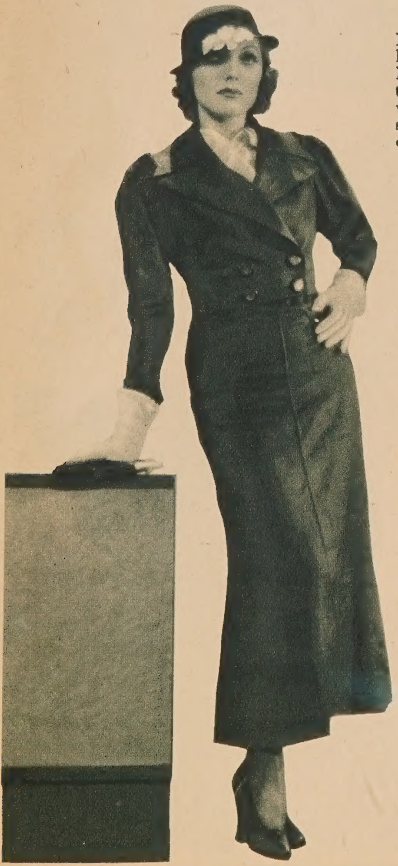
However, this Summer a clever woman has nothing to worry about. With a limited budget and intelligent planning, all may belong to that envied class—the well-dressed woman. Linen, formerly looked upon as good for nothing but house dresses, has come into its own. It is not the plain, unvaried, white linen of former years. The Summer of 1933 brings linen of every hue.

Black and navy blue are the most popular. Good, practical colors. And the most appealing feature is that the new type linen does not muss.

Hear ye! one and all! Those of you who have shied from this cool, fresh-looking material because it looked smart for only the first hour of wearing, can now wear it with confidence. A linen suit will appear just as fresh on the five-fifteen as it did on the eight-ten. Fashion has dictated that it must not rumple.



Helen Twelvetrees selects beach pajamas of linen. Her blouse is plaid linen, the leghorn hat matching with its band and chin strap. The linen trend is carried out in slacks and slippers



Black linen! Adrienne Ames wears a suit of the latest rage. Her fluffy blouse is of mousseline de soie. The hat belongs, in black linen with gardenias of mousseline. Miss Ames chooses white gloves and black bag to complete her costume

Fear not the blacks, navy blues, browns, and other dark colors will fade. American manufacturers have made these colors fast. Tub your dark linens in safety. They will look like new after each washing.

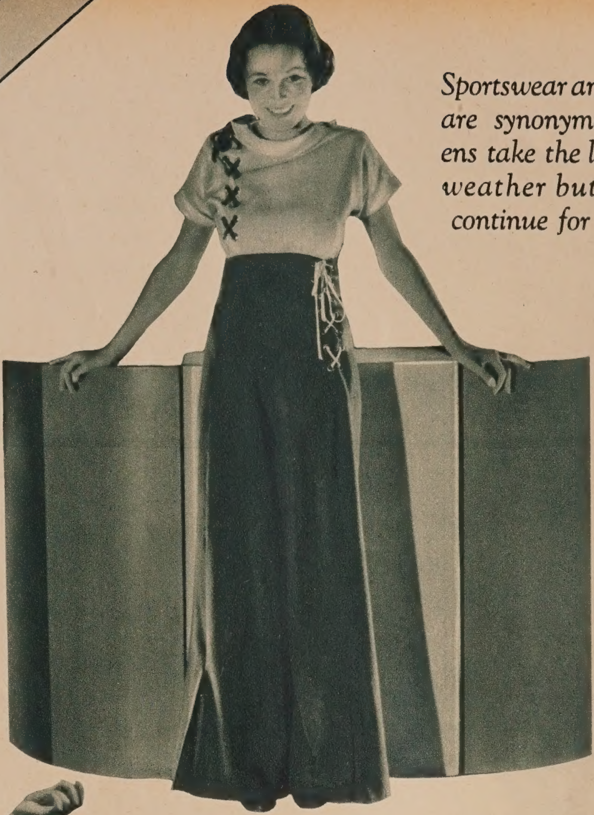
Nor is the new-style linen like the old time linen in weave. The almost-white crash is used for coats and jackets. Herringbones that remind us of the kitchen roller-towel makes up slacks, in fact all sports clothes. Handkerchief linens, dyed in plaids and flowered designs, the very zenith of chic for fancier costumes—afternoon and evening gowns. There is the closely woven fabric, coolly light in weight, for serviceable street wear. This is the weave mostly used in the darker shades.

Now I ask you! Have you ever before known such a thoroughly practical decree of stylists? Indeed, Dame Fashion has given us a true joy. In comfort, linens are unbeatable. In chic, linens are smart for any hour of the day or night. And for the well-known depression-pocketbook, linen meets every demand at a low price.

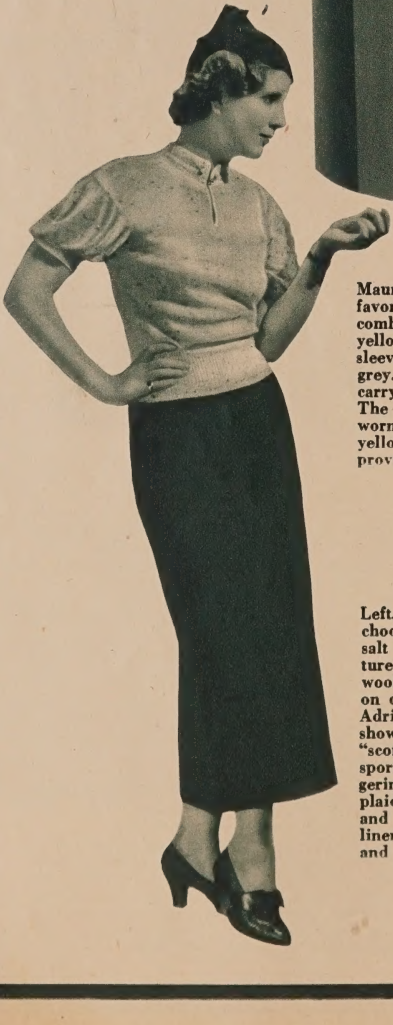
Q. E. D. If you would be smart, wear linen.

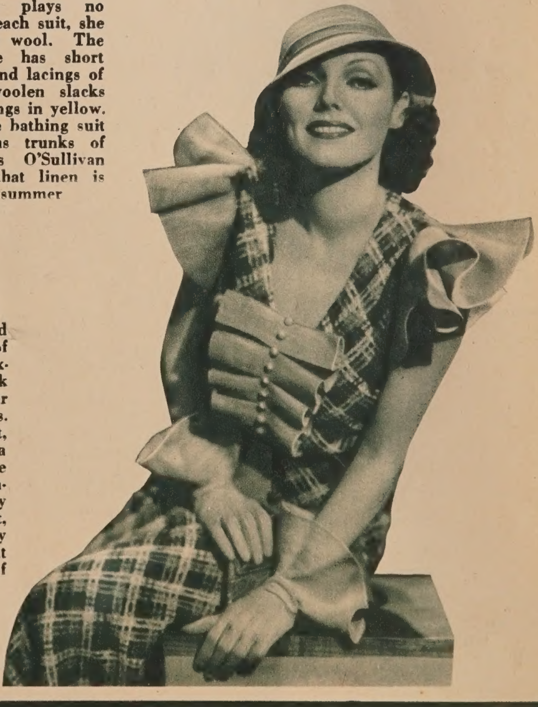
Charm

Sportswear and Summer are synonymous. Linens take the lead for hot weather but sweaters continue for cool days



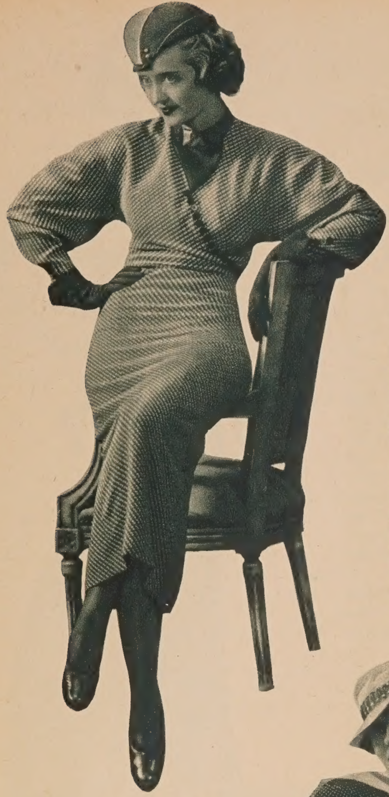
Maureen O'Sullivan plays no favorites. For her beach suit, she combines linen with wool. The yellow linen blouse has short sleeves, round neck and lacings of grey. The smart woolen slacks carry contrasting lacings in yellow. The secret is that the bathing suit worn underneath has trunks of yellow linen. Miss O'Sullivan proves once again that linen is "the thing" this summer



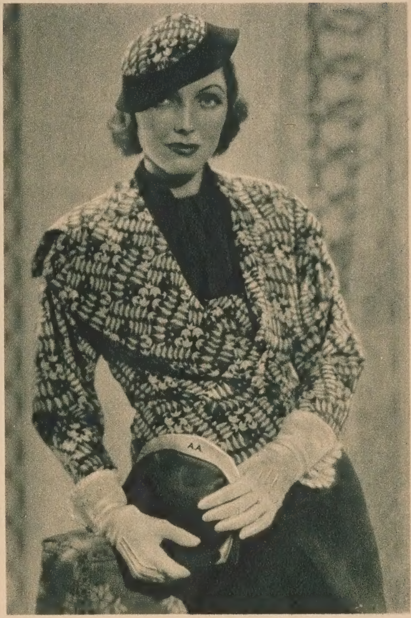


Left, Diana Wynyard chooses a sweater of salt and pepper mixture with a black woolen skirt to wear on cool summer days. Adrienne Ames, right, shows her choice for a "scorcher." The lace sports dress of tangerine, brown and grey plaid, has jabot, belt, and sleeves of grey linen crash. The hat and gloves are also of grey linen

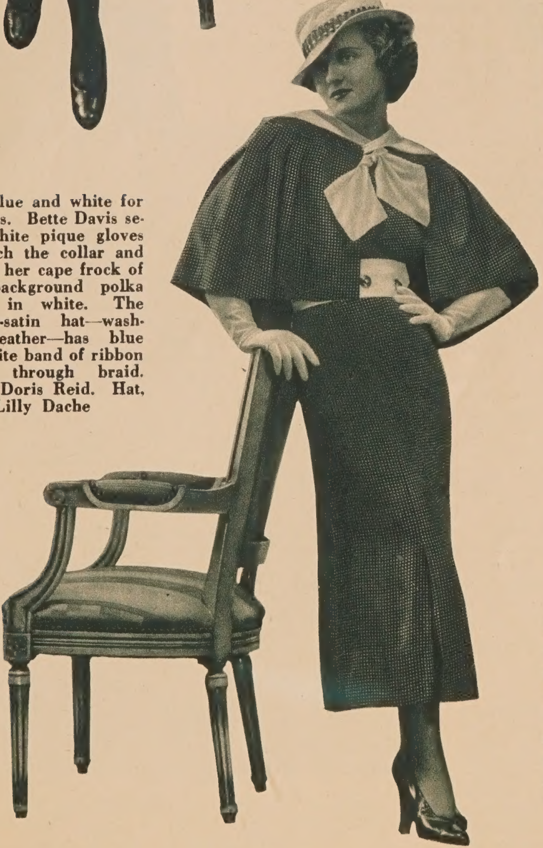
Bette Davis and Adrienne Ames show why men's tie silk deserves important place it commands this season



Left, Bette Davis wears a brown and beige silk ensemble. A side-fastening jacket is worn over a one-piece dress which has a solid brown top. Her chanticleer hat is straw. Brown gloves complete the costume. The ever important trimming of buttons is not overlooked, for Miss Davis uses brown buttons on dress and hat. Dress, Doris Reid. Hat, Northridge



Adrienne Ames' printed jacket of black, white and red print is worn over a one-piece frock with black silk skirt. The jabot and hat carry out the combination. Miss Ames wears white pique gloves, the cuffs edged with a narrow ruffle. An important note is the initials on nickel frame of her black bag



Navy blue and white for hot days. Bette Davis selects white pique gloves to match the collar and belt on her cape frock of blue background polka dotted in white. The peau-de-satin hat—washable leather—has blue and white band of ribbon woven through braid. Frock, Doris Reid. Hat, Lilly Dache

In a rush for linen, silk must not be overlooked. This season's silk is soft and fine, similar to what was called foulard a few years ago. Now, however, it bears the name of men's tie silk. It is of this new fabric that the smartest prints are made. Something to remember is that prints are always combined with solid colors this summer, either as a trimming or, as in Miss Ames' costume, the printed jacket is worn with a solid color dress.

Charm

At last! Katharine Hepburn has Consented to have one of her Summer Frocks Copied for SCREEN BOOK'S Pattern Service

THERE is nothing more comfortable for Summer days than a one-piece silk dress. Nor more practical. If chosen with thought, it may be worn at any hour of the day or night.

The one-piece frock selected by Katharine Hepburn is one of these all-around-the-clock dresses without which no Summer wardrobe is complete.

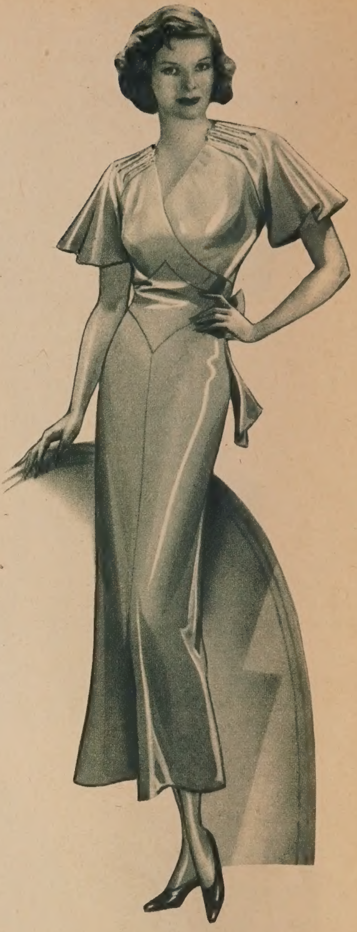
The style chosen by Miss Hepburn is particularly a nice one for it meets every demand of Fashion, at the same time losing none of its simplicity. The standup shoulder tucks are one of the very newest notes featured by knowing designers. The unusual waistline treatment with a sash which forms a flattering bow, gives one that *trim* appearance for which every truly feminine person strives. Coolness, comfort, and chic is attained at one and the same time by the surplice bodice. Capes, so evident this season, are sometimes bothersome for practical purposes, so Miss Hepburn, whose ideas on clothing emphasize comfort, chooses sleeves which give the cape effect without any of the cape annoyances.

SCREEN BOOK brings you this wardrobe life-saver in patterns whose sizes range from 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. With good quality silks now so inexpensively priced, you may be the proud possessor of a dress like Katharine Hepburn's. And it is so easy to make.

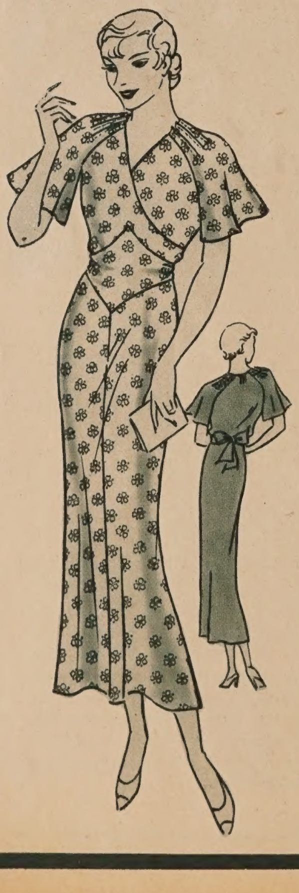
When you order one of these patterns you may be sure your dress will fit. This is no conceit on our part. Here is an excerpt from one woman's letter: "Received your dress pattern and will say I never had a pattern that fit as perfectly as yours."

SEND for pattern B-207 right away and realize how little effort must be expended. The step by step, clearly illustrated sewing lesson which accompanies every SCREEN BOOK pattern makes perfect results infallible.

If you have not already done so, be sure to send for the Summer edition of our Pattern Book. It has all the newest fashion ideas for the sub-deb, matron, little girl or débutante. To be smartly dressed is to be dressed appropriately for the occasion. This Pattern Book will be your aid in attaining that result. It will help you keep within your clothes budget, too The combination price for pattern B-207 and the book is only twenty-five cents. You save five cents by ordering them together.



Katharine Hepburn is an exponent of comfortable clothes. The simpler the better is her rule. This Summer frock, so up to the minute in detail of shoulder tucks is smart and cool



Although Katharine Hepburn chose this frock in a solid shade, the model is also attractive in one of the new prints. The unusual waistline treatment and surplice make this frock a flattering one for all

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
52 Vanderbilt Avenue,
New York City.

For the enclosed .... send me
Katharine Hepburn's dress, No. B207.
Size .... Summer Edition Pattern Book
(check it wanted) ....

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ......

Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c
Combination Price 25c

Clear Complexion? Health and Proper Treatment are Most Important in Attaining it

By
Janet Lynn

Have you a personal problem to be held in strictest confidence? Janet Lynn will gladly give you free counsel if you will address her at *SCREEN BOOK*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (U. S. postage only.)

Do you wonder how Elizabeth Allan preserves that marvelous, clear complexion? She believes in "an apple a day—"

PRETTY Elizabeth Allan with her typically English complexion should be an inspiration to American girls. She attributes her smooth skin to the fact that she is an orange juice fiend.

Miss Allan claims that simple, correct living habits, the right kind of food and frequent cleansings with reliable toiletries are really all that is needed to have a nice smooth skin without a trace of blackheads or pimples. And she is quite right in placing diet and good living habits ahead of toiletries in this case. I wish I could convince all of you to follow Miss Allan's advice. So often, I find that girls with acne—severe cases of blackheads and pimples—are also overweight. That tells me immediately that the cause of *both* skin disease and excess fat is faulty diet and lack of proper exercise. Greasy meats and fried foods, starchy, floury concoctions, pastry and candy are indulged in too freely.

"Fruit juice for health" is a by-word of pretty Elizabeth Allan. She knows, too, that beauty is not skin-deep. It comes from health

If you want to acquire a nice clear skin (or if you want to keep the one you have) the thing for you to do is to shun your favorite "Sweet Shoppe," never once yielding to the temptation to have a "double-choc'lit" or an almond bar. At the table you should pass up jam, pastries, thick gravies and sauces. Checking alcohol, coffee, tea, highly-spiced foods off your diet list will also speed you on your search for a lovely complexion.

Train yourself to eat lots of *fruits* and *vegetables*, both raw and cooked. Drink lots of lemonade as well as orange juice (and here, let me make it plain that I mean *real* orange juice, not any of these synthetic colored drinks). Imbibe eight to ten glasses of water a day even if you have to wear a string on your finger to remember. And don't forget a pint of milk—or more, if you like it. Proper elimination is of paramount importance, but it will probably result as a matter of course, if you follow the diet suggested. The addition of a good bran cereal or mineral oil is often helpful.

The reason I am stressing diet is: Very few of the ugly skin blemishes one sees are caused by external infections. They come from *within* and so of course, they should be treated from *within*. Most acne-infected skin is of the extremely oily type.

[*Continued on page* 64]

Charm

Let's Go *on a* Picnic

Make Use of SCREEN BOOK'S *Newest Service Department*

ON HOT Sundays and holidays, on warm evenings, there is nothing more restful, more cooling, than a cold luncheon or supper under "the old linden trees." Summertime is picnicking time.

The first consideration, as with every meal, is equipment. Nowadays, there are such convenient luncheon boxes, so economically priced within the reach of all, that no one should be without the proper equipment. However, an ordinary tin box and a thermos bottle with paper cups, will substitute very nicely. Another modern boon, are the new envelopes made of waxed paper for individual sandwiches. No more tedious wrapping.

The next consideration is, "Let's have something different." A mighty important thought, too. Of course, no picnic is complete without boiled eggs, but here is a way to give them that *unusual* taste:

Boil eggs until hard. Cut in halves, lengthwise. Remove yolk and mix with cream adding a little mayonnaise. Season with pepper and salt to taste. A dash of anchovy or sardine may be added for a delicate flavor. Fill the whites with mixture, and hold halves together with toothpicks.

Potato salad is another fundamental necessity: Dice four cooked potatoes and two hardcooked eggs. Combine with two tablespoons chopped onions, seasoning with salt and pepper. To this add shredded lettuce and one or two cucumbers, or several radishes. Mix with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

Doesn't she look happy? Dorothy Wilson takes time out from work for a picnic. She's waiting for Eric Linden to join her

Boiled Dressing

To the beaten yolks of two eggs add a cupful of vinegar and cook over hot water until thick. Put in a bowl one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, one

[*Continued on page* 63]

Dorothy Wilson doesn't need that come-hither look. She knows that the way to a man's heart is to serve him an appetizing meal in the romantic surroundings of trees and a babbling brook. And there is nothing more appealing than a picnic in the cool of the evening during summer months. The idea seems to be successful with Eric Linden with whom she is romancing nowadays. For that "elusive male" why not follow her methods. He's sure to fall for it

Why Garbo Came Back

[*Continued from page 26*]

Garbo was in evening attire and she looked lovely. Her face shown pale pink, her hair fell in heavy waves, almost reaching her shoulders, and her great violet eyes, shaded with those amazing lashes of hers, sparkled with sheer joy. She was in excellent humor, undeniably happy.

Garbo sipped champagne as she talked to me.

"Everybody is so kind and understanding and has let me live in peace. When I come to a theatre, I am at one with the public. Here and there a little annoyance possibly—but not often. I came into a restaurant for lunch one day and on leaving found that someone had taken all the buttons from my coat. A childish prank probably played by some young girl, whose head had been turned by the movies. So many of them dream of becoming picture-stars and indeed thousands are called, but unfortunately only a few are selected."

"I would adore to be a movie star," said an exceptionally pretty young girl who interrupted us. "It must be exciting and a lot of fun, too!"

A look of sadness came into Greta Garbo's eyes. She turned away for a moment. When she looked at us again, her eyes burned like smouldering fires—inscrutable, mysterious. And she smiled her famous, indefinable smile.

"If all those little girls who dream about fame and fortune in the movies only knew what a long and hard road they have to tread to reach there, they would think twice before they ever started to build their little castles in the air," she said. "I have watched many a young girl coming to Hollywood in the wild hope of becoming a star. These little girls have failed and have almost gone to the dogs, not being able to stand the heartbreaks of failure. One must have tremendous ambition, unbelievable potentialities and undaunted belief in one's self—then maybe one will conquer. But even then—maybe.

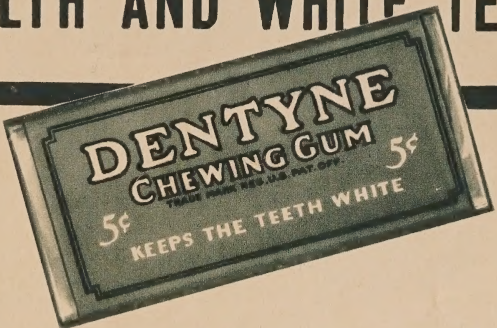
"Many people have said that I am stuck-up and unapproachable, because I haven't 'gone Hollywood,' because I do not mingle much with the movie colony. That is not true at all. The reason why I keep to myself is that I must recuperate from hard work and gather new strength to be able to keep going. It is absolutely true that I find much more pleasure in reading an exciting book than in going to parties. All my real friends know that. And when one has a good radio with which one can travel all over the world in one's imagination, then one can be satisfied with life. It has always been my great desire to live in peace by myself. You know, even a film star may have problems, perhaps not material ones, but—haven't we, too, a soul?"

SHE was silent for a moment. Her question did not need an answer. Besides—I was afraid to interrupt her, when she for once was in the mood of talking. But, as our glasses again were filled, we drank to her health and happiness. Once again she laughed heartily and her eyes sparkled.

"Do you know, I have never enjoyed anything so much as these

[*Continued on page 62*]

WHAT ARE THE FACTS ABOUT CHEWING DENTYNE FOR MOUTH HEALTH AND WHITE TEETH



READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

Why do teeth decay in spite of constant care?

The American people spend millions of dollars to keep their teeth sound. But it is of little use when the natural protective mechanism of the mouth does not work.

Why did primitive man have no tooth troubles?

Primitive man chewed hard roots, wild grains, tough meats, and that chewing kept his mouth healthy, his teeth white.

How does chewing improve the health of mouth and throat?

Read the report on this page. It shows you what doctors think of chewing as a most important daily exercise. It tells you how it increases the flow of fluids which protect the mouth, throat and teeth, how it develops the mouth structure and keeps the mouth healthy and the teeth clean

Why isn't ordinary chewing enough?

The foods we eat today do not require any real chewing. We must chew some tough substance every day — make it a regular habit.

Why is Dentyne exactly right to do this?

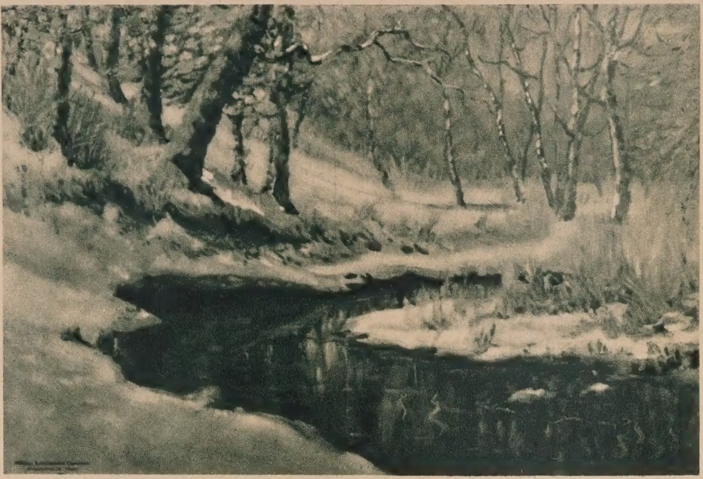
Dentyne was made for this purpose. It is not an ordinary chewing gum but is of a special consistency — exactly right for mouth exercise. And it contains ingredients which keep the teeth white. Also, Dentyne is delicious. You will enjoy this daily health habit and rejoice to see your teeth grow whiter.

CHEW DELICIOUS DENTYNE . . KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Mrs. B. has spent hundreds on her teeth and has six fillings and a bridge. Like many women, she does not know the importance of chewing.

This Eskimo girl (untouched by civilization) has never spent a cent on her teeth but each one is perfect. Unlike civilized folks, she chews tough foods.

Good News *for* Screen Book Jig Saw Contest Fans!



What name would you give this picture?

THERE is real cause for celebration among many of the thousands who entered SCREEN BOOK's popular $500 Jig Saw puzzle contest to determine the most suitable and original name for the beautiful forest scene painting by the well-known artist, Carl W. Rawson.

Judges in the contest who have been busy comparing the entries since the contest closed on May 25 have completed their task. And what a task it was! Nearly every Jig Saw fan in America—and a few outside—offered suggestions. It is only after long consideration of both titles and explanations of the titles that the contest judges announce the following results:

MARDI GRAS WINS

First prize of $250 cash goes to Miss Grayce Sorenson of 618 No. Curtis Avenue, Alhambra, Calif., for her title: *Spring's Mardi Gras.* Second in line for the prize of $100 is Mrs. William Cann of Hurley, New Mexico. Her suggestion is *Cathedral Woods.* Pauline Holliwell, Pocatello, Idaho, wins the $25.00 third prize with *Nature's Paisley Shawl.* The fourth award of $15.00 is given to Lena A. Dean of Athens, Texas, for *Autumn's Blush at Winter's First Kiss.* The $10.00 fifth prize is won by Mary L. Spann of 1133 No. St. Francis Avenue, Wichita, Kansas, for her entry, *Throne Room of King Winter.*

Twenty other contestants share a total of $100 in cash, each winning a $5.00 award. Their names, addresses and titles are as follows:

Robert McCuiston, 224 S. Cherry St., Winston-Salem, N. C.—*Apollo's Goodnight.*

Mrs. L. K. Rohman, 1130 S. Franklin St., Denver, Colorado.—*Frozen Music.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Reinisch Zarling, 1303 52nd St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.—*The Camouflage Forest Fire.*

C. A. Kraatz, Jr., 1635 Lewis Drive, Lakewood, Ohio.—*King Winter Takes a Sun Bath.*

Charlotte P. French, Main Street, Rutland, Mass.—*The Glory of God in His Temples.*

Murray B. Leete, 21 Curtis Ave., Wallingford, Conn.—*Winter Dies, that Springtime May Be Born.*

Flora M. Beebe, 3181 Coleridge Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.—*It Ends in Glory.*

L. T. Williams, 4044 Charles St., Omaha, Nebraska.—*Topaz and Tourmaline.*

Paul J. Holmes, Box 5, R F. D. No. 1, North Henderson, Ill.—*Bivouac of the Elements.*

Maurine L. Humphreys, 917 North 11th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.—*Tryst of the Seasons.*

Helen Letchfield, 26 West Portal Ave., San Francisco, Calif.—*When Autumn Keeps Tryst With Winter.*

John J. Buchanan, The Saint Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota.—*Madrigal for March.*

Mrs. Babe Shyrock, 1502½ Houston St., Ft. Worth, Texas.—*Where the Blue of the Brook Tones the Forest of Gold.*

Grace G. Taylor, 535 Main Street, Irwin, Pa.—*Nature in Opalescent Garb.*

Mrs. Nora Bishop, 501 W. Monroe St., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.—*Opal Day.*

Mrs. H. J. Armstrong, 1930 Kent Road, Duluth, Minnesota.—*Renaissance.*

Mrs. Ethel B. Chace, 186 Pleasant St., Somerset, Mass.—*Nature's Pulpit.*

Bruce P. Kimball, 320 E. Anapamu St., Santa Barbara, Calif.—*Brook-Land's Mood Indigo.*

Julius Dugal, 390 Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—*The Golden Anniversary of the Forest.*

Mrs. Leavitt Corning, 555 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.—*Purple Dawn.*

$1,000 PRIZES AWARDED SOON

The many *Screen Book* readers who competed in the $1,000 "Hunting Dogs Jig Saw Contest" which closed on June 15 are advised that the judges have begun their work of selecting the winning titles and will have their decision ready for publication in an early issue. Watch for it!

Hollywood Notes

From House To House

JUST because Myrna Loy has Ramon Novarro's telephone number doesn't mean anything except that she has leased Ramon's house while he is in Europe. The Leslie Howards live in one of Elsie Janis' homes, Marlene Dietrich had Marion Davies' beach house, and so did Ina Claire. Talullah Bankhead had the same address and telephone number as Billy Haines, but she leased his beautiful white house for her sojourn in Hollywood. The Samuel Hoffensteins had Ted Cook's, Miriam Hopkins had one of Garbo's houses and now has Claudette Colbert's—and so on and so on. But one's own private telephone books become more and more tangled from week to week.

HERB SOMBORN had a little Scotch cap in his library. Lloyd Pantages saw it and admired it so much, he had it copied for Constance Talmadge. Then Marian Marx copied hers, and the fad started. These little crocheted Scotch caps are now all the rage to wear with sport clothes, and Herb says it should be called the Somborn model.

Ex Marks The Spot

THERE were nine divorced couples standing around at The Colony Club the other night. No one can remember any more whose whose or what's what. But it's exciting.

THE two girls in the Cinema city who have their own gardenia gardens are Dolores del Rio and Joan Crawford. Dolores has a long hedge of them growing the entire length of her garden, and Joan has hers in the patio. Neither one of them needed to grow them, except for loving them, because they are continually bombarded with these fragrant white blossoms.

Instead Of Swearing

CLARK GABLE spent thirty-six hours on the set in the cockpit of an airplane, with thirty-six hours of rain, wind and hail, in his face. Clark emerged from the cock pit and said "pfooey" and went home. It was the first time that Clark had ever said "pfooey" and it startled everybody on the set.

TOSH has rented Buddy Rogers house in Beverly, just across the street from where Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn live. It is also next door to Elsie Janis. La Tosh had a house warming which scared the shy Chevalier so terribly he fled.

A number of gay young Russians found all of Buddy's musical instruments in a closet, and each time a new guest arrived they were greeted by the most terrific blast—the playful Russians were doing noisy things with Buddy's toys.

Tales Of Childhood

HOW many people know that Wilson Mizner is responsible for the frolicsome book out, called "Uncle Ned?"

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 25]

she can't be upset about anything. "So what? We'll have new ones made," she grins.

I finally corner both of them long enough to learn that according to plans at sailing (subject to change on arrival) they are going directly to London where Bebe is under contract to make two British pictures, *She Wanted Her Man* and *The Southern Girl*, to be directed by Paul Stein. Ben, who is on an extended leave of absence from M-G-M, may also go to work if the right script comes along. He doesn't want to play opposite Bebe though as much as he loves teaming with her in real life—he believes that it destroys an illusion to have husband and wife co-star on the screen. As soon as contractural engagements are over, they will enjoy a long belated honeymoon on the continent, before returning to Hollywood in the fall. There is a possibility that thev may also go to Spain, the home of Bebe's ancestors, unless Bebe decides that it may take the edge off her concert début which she hopes to make in Madrid this Spring. Both Bebe and Ben will be represented on local screens during their absence—Bebe in *Cocktail Hour* and Ben in *I Cover the Waterfront*.

Our little gab fest is soon interrupted by the arrival of the ship news reporters and photographers, who descended on the cabin in one fell swoop and lure them off to the sun deck. They are immediately followed by the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon Fan Club, Inc., who by this time have so increased in numbers, it reminds me of that Jimmie Durante story about the man walking down the street with ten children who was arrested. "I didn't do nuthin,'" he protested. "You must have done something with that crowd following you!" was the policeman's retort.

By this time what is left of Sally Eilers Gibson, who has just arrived after struggling through a reception committee of autograph seekers, is also annexed by the lens-hounds. Sally, looking very chic, in a mannish brown tailored suit with a tan and white checked skirt, is a woebegone sight when I finally track her down in Cabin 297. "I've lost my passport," she cries out in greeting. "I must have handed it to some fan along with her autograph book."

"You'll never get it back," a nice young man confronts her, "I'll bet its already been torn into a thousand pieces for souvenirs."

"Are you sure it isn't a publicity tie-up for a Fox picture called, *Passport Missing?*" another nice man teases. Just then, an energetic soul bursts into the room. "It's all right, Sally, you don't have to worry. The sailing has been postponed another hour to wait for Premier Herriot, and in the meantime I'll have Washington on the phone."

Sally is too excited about the loss of her passport to discuss her plans. She does vouchsafe the information, that she is absolutely exhausted from a working schedule that included eight pictures in a row and that Fox generously agreed to let her have a two months' holiday spree across the Big Pond, her first European trip. She makes no mention

[*Continued on page* 57]

It's utterly NEW!

Equalizer KOTEX

gives 20 to 30% greater protection—gives new comfort and safety

A NEW Kotex . . . a better Kotex, radically, immeasurably improved. Kotex, embodying an advanced scientific principle which brings 20 to 30% greater protection.

The new product

Kotex, with the New Patented★ Equalizer, brings greater comfort. There is 20 to 30% greater protection in its downy cellulose filler—now. Protection is more adequate but less bulky. It has Phantomized ends, concealing completely all presence of protection. Mere rounded ends are not enough, they must be flattened and tapered.

An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Old advantages remain

You wonder: will this give the same softness, the same absorbency as the Kotex I already trust and like so well? Yes! And the same disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. As soon as possible, stop at any drug, dry goods or department store. Buy Kotex with Patented Equalizer. You've never spent so little money for such tremendous returns in comfort, in protection to health.

You will want to try the ***Kotex narrow adjustable belt*** . . . the final perfection in sanitary comfort . . . designed to give wearing ease such as has never before been possible.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made. they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer . . . and this is why:

1 – it took two and one-half years to perfect.

2 – a board of three hundred women tested it.

3 – medical authority of high repute checked their findings.

4 – AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

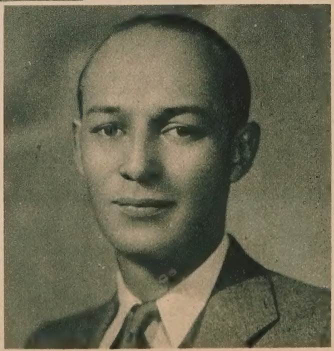
Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

Over the Air Waves

Things You Want to Know About the Star Riders of the Kilocycles

By The Tuner-Inner

Top, Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone. Benny is a reformed violinist who turned gagster. Mary appears on the air with Jack. Just above, three singers who are heard with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Center, Babs Ryan; top, Rosemary Lane; bottom, Priscilla Lane



Ted Husing, the popular sports announcer. Ted used to be a crack athlete himself and he knows sports. He is one of the fastest talkers on the air

ONE of the most popular stars of the air is Jack Benny, wise cracker and master of ceremonies who has been heading the Chevrolet program over the National Broadcasting System.

Benny's real name is, of all things, Jack Benny. He was born in Chicago but says his home town is Waukegan, Ill. He grew up there, became a violinist in a small dance orchestra. Then, with a partner who played the piano, he went into vaudeville.

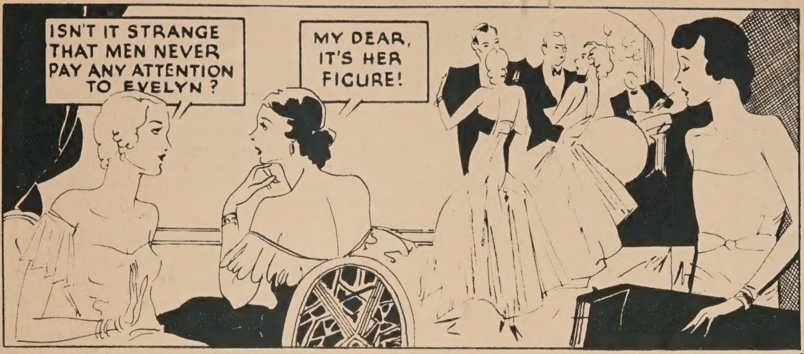
"I did no talking then," says Benny. "I thought I was a musician, not a comedian. Maybe I'm not a comedian now. But I didn't even think it then."

Six years passed. The World War came along and Benny went into the navy. He played the violin in a sailor orchestra and was called upon to talk at a Seaman's Benefit Fund affair. Benny talked, got contributions. More surprising to himself, he got laughs.

From that moment, the violin was supplanted by gags. Benny played less, talked more. Finally he was just carrying the violin as a prop. Then the instrument was stored away.

[*Continued on page 62*]

HOW ONE GIRL FOUND ROMANCE


ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT MEN NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO EVELYN ?
MY DEAR, IT'S HER FIGURE!

A *Whispered* REMARK THAT CHANGED A GIRL'S LIFE!

ARE YOU FLAT-CHESTED?

Give Me 30 Days To Prove I Can

INCREASE YOUR BUST MEASURE

LOVE, Romance, Popularity—all are attracted by *feminine charm.* And the outstanding charm of beautiful womanhood is a full, shapely bust. Lovely, rounded curves are the vogue. The straight-line figure is hopelessly "out."

Do you lack the allure of a shapely, well-developed figure? Is your bust small, flat and drooping? Are you embarrassed when you appear in a low-cut evening frock or a bathing suit? Let me show you how to fill out your form to fascinating curves. Let me show you how to add inches of firm, rounded tissue to your bust. No matter how small and undeveloped your bust may now be, my famous Miracle Cream treatment will quickly increase its size and mould it to lovely, arching form.

ADD 1 to 3 INCHES

One woman writes: "My bust was so thin and undeveloped that I was positively ashamed of my figure. I had tried everything without success. Then I decided to make one last try with your Miracle Cream treatment and I am certainly glad I did. My bust soon began to fill out nicely and now it has increased to attractive size and shapeliness. I never dreamed that a well-formed bust could make such a difference in one's appearance."

DEVELOP YOUR BUST THIS NEW, EASY WAY

Thousands of women all over the world have used this safe, simple home treatment to develop the bust. Will you give me 30 days to prove that I can give *you* a full, beautifully modelled bust? Take advantage of my special offer now. Mail the coupon below and see how easily you can add one to three inches of shapely beauty to your bust measure. Sagging contours are lifted, flabby tissues are made firm and rounded. Soon your breasts will stand out in exquisite beauty.

SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS !

THANK GOODNESS FOR NANCY LEE'S MIRACLE CREAM TREATMENT

INSTRUCTIONS
Nancy Lee Miracle Cream

FREE: *A Beautiful Form*

My new illustrated book tells all about this new easy way to develop the bust. It is yours free. And here's my great special offer that brings you the Miracle Cream treatment to try for yourself: **send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and valuable instructions—free book included.** Don't delay—mail the coupon or write TODAY—before this wonderful offer is withdrawn.

The Charm of a Beautiful Bust

NANCY LEE, (Dept. P-8) 816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-8
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and instructions with Free Book—in plain wrapper.

Name ....

Address ....

Town ....State ....

Cupid's Column

By THE SNOOPER

WHEN everyone thought Doug, Jr., and Katharine Hepburn were just getting along fine, Doug ups and steps a beautiful brunette—none other than Mona Maris. But now that he is in Paris, he probably will change again.

—Wide World

Lola Lane, the "ex" of Lew Ayres, is going places with Herbert Somborn, beau of many a beauty and an early husband of Gloria Swanson

THEY do persist Maurice Chevalier has eyes for none other than Florence Desmond of New York. And what with dozens of broken-hearted ladies awaiting him in Hollywood.

THE Lew Ayres-Ginger Rogers interest is clicking beautifully, with everyone now dismissing the rumor that 'twas a consolation romance—Lew over Lola and Ginger over Mervyn LeRoy.

SOME handsome whose name is Dean Markham has been out dancing with Wynne Gibson, but she's so mysterious about these affairs.

MIRIAM HOPKINS "very much likey" King Vidor, but ex-husband Austin Parker still rates high. Peculiar, n'est-ce pas?

GLENDA FARRELL may step and step with Jack La Rue, "but it's only Jack Durant I love," she says. Can't you just imagine how the other Jack appreciates that?

NO ONE expected the Peggy Hopkins Joyce-Jack Oakie romance to last—and it didn't. The Orchidacious Lady now thinks Roland Brown is too grand!

All Over the Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page* 39]

(and if you haven't seen *The Late Christopher Bean* in New York, with Walter Connolly tearing out your heart, you've missed a rare treat). Douglas Fairbanks, Junior and Senior, eating innumerable caviar blini with the Countess Frasso. Johnny Weissmuller being hailed on all sides. Sam and Edith Hoffenstein. Charles Butterworth and his bride. Alexander Kirkland, still being teased about the fact that no shark would chew on him in the Cuban water.

Young Kirkland said the Cuban officials were so gracious to Ann Harding and him after their rescue, it was overwhelming.

Gary Cooper—always with Sandra Shaw—is there. All four of the Marx Brothers—and so on—and so on. Frank Borzage says, "The Colony is like one big family."

Peggy Hopkins Joyce usually stays until dawn.

Peggy is so crazy about Alexander Kirkland's beach house she wants to use it for the summer and let him have her New York apartment, in exchange. Can't you see "Bill" under Peggy's ermine?

Herb Somborn said the first time he saw Peggy Hopkins she was in a dollar and ninety-five cent dress and wore a fifteen cent hat, and even then she made people gasp.

So you see!

Popularity Or Peace?

JEAN HARLOW has to keep changing her telephone number because half the handsome naval officials—who are continual house guests in Beverly Hills—want to meet Jean. But that isn't quite fair to the navy—it's *everybody*.

The Frank Morgans Continue Party

THE Frank Morgans had such fun at the Quatz Arts Ball, when Sam Morse entertained sixty guests in his own private party at the Del Monte Hotel, that they invited a group of the northern polo players to visit them in their home in Laughlin Park.

The festivities ended on Sunday night, when Frank Morgan gave a huge supper party, honoring the Tyril Martins from San Mateo. The men arrived from the polo game in tweeds and flannels and the girls wore little silk sport dresses.

Mrs. Charles Paddock's blue and white printed silk dress was a great success.

Mary Duncan wore a severe, quite tailored white dress with a smart pique hat.

The Clark Gables came in much later. Mrs. Gable, always charmingly gowned, was in black and white—one of those perfect Sunday night supper dresses.

FRANK MORGAN convulsed everybody by changing from his dinner jacket into rose silk Chinese pajamas, because he felt too dressed up. Towards two in the morning, he made another quick change and came down in shorts, with a yellow sweater, a scarf and a beret.

Chester Morris sat at the piano and played for hours.

Mrs. Chester Morris wore a black chiffon dinner dress with wispy white organdy around the shoulders.

Walter Huston was delighted with Francesca Brigiotti's dancing—as were all the other guests.

Deering Davis brought in part of the navy, which made more cheer.

Wera Engels, the beautiful little German actress, was surrounded by admirers.

The Gleasons Feted

THE H. M. Harwoods have the Gleasons' beautiful Beverly Hills home for a long lease. Mr. Harwood gave one of his charming dinner parties for all three Gleasons when they returned from England. Marguerite Churchill left the party early to go and play some records for Russell Gleason, who was ill and couldn't be at the party. Russell is that way about Marguerite.

LYNN RIGGS of *Green Grow the Lilacs* fame is in town—which pleases his many friends considerably.

THE Edward Gouldings moved their six canary birds and four dogs out of their huge apartment in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, and have taken a lovely house on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills.

Dead-Pan Charlie Swims

THE Charles Butterworths have gone into a house with a swimming pool and tennis court. Charlie has had a swimming pool ever since he first came to Hollywood. He likes to sit out by the pool in the sun, in bathing trunks, and write the lines for his next picture.

EACH time that Ralph Bellamy finishes a picture, he and Mrs. Bellamy go tearing off to explore California and Mexico. They went down—with the Fredric Marches—to Ensenada recently. There is a magnificent hotel down there, which Jack Dempsey built two or three years ago. He put considerably over a million dollars in the place. Meanwhile, the Mexican government sat back and waited until it was all finished. Then they demanded a fifty per cent cut-in on everything. Needless to say, this complicated matters considerably and Jack wouldn't play ball with them on that basis. So he moved out some of his choicest things, gave them to Estelle, and called it "quits." Ralph Bellamy said there were only six people in the hotel when they were down there, but that it is a fascinating place. It's a shame it all happened this way, because Ensenada would have been one of the most popular resorts out here. Certainly it is the most picturesque of all the Mexican villages near the California border.

Back To The Stage

LAURA HOPE CREWES and Roland Young leave Hollywood for New York. They are going to play together in a new play by Clare Kummer, Roland Young's talented playwright mother. Miss Crewes says this is Clare Kummer at her best.

[*Continued on page* 65]

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 53]

of her marital difficulties with Hoot, although his flowers are on the table in her stateroom. However, "from one close to the president," I hear that this separation is in the nature of a permanent break with no hope of a reconciliation. I remember two summers ago, when I went shopping with Sally for Hoot's birthday. She almost bought out the men's department of Bullock's, expressing her love, then. "The incalculable Up-and-Down of Time!"

It is growing late and there is still Lili Damita to see, so I bid Sally "bon voyage" and hurry down to Lili's cabin on the Promenade Deck. A colored maid blocks my entrance with a "thou shalt not pass" look, but, Lili, peering through the door, comes to my rescue and opens wide the sacred portals.

She looks more beautiful than ever (the camera has never done justice to this exquisite French doll) even though she claims to be worn out from lack of sleep. Spending the winter in New York proved no rest cure for Lili. "I am going to spend the first two days in my cabeen weethout seeing anyone and do notheeing but sleep!" she exclaims.

After a visit with her mother and friends in Paris, she may fly to London to some picture work, but she will be back in Hollywood in August. Lili's rumored fiance, Sidney Smith—and THAT handsome—is on board, emphatically denying the report that he is sailing too, while Lili is equally emphatic about denying that they will marry . . . if they aren't already!

It is growing later. Outside in the main lounge again, the salon is milling with people. I bump into Florence Vidor, as regal as ever, accompanied by her famous husband, Jascha Heifetz. The steward tells me that there are over 3,000 visitors, the largest visiting list on record. There are only 200 first class passengers. By now, I am so exhausted, I am beginning to feel a little third class, so I decide to slide down the gangplank.

P. S. (1) Ben Lyon didn't find the trunk keys because he left them at the Hotel Warwick.

P. S. (2) Sally Eiler's passport was returned to her before the boat sailed.

P. S. (3) Mrs. Daniels, who came East just to kiss Bebe, Ben and Babs good-bye, had to remain in New York until Bebe mailed her back her return ticket to California, which she had packed by mistake.

P. S. (4) No other casualties listed.

Title Free

Suggestion to Sylvia, the masseuse, who takes off weight in Hollywood and "rubs it in" in print afterward to the tune of many shekels:

Why not call your next book, "Living On the Fat of the Land."

Anti-Dietrichism

IN THE two days that Marlene Dietrich allotted to New York before sailing on the *S. S. Europa*, she managed to be the target of every columnist's pen. They upbraided her for her exhibi-

[*Continued on page* 59]

"My Make-Up Secret"

BETTE DAVIS

Star in Warner Bros. Feature Picture, "Ex-Lady"

"The secret of perfect make-up I learned from Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor... that my powder, rouge and lipstick must be in color harmony to blend with my own complexion colorings. You know that for years Max Factor has created make-up for the stars and studios of Hollywood, so it is only natural that I follow his advice for both screen and street make-up. Perhaps these suggestions will help you to find new beauty with make-up."

1. "For my colorings... blonde hair, blue eyes and fair skin... I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony tone is perfect for me... and it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours which every screen star depends upon And here's a hint about powdering.. always pat it on, removing surplus with the face powder brush."

2. "Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone... and then soften the edges by blending with the finger tips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge... its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft coloring."

3. "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony... it's moisture-proof, permanent in color and lasts all day, which are three good reasons why I use it."

P. S. "Of course, in my new picture, "Ex-Lady" I use Max Factor's Make-Up exclusively, too. In fact, in every feature picture from every studio you can actually see how perfect Max Factor's Make-Up is."

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

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Mail . . . *for Lipstick Palette*

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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JUNIOR SCREEN BOOK

MICKEY MOUSE is as happy as can be with all the lovely letters he received this month. So many boys and girls wanted him to do many nice things. The letters were all so good that Mickey told me he stayed up several nights going over them.

It was hard for him to decide on the winners. In fact, he came to me and begged to choose all of them. But that wouldn't have been any fun, would it? Imagine hundreds of boys and girls winning! There wouldn't be any game, that way.

So Mickey went home and talked it all over with Minnie. With her help, he decided that Steve Knight of Columbus, Georgia, should win the letter for the boy or girl under eight who wrote the best letter. Mickey is looking forward to being with Steve for hear what he will do in his new home.

This is Steve's letter:

"Dear Mickey:

"If I had a doll like you I would play robber with you and you would be kidnapped and I would rescue you and I would show you to my little cousin. He is nearly two years old and I would let you ride on the seat of my bicycle and stay with you and let my little white rats see you. I have two white rats. Their names are Mickey and Minnie but Mickey does not look like you a bit and is not as big. I would play with you a lot.

With love,
STEVE KNIGHT
Age 7"

Here is the girls' surprise your Uncle Jack promised. Jacquie Lynn, that cute little girl of "Our Gang," shows what the well dressed little girl will wear on a hot summer day

Here is a picture of that beautiful lady of the movies, Sari Maritza, when she was five years old. She is the blonde girl sitting with her brunette sister, Diana, who was then four

Dickie Moore, who is a member of "Our Gang," shows how he plays between his working hours. One of his favorite pastimes is swinging on this trapeze

For the best letter written by a girl or boy not more than twelve years old, Effie Rigger wins. And your Uncle Jack agrees with Mickey that she should. For a long time Effie and her friends have had a Mickey Mouse Club. And now, because Effie wrote such a good letter, Mickey is to be their mascot. Here is what she wrote:

155 Main Street
Franklin, New Jersey

"Dear Mickey Mouse:

"If I could have one of your dolls I would take it every place I go. I would take it to school and show it to the children. They would like it very much. We have a club named Mickey Mouse Club. If we had the doll it would be our mascot.

"The members are from 10 to 11 years old.

"I hope we have luck with the doll.

Your friend,
EFFIE RIGGER
Secretary"

11 years old

MICKEY asked, as a special favor, to give honorable mention to these two letters. Mickey was so appealing that Uncle Jack spoiled him and said "yes."

Thelma Brown of Phoenix, Arizona, is seven years old and this is the note she sent, for which she is given honorable mention:

"Dear Sir:

"I would take Mickey Mouse to Grandma's and let him milk the cows and help me hunt the eggs and when I am home I will let Mickey ride in my buggy and help feed the bunny Grandma gave me."

Ruth Rothman, nine years old, who lives in Irvington, New Jersey, wrote this letter for honorable mention:

"Dear Uncle Jack:

"The reason I like Mickey Mouse is because he puts a smile on the gloomy faced Americans. In fact all people of all countries like Mickey. Minnie is cute too. With her powder, lipstick and kisses for her sweetheart Mickey, of course. I have the most fun when they quarrel. Minnie puts her nose up while Mickey's goes down.

"It would be so nice if Mickey and Minnie were real. I never had a better jester than Mickey.

"I am nine years old. I am in 4B.

"I prefer Minnie."

Uncle Jack,

Movie Eavesdropping

[Continued from page 57]

tionism in wearing men's trousers to a public restaurant. They chided her for her bad manners in making a late entrance at a matinee of *Strike Me Pink.* In short, the only thing they forgave her was making such swell "copy" for their daily columns.

But Dietrich, who agrees with George M. Cohan that, "I don't care what you say about me as long as you mention my name," sailed unperturbedly back to Germany with a new fat contract from Paramount, and a parting smile for America that implied in the best Mae West manner, "You can be had!"

Curtain!

ON WEDNESDAY morning, May 17, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, the final curtain was rung down on Ernest Torrence, who had "gone West" on his last location.

On Wednesday morning, May 17, at the Rivoli Theatre, two miles away, Ernest Torrence still lived and breathed life into another screen portrayal in *I Cover the Waterfront.*

How ironical and how very sad that at the very moment when Claudette Colbert, in the rôle of his daughter, was sobbing out her grief at his screen death, his flower laden coffin was being carried to its final resting place!

Ernest Torrence is dead. To his fans, the memory of his vivid performances in *Tolable David, The Covered Wagon* and *King of Kings* will live forever. To his friends, who loved this genial Scot, more than six feet two and "every inch a gentleman," his loss is irreparable.

Paging Emily Post

Now that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are no longer a duet, I can't help but wonder how they are going to divide their mutual possessions.

For instance, who will keep the picture on the mantelpiece autographed: To Joan and Douglas—from George.

How can one divide this token of esteem from His Royal Highness, Prince George of England?

Quick, Emily Post, the etiquette book!

Arliss Through A Monocle

GEORGE ARLISS achieved a life-long ambition to play *Voltaire* but, at the same time, he concluded his long term Warner Brothers contract. When I saw him he was keenly anticipating a Summer's holiday in his cottage at St. Margaret's Bay on the white chalk cliffs of Kent.

"But I'll be back in Hollywood in the late Fall," he added. "After having spent so many years engulfed in London fogs and rain, I have become an addict to the sunshine of California. No, I haven't any definite plans on my return as yet. Warner Brothers have purchased *Rothschild,* a drama of the great banking family in France, as a possible vehicle for me, and although I haven't yet signed a new contract, I may be tempted by the part."

Because Mr. Arliss was one of the foremost figures on the English and American stages before he gave his artistry to the silver screen, I asked him what he found to be the primary difference in both mediums.

[Continued on page 68]

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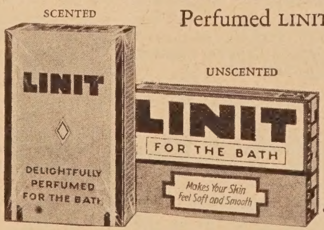
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The New Pictures

[*Continued from page* 41]

otherwise Joel McCrea, and before long comes the inevitable soul conflict. With the exception of Kelton's performance, the picture offers little in drama or novelty. Bennett fans will be disappointed, although she does the best she can with an uninteresting rôle. *(Radio Pictures.)*

MELODY CRUISE

The camera is utilized to so great an effect in *Melody Cruise* that the motivating idea is sometimes lost sight of. The plot, typically musical comedy in tone and treatment, is designed as a symphony of young love aboard a steamer en route from New York to California, and on a circular auto tour of the Golden State, with Phil Harris, Helen Mack, Charlie Ruggles and Greta Nissen involved. Harris, having romanced with Greta Nissen all through Europe and Asia, follows her still, only to be smitten anew when Helen Mack appears. Ruggles is his traveling companion, to whom Harris has commissioned the task of keeping him unmarried. If he fails, Ruggles' wife will hear of her husband's many and sundry escapades. An ice skating ballet is one of the features of this musical comedy. Honors are shared by Ruggles and Chick Chandler, who plays a steward. *(Radio Pictures.)*

WHEN LADIES MEET

Smart, witty, sophisticated, this film of modern-day high life shouldn't be missed. Ann Harding, Alice Brady, Myrna Loy, Robert Montgomery and Frank Morgan appear as the principals in one of the most delightful productions of the month, and their juggling of romance leads to a memorable climax. Morgan is a book publisher, married to Ann Harding, and Myrna Loy, a young novelist believing herself in love with Morgan, is the beloved of Montgomery. The plot comes to a dramatic peak when the two women, the wife and her rival, meet in Alice Brady's country house, neither knowing the identity of the other. You'll find a new Ann Harding in this picture, an utterly charming, intriguing personality; Alice Brady, in her talking screen début, scintillates in an amusing rôle, and Myrna Loy should add to her already-sizeable following. *(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)*

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

Another hodge-podge medley of fun and frolic. W. C. Fields occupies the center of attraction, as the autogyro-beer-bottle-throwing enthusiast who lands in Wu-Hu, China, thinking it Kansas City, Mo. Burns and Allen, of radio fame, ably and raucously assist. The three are at their merriest in this comedy set for unfolding in the International House, leading hotel of Wu-Hu. Into this setting arrive various representatives from foreign powers, come for the purpose of bidding for the latest invention, a form of television, of a noted Chinese scientist. Among them is Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who colorfully and gorgeously portrays herself. The hotel is quarantined, and therein lies the tale that must be seen, rather than described, to be enjoyed. While you're looking at it the film provides tip-top entertainment, but don't stop to analyze it. *(Paramount.)*

THE MAYOR OF HELL

Either from a desire to be big-hearted or from poor casting, James Cagney suffers in what amounts virtually to a supporting rôle in *The Mayor of Hell.* Plaudits for the film go to Frankie Darro, who plays the title rôle. Cagney doesn't enter the story until well into the third reel, and his characterization becomes vital only toward the end of the feature. As the deputy commissioner of a reform school, he turns the institution into a lively Boy Scout camp, and Frankie, a tough kid, is elected mayor. Cagney shoots one of his former gangster-henchmen, is forced to hide out, and during this period the school is taken over by the former head, Dudley Digges. When Cagney throws caution to the winds and returns he finds the boys have taken over the reins and have set fire to the buildings. The star is effective enough in those scenes he is in, but the picture is far from being one of his best. Madge Evans lends a note of pleasing romance. *(Warners.)*

HOLD ME TIGHT

Give Sally Eilers and James Dunn a romantic story and they do the rest. *Hold Me Tight* is another projection of their ability to appeal to audience taste. Sally weds Jimmy on the day he is discharged from his job, and thereafter the action follows his futile attempt to find work, his rebellion at being kept by his wife and his final departure. Reunion comes when Jimmy saves his former employe from being victimized by the store detective, and is offered his old job. This story more nearly approaches *Bad Girl* than anything they have turned out together, although in quality it is inferior. Dunn slightly overworks his million dollar smile, but on the whole he and Sally merit a hand. *(Fox.)*

THE BIG BRAIN

Watch George E. Stone in this story of a barber shop porter's rise from obscurity to a big shot Wall Street and London stock market manipulator. Because of his diminutive height, people refuse to take him seriously, and this accounts for his determination to succeed. Crooked in his tactics, he meets his Waterloo when he crosses Phillips Holmes. Holmes' fiancée, Fay Wray, enters to bring about his arrest and conviction. Stone, in the title rôle, furnishes ample proof of his talent as an actor, particularly since his rôle is rather unsympathetic. Reginald Owen, as his English lord partner in crime, is top-hole, and inspires one to hope that he will be seen more frequently in the future. Fair program entertainment. *(Radio Pictures.)*

HEROES FOR SALE

One of Richard Barthelmess' most insignificant pictures, *Heroes For Sale,* offers lean entertainment to the amusement-seeker. It is a post-war tale of suffering and injustice, and the star contributes little to help the story on its way. Barthelmess, returning from the war a shattered wreck of his former self, is sent to the state narcotic farm, because a former friend refuses to aid him. This friend, incidentally, robbed him in France of the honor due him for heroic services. Later going to Chicago, he is drawn into Red activities and unjustly sent to prison for a crime he did not commit. Loretta Young, as his young wife, dies, and so the film ends unsatisfactorily. Both Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young strive valiantly in uninteresting parts. *(First National.)*

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK

A gloomy melodrama of the war which arrives at nothing. Fredric March plays a reckless, daring ace, a crack killer of the enemy who rebels at his bloody deeds. He is held up to the younger aviators as a model of wartime efficiency, inside he is breaking to pieces under the strain of the endless slaughter. Ultimately he kills himself but not until he has had one night of romance in London. Carole Lombard is the generous, war-minded blonde who supplies the evening. March is excellent. So, too, is Cary Grant as a young flier who hates him. Miss Lombard is ornate, at least. *(Paramount.)*

THE NARROW CORNER

Mildly interesting in theme, The Narrow Corner is diverting more for its characterizations than for any unusual story twist. Against the picturesque background of an island in the Dutch East Indies, young Fairbanks plays an Australian sought by the police for murder. He and Arthur Hohl and Dudley Digges put in at the island, to make repairs after a tropical storm, and inadvertantly the star is drawn into an intrigue with the girl betrothed to a man who befriends him. In a powerful sequence, Fairbanks, in making a getaway from the Dutch police, puts out to sea through a narrow reef-lined channel and takes the girl with him. Honors for the picture, however, go not to Fairbanks but are shared by Hohl and Digges in memorable portrayals. Patricia Ellis is appealing and Ralph Bellamy, William V. Mong and Reginald Owen convincing. *(Warners.)*

EMERGENCY CALL

Fast and furious, with many a punch, Emergency Call qualifies as entertainment of the more virile variety. Bill Boyd and William Gargan ruggedly enact the rôles, respectively, of surgeon and driver of an emergency ambulance, and their flair for finding trouble is spelled with a capital F. Gangsters are hauled in by their heels for additional thrills, and pathos and comedy also find their way into the plot. Wynne Gibson cavorts amusingly as the nurse. Male audiences in particular will enjoy the picture. *(Radio Pictures.)*

PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART

Merrily insane, there's a laugh a minute in *Professional Sweetheart,* which features as mad a crew of comedians as the screen has seen in many a moon. The cast includes Ginger Rogers, Gregory Ratoff, Edgar Kennedy, Frank McHugh, ZaSu Pitts and Norman Foster. *(Radio Pictures.)*

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The PERFECT MASCARA

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Over the Air Waves

[*Continued from page* 54]

About the time that he was acting as master of ceremonies in Metro-Goldwyn's *Hollywood Revue of 1929,* Benny met a pretty Los Angeles girl, Mary Livingstone. He married her. You know Mary from her appearances on the air with Benny, particularly for her travesty of Mae West.

Benny has been featured in many Broadway revues, notably the *Vanities* of Earl Carroll.

Benny broadcasts with his hat on. Just one of those idiosyncrasies. He writes most of his own material. He likes radio better than the stage or the movies. He plays some golf but, at heart, he is a New Yorker.

SCREEN BOOK *presents its compliments this month to Will Rogers for his comments upon America and the world in general; to Jimmy Durante, for his gorgeous fooling on the Rudy Vallee hour; to Thomas Bryan George, for his swell broadcast of the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness over the Columbia chain.*

THE success of Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone, is a reminder of the numerous husband-and-wife hits on the air. There are George Olson and Ethel Shutta, Gracie Allen and George Burns, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford. Quite a showing for matrimony!

YOUR favorite sports announcer—and mine—is probably Ted Husing, who describes football, baseball, hockey and horse racing over the Columbia network.

Ted is a good sport announcer because he *knows* sport. Born in Deming, New Mexico, he was raised up New York State. Then his family moved to New York City, where he attended Stuyvesant High School. There he starred at basket-ball, baseball, boxing and football. For two years he was all-scholastic center. The World War took Husing into the Intelligence Division of the army. Most of his fighting, however, was in boxing matches at Governor's Island.

He tried a varied lot of jobs after the war. He played professional football, taught aviation to policemen, sold wicker furniture, taught calisthenics in boom-time Florida. Then he landed a job as a radio announcer. Four years ago he joined Columbia.

Husing can talk at the rate of four hundred words a minute, ad-libs easily, describes fast sport events with accuracy, never loses his soft spoken manner. He likes best to broadcast football. Nobody can catch the lightning fast movement of hockey as does Ted. He adapts his speed to his sport, the tempo running from hockey all the way to golf.

Husing is famous for his trick clothes: striped shirts and suits, double-breasted vests, wide trousers. These can even cast a spell of awe over a baseball rookie. Husing hit the front pages several seasons ago when he said something over the air from the Harvard Stadium and later was barred from future Harvard broadcasts. But those things happen with the best announcers. It's a tough job, pleasing both winners and losers.

Fred Allen says that the times have been so bad that the sponsors of yesterday are the guest stars of today.

LANNY ROSS, the tenor of the National Broadcasting Company's Thursday Showboat broadcasts, is fast becoming one of the real personalities of the air. Ross just missed becoming a lawyer. Rather he became one but Blackstone didn't stick.

Lanny is a Yale man and at college sang with the university glee club. During vacations he earned money conducting college boy orchestras on special steamship cruises. Then Ross went to the Columbia Law School. He holds an LL.B from Columbia and has been admitted to the New York bar.

But radio won him away from the courts.

◆

Why Garbo Came Back

[*Continued from page* 51]

few months in Stockholm. It has been wonderful," she continued. "One night I went to the Salvation Army—that certainly was interesting. I should love to play in a moving picture, where I would be a Salvation Army lass. I believe there are many themes that a good scenario writer could find in a manuscript of that type, don't you? One day I also went to the Riksdag to listen to a debate. That, too, was interesting, even if one could not use it for a movie. I have been to many lectures. I was happy that nobody recognized me. If they had, I could not have gotten anything out of an evening spent that way.

"I am supremely happy—mostly because I feel so well as I do now. Never have I felt so strong."

"Supremely happy! Doesn't that include—love—?"

"Love?"

Smiling her tantalizingly mysterious little smile, she glided away in the arms of a handsome young lieutenant. I watched her as she danced away nestling closely in his arms, dancing as gracefully as a young goddess. She is born with a sense of music, rhythm and charm. Wrapped in the soft, silky draperies of an evening creation, she does not so much resemble the *wild* orchid, but rather a hot-house variety, cultivated by experts to dazzle the world.

This is the Garbo that Hollywood doesn't know.

Let's Go On a Picnic

[*Continued from page* 50]

teaspoonsful of mustard and a pinch of cayenne. Mix thoroughly together and pour in the egg and vinegar.

The thought of sandwiches is invariably a boring problem. However, there are several ways in which sandwiches may become more interesting. The first rule is *always trim off crusts.*

AS TO fillings, ordinary cream cheese, sliced meat or peanut butter sounds so monotonous. But with variations, these same ideas develop into the kind of sandwiches about which you say, "How good. What are they?" Here are the secrets:

Blend cream cheese with chili sauce to taste. Spread on slice of white or wholewheat bread. Cut into "fingers," these sandwiches are particularly appetizing.

Meat loaf is delicious and takes away that ham sandwich effect.

2 lbs. veal
¼ lb. fat pork
3 large soda crackers
2 eggs
¼ cup tomato catsup
¼ t. salt
½ t. pepper
½ t. grated lemon rind

Chop veal and pork as fine as sausage meat. Add to it two soda crackers rolled very fine, the eggs well-beaten, tomato catsup, salt, pepper, and grated lemon rind. Taste before molding to be sure rightly seasoned. Mold into loaf. Put in bread pan, cover with one cracker rolled fine. Bake in slow oven for about one hour. Baste once in twenty minutes with one-half cupful boiling water to which is added half tablespoonful best table butter. Allow to cool and slice for filling.

Peanut butter is a novelty when combined with dates. Grind 12 seeded dates in food chopper. Add one-fourth cup peanut butter and work to a paste with honey. Spread between thin slices of buttered, steamed brown bread. White or bran bread may be substituted.

For desert, be warned against fancy layer cakes or any other sweet which may be disgracefully spoiled in traveling. Fruit is always tasty, and no picnic is complete without cookies.

It is advisable to take along a bottle of pickles, and don't forget the important pepper and salt. This seasoning can be carried handily in cornucopias made of waxed paper. Tea, coffee, milk, or the now-legal beer in a thermos bottle completes the meal—a meal to please the heart of the most finicky of epicureans.

SCREEN BOOK'S *CHARM* DEPARTMENT brings an added feature this month—a menu page. In the September issue Fredric March's wife gives you her favorite hot weather meal, with new and different recipes.

Now *You* Can Reduce a *Bulging* Chest-Line

New Discovery Slenderizes Oversize Bust—Takes Off One To Three Inches

IS YOUR figure marred by a heavy, sagging bust? Does that embarrassing chest-line bulge make you self-conscious and ill at ease?

Now you can *reduce* an oversize bust. You can take *inches* off your chest-line and remould your form to trim, rounded shapeliness. The wonderful FORMULA-X treatment is made expressly to correct this unsightly figure fault. All you have to do is apply Formula-X compound, follow the easy, pleasant instructions and soon the flabby fat begins to disappear. Your bust actually becomes smaller, firmer, more shapely. Sagging tissues are restored to the high, arching position that is so smart and attractive.

A Trim, Shapely Bust for You

It takes just a few minutes a day at home to apply the FORMULA-X treatment. It is as easy as A-B-C, absolutely harmless and so effective! You will be amazed at the rapid and gratifying results. You will rejoice in the marvelous improvement in your figure as your breasts grow girlishly slender, beautifully rounded.

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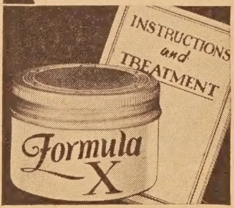

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Many thanks for your uncanny insight into my scrawl.
Walter Byron

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Let Dr. M. N. Bunker, famous Grapho-Analyst, analyze your handwriting and point out your hidden talents. Undoubtedly you, like thousands of other persons, have talents and accomplishments that have never been developed and used.

Know Yourself!

Find out what you can do best and do it. Recently Dr. Bunker amazed Walter Byron with his uncanny analysis of the actor's writing. He discovered that Byron doesn't need to be an actor for he has a multitude of accomplishments, any one of which would make him a success in the world. What Dr. Bunker did for Byron he can do for you!

TAKE YOUR FIRST STEP TO SUCCESS NOW— MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

M. N. Bunker, SCREEN BOOK, Minneapolis, Minn.
I am sending you ten cents with a stamped self-addressed envelope and a letter in my own writing. I am to receive a personal reply on what my handwriting tells.

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Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed.

The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 49]

It begins because the constant oversupply of oil clogs the pores and these clogged pores become definite blackheads, finally the blackheads turn into pimples. A blackhead is *sure* to become a pimple if you give it time. Years ago everyone thought that blackheads were dirt-filled pores but now we know differently. They are actually formations of hardened sebaceous oil that relaxed pores fail to excrete as they should.

Curing acne, therefore, consists of improving the diet and digestion so that the blood will become pure and full of proper nourishment. Once the blood is in perfect condition it will rush healthily to the skin surface carrying, not poisons as before, but real nourishment and bacteria-slaying corpuscles. When these corpuscles have an opportunity to get in their police work, the pimples must eventually go. Then gradually, as greasy foods are avoided, the supply of sebaceous oil decreases, the amount excreted on the skin surface is lessened, and as a result the enlarged, distended pores are allowed to shrink to normal size. And so, what was a severe and active case of acne is then cured, its only traces a few slight scars from the worst pimples. Even these, in time, can be made practically invisible by careful massage with a good tissue builder.

Some acne-sufferers find it difficult to combat this skin disease even though they do follow out the fruit-and-vegetable orders perfectly. And there are many others who, on account of their particular living conditions, are unable to achieve a perfectly balanced diet all the time. In these cases, yeast has proved of real benefit for it provides the necessary nourishment and at the same time tones up the digestive system. Even for the reward of clear complexion, however, some people are unable to eat yeast. They just can't stand the taste. For these fussy persons yeast is now on the market in really palatable form. The tablets are small and have a very un-objectionable taste, actually a pleasant nut-like flavor. And you can consume them in any way you like, swallowing them whole or chewing them. Usually it is sufficient to eat two or three tablets a day, but in severe cases, when you want quick results, you may increase the daily amount to 12 tablets. Of course, you *can't* take too many, any more than you can eat too many apples, for these tablets are a *food*—not a drug or medicine. Because the tablets are pasteurized, they do not cause any gas or discomfort. If you are having a difficult time trying to clear up pimples or merely a sallow, muddy skin, you should give these tablets a trial. They cost only 50 cents for a large bottle.

NOW that I have devoted all this space and editorial enthusiasm to internal remedies for acne, I am beginning to wonder if some of my readers will misinterpret my advice and think that so long as they eat the proper foods and take sufficient exercise, they can let their *skin* get along just any old way! Anyone who has seriously tried to cure a severe case of acne knows that it requires *both* internal and external treatment of the most meticulous and patient kind. The soaps, creams and lotions used on an acne-infected skin must be extraordinarily pure. Even the wash cloths and towels, powder puffs and cleansing tissues must be sterile and clean or they may make the disease worse than ever by re-infection.

Never, use anything but your own personal wash cloth and towel, and be sure to have fresh ones each day. Don't use tissues or cotton that have been knocking around unprotected in your vanity drawer or on top of your dressing table for several days. See that these accessories are kept in their proper containers, away from dust and dirt. Wash your powder puff every day, or better still, discard the puff and take to using bits of clean cotton for powdering. And keep your hands away from your face—no pinching and picking allowed.

Keeping the skin as clean as possible is almost equal in importance to proper diet. There are various opinions on whether this cleansing should be done with creams, liquid creams, soap and hot water or soap and tepid water. My belief is that a good bland soap and *quite* warm water is the best cleansing agent, especially in cases where the skin is excessively oily. The soap and water cleanses thoroughly and deeply and I have observed that when a skin is clean and rather dry, eruptions heal more quickly. For that reason, the acne victim should never use tissue creams and muscle oils at night, leaving the skin oil-soaked for hours. When the skin is dry and scaly, a light cold cream or vanishing cream can be applied during the day to make it look smooth. The dryness can be corrected *after* the active infection is healed.

In cleansing your skin or applying any kind of lotion or cosmetics, touch it very gently. Any rough patting or massage will only serve to irritate pimpled skin. Be careful in choosing skin tonics, astringents, and antiseptic facial preparations too; be sure that they are not so strong as to irritate your inflamed skin. Those that are intended for use on normal skin will be much too strong for yours, you will find. Of course, you know that it is wise to avoid make-up as much as possible while you have acne. Powder and rouge never improved the appearance of a badly blemished skin. They seem to me to accentuate its imperfections, and in some cases impure cosmetics aggravate the condition. But if you must use make-up, let it be pure and dust it on very lightly. Be sure to choose a powder with a rachel, ivory or beige cast. Pinkish powders will only make the inflamed skin look redder and angrier.

Proving that the simplest remedies are often the best, regular consistent treatment with a reliable medicated soap and ointment is frequently the quickest way of clearing up skin eruptions. I can especially recommend an antiseptic soap that is healing in its action and an accompanying ointment that soothes the skin and keeps it comparatively soft and supple. Of course, an occasional treatment with this soap and ointment isn't going to do the slightest bit of good. Nor is erratic use of the two preparations going to prove helpful. It is the consistent day-by-day treatment that proves effective. If you are interested in learning the name of this soap and ointment or if you wish any information on the treatment of acne, I shall be glad to help you. Just write to me, describing your skin condition, and I shall reply by personal letter.

If you agree with me about sticky wave-sets, you'll give three cheers for the new thin, non-greasy lotion I've found. It tames your hair just as completely as do gum-base wave-sets. And it's *so* convenient to use. It comes in a fat bottle, so wide-mouthed that you can just dip your comb in the bottle! Keep the bottle on your dressing table (It's very attractive, in a black and red modernistic design) and every time you comb your hair, dip into the bottle for some wave-set. As a result, your waves will always be neat and smooth. You'll find when you set your hair with this lotion after your shampoo that it dries in exactly half the time gumbase lotions require, and it can't leave any flakes on the hair or scalp for the same reason that it dries more quickly! I shall be glad to send you the name of this beauty aid if you'll let me hear from you.

Now along comes a famous maker of cosmetics with stunning new manicure accessories! There are three shades of liquid polish that are so clear and glistening when on, you'd think your nails were just born that way! They are Natural, Rose, and Coral, a shade that will express your more daring and exotic moods. A fat, generous bottle of liquid polish remover, cuticle remover and cuticle oil completes the group. It is said that if this oil is used every night, you'll have no more ragged, tough cuticle.

Here's a grand trick to amuse you. Cover your entire nail, both *moon* and *tip* with this Coral polish, to achieve a really staggering effect. You might do this preparatory to some special function or date. If your nails are short and stubby they'll actually appear long and tapering. Then, later, when the polish starts to chip, you can work it back to the normal line of quick and the curve of the half-moons by dipping your cotton-covered orange stick in polish remover. This saves redoing the entire nail.

IF, WHEN wandering through your favorite toiletry department you notice an attractive lipstick display that looks like pink marble, with a slim and naked little silver figure perched on it, linger awhile. You are about to become acquainted with the world's most indelible lipstick in four ravishing shades. All four shades are right there in the display so that you can try them out instead of just guessing at the right shade. A clever feature of the display is a bottle of magic liquid that removes lipstick stains completely from handkerchiefs, hats, handbags, gloves, linens or your boy friend's shirt.

These lipsticks are gorgeous shades and really—permanent—more so than any brand I've used to date. Apply this lipstick, remove it with tissues, and the color remains! That's what I like! If there's anything that ruins a woman's looks, it's a mouth *caked* with red

[*Continued on page* 70]

All Over the Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page* 56]

Laura Hope Crewes has been so beloved on the legitimate stage for years, that it has been a delight to see her ever growing popularity and success in Hollywood.

Besides having been an executive in the scenario department for RKO, Miss Crewes had coached Gloria Swanson, Greta Nissen and countless others. Her characterization of the mother in *The Silver Cord* is one of the brilliant performances of the season. Roland Young and Miss Crewes open first in Philadelphia for two weeks—then into New York October 15. What a gala first night that will be.

Even Stars Seek Garbo

WARNER BAXTER had gone into a tailor shop and ordered four pairs of white flannel trousers just so that he could see the elusive Greta Garbo. He got an avalanche of mail from his fans—indignation mail—deriding him for doing such a thing. Warner was a little aghast at the indignation directed towards him for a thing which had been a delightful impulse. People said, "Why should you—a star yourself—be so eager to see Garbo?"

Silly question. Who isn't?

Extravagance Saves Money

ELISSA LANDI bought her house three days before the Beverly Hills Bank failed—and isn't she happy for having done it?

"Thank heavens I did become extravagant—look what would have happened to me if I had hoarded my money."

Now Elissa has seven acres of beautiful gardens—raises her own vegetables, avacadoes and lemons, to say nothing of two hundred roses daily.

The Barber Works Overtime

CLARK GABLE'S beard grows so fast he has to be rushed over to the barber every few hours.

During the shooting of *Hold Your Man*, Jean and Clark had some intense closeup scenes. There was that old beard looming up again. The set was a shabby little church. Everybody was resting, waiting for the red light to flash on. Two or three black screens were moved over, very casually. Johnny Weissmuller was sprawled out handsomely in one of the pews outside the camera range. He was there visiting Rossen, the famous camera man. Jean Harlow's stepfather was near by. He acts officially and unofficially as Jean's guardian angel.

Clark came back from the barber. A signal was given. "Silence," boomed the assistant director. The scene was completed with Gable minus the beard.

Poor Tallulah!

IT'S part of the Boswellian history of the cinema city that Tallulah Bankhead had somewhat of an intensive yen for Johnny Weissmuller. And funny old fish Johnny wasn't the least bit intrigued on account of he was very much in love with Lupe.

When he returned from one of his flying trips to New York to see Lupe, someone asked Johnny what show he liked best in the big city. *"Strike me Pink,"* grinned the lad.

"What other shows did you see, aside from your best girl's?" someone else asked.

"Every one except Tallulah Bankhead's," he answered laconically . . . and they say he isn't smart.

A Freezing Warming

WHEN Jean Harlow had her brand new swimming pool filled for the first time, she had more or less of a house warming in the pool. Imagine her dismay when the spiggot was turned on, and two seconds later, nothing but foam, nice ice cold foam came out.

Mexico In Movietown

THERE is a funny little chili con carne hole in the wall on the outskirts of Hollywood and Beverly Hills. The man who runs the place made medal history in the war. He came to Hollywood for a chance at the movies like all the rest. When things didn't break his way, he opened up his chili parlor and it is here all the stars come late at night, for the slickest onion soup in town.

"Jim" as everyone calls him, goes next door to the storage house and bids in on sealed boxes when they are being auctioned off. The last time, he got about six boxes filled with rare old letters, autographed books and pictures belonging to a former world famous stage actor. Because he loves the theatre, Jim considers his high bid low.

DOROTHEA WIECK has arrived in Hollywood with her competent maid and a short, fat man who is her business manager and interpreter. You never see one without the other.

Before Miss Wieck answers any questions, she looks towards him and takes her cue accordingly.

Enlarge Your Chest-Line!

Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES *now all the vogue.*

WHY be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Now you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Yes, in just a few minutes a day you can build up those thin, sagging tissues and mould them to firm, fascinating curves. Simply apply my marvelous new Creamo treatment in the privacy of your own room. Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round and beautiful. It's easy, safe and SURE.

Just Send Me Your Name

Free!

and address and I will mail you my trial Creamo treatment, FREE! Merely enclose 10c for forwarding charges—that is all. See how easily and quickly you can develop the most alluring of feminine charms. This free offer is limited, so write today, enclosing only 10c. Your package will be mailed at once, in plain wrapper.

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Does Every Girl Need Romance?

If your newsdealer is sold out, send 10c (coin or stamps) to TRUE CONFESSIONS, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy of the August issue will be mailed to your address.

I've Kept My Promise To Myself

[*Continued from page* 17]

with equal grace, and re-made them. She has been gowned as no queen was ever gowned. You see her standing on the platform of her private car, acknowledging the tribute of thousands as her train stops for a brief while on its way across the country. Again, you see her the most sought after woman in a brilliant crowd of international celebrities. And romance—it lingers about Gloria like a lovely aroma. Her name practically stands for it!

—*Wide World*

Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, buy tickets in Los Angeles for their return to Europe. There they will get the children now in school in Switzerland and then return to California, where Miss Swanson again will make pictures

But it isn't the spectacular pages from her history that she remembers most. It's the hidden, secret moments that friend Keats calls the "little gems of eternity." Like last Christmas Eve. There was nothing special about the moment, you understand. Nothing extraordinary. It was one of those things that come upon you suddenly, unexpectedly. She was there in the nursery with the children and her husband, Michael Farmer. Outside, the street lamps had just flashed on. The soft chant of carols came in faintly through the window. "Nice, isn't it, Mums?" said Brother, her small adopted son, from where he was assembling an airplane with Michael on the floor. *Nice. . . .* "I had a sense of fulfillment, of perfect peace such as I've never known before. We all joined in and sang the carols and then I told them a Christmas story." Gloria's eyes were fixed on something far distant.

No wonder she attracts big moments; she gives such color and radiance to the little, everyday, homely ones!

YOU should have heard the fervor, for instance, with which she received grandmother's baked beans.

You didn't know she had a grandmother? Neither did I until this particular day when I almost stumbled across her at the wide-spreading Swanson house.

There are four generations of Swansons—something that's very little known. There's this perky, cunning old lady; Mother; Gloria; and Gloria II. To say nothing of baby Michele Bridget.

But to get back to those beans. "Granny" had baked them herself and she was sorrier than sorry they had to leave before her grandson-in-law, young Mr. Farmer, returned. She highly approves of him. So does Mother. But oddly enough, both women refuse steadfastly to be drawn into the blinding spotlight of Gloria's life. Mother has developed a Garbo-esque technique in eluding the press. Not even her neighbors know her relation to the sumptuous Swanson. "You put on dark glasses when you come to see me!" she cautioned Gloria. She's not going to lose *her* identity by being just the mother of a movie star. Oh, it's easy to see where Gloria gets her individuality, that superb spunkiness.

"Come into the sun-room. I want to show you something," she told me. The "something" was a bust of Michael which she's sculpting. A clever piece for a person who has never taken lessons. But she comes by it naturally. Her uncle is a famous sculptor—he's just completed the monumental work on the new Canada-to-U. S. bridge.

As we were looking at the bust, the original came in. "I," he announced with a warming grin, "have been fishing!"

"On the barge, dear?"

"No. The pier. And you know what? I didn't catch a thing! The Chinaman next to me hauled in eight mackerel and a darky out on the end caught *fifteen* barracuda." And this, if you'll believe it, was *Michael Farmer*, playboy of Paris, that swagger young man-about-town.

"Look, Michael. A letter about the children came this afternoon. Bridget has six teeth now and all animals are 'woof-woofs.' For two pennies I'd go back and get them. Michael, *let's*!" And abruptly I knew Gloria was finished with sitting and thinking. She is ready to act. But she wants *all* her family with her before she starts that new picture here in Hollywood.

I had a feeling that if I hadn't been there young Mr. Farmer would have caught his wife in his arms and twirled her about the room. Being a discreet person, I left.

Watch Out Movietown!

[*Continued from page* 18]

European men have the idea that American men spoil their women. If that is true," with a hearty laugh, "then I must confess I like spoiled women."

Francis Lederer has that fascinating foreign gesture of kissing the hand of a lady instead of, like American men, shaking it. We must admit to a little thrill at being properly hand-kissed by a handsome young man.

"This hand-kissing," we said, gallantly withstanding his romantic magnetism, "why do you do it? You know it isn't practiced in America."

"But I don't understand," he was honestly bewildered. "Many people have called it to my attention. It is not merely an affectation. In my country to kiss the hand of a woman is equal to tipping one's hat. Except that it is a more gallant way of showing respect—even adoration. It is inborn in us to look upon women as goddesses."

"ONE thing in particular," he said, "has amazed me about America. It is the poise, the self-sufficiency, of American children. When I was a little boy I was terribly shy and suppressed. In the presence of adults I used to tremble with awe. Even when I was a juvenile star in Germany I stood in awe of the older players. I used to drink up their words of advice (which often were wrong) and try to imitate them in my manner of living."

Maybe one reason for Francis' shyness as a child was the fact that his parents were dreadfully poor. They lived in the most poverty stricken section of Prague. Often they faced starvation. Young Francis was shy of facing older people who, he thought, might know of the family's circumstances.

So, instead of being brazen or becoming filled with a false pride that might have turned him into a street urchin, he used to keep to himself. As a result he became sentimental, sad and introverted. He used to wander along the river fronts and dream. He searched for the glamour that was not in his home, and found it at the backdoors of theatres and in other people's gardens and fine homes.

At thirteen he was already determined to get out of the rut of poverty and into the false glamour of the theatre. He wanted to be an actor. It was not, however, until he had slaved as an apprentice in a silk shop that he turned definitely to the stage.

From that time on, Francis Lederer has looked upon acting as a business and profession. Unlike many actors, he has studied his art not from the arty standpoint but from every angle.

"When I was acting in German films," he said, "I was drawing a salary of 2,000 marks and spending 3,000 marks on clothes in order to be known as the best dressed man in Europe. It is the duty of an actor to do this—because he sets an example for other men—and he must continue to get the adoration of women."

When he was acting in England he was considered the sartorial rival of the Prince of Wales. Clothes are his one extravagance—and even that he looks upon as a matter of business.

What is there about Francis Lederer, then, that causes women to swoon when they look at him? That makes him the favorite speaker at women's clubs? That causes debutantes to give parties in his honor? That causes men to study and try to emulate him?

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[*Continued on page* 71]

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Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 59]

"The lack of a flesh and blood audience—other than that, there is little difference," he replied. "When I make a picture, the entire company rehearses the script thoroughly before going into actual production, in exactly the same manner as I used to rehearse before an opening night on Broadway. The result is that every member of the cast is so familiar with the script that no matter which scene the director calls for, each player is letter perfect in his part."

I hope I have quoted Mr. Arliss verbatim, for the morning I saw him, he was quite distressed over interviewers who had misquoted him. Only recently, he had given a story to a representative from one of the fan publications, but when the story appeared in print, not one word of his own had been used, but the entire article was the figment of the author's imagination.

"Fan magazines often misjudge their readers," Mr. Arliss claimed. "They are far more intelligent than most people give them credit for. I don't think it is necessary anymore to write down to the people who go to pictures, because the movie fan of today is an adult and sophisticated person.

"Fan mail I receive has convinced me of this. Letters that are constructive, intelligent and extremely well written. Perhaps because I'm not the Clark Gable type, they never ask for anything—sometimes not even my autograph."

Mr. Arliss' reference to his unromantic appeal reminded me of his delightful remarks when Warner Brothers first presented him on the screen in *Disraeli.* To quote him:

"First they had to engage me—that was a risk. Even my most ardent admirers admit that I am not much to look at. That doesn't much matter in the regular theatre, but it has always been considered a drawback on the screen. Then, the kind of parts I play offer no effective scope for the art of osculation. My screen kisses nearly always have to be either paternal or avuncular—never lasting more than the fraction of a second. It is absolutely impossible to fade out on one of my kisses. I can't ride a horse. I can't pilot an aeroplane. I can't even drive a motor car. So what is there left?"

Nothing, Mr. Arliss . . . except being a real artist in a land of make-believe!

Coming Attractions

FAIR exchange is no robbery. Some of Broadway's white-haired children are deserting the not-so-gay White Way for the gold in them thar Hollywood hills.

Elizabeth Young: Nineteen-year-old daughter of Justice and Mrs. William Young of New York City. A graduate of the smart Spence School, she lives in the east Sixties, and is the only authentic debutante that Hollywood has captured to date. Chose a stage career because she prefers work to the dull routine of a social life. Made an inconspicuous début in a one line part in Peggy Fear's production of *Child of Manhattan.* Topped that with ingenue lead performances in *Firebird* and *Saturday Night.* Received rave notices from all the first string critics and a personal note of congratulation from O. O. McIntyre. Signed under long term contract to Paramount, she will make her screen début in *Cloudy with Showers* (title subject to change). She resembles Joan Bennett a little. Is completely unspoiled and unaffected now and promises never to "go Hollywood." Claims that she will avoid the Kupid Kolumns "on account of" she is wedded to her career. All her friends call her Libby . . . Paramount is hoping to call her a star.

Harvey Stephens: A native Los Angelan, who had to win his laurels on Broadway to return as "local boy makes good." While appearing with Leslie Howard in stage version of *Animal Kingdom* last year, doubled in brass and "heroed" for Tallulah Bankhead in *The Cheat* at the Paramount Long Island studios. Decided, as a screen actor, he had better stick to the stage. Continued playing leading rôles in *Best Years, I Loved You Wednesday* and *The Party's Over.* Converted to screen again by five year Fox contract. Makes début in *The Devil's in Love,* co-starring Loretta Young and Victor Jory. Has the same clean-cut personality and good looks of Regis Toomey but it's no use girls—he's already been annexed (and very happily) by Beatrice Nichols.

Margaret Sullavan: The first time I ever saw her was when Claudette Colbert invited me to a matinee of *The Modern Virgin.* She played the title rôle and had critics turning somersaults in their columns, theatrical producers vieing for her services and every film outfit wanting to sign her under long term contract. But it wasn't until recently when she succeeded Marguerite Churchill in *Dinner at Eight* that Universal finally induced her to go to Hollywood on a ten day contract to make a test for the leading rôle in *Only Yesterday.* If the test is satisfactory, she will be assigned the part, if not, she has the option of reading another script, *The Good Red Bricks.* If she okays the story, she will remain at Universal City under long term contract—if not, she returns to Broadway. Refused to see any interviewers before her departure and walked out on a portrait sitting. Her friends call her "Peggy."

Optimism

When Dick and Jessica Barthelmess made their first trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun last year, they were accompanied by their children, Mary Hay and Stewart Sargent, aged ten and eleven respectively.

Both youngsters kept a diary of their daily activities, recording their impressions of the famous places and people they had visited. All of their reactions were most illuminating but perhaps the most descriptive of all was young Stewart's terse memo: Tomorrow we are meeting the Minister of Denmark. I do hope he won't preach.

Tea For Two

THE nicest thing about knowing people "when" is meeting them "after"—and seeing how success has effected them.

One of the nicest things about having known Irene Dunne before her superb characterization of Sabra Cravat in *Cimarron* catapulted her to overnight fame, is meeting her again and seeing how sweet and unspoiled she has remained.

When Irene came East recently on her annual visit to her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, I assumed the privilege of an old friend and phoned her a few days after her arrival. It had been more than a year since I had last seen her and I wasn't quite sure what my reception would be. After all, she had gone on to further laurels in *Back Street, The Secret of Madame Blanche* and *The Silver Cord* . . . and like Miriam Hopkins, she might "go Hollywood" on me.

I should have known better! Anyone who exudes such unaffected sincerity on the screen would never adopt a false set of values.

"Remember when I first arrived on the coast, I told you that I wouldn't allow myself to become involved in the social whirl?" she reminisced. "Well, I've stuck to my guns! I still lead the same quiet life I have from the very beginning—working; studying voice with Harold Kellogg; and spending every leisure moment at De Monte on one of the most beautiful golf courses in the world."

"Has Hollywood changed much during the two and a half years that you have been there?" I wanted to know.

"No, but audiences have. A few years ago, a picture like *The Silver Cord* could never have been made. It would have been too adult—too talkie for the average movie fan. But now that RKO has signed up such authors as G. B. Stern, Clemence Dane and Rosamund Lehman, and with Noel Coward, William Faulkner, George S. Kaufman, Robert Sherwood and Marc Connelly contributing their talents to other companies, the standards have been greatly elevated and authors are no longer 'writing down' to their public.

"I am so glad to see the pendulum swinging back to musicals again," she continued in between sips of oolong. "I am studying voice here in New York every day in preparation for my next picture, in which I will sing several numbers. Yes, it is still my burning ambition to play the rôle of Magnolia Ravenal in *Show Boat* and I am still hoping that it will be revived. When Universal produced it several years ago, talkies were as yet in their infancy, so full justice was not given to Edna Ferber's charming story or Jerome Kern's delightful score."

Irene's visit was supposed to be in the nature of a vacation, but after three weeks of shopping, interviews, portrait sittings, theatre-going, guest of honoring, non-stop autographing, tripping the light fantastic at all the nicer midnight rendezvous and renewing old friendships, she was so worn out that she returned to the peace and quiet of Camden Drive to complete her vacation.

Incidentally, until the earthquake came along to shake Californian's faith in their "city of angels," Irene had always wanted to own a home in Beverly Hills. But now, she is beginning to think that maybe Greenwich, Conn., is just as beautiful, even though you can't see Catalina on a clear day.

Speaking of Pictures

[*Continued from page* 10]

away from reporters and news photographers. Greta invited other passengers to share her specially constructed bathing pool, kept score for bridge players, obligingly recited dialogue from her next picture.

All of which seems to indicate that Greta is a very normal young woman who refuses to be caught in the Hollywood publicity maelstrom because she has a genuine distaste for it. Which explains the celebrated Garbo enigma. Greta is just shy and retiring, qualities so rare in Hollywood that they stagger the movie colony's reasoning.

Apropos of the new Warner policy of making pictures based upon news events, we find this interesting comment by Jack L. Warner, of the famous brothers:

"To use the newspaper term, we're out to scoop the country on stories. The new story-getting system will be used wherever it applies. We will assign a writer to cover a story. He will travel wherever is necessary, as a reporter, and bring back an account which our studios will whip into shape. Until we hit upon the newspaper system, there were only a few definite sources of picture story material: original stories by studio writers and free lances, produced and unproduced plays and published and unpublished novels. The reportorial system gives us another field and proves that sources are not exhausted."

ONE of the interesting events of the art season in New York City was the Walter Disney exhibition at the Kennedy Galleries. In brief: on view were Mr. Disney's original drawings of Mickey Mouse and the almost as celebrated Minnie Mouse. These drawings, by the way, are now making a tour of the leading museums and colleges of the United States.

The Manhattan art critics were not a little baffled when they commented upon the exhibition, described as "the embodiment of a new art, an art in motion and an art in rhythm, the keynote of a new epoch in the history of aesthetics."

A lot of the critics called the shy Mr. Disney a genius. Can it be that Mickey will in time challenge the place of Michaelangelo's David? Will the great American public, on learning that Mickey is Art, still continue to love the pesky little rodent?

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'Ats Off to 'Erbert

[*Continued from page* 15]

Chaplin but aside from that his comedy is all his own. He is married and his wife made her professional début with a small bit in *Cavalcade*. He is typically English and yet sees no use in trying to bring England and English customs to Hollywood.

His latest rôle is that of a Southern Colonel—of all things—in *Arizona to Broadway*. He is five feet, six inches in height, weighs one hundred and forty pounds and thinks American cigarettes are 'orrible.

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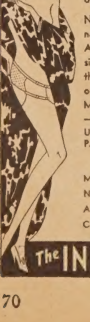

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The INVISIBLE GARMENT

Is Chaplin Married?

[*Continued from page 34*]

Ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker was said to have been a friend of the stage struck fledgling at this time.

Next came a minor rôle in *The Conquering Male,* produced by Archie Selwyn. It was while appearing in this show that she met Edward James, reported to be an executive of a Southern lumber company and a man of considerable wealth.

A short romance culminated in an elopement and marriage at Rye, New York, June 28, 1927. The bride was then but sixteen years of age and for the next two years she was afforded all the luxuries a wealthy wife could enjoy.

Show rehearsals were shelved for the relaxation of golf, horse-back riding, motoring, swimming and fox hunting on their property in Massachusetts. Then she made an extensive tour of Paris, London, Berlin and Monte Carlo, finally returning to America—and Reno. She made several informal airplane trips to Hollywood during her sojourn in Nevada but, after her divorce was granted, she came back seeking her first love, that of an actress.

AFTER the signing of a screen contract the young actress was heavily exploited as a wealthy and prominent New York debutante who had chosen a career before the cameras to enliven the monotony of life.

She was from the first a "natural" for publicity copy. Possessed with an unusually shapely figure, beautiful natural wavy platinum blonde hair, blue eyes, clear complexion, and the ability to wear expensive clothes and costly jewelry, she soon was the recipient of invitations from many of the town's most elegible young bachelors.

Almost immediately she was linked in press stories with Craney Gartz, an heir to a portion of the vast fortune of the Crane fortune. Next she was rumored engaged to Harry Langdon, film comedian, and within a month she was being seen constantly in the company of Charles Spencer Chaplin, ace of screen comedians.

During this period of acclimation she had worked in but two short-reel comedies. A particularly amusing incident occurred at the studio to which she was under contract. She was in the habit of coming to the studio in a flashy, chauffeur-driven Hispano Suiza sport car. The studio general manager thought she would cause less feeling and appear less conspicuous if she came in a smaller car as most of the stars she worked with came in Fords, so he told her about it. Several weeks later she drove into the studio in a very small, underslung roadster, not flashy but looking all of the $9,000 it cost to be custom built.

Her contract ended and her next and last screen appearance to date was a very small part in *The Kid From Spain.* Perhaps she might have been devoting too much of her time to her new escort, Charles Chaplin.

Rumor had Miss Goddard married to Mr. Chaplin many times but it was impossible to get conclusive proof of their marriage. It became mystifying.

ALL Hollywood was baffled when the fair Miss Goddard sold her expensive Hispano Suiza for a paltry sum before embarking on an airplane trip to New York, where it was reported she spent a large sum for new clothes, among them a wedding trousseau. It was just before the take-off of this flight that Mr. Chaplin emplanted on her cherry red lips a good-bye kiss that was "heard 'round the world."

It has been rumored that Miss Goddard married Charles Chaplin several months ago while on an ocean voyage. It seems that you do not need a license to be married on the high seas and that records of such nuptials are not easy to locate. However, she emphatically denies being married to the comedian, although she says she might marry Mr. Chaplin "any day," and brands all above rumors as "silly."

Meanwhile, Miss Goddard wears a half dozen diamond bracelets and rings, fur coats and other finery, and may be seen most any day driving down Hollywood Boulevard in a Rolls-Royce roadster, a reported gift from Mr. Chaplin. Miss Goddard still maintains the services of a personal secretary and a colored maid she has had for several years.

She admits she is endeavoring to improve her histrionic ability by taking daily vocal and dramatic lessons. Her beautiful platinum blonde tresses have been shorn and she is once more a natural brunette, possibly in anticipation of the rôle of leading lady in the next Charles Chaplin film.

But Hollywood know-it-alls are becoming more puzzled by the day as Miss Goddard continues to show a high disregard for whispered rumors and carries on a discreet companionship with the world's most famous comedian.

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The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page 64*]

grease. I've been using this new lipstick for several weeks now, and it hasn't dried my lips in the least, as some indelible lipsticks do.

A word about the shades. There's No. 1 or "Coral." It has an exciting orangish cast that looks yummy with yellows, browns, tans, orange and all yellow-reds. Startling with black and white too. It's ideal for blondes and red-heads. No. 2 or "Exotic" is positively jungle madness brought back alive. No. 3 or "Natural" is distinctly for brunettes, and No. 4 or "Pastel" is the type that changes on your lips from a rose to a deep, rich American Beauty shade. Price of this paragon? $1. Drop me a line if you can't find the pink marble display in your town.

Hollywood's New Beauty Standards

[*Continued from page* 13]

casting all beauty in one standardized mould."

Reid points to Mae West, Kay Francis, Greta Garbo, Loretta Young, Jean Harlow and Marlene Dietrich as "the newest beauty types, who give one an idea of the variety to which I refer." Let Reid speak also for certain cameramen I have promised, for obvious reasons, not to name, but who share this opinion:

"Marlene Dietrich appears so beautiful in many 'shots,' that one cannot leave her out of a selection such as this. Yet, there are many times when a certain artificiality is subtly indicated by the camera. Perhaps her cheeks, hollowed artistically by makeup, either shadow too much, or too little. Perhaps her slow speech betrays her momentarily, by throwing her into motionless poses. Fortunately, these are only flashing glimpses—but Mae West and Greta Garbo, opposite ends of the screen's beauty pageant, do not reveal them. They may have to think what they are doing on the screen, but the camera's alert eye does not register even the merest trifle of this distraction of mind. Their personalities may perhaps be 'acquired,' but if so they are more intimately 'worn' than Marlene's.

"Jean Harlow, now reaping the reward for her hard work in cultivating a lively, vivacious personality, was once too stoic. There are still moments in her work when she seems to rely upon a God-given perfection of bodily development to 'put her over' with camera and audience, letting the mental projection that means so much—that *is* personality — lapse behind a Sphinx-like stolidity."

A sidelight on Garbo's beauty is supplied by comparing reactions of Tony Guadio, who filmed her earliest pictures in America, and William Daniels, cinematographer on "Mati Hari," and other recent films. The early Garbo was quite different in appearance from the modern one, yet —

"She was vitally beautiful, and it was the camera that discovered it," says Gaudio. "It saw in her greatness that the eye failed to catch."

And Daniels commented: "The fact that Garbo registered effectively in early pictures, and now photographs so beautifully, shows that the camera catches a sort of beauty deeper than mere surface appearance, which is subject to change. We diffuse lights and focus on Miss Garbo, as we do on most feminine stars, but in her case we are careful to focus sharply enough to catch every fleeting expression."

Arthur Todd, when I talked to him at his home, had just finished a picture with Loretta Young. Speaking low, to avoid disturbing the Todd heir who slumbered nearby, he told me the theory on which he based his opinion that Loretta combines personality with "visual charm" to the most perfect degree.

Recalling the veritable parade of famous beauties he has photographed for the screen, I was particularly impressed by the fact that Arthur is one of the few cameramen who seem to recognize any merit in the old beauty standards. He is one of the few who consider "personality" and what we used to call "good looks" as *separate* things.

"I can understand why famous painters and sculptors have selected Loretta Young as one of Hollywood's foremost beauties, if not *the* foremost," he said. "Unlike so many other girls whose features are nearly perfect, judged by any civilized standard of beauty appreciation, and whose figures are beautiful in mould as well as grace of carriage, Loretta has an unusually magnetic, charming personality. In her, it seems to me, beauty of personality and of appearance blend to perfection."

Screen success is too chancy, he believes, to be linked directly with beauty, even the modern sort of beauty that leans so heavily on magnetic personality. An example is Kay Francis.

"I've always wanted to photograph her, and so far, I haven't had the chance," Todd declared. "Hers is another case of perfect visual charm coupled with a warm personality the camera can catch. She has another virtue the cameraman particularly admires, as well—the knack of wearing clothes. Whatever her outfit, she is charming in it."

A few striking comments, culled from much repetition of opinion and theory, follow:

"Mae West . . . gives the impact of an overwhelming personality." "Constance Bennett . . . though no classical beauty and not as pretty as Joan Bennett, has more personality." "Mary Astor is one ex-artists' model who developed camera beauty, but it took a lot of hard luck to make her human." "Joan Crawford . . . sacrificed the good looks she had originally, to give herself a photographable personality, and look how she clicked!"

◆

Watch Out Movietown!

[*Continued from page* 67]

voice, his manner of listening closely to everything a woman says, as if his life depended upon being nice to her.

He has a way of looking at a woman so that she feels there is no other woman in the world for him. He treats women at one and the same time as babies and as intellectual giants. His manner is—we regret to tell all male readers—something one must be born with. The ability to make women swoon for one cannot—oh, bitter words—be cultivated!

And this same Francis Lederer, who has taken every other capital by storm, has lit upon the film capital. So, Hollywood, beware!

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My Boy, Jack

[*Continued from page 27*]

Dear Mother: I'm doing the best I can for you. I'm sitting in the Governor's chair.

I doubt if there are many mothers and sons who have as good times together as Jack and I have. He treats me more like "his girl" than his mother. Never a week goes by that he doesn't bring me flowers and candy. And he's always taking me with him to parties and premières. Sometimes I say to him: "But this is a young folks party. Why don't you take a girl? They might not want an old lady like me."

"Now Ma," he says—he calls me "Ma" just to tease me—"you know that you're my best girl and what's more there won't be a girl at the party who is as young as you are."

One night he took me and Dorothy Mackaill's mother to a big Hollywood première. They had built a temporary bridge across Wilshire Boulevard and the stars made their entrance to the theatre via this bridge. Mrs. Mackaill and I were all dolled up in sort of *bouffant* evening gowns. Jack was between us. When we got up to the microphone he gave everybody a laugh by saying: "They call this the Bridge of Sighs. But when I look at the two girls I brought tonight I think it ought to be called the Bridge of Thighs." Mrs. Mackaill didn't like it very well but of course I'm used to Jack's wisecracking and I laughed with the rest of them.

I often say that I think Jack must have been born with a wisecrack on his lips. I remember when he was just a little shaver—not more than four—his father reprimanded him because he was late to dinner. "Why didn't you come when your mother called you?" he asked. "Didn't you know it was dinner time?"

Jack looked up at him, as sober as a judge. "Who do you think I am—God?" he asked, "to be able to tell time without a watch."

His father thought it was so cute that he went right out and bought him a watch.

Most people think that because Jack goes around in a sloppy old sweat shirt that he doesn't care anything about clothes. I don't know how he ever happened to start wearing those sweat shirts. Maybe it was the Hollywood influence. He has always had lovely clothes and he is very particular about the way he takes care of them. He never leaves his clothes on the floor just where he steps out of them, the way a lot of boys do. Everything is carefully hung in the closet. I've never known him to even leave towels on the bathroom floor after he's had a bath. He's just naturally neat. His dresser drawers are kept as immaculately as any girl's would be . . . all the handkerchiefs and shirts and shorts are kept in neat little piles. And he does it all himself, too.

There is only one girl's picture in his room. You would never guess whose it is. ZaSu Pitts. She was one of the first girls he ever worked with in pictures. She gave him a picture of herself and he's kept it on his dresser ever since. Above the head of his bed there is a frame that is fixed so the picture can be removed. He puts a new one in it every week. He calls it the "comic strip." This week he happens to have a picture of Mary Pickford, Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard and himself, taken at some party they attended. Next week he may have Mickey Mouse in the frame.

Jack's first real girl was Joan Crawford. They met when they were both playing in musical comedy in New York. Since he's been in pictures he's gone around with a good many girls. I think he has gone with Mary Brian more than any other girl. Mary's mother is a good friend of mine. We go to the same church. Quite often Jack and Mary go with us. The last time the four of us went to church there was such a crowd that Jack and Mary had to sit up front. It almost broke up the service. All the children in the congregation were nudging and whispering, "There's Jack Oakie and Mary Brian," and craning their necks to see them.

Jack always brings his girls out to the house to see me. He thinks nothing at all of getting me out of bed in the middle of the night and bringing me downstairs to meet somebody he wants me to know.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce of course has been his latest girl. The first time he brought her out to dinner, naturally, I was a little bit flustered.

"I warn you, Ma," he told me, "you'll fall for her."

"Go on," I said, "just because you've fallen for her is no sign that I will."

"You'll see," he said. "I'll bet you that you'll be eating out of her hand before the evening's over."

I realize that I'm old-fashioned about a lot of things. Marriage is one of them. And somehow I couldn't imagine myself having very much in common with a woman who has had as many husbands as Peggy Joyce has had. I even doubted my ability to talk her language. But that was before I met her.

The night she came to the house, she came right out in the kitchen where Ella, our cook, and I were getting the dinner ready to put on the table. She started right in calling me "Ma"—just like she had known me all her life. By the time we sat down to dinner we were talking about books and music and reminiscing about Virginia, where we both came from. I could see that Jack was getting a big kick out of it. Two or three times he gave me an impish little wink as much as to say, "Didn't I tell you, you'd fall for her."

I think Peggy Joyce is one of the most charming young women I have ever met but never for one minute have I ever thought there was anything serious between her and Jack. She loves to dance and while Jack has never had a dancing lesson in his life, Peggy says he's the best dancing partner she has ever had. Of course Jack kidded Peggy a lot—the same as he does everybody. And I think she got a kick out of it.

Every time he called at her house to take her some place he always had to wait for her to finish dressing. It was a new experience to him—waiting on a girl. So one night, after he had waited about an hour for her to come down stairs, when she finally arrived he excused himself and said that he had an important errand to do and would be back in a minute. He deliberately stayed away for about an hour, just to give her a taste of her own medicine. When he came back he had a big nickle-plated alarm clock which he presented to her. "When I'm calling for you, young woman, I want you to set the alarm," he told her, "so you'll be sure to be ready on time."

They always say that mothers never really want their sons to marry and that no mother ever thinks the girl her son picks out is good enough for him. I want Jack to marry and I have enough confidence in my boy to believe that when he eventually chooses a wife, she will be someone of whom I will heartily approve.

I'll confess that when Jack decided to be an actor I was a little bit disappointed. I wanted him to continue in Wall Street where he had such an excellent start. But I learned long ago that happiness is where the heart is. And Jack's heart is in acting. It seems to be the one big interest in his life. And when I stop to think that his voice speaks to the world and that through his work he brings pleasure to so many thousands of people I am happy that he followed his natural inclination.

A few days ago he received a letter from an old lady in Sweden. "I am seventy years old," she wrote, "and I don't get to the movies very often but I always manage to see your pictures." And then she added: "If I had had a son I would have wanted him to be just like you."

He receives dozens of letters like that. It makes me very proud that I am his mother.

My father was a minister. We always had evening prayers in our home. Each night my father would conclude his prayer with these words: "And give my children neither poverty nor great riches but big hearts and willing hands." And that is the prayer which I have always said for my boy Jack. I want him always to be true to himself. What better wish could a mother hold for her son?

The Stars Pick Their Radio Favorites

[*Continued from page* 31]

back to the dark jungles of Africa," says Mae, "and appeals to the basic rhythm in our natures. Cab Calloway put *sex* in his music and how he puts it there!"

It's Guy Lombardo for Fredric March. Music well thought out, cleverly rendered,

"Each musician in Lombardo's orchestra is evidently a talented master of his instrument," says Fred, "and I'd rather listen to them than any program on the air."

That sweet-voiced singer, Donald Novis wins the radio croix-de-guerre from Carole Lombard, while Gary Cooper agrees with Marie Dressler that an Ed Wynn program missed is a calamity.

"I like him," drawls Gary, "because he lives up to his name of a Perfect Fool. It's the worst kind of nonsense but I fall for it."

"Give me Burns and Allan," enthuses Wynn Gibson, "and I'm happy. I could listen to them by the hour and I'm always sorry when they sign off."

And does Sally Eilers like Phil Harris, on the air or in person at the Cocoanut Grove? Well, ask Sally,

"Now there's something," Sally's eyes sparkle, "it's Phil's personality which gets to you, even over the air. His dance numbers put feathers in my feet and his songs make me want to sit beneath the moon and dream."

Petite, demure little Janet Gaynor stuffs the ballot box with six votes for Ted Rio Rita's orchestra while Miriam Jordan picks Frank Watanabe and The Honorable Archie.

ELISSA LANDI goes high-brow on us by selecting symphonic orchestras, especially when led by Toscanini and Warner Baxter raves over Cuban rumba music on the air. It is only natural that John Boles, with his musical training, should select John McCormack.

Jimmie Dunn keeps a radio for Mom but he never listens to it, except to get the fights from the stadium, when he can't be there and that isn't often,

"Aw gee, I don't know," frowns Jimmie, "radio gets tiresome to me."

Victor Jory, the new Fox star prefers that splendid male quartette, *The King's Men* while funny-faced little Herbert Mundin, the English comedian, shares with Lee Tracy the enthusiasm for news programs.

Possibly because she too is a vital, compelling personality, Lilian Harvey agrees with Jean Harlow that Gus Arnheim's soft soothing melodies have the greatest appeal of all radio programs for her.

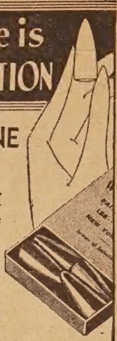
Of course, there are scores of other radio enthusiasts among the stars, each with their favorite personality or program. Many favorites of the eastern programs who are not heard on the Pacific Coast would no doubt be included in these selections, were they familiar to Hollywood listeners. At least Ed Wynn remains the favorite, proving, perhaps that after all, it pays to be a Perfect Fool on the air.

Mystery of the Stolen Overalls

[*Continued from page* 35]

hours later when Sherman came out of the projection room, dead tired, and went over to the parking lot to get his car he encountered a traffic jam, the like of which has never been seen on land or sea. For a split-second he thought of trying to cope with the situation. And then suddenly the light dawned. It was another Hepburn gag.

"Oh hell!" he ground a cigarette under his heel and walked over to Melrose Avenue and hailed a taxi.



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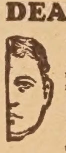
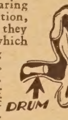

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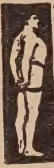

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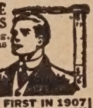

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Hollywood Was Afraid of Her

[*Continued from page* 23]

continued Peggy. "The film colony, at least, has a similar carefree abandon when it comes to conventional standards. People here live and love when and as they please. In Europe you may know a man's mistress for years before you ever have an opportunity to meet the man's wife. Well, Hollywood doesn't bother too much about wives, either, unless those wives happen to be stars. In that case, Hollywood doesn't bother too much about husbands."

I was a little stunned by Peggy's candor.

"You mean," I asked, "that the people here don't observe the moral standards of other places?"

"Not that, exactly," said Peggy. "They are just more cosmopolitan in their behavior. People break conventions all over the world. They don't all wait to come to Hollywood for that. But the people in Hollywood are just a little more frank about it. They don't resort to so much deception."

We sat in silence, looking at the flowered landscape outside, which today was dimmed by fog.

"HOLLYWOOD is not a particularly happy place," Peggy continued. "For that matter I'm not especially happy here."

"And why not?" I asked.

"The desperate, striving ambition of every one else has got in my blood, too. I don't want to leave Hollywood now until I've gone on and made bigger and more pictures. Besides, I want to make money—lots of money."

"Does money mean more to you than fame?" I quizzed.

"It most certainly does," exclaimed Peggy, again startling me with her candor. "I've had fame for a number of years. Now it's money that I want. I believe that every woman should make money while she can. No woman can make it forever. Just look around you at the movie stars. They all have their day, but the tragic thing about them is that they don't realize how brief their fame will be. Once they become great stars they think they will go on forever."

"But you must have lots of money," I protested.

"You mean I *did* have lots," corrected Peggy. "And I'll have plenty again if stocks ever rise. But if I weren't able to step out and make some money for myself right now, I would be skimping along on a very small income. And if the government puts through more inflation, I'll end up by eating my diamonds."

Even so, Peggy could eat long and sumptuously on the money realized from her famous diamonds.

"But surely money is not the only thing that interests you," I protested.

Peggy's face lighted with a mischievous gleam. "Oh, I see you are getting back to the subject of men again," she chuckled. "Yes, of course I like men—and I always shall. Any woman who is honest would admit the same thing. But as I said, Hollywood is a grand place for work, but it's not so good for romance."

"Still you have gone out with a lot of men here," I insisted. "What about them? How do you like them?"

Peggy looked a bit rueful. "Jack Oakie is the most amusing man I've met," she replied. "I said amusing. Do you know what I mean? I am very temperamental, and sometimes I get down in the depths of despair. When I'm like that Jack can snap me out of the blues better than anyone I've ever known. But really, I'd much rather talk about Hollywood than about Hollywood men."

You see, Peggy was making it quite obvious that she has not come to Hollywood on a man-hunt, but has come here to work and make money.

"But after you make all the money you want—what then?" I asked.

"That's another story," beamed Peggy. "I'll never look for love here and you may take my word for it that I don't have a man hidden under my bed. Right now I'm interested only in working and making money.

"Several studios are interested in the screen rights to my new novel, 'Transatlantic Wife.' I may co-star in the picture. I never want to be starred alone. But if some man co-stars with me and the picture is a flop, then I won't have to take all the blame. And if the picture is a success, I will be more than willing to share the honor with a co-star."

"Still, you are dodging my question," I persisted.

"All right, you shall have the answer. I'll give it to you straight from the shoulder. After I make some money I'll marry again."

"You couldn't be happy without love?" I countered.

"No, I couldn't be happy going through my old age alone. I don't intend to be a ridiculous old woman making a fool of myself with gigolos. I've seen too much of that. I want a husband who will be my companion and my anchor for old age!

"Certainly I'll marry again. And when I do, I'll probably marry some man with a dominant personality who will completely absorb me. And I'll be glad to let him absorb me. I think I'll have sense enough to know when my day of fame has passed. Then I'll be perfectly content to be a married nonentity. My greatest happiness will come in being a wife and having children. I'll let my husband do the worrying about fame."

"Do you want to make a lot of money so you will be in a position to marry a poor man if you fall in love with him?" I queried.

"Certainly not!" Peggy's eyes flashed fire. "I could never respect a penniless man. I don't mean he would have to be rich, but he at least would have to support himself. Marriage cannot be happy when the husband is supported by the wife."

◆

The September *Screen Book*—The Live Newsmagazine of the Screen Will Present Several Startling and Sensational Features—Watch for Them!

Check up on ARMS
and LEGS before "Going in"

EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET
MARCHAND'S MAKES IT UNNOTICEABLE!

Wet your arm. See how the light, fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing. For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get!

Wearing Sleeveless Dresses, sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

MARCHAND'S FAMOUS BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has a nation-wide reputation for reliability. Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to restore youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

To get the desired results, be sure you get the genuine.
Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—See that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash

TO GET BY MAIL
fill in coupon, mail with $.45 (stamps accepted) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

Name________________________________

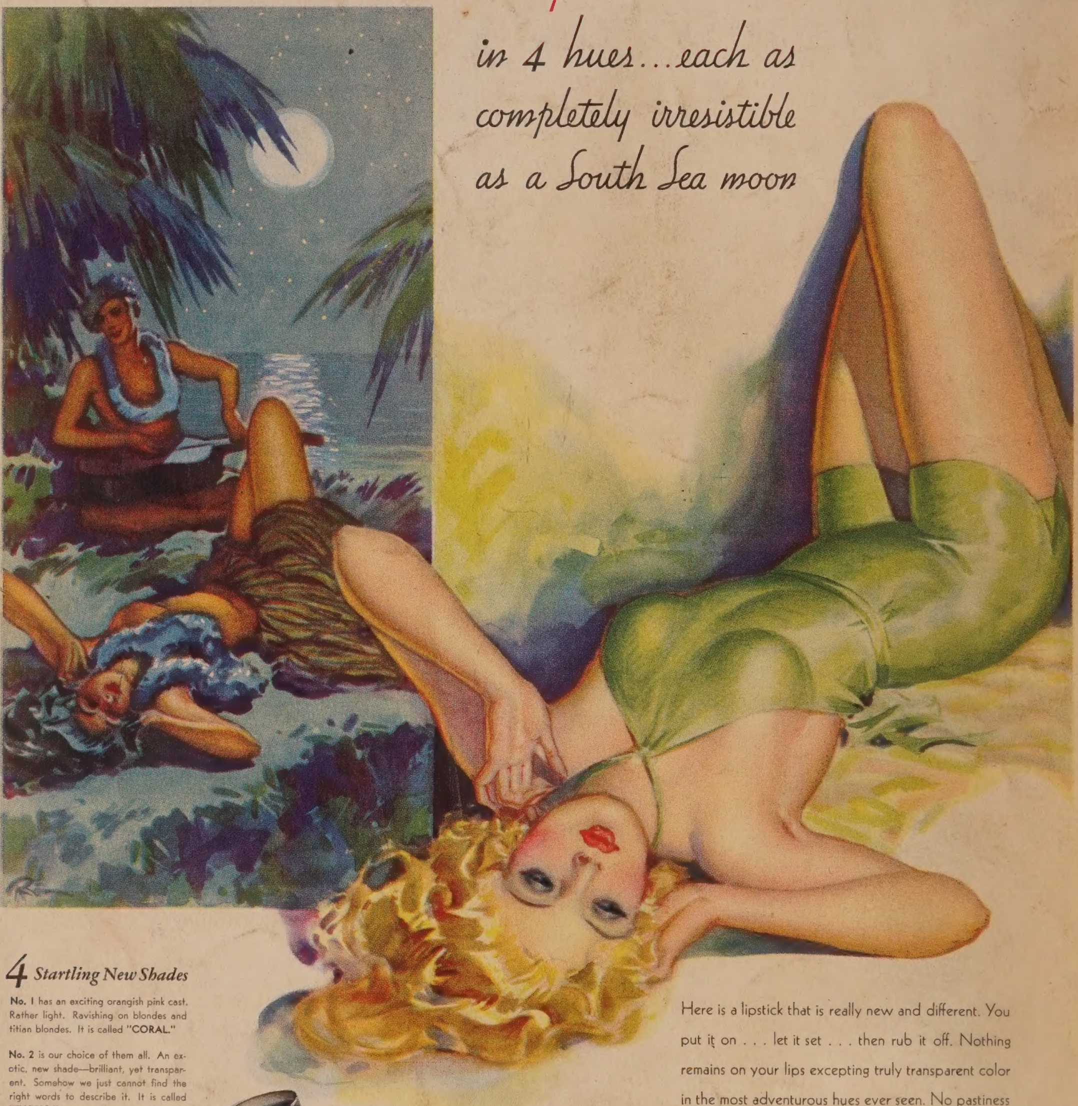
Address______________________________

City______________________State__________

TATTOO

THE NEW *transparent* COLOR FOR LIPS

in 4 hues . . . each as completely irresistible as a South Sea moon



4 Startling New Shades

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "**CORAL.**"

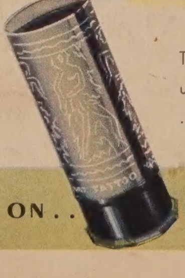
No. 2 is our choice of them all. An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "**EXOTIC.**"

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "**NATURAL.**"

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "**PASTEL.**"

Here is a lipstick that is really new and different. You put it on . . . let it set . . . then rub it off. Nothing remains on your lips excepting truly transparent color in the most adventurous hues ever seen. No pastiness to come off when it shouldn't. And what indelibility! TATTOO stays on right thru swimming . . . and cocktails. No purplish cast either . . . and instead of the usual drying effect, TATTOO is so soothing, it will keep your lips soft and smooth . . . lastingly young . . . forever desirable! Oh, so desirable. Department and drug stores have TATTOO. It's a dollar.

TATTOO, INC., CHICAGO



PUT IT ON . . RUB IT OFF . . *only the color stays*

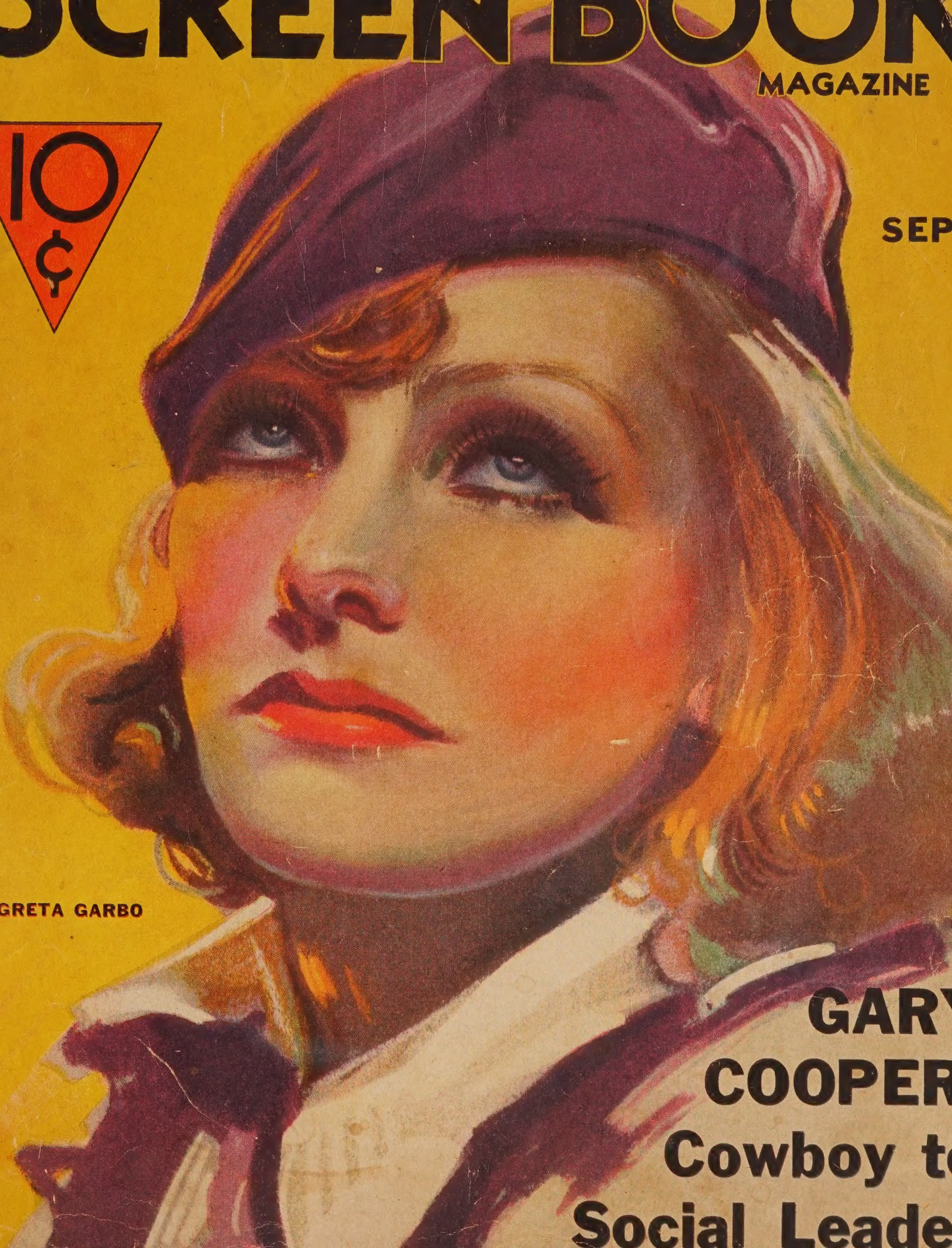
"I HAVE NO REGRETS", SAYS JOAN CRAWFORD

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

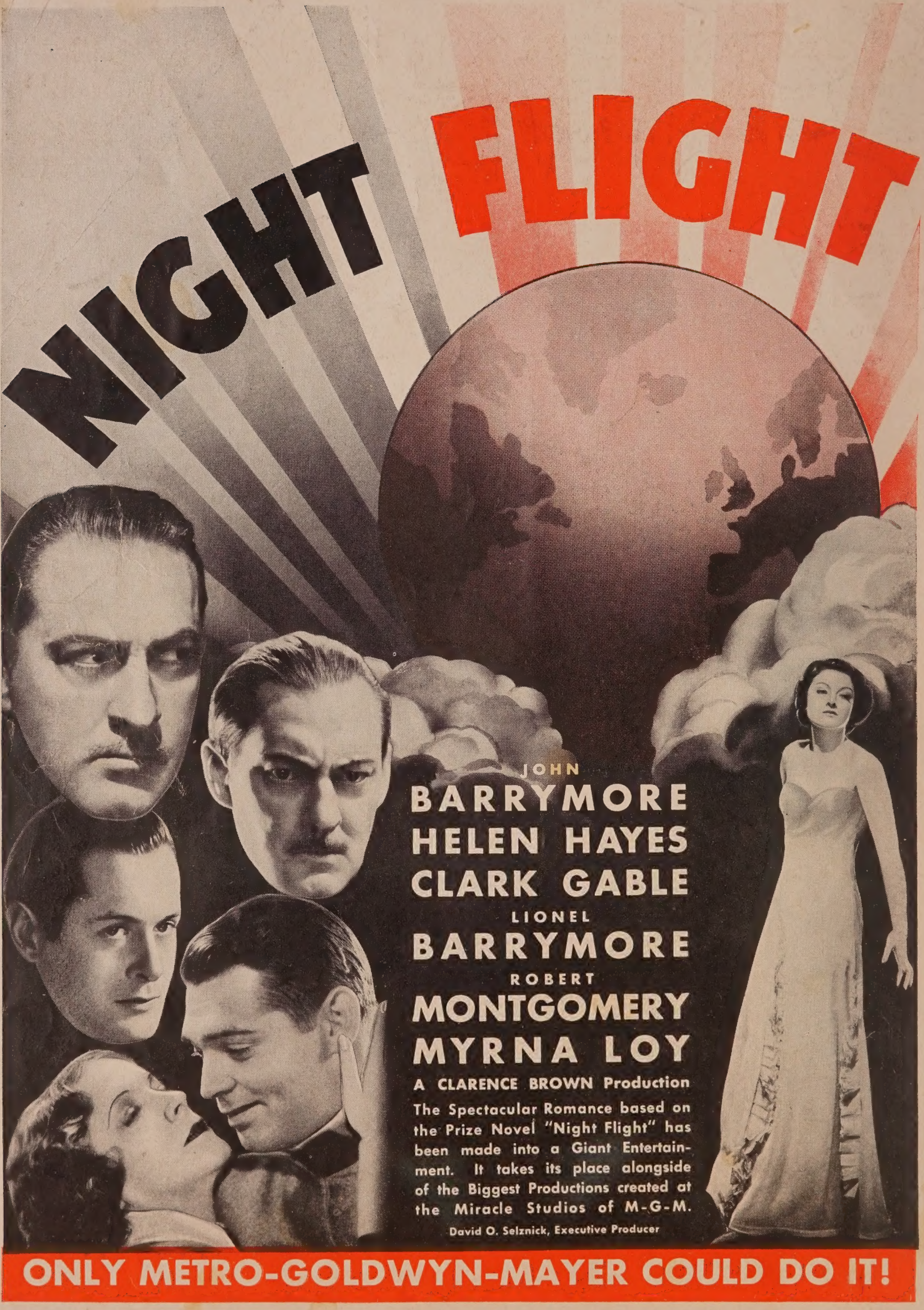
10¢

SEP



GRETA GARBO

GARY
COOPER
Cowboy t
Social Leade



NIGHT FLIGHT

JOHN
BARRYMORE
HELEN HAYES
CLARK GABLE
LIONEL
BARRYMORE
ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
MYRNA LOY

A **CLARENCE BROWN** Production

The Spectacular Romance based on the Prize Novel "Night Flight" has been made into a Giant Entertainment. It takes its place alongside of the Biggest Productions created at the Miracle Studios of M-G-M.

David O. Selznick, Executive Producer

ONLY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER COULD DO IT!

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Takes Pains Washing a Sweater

Gives No Care to Her Teeth and Gums

and she has "**pink tooth brush**"!

THIS girl values her sweaters so highly that nothing could induce her to wash one hurriedly or carelessly. And everybody notices how grand and clean and soft her sweaters look!

Wouldn't you think she'd take an equal amount of trouble to keep from having dingy, grayish-looking teeth? They're the only teeth she'll ever have!

Her teeth look noticeably uncared-for because her gums are flabby and tender. She has "pink tooth brush."

What about your own teeth and gums? Are you sure, when you smile, that your teeth are sparkling white? Are your gums hard and healthy?

It's no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common complaint. Modern foods are too soft to exercise our gums—to give them active, healthy stimulation. Naturally they become soft and tender—betray a tendency to bleed.

And not only may "pink tooth brush" dull the teeth—but it may open the way for gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To be rid of it—clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time squeeze a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and lightly massage it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana stimulates and tones the gums.

Thirty days with Ipana and massage, and your teeth will be brighter, your gums harder. Get the Ipana-and-massage habit—and you won't be bothered by "pink tooth brush." Start today!

IPANA

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PAST
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK
BOTTOM ROLL

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-93
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... *State* ....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor

Vol. XI Contents for September, 1933 No. 2

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Miriam Gibson, Associate Edito. J. Eugene Chrisman Hollywood Editor

—*International News*

Conrad Nagel and his wife. Conrad says that no divorce is impending in his household, despite reports in Hollywood

- The Conrad Nagels are not considering a divorce. Conrad says so himself. He had been playing briefly in Summer stock in New England and that's probably how the rumor started. Divorce reports are coming thick and fast in Hollywood. A wire from SCREEN BOOK'S Hollywood office brings the going-to-press information that you can't be sure about anybody's home life right now. The George Arlisses appear to be safely married. So, too, the Richard Barthelmesses. Maybe the Nagels are safe. But, as for the rest of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, the famous folk all seem headed for Reno.

- Ruth Chatterton and George Brent are among those reported to be thinking of divorce. More about this next month in SCREEN BOOK. Carole Lombard has gone to Reno, which means that Bill Powell will be without an ornate Mrs. very soon. Next month SCREEN BOOK will give you the why of this, too.

- Hoot Gibson got smashed up at the National Air Races in Los Angeles before 25,000 spectators when his plane crashed in a race with Ken Maynard for a Will Rogers trophy. Hoot had a narrow escape. Who do you suppose consoled him at the hospital? June Gale, twenty-one, actress and very pretty. Gibson says this does not mean a divorce. Merely a trial separation from Sally Eilers.

- Jackie Cooper made a speedy recovery from his appendix operation. He had a swell time in the hospital, what with the many presents he received.

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"WILL YOU EVER FORGET HOW SWEET SHE WAS IN THAT SCENE?"

"THIS IS ONE PICTURE YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE."

"YOU *Must* SEE PILGRIMAGE"

"THE TAXICAB INCIDENT HAD ME ROARING."

The new season's biggest thrill . . . talked about by everyone who's seen it . . . and you'll rave too. "PILGRIMAGE" . . . burning story of three great loves . . . a picture too big for words to describe. Be sure you see it . . . so ask your theatre manager now when he plans to show it. "PILGRIMAGE". . . triumph of Fox Films, new leader in Motion Picture Entertainment.

FOX

"MY DEAR! I THOUGHT I WAS HARD-BOILED BUT—

"WE JUST SAW 'PILGRIMAGE' . . . DON'T MISS IT!"

Speaking of Pictures

The Pickford-Fairbanks Separation—The Same old Charges Against the Films—The Passing of Temperament and Comments Upon Some Recent Hits

By Frederick James Smith

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest romance is ending.

From Hollywood comes confirmation of the rumors that Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks are separating.

Knowing Miss Pickford for many years, indeed since old Biograph days, and also knowing Doug Fairbanks since his début at Triangle, I hope that some pleasant solution may be found for the domestic difficulties of the two.

The happy ending has its toughest time in Hollywood, home of the happy ending.

ONLY recently the will of Mary Pickford's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, was admitted to probate. Mrs. Smith left the bulk of her fortune—over $1,100,000—to her daughter Mary. The clause making this bequest is worthy of quoting:

"It is to be hers, her heirs and assigns forever, because whatever property I possess at the time of my death has come to me through my association with my beloved daughter in her business and through her most unusual generosity to me."

No greater tribute can ever be paid to America's Sweetheart.

THE same old charges against the movies reappear.

Maud Aldrich, of Gresham, Ore., director of the Women's Christian Temperance Union's department of motion pictures, arises to say:

"The continued and hypnotic suggestions of the screen have tended to break down the modesty of women; have brought the manners and morals of the underworld to the top; have popularized the models and modes of living of a strain of society which twenty-five years ago would have been forced to live in restricted areas," Miss Aldrich charged.

"The 'movies' have worn us down to the thinnest veneer of national decency. The continued representation of drinking as a harmless pastime has opened the doorway to national law violation and paved the way for the national conditions and the problems relative to prohibition which we face today."

Here's the answer to Miss Aldrich: The movies did do their part in revealing the hypocrisy of so-called prohibition. They did portray the gangster so vividly that America revolted at racketeer rule. They have helped bring about a feminine sanity in clothes and modes. If that means that the movies are a menace, make the most of it. Or are you peeved because prohibition is on its way out, Miss Aldrich?

FROM the Paramount studios emerges the news that Sylvia Sidney now occupies the dressing room once used by Pola Negri. Also that the dressing room door still carries the dent made when the temperamental Pola hurled a perfume bottle at her director's head. The director escaped, the scent and the dent remained.

I merely mention this because it brings to mind the glamorous old days of picture making—when Hollywood had plenty of color, emotion and temperament. Now—alas—most of these picturesque qualities have given way before the steam roller of big business. True, pictures cost far more these days but certainly no one can blame the increased cost upon the idiosyncrasies of the stars.

THE esteemed *Motion Picture Herald* discovers that the average age of the presidents of the motion picture companies is fifty-one, a definite testimonial to the youth of the business.

Carl Laemmle, Sr., of Universal, is the dean of the screen moguls. He is sixty-six. Next comes Adolph Zukor of Paramount, who is sixty. Czar Will Hays is fifty-four. Harry Warner of Warner Brothers is fifty-two. So they run all the way to boyish Harry Cohn of Columbia, who is forty-two, as is David Sarnoff, of Radio.

CECIL DE MILLE philosophized the other day that "normal men, when hungry, evince little interest in beautiful women." Humorist Ted Cook came right back with the comment: "Beautiful women, when not hungry, evince little interest in normal men."

ONE of the current screen hits is *College Humor,* which has among its principals such big radio names as Bing Crosby and George Burns and Gracie Allen.

One of the biggest past season hits of the same producing company, Paramount, was *The Big Broadcast,* which also had Bing as a feature.

Now they say that Crosby is to get a $270,000-a-year screen contract, which seems well justified by his success in films.

Hollywood has discovered that radio stars have tremendous followings. That, too, is one of the reasons why the publishers of SCREEN BOOK have launched a new national radio magazine, *Radioland.* Ask your news dealer to show it to you. The editor of SCREEN BOOK also edits *Radioland.*

SPEAKING of new hits, *The Gold Diggers of 1933,* is a big one. It makes its predecessor, *42nd Street,* seem down town.

The Gold Diggers is a massive and glittering success, with a real story and a real cast, one of the loveliest chorus numbers ever pictured and recorded, and a swell song, *The Forgotten Man,* done by Joan Blondell. Mrs. Al Jolson—Ruby Keeler—is charming but somehow young Dick Powell seems to me to shade everyone in the large cast.

I CANNOT help a feeling of disappointment after seeing George Arliss in *Voltaire.* This story of the enormously industrious historian of the days of Louis XV, the man who looked upon Christianity as limiting human thought and who was motivated through his whole busy life by a passionate hatred of injustice, leaves me pretty cold. Even with all the shrewdness and adroitness of the Arliss performance.

It seems impossible—either behind the footlights or on the screen—to invest a great character of history with life and warmth. All the complexities of character, all the processes of thinking, that made these men of history great, can only be hinted at in the narrow scope of a drama or a photoplay. So, on the screen, Voltaire becomes just a crotchety old fellow who outwits a dull king and an even duller chief adviser.

WEAR THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES"

writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue
New York City

"I REDUCED MY HIPS from 43 to 34½ INCHES"

writes Miss Brian

"I . . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

Miss B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria
New York City

REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES

. . . or it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, return the girdle and your money will be immediately refunded and without question!

REDUCE QUICKLY, EASILY, AND SAFELY!

The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

● Don't Wait any longer . . . Act Today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you.

● You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded . . . including the postage!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 79 New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

Where SCREEN BOOK readers talk back to the stars

NATIONALITY UNIMPORTANT

($15.00 Letter)

WHAT is all that talk about foreign and native movie talent? I believe that talent, like art, has no nationality. The fascinating Greta does not captivate the hearts of her audiences because she is a Swede, but because of her inimitable performances and her elusive charm. We fall in love with Chevalier's art, not because he is French, but because of his engaging smile and his infectious charm. Joan Crawford wins us because of her individuality, her vital personality and her real, excellent acting, not because she is American. It is her talent we admire, not her nationality. Leslie Howard's intangible appeal has made him dear to American audiences, and when we give our hearts to him we do not stop to consider that he is an Englishman. We do not remember great unapproachable Valentino as an Italian, but as an artist, the greatest of them all. And what about the nationality of Mickey Mouse? He is some artist! It is the duty of the producers to give the public what they want, and they want talent and art. A Leslie Howard, or Joan Crawford, or Chevalier or Garbo picture is always sure to give the public its money's worth. Why talk of home or foreign talent? Talent is universal, and the appeal of these artists is universal.—(Miss) Amparo Vincenty, 17 Liberty St., Mayaguez, Porto Rico.

HOUSEWIFERY AND THE MOVIES

($10.00 Letter)

A MERE housewife salutes the talkies. Perfect? Of course they aren't, but what is? Those hammer-knockers should remember it takes many kinds of arrows to pierce the satisfied heart of humanity. When I crave to banish household cares, forget my dusting, darning and cooking, I amble to the talkies and emerge emanating new vim, zest and enthusiasm. Life without such fine pictures as *42nd Street*, *Secrets* and *International House* would literally be "Edgar Allen Poeish" indeed! Talkies revive glamour, romance and youth and mirror the longings in our own hearts that can never be fulfilled. But why shouldn't we dream? Talkies are grand! Mrs. J. F. Victorin, 2109 S. 58th Avenue, Cicero, Illinois.

THIS PAYS FOR THE GAS

($5.00 Letter)

RECENTLY I motored 190 miles and back in a day to see George Arliss in *A Successful Calamity* at the Pastime Theatre, Albuquerque, and I still feel that the trip was worth it. Arliss, with his perfect technique and unsurpassed enunciation is a complete course of dramatic art instruction to any stage struck movie or talkie fan. He never over-acts in a scene but always succeeds in putting it over big with the desired effect and seemingly without any great striving for effect so noticeable in other less experienced actors. Arliss was appropriately chosen for *The Man Who Played God* supreme creator of rôles.—Sincerely, Clay Vaden, Quemado, New Mexico.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Come one, come all—here's a chance to make some honest-to-goodness cash. Simply write a letter of not more than 100 words, expressing your opinions on stars and pictures. Address your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. The following awards are offered for the best letters each month. First prize: $15.00. Second: $10.00. Third: $5.00. Fourth: Five prizes of $1.00 each.

THREE CHEERS FOR ADVICE

($1.00 Letter)

THE talkies are wonderful! Aside from the unequaled entertainment to be had, one can learn so much about how to wear clothes, how to walk, talk and act to the manner born. I never miss pictures which are based on stories in which people in the know are talking. SCREEN BOOK articles on charm and fashion are illuminating and valuable to women who wish to improve and develop but who cannot afford consultation with expert beauticians and stylists. The styles you present are authentic and the beauty hints helpful. Here's for less pictures about dumb racketeers and more of the intelligentsia. — Miss Violet Wright, 1911 Third Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

THE DEFENSE OF STARS

($1.00 Letter)

WHY do people expect so much from the movie stars? They're just human beings. People go to see the movies and then pick out every little fault of a star. When the stars are working on a picture they work harder than the average man. They strain their nerves and omotions. What thanks do they get? A lot of fan mail criticizing them. Suppose the stars wrote in letters telling the public what they thought of them. The public wouldn't take the criticism like the stars do. If you can't praise a star please don't pick out their faults.—Sincerely, (Miss) Melba Sartin, 3023 Washington Ave., Newport News, Va.

APPRECIATE BETTER PICTURES

($1.00 Letter)

A *FAREWELL to Arms*, *The White Sister*, *Cavalcade* and *Rasputin and the Empress*. The reception accorded these films proves conclusively that motion picture patrons have grown more discriminating and have learned, not only to appreciate, but to demand better pictures. Acting is what they want, and who could ever forget Helen Hayes. Every move unpremeditated. Always capable of creating the illusion of being the character she is supposed to portray. If the producers will continue to give us men and women who are actresses and actors first and themselves afterward, they will be well on the way to rescuing the movie industry.—Mrs. Franklin Cogswell, 1329 West 57th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

ONE AND ONLY GARBO

($1.00 Letter)

GARBO'S Five Weeks at Sea! To the writer of the details of Garbo's Five Weeks at Sea. If ever I enjoyed an article it was that of the famous Swedish star on her way back to Movieland from Sweden. It was so interestingly written that while reading, I was on the trip myself. Accept my congratulations! You know how to describe every detail so exactly. I am one of the thousands of admirers of the famous Swedish star. There is in my opinion one, and only one, Greta Garbo.—Mrs. C. H. Clausen, 120 Eager Street, San Antonio, Texas.

MOTHER-IN-LAW-ISM CURED

($1.00 Letter)

I SUFFERED from that mild disease "Mother-in-law-ism." I suffered badly. Along came Irene Dunne, long a favorite of mine, in *The Silver Cord*. I went alone to see it, devoured it, and that night I asked my husband to take me to the movies suggesting that we see *The Silver Cord*. He went, he saw, and

[*Continued on page* 58]

Cupid's Column

By THE SNOOPER

FRANCES DEE and Joel McCrea are simply "gushing." Claire Trevor has the month's biggest yen for George O'Brien. Judith Allen is Bill Cagney's girl, and that's exclusively—but what about Gary (below)?

—Wide World

Gary Cooper, former woman hater, has surprised Hollywood. Here he is with a new girl—Judith Allen, DeMille's new find

MIRIAM HOPKINS might want to keep it private, but no use. She's "gone" on King Vidor, and vice versa.

MIRIAM JORDAN changed her first name to "Mimi"—then left town. They say she'll change her last name, too, if the Kentucky boy proposes.

IMAGINE Gary Cooper raving in two syllables over anyone? You should hear him — over Lilian Harvey.

SO FAR this month, it's Jack La Rue for Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Remember, Jack, she didn't come to Hollywood for a husband, but for happiness. Wonder if you'll do.

BRUCE CABOT is Adrienne Ames' exclusive squire—'cause Addie's hubby asked him to.

GENE RAYMOND has a very secret crush on Janet Gaynor —even Janet doesn't know it.

MAURICE CHEVALIER is casting furtive glances (oh, you have no idea) at Jacqueline Francelle. She's the little French girl, bought by Paramount, for foreign versions.

LEW AYRES not only says it with flowers, he shouts it with baskets of them to Ginger Rogers.

IT'S Hal Rosson whom Jean Harlow is seeing these finer evenin's.

DON'T BE SKINNY!
Posed by professional model
Read how thousands are gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron.
NEW EASY WAY
Puts on Firm Flesh Fast!

NOW fill out that skinny, unattractive figure so quick you'll be amazed!

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of good solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 289, Atlanta, Ga.

Hollywood is simply wild about this soap *Why?*

AUTHORITIES STATE . . .
"Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements all skin needs." *Read about it!*

Photographed in Hollywood
The Hollywood stars in the foreground, reading from left to right, are GENEVIEVE TOBIN, 'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox star), GWILI ANDRE and ANITA PAGE.

SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN: It contains precious elements skin itself has...and must have to stay YOUTHFUL!

SKIN, science has found, contains certain precious elements. These elements, found in youthful skin of every type, keep it fresh, smooth, attractive, young.

The gradual loss of these elements is what makes skin get old-looking, dry, rough, unattractive. But scientists give this welcome and all-important message—you can now *check the loss* of these precious elements.

This Soap actually contains Precious Elements found in skin itself

Now scientists attest the fact that Lux Toilet Soap with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility *and its content of such precious elements,* is an unquestionable aid in keeping the skin young-looking . . . softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is used by nearly all of the famous screen stars, who *must* keep their skin radiant, smooth, young-looking! Small wonder it has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in all the large Hollywood film studios!

A Lovelier YOU

HOLLYWOOD has proved through years of daily use that this soap actually keeps every type of skin young-looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience.

Won't YOU prove the beautifying effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap can have on *your* skin?

For EVERY Type of Skin
...oily...dry..."in-between"—

TOI
LUX
TOILET SOAP
BEGIN TODAY!

"It really has made MY skin look Younger . . ."

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out in my own case," writes Miss Evelene Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've been using this soap for three years now and I find it really has made my skin much younger-looking. I will never use any other!"

SCREEN BOOK

SEPTEMBER, 1933

GARY SUCCEEDS MARY

Now Cooper is Hollywood's Social Leader But a few Years Ago you'd have to Chloroform him to get him into Dinner Clothes. Here's how it all Happened

By Grace Mack

A FEW nights ago Helen Hayes gave a party. One of the guests who had been unavoidably detained arrived at the party late. When he was shown into the drawing room he was somewhat astonished to see the hostess on the floor on her hands and knees, her arms thrust into the sleeves of somebody's coat and something that looked like a gunny sack around her middle. Her guests were also on the floor, arrayed in costumes equally fantastic.

"We're playing 'animal,'" Helen explained. "I'm the front legs of the elephant. What would you like to be? You're so nice and tall. Maybe you'd like to be a giraffe."

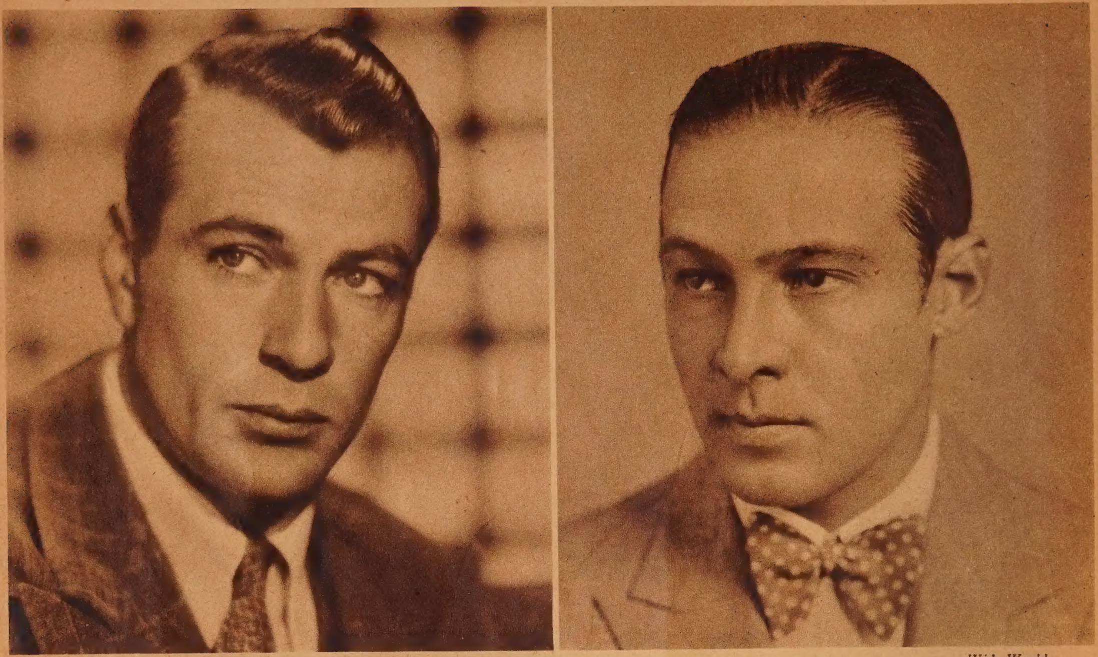
And that shows what has been happening to Hollywood's social life the past year. If a party is to be a success IT MUST BE AMUSING.

Verily, verily, the old order changeth.

It seems only yesterday that Hollywood's idea of a good party was a Thursday night dance at the old Hollywood Hotel on the corner of Highland and Boulevard. If those old walls could talk what stories they would tell! It was here that Valentino "courted" Jean Acker. It was here that Elinor Glyn held forth in all her glory. The hotel veranda was the *Café de la Paix* of Hollywood. If one sat there long enough, sooner or later he would see what the hotel folders referred to as "the top-notchers of filmland." They all congregated there and on Thursday nights at eight o'clock the rugs in the lobby were rolled up and everybody danced. The music stopped at twelve and as the strains of the *Home, Sweet Home* waltz faded away the more convivial of the dancers (prohibition was unheard of then) went up on the third floor which was known as the "friendly

—*Wide World*

Gary Cooper dodges into the smart Mayfair Club in Los Angeles. The evolution of Cowboy Cooper into social leader and successor to Mary Pickford (left) is one of those strange transformations that can take place only in Hollywood



—Wide World

Gary Cooper and Rudolph Valentino. Rudy courted Jean Acker at the weekly social events of his day: the Thursday night dances at the old Hollywood Hotel. Those were the days!

floor" to continue the party. Everybody left their doors open and guests drifted from room to room for a final "nightcap."

Those were the days when Hollywood was truly a colony. The days of the Vernon Country Club where Fatty Arbuckle kept a gold-tipped drum and Buster Keaton had a string of tin cans and when the fun was at its height they would delight the crowd with comedy duets. There was the Alexandria Hotel in downtown Los Angeles with its million dollar rug, so christened because of the many big movie deals which had been put over there . . . the old Green Mill . . . the Plantation. . . .

THEN movie salaries began to skyrocket. The stars began building their own homes. These gorgeous show places became the setting for most of Hollywood's parties. There the stars could have their fun, away from prying eyes. Social lines became more sharply defined. Little cliques developed. Hollywood became more class-conscious. A new social era had begun.

Then talkies came. New York moved westward. Hollywood began to take on more swank. More sophistication.

But throughout this social evolution Mary Pickford remained Hollywood's undisputed social queen. An invitation to Pickfair was equivalent to a passport to the realm of the social elect. Pickfair parties were usually given for visiting royalty. They were very proper and very formal and—yes, let's be honest—a little dull.

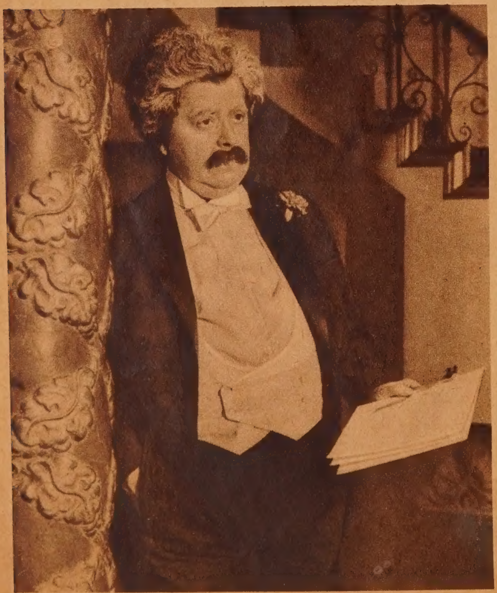
And then suddenly a new leader loomed upon the Hollywood social horizon. It was, of all people, Gary Cooper!

Now if any of the local crystal gazers had ever dared to prophesy that Cowboy Cooper would one date evolute into a social leader, Gary's pals would undoubtedly have said "Nerts!"

Gary never gave parties and seldom went to them. He was one of those boys who practically had to be chloroformed into dinner clothes.

When he returned from lion hunting in Africa, and being lionized in London, Paris and Rome, he astonished everybody by issuing invitations to a big party . . . to honor the Countess de Frasso whose house guest he had been while in Rome. None other than Mary Pickford assisted Gary as hostess.

Maybe that sly little minx of a Mary had



—Wide World

Elsa Maxwell (left, honest) created a social furore in Hollywood. Here she is dressed as Albert Einstein, the scientist of time and space, at one of the big parties given during her stay

Pickfair, the Buckingham Palace of Beverly Hills. Pickfair parties were usually given for visiting royalty. They were very proper and very formal. But to be invited was equivalent to being admitted to the halls of the socially elect. Pickfair is now for sale. See page 38

Gary Cooper in front of his new home some twenty-five miles from Hollywood. This house is surrounded by a large walnut ranch. Here Cooper rests now that he is the Atlas of the movie colony, carrying its social leadership on his shoulders

been looking for just such a pinch-hitting Atlas as Gary upon whom she could unshoulder her social kingdom. It is a known fact that Mary has never really had any social aspirations. Her entertaining of royalty has been more or less in the nature of "command" parties, and to return courtesies shown to her and Doug while abroad. Down deep in her heart Mary was probably a little bored with it all. Perhaps she even saw Gary as a potential social leader. At any rate Gary's party was a huge success and it was Mary Pickford who helped to make it so.

Thereafter, Hollywood's social life began to take on a brand new color. Had its face lifted, so to speak. Overnight, Gary Cooper became Hollywood's favorite host. His parties were gay and amusing. All the really smart people were there.

And then Elsa Maxwell arrived on the Hollywood scene. In case you don't know, she is internationally famous as a giver of unusual parties. She's the sort who thinks nothing of giving a party to which a thousand guests are invited. In fact, some one said of her recently: "Dear old Elsa must be slipping. She gave a party in Hollywood and had only fifty guests."

ELSA had met Gary in Paris. She was a friend of the Countess de Frasso. She borrowed Gary's house for a couple of parties. The Dietrich trousers controversy was at its height. The women guests were asked to come to the party dressed as men, and the men were asked to come in feminine attire. And did everybody have fun! The fact that the party was given in Gary's home added to his social glory. Then there was the party where everybody was asked to dress to represent the person they would really like to be. And the "English" party with the guests in costumes of the Seventeenth Century.

Hollywood loves an excuse to "dress up" and a costume party is invariably a success.

In the good old days actors thought nothing of dropping into a party in sweat shirt or golf clothes and it was quite customary to find several people in studio makeup. But no more.

John Cabot Lodge, Eastern socialite, now under contract to Paramount, recently appeared at a tea party in striped trousers and morning coat. It was the first time Hollywood had seen such a costume outside of weddings and movie sets. But if John Cabot Lodge wore it, it must be verra verra correct. The next day tailors were swamped with orders for striped trousers and morning coats.

With the changing social order large parties have become more or less the rule. It is a good way of paying off social debts, wholesale. Also a large party usually means a buffet supper. This enables the hostess to [*Continued on page 74*]

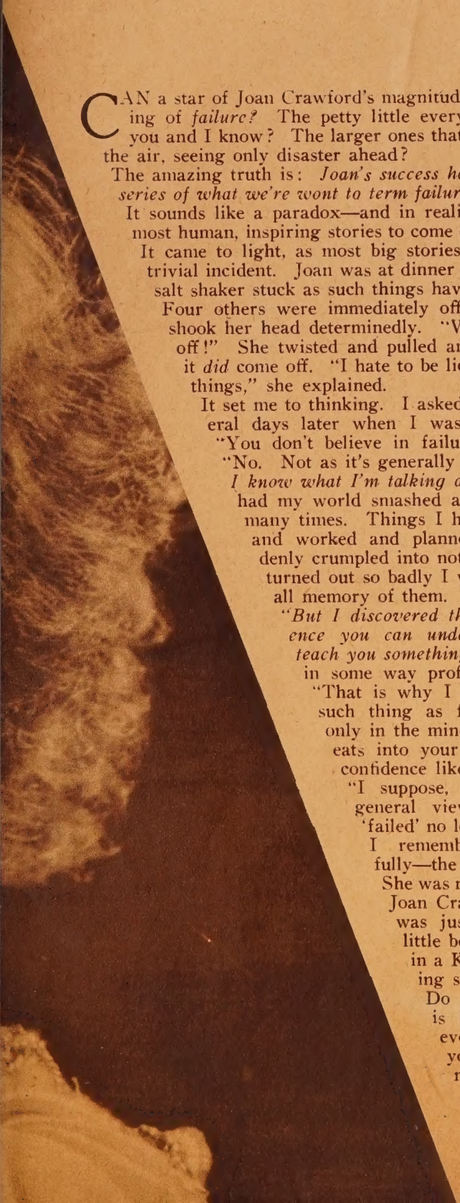
“My marriage was not a failure. It gave me too much in life for that”

Have No Regrets!"

—Says Joan Crawford

"My Success Has Been Built on Failures," She Says, "In Fact, According to the General View, I Have Failed Six Times"

By Jerry Lane



CAN a star of Joan Crawford's magnitude know the meaning of *failure?* The petty little everyday failures that you and I know? The larger ones that leave us fanning the air, seeing only disaster ahead?

The amazing truth is: *Joan's success has been built on a series of what we're wont to term failures!*

It sounds like a paradox—and in reality it's one of the most human, inspiring stories to come out of Hollywood. It came to light, as most big stories do, from a very trivial incident. Joan was at dinner and the top of the salt shaker stuck as such things have a way of doing. Four others were immediately offered her but she shook her head determinedly. "Watch me get this off!" She twisted and pulled and struggled until it *did* come off. "I hate to be licked even by little things," she explained.

It set me to thinking. I asked her about it several days later when I was out at M-G-M. "You don't believe in failure, do you?"

"No. Not as it's generally understood. *And I know what I'm talking about, Jerry.* I've had my world smashed around me a good many times. Things I have counted upon and worked and planned for have suddenly crumpled into nothing. They have turned out so badly I wanted to blot out all memory of them.

"*But I discovered there is no experience you can undergo that doesn't teach you something.* That you can't in some way profit by.

"That is why I think there is no such thing as failure. It exists only in the mind. A disease that eats into your morale and self-confidence like fear.

"I suppose, according to the general view of it, I have 'failed' no less than six times. I remember—rather painfully—the first time. . . ."

She was not the scintillating Joan Crawford then. She was just Billie Cassin—little better than a slavey in a Kansas City boarding school.

Do you know what it is like to be beaten every night until your arms are a mass of bruises? Joan does. She was there to work for her education, the matron would tell her sharply, not to indulge in silly notions like dancing across the kitchen floor. Like singing softly, dreamily, over a cluttered kitchen sink. . . .

IT ISN'T often Joan can bring herself to look back at that bleak period. But she did it now—sitting there in her charming portable dressing room, a veritable picture princess. And outside the orchestra swung into one of the songs for her new production, *Dancing Lady.* A gay, lilting tune that was a strange obligato to what Joan was saying . . . "I don't suppose there's any grief quite so terrible as that of children—It's so impossible for them to look forward and think: Tomorrow's coming. I won't feel so dreadful then—I know that on this particular March evening I was thoroughly convinced everything was ended for me. You see I had banked my hopes so high on winning a certain award. It had been announced that an extra holiday and a five dollar gold piece would be given for the best English essay. Freedom for a day, I thought. And *fortune.*

"But they were not to be mine. I labored so over that essay I knew the words backwards. *And I got fifth place.* To make matters worse I broke two plates and the beating I received was harder than usual. . . . It was the first time in my life I'd really known a crushing defeat. I was too miserable even to cry. But I did notice something. Another little girl who had wanted that award almost as much as I, went up to the winner and congratulated her. *Sportsmanship.* I hadn't known much about it before. I learned then. It made the greatest possible impression on me. I can't tell you how much that served me later when I needed all the courage I could muster."

And then to have your very first venture "on your own" end in failure. Joan knows what that means too. She had staked everything on that job. Built such high hopes on it. *To be a regular dancer in a chorus. . . . Dance,* the one thing she wanted to do most. It was then she adopted the elaborate name of Lucille LeSueur. One day it would blaze over Broadway. Of course it would!

BUT the dream vanished abruptly in St. Louis. She was left there completely and helplessly stranded. Unknown city. No one to turn to. And barely sixteen. In view of future events it was probably the best thing that could have happened to her. You can't begin too young finding out about initiative and resourcefulness. Joan began developing hers right then. And it wasn't very long before she unearthed a job in a department store.

Extraordinary—to fail in a dismal, drastic fashion to make friends, and to have that very failure turn out to be a stepping stone to fame! A conundrum? Not at all. Joan was in Detroit at the time. In the floor show at the Oriole Terrace. She wanted, with all the pent-up longing of a lonely childhood, to be popular with her companions. To be one of them. It hurt to be excluded from their

[*Continued on page* 68]

DIVO

Constance Bennett, otherwise known as the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, has given Hollywood much meat for gossip in the past. Now the tongues are wagging again. Is she happy as the Marquise or would she prefer to give up that title and be just Connie? This is the question Filmdom is pondering. Hank is away but La Bennett seems not to weep

Is Connie Facing it?

By Virginia Sinclaire

A SHORT time ago Constance Bennett had her trunks all packed and passage booked for Honolulu. Her little adopted son, Peter, excitedly told his playmates about the trip, for Peter was going too. Eileen Percy, a close friend of Connie, was to be a member of the party, and her son was going along to keep Peter company. To all appearances the trip was to be an innocent family holiday.

Then, suddenly with the speed and force of an electric shock, a rumor flashed through the film colony. Two days before Connie and her party were scheduled to sail this rumor gripped Hollywood. Every tea table buzzed with it.

"Connie is going to Honolulu to keep a rendezvous with a well-known foreign actor," whispered the rumor hounds.

No one knew where the story came from, but everyone from the highest to the most humble heard the story. The tale was embroidered with each retelling. It assumed fantastic proportions. Within twenty-four hours the rendezvous had developed into a love nest on the beach at Waikiki. Telephone calls, presumably made by Connie to this supposed lover in Honolulu, added fuel to the inferno of gossip.

Connie may not have heard these rumors, but the fact remains that she cancelled the trip a few hours before sailing time. The studio announced that she was forced to remain for retakes on her last picture, *A Bed of Roses.*

But even then the rumors continued.

"Hank is on his way to the South Seas and Connie was afraid of a public scandal if she went to Honolulu," explained the wiseacres.

Then, a couple weeks later, the foreign actor whose name had been linked with Connie's, returned from Honolulu to Hollywood. His arrival in town gave new impetus to the gossip.

The actor, by the way, is as famous as a lover off the screen as he once was famous as a lover on the screen.

Each day brings a

[*Continued on page 72*]

While her husband is away, Connie Bennett remains in Hollywood and becomes the victim of insinuating rumors. Are the rumors of a split true? Is the blonde star contemplating divorce?

The Prob
of the

RCE!

Will Joan Avoid It?

"I WISH to God I would have a baby," said Joan Bennett to a friend recently.

In any town but Hollywood that statement would be interpreted to mean that Joan's marriage to Gene Markey is a successful and happy one. Surely any woman who would make such an impassioned statement must be happily married.

But Hollywood is singularly suspicious. Perhaps that is because happy marriages in the film colony are so rare that they draw a constant fire of jealous speculation.

As a matter of fact when marriages take place in the film capital, friends of the newly weds start making predictions on how long the marriage will last. Two years is considered the time limit for most of them before they start seeking the divorce courts.

Why should Joan's outspoken desire for a baby draw forth so much comment? Many of her friends smiled knowingly when they heard the remark.

"Is it because Joan knows that John Considine, Jr., is soon to become a father?" they whispered darkly.

Can it be that Joan was thinking of the baby expected in the home of John Considine and Carmen Pantages? Was she thinking of the baby she might have had if her romance with John Considine had not been broken?

Joan's loyal friends say that she wants a baby to bless the marital happiness of herself and Gene Markey.

These same friends also point out that Joan is moody and temperamental. The flare-ups of temper and silly quarrels Joan has had with Gene at parties mean nothing at all. They do not mean that the love of these two has cooled. For Joan, being the daughter of the highly temperamental Richard Bennett is first of all the artiste, and therefore her friends insist that she could not escape a quick temper.

Hollywood, on the whole, however, is inclined to regard the marriage of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey from a slightly [*Continued on page 73*]

lems
Bennetts!

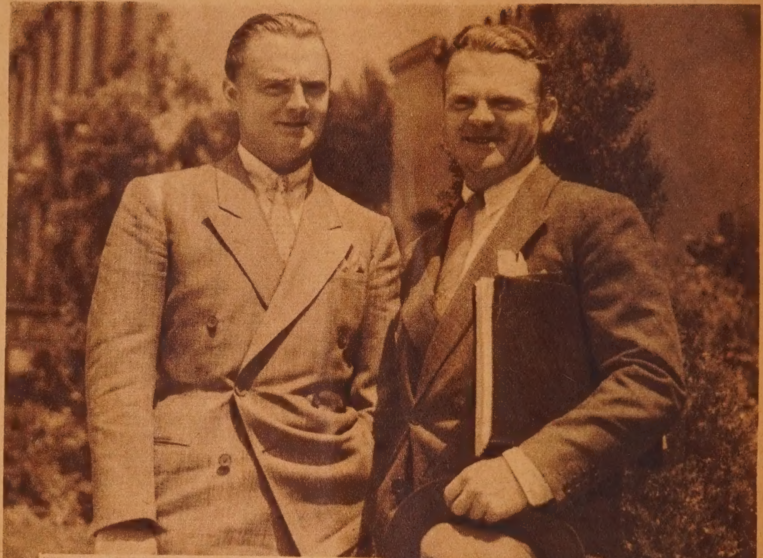
When Joan Bennett married Gene Markey, everyone considered it an ideal marriage. But tongues in the Movietown are ever ready to pounce on any suggestion of marital troubles—even for ideal couples. Will Joan be able to override adverse criticism, insinuating statements? So far, she and Gene have remained happy in spite of gossip. Will they continue?

At each wedding in Filmdom, friends of the newly weds predict how long the marital ship will have fair weather. Two years is considered the time limit. Has Joan Bennett's ship struck a reef?

What! Another Cagney!

Knowing the Strength of Jim's Right Hand, the Hollywood Blondes are Shuddering

By
Harmony Haynes



Jim Cagney is on the right, Bill on the left. Bill, youngest of four brothers, started out to be a lawyer, tried selling advertising and then turned to the screen at Jim's suggestion. Kid Brother Bill is shown in close-up at the left. There's still Sister Jeanne, age 14, to be heard from

IF YOU should stop James Cagney on the street and ask for his autograph, don't be surprised if you catch him trying to suppress a grin, because nine chances out of ten, it won't be James Cagney at all. It will be his younger brother, William.

There are several very good reasons for the grin. To begin with, he's just naturally a happy kid and can't help showing it. In the second place, it is amusing to look more like a star than the star does himself and he is forever being mistaken for his star brother. And in the third place, it must be fun to taste the top while on the way up and William is most certainly en route to stardom. And believe it or not, it all started from autographing!

William, who prefers to be called Bill, came to Hollywood to visit James, and incidentally to look over the field with an eye to business. Brother Jim informed him that there were only two kinds of business in the movie city. One was picture business and the other was monkey business.

Naturally, Bill didn't believe that, so Jim started to prove it. He took the kid brother to the studio and showed him how pictures were made and Bill had to admit that Hollywood did have picture business.

"And now I'll show you the monkey business." He led the willing boy about the city showing him all the pomp and tinsel that is Hollywood. Where the stars eat, where they play, how they eat and how they play.

COMING out of the Club New Yorker, the usual autograph hounds bounded forward, shoved the little books into Bill's hand and chirped, "How about your autograph, Mister Cagney?"

Bill grinned. Jim whispered in his ear, "Some more monkey business." Then with a sly wink and a playful punch in the ribs he added, "Don't disappoint 'em, kid!"

And many, many times after that when the two were together Bill signed his brother's name and they both got a big laugh out of it.

One day a man called at the house and wanted Bill's signature but it wasn't an autograph book that he handed the lad. It was a contract to make Westerns. Bill grinned and looked to Jim for the okey wink, but it wasn't there. There was only a very serious stare.

"This isn't monkey business, kid," he said.

"Well, then it must be picture business," the younger boy suggested.

Jim scratched his head. "No, this is serious business."

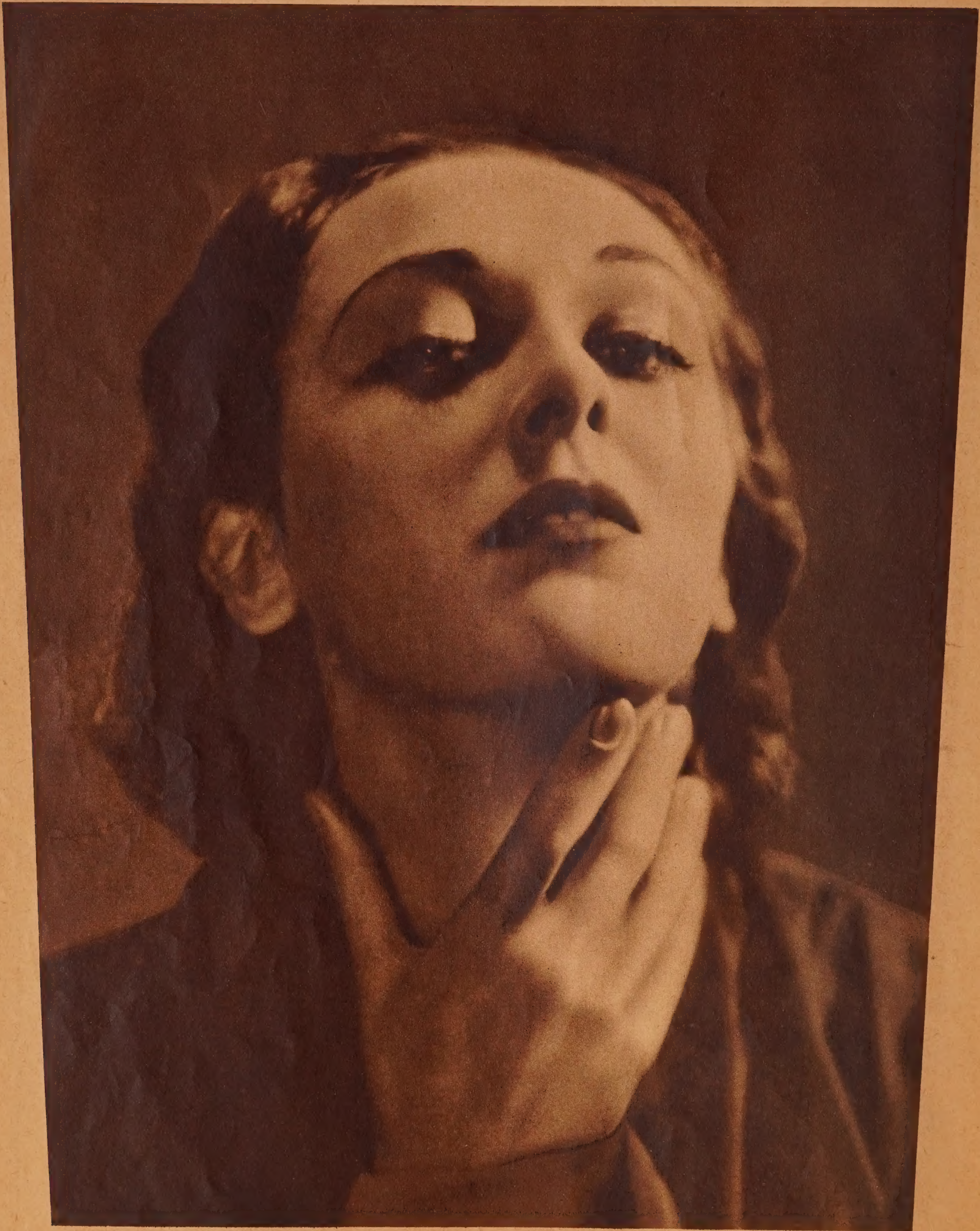
Bill might have called his attention to the fact that contrary to his original statement, this made three kinds of business in Hollywood, but even a brother is entitled to one mistake, and particularly if he goes about correcting it right away.

The correction consisted of hustling Bill over to a gym to work off thirty pounds that would have been just plain bulk in any screen language. It also consisted of reading aloud and of picking out certain scenes and acting them out in the parlour of the Cagney home with Jim and Mrs. Jim giving out such criticisms as "fair, not bad, good, very good, excellent, and perfect!"

Now Fate has a little trick of watching progress and presenting opportunities when the time is ripe, and she didn't overlook Bill Cagney. James and William were having lunch together in a Hollywood café when Harry Cohen of Columbia Pictures happened along. Noticing the great resemblance between the brothers, he offered Bill a screen test. Bill grinned and Jim gave him the okey wink.

[*Continued on page 66*]

● Katharine Hepburn has made another triumph! In *Morning Glory* she clinched the laurels received in *Bill of Divorcement*. We are awaiting with anticipation her portrayal in *Little Women*. Her New England ancestry should make this characterization easy for her



—*Elmer Fryer*

● Here is Ann Dvorak who has returned to the studio lot after her rebellious trip to Europe. Warners were so happy to have her back again that it is surprising that they have not yet cast her in a picture—this girl who is such a capable actress, besides being so lovely

—*Eugene Robert Richee*

● Dorothea Wieck, who has that unusual classic beauty for which millions search in vain, is to appear in *White Woman* with Charles Laughton. Miss Wieck is the German actress who arrived in this country when Americans were busy welcoming back beer, so her arrival was almost unnoticed

● Elissa Landi is keeping us guessing—or is it the publicity department? Before *Warrior's Husband*, she was a repressed sophisticate. Then Miss Landi cast aside feminine traits, became masculine. Right about face! In *I Loved You Wednesday*, Elissa becomes a bounding young girl

"Anyway, I'll Keep Trying"

"But I'm Not Engaged to Mary Brian," Admits Dick

By Dora Albert

HOLLYWOOD believes that Dick Powell and Mary Brian are definitely engaged to each other. For some time the rumor has persisted that it was only a matter of months until wedding bells would ring out.

They have dined and danced and laughed at the same things together. When Mary Brian was making personal appearances, Dick Powell visited her backstage. When Dick Powell was making personal appearances with Joan Blondell at the Capitol Theatre in New York, Mary visited him backstage. When Dick, after his strenuous tour, was taken ill in Hollywood, Mary rushed back to Hollywood to make a picture there, she said, but she hurried at once to Dick. In spite of all this, both Mary Brian and Dick Powell personally deny that they are engaged to each other.

Are Mary Brian and Dick Powell engaged? Hollywood has thought so—but Mary and Dick say NO. Powell, by the way, has been married before. That was a boyhood romance. But the two agreed amicably to disagree

"No, I'm not engaged to Mary Brian," Dick Powell said to me, with what sounded like regret. "You see, there are several of us who are very fond of Mary, but the trouble is that none of us know where we stand!"

"You mean," I pounced on him, "that you're not engaged to Mary Brian but you'd like to be?"

Dick laughed and said: "W-e-l-l, I might go a lot further and not find anyone half so wonderful."

Has Dick proposed to Mary and been turned down? Naturally, both of them are too well-bred to discuss this, and yet the evidence seems overwhelmingly in favor of it.

I know for a fact that Mary Brian has received dozens of proposals, both from boys in the movie colony and from boys outside of it. And yet she says: "I am not engaged to Dick Powell or to anybody else And

[*Continued on page* 56]

Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in *Tugboat Annie*. "This is one of my two hardest rôles," says Wallie

"One Side of My Mug Is As Good as the Other"

By Grace Mack

A FEW days ago I was sitting on the sidelines of the *Tugboat Annie* set, talking with Wallace Beery. The scene was a dance aboard ship. It was a gay scene . . . an orchestra playing . . . young folks dancing . . . ship's stewards moving among the crowd with trays of drinks. Marie Dressler (Tugboat Annie) was sampling the punch and it was beginning to go to her head.

"In the old days," said Wallie, "there would have been a real kick to that punch. When a scene called for champagne, believe me we had champagne. When it called for beer, we had beer. But that belongs to the dim, distant past. Now, when we have a drinking scene, no matter what the script calls for we have cold tea—and like it."

This started us talking about pictures of the old days.

"I've been in this business for twenty-four years," said Wallie, "and during that time I've sure seen plenty of changes. They've been telling us for years that pictures were in their infancy. But I'm beginning to think they've got their long pants on now. Certainly there isn't much comparison between the pictures of today and the quivering quickies we used to turn out.

"I got my start at the old Essanay studio in Chicago. I played a Swedish house maid in short reel comedies. Louella Parsons wrote 'em. She got the magnificent sum of $25 a reel. In addition to acting, I did a little directing. I get a big laugh when I think of the way we did things in those days. We'd shoot the sets one way in the morning to get the sun and then in the afternoon we'd switch 'em around the other way to catch the afternoon sun. There was no such thing as specially built sets like we have today. We had a bunch of junk scenery and we used that for every picture. If the story called for something different we changed the story to make it match the scenery we had.

"We kept a bunch of stock titles in the cutting room. Whenever we wanted to show a lapse of time in a picture we'd flash one of these titles. The most popular ones were 'Tomorrow,' 'And then—' and 'Later.' With that one little word 'later' we could cover a lot of territory.

"You see," says Wallie Beery, "I've Never Figured Myself an Actor. I'm Just a Guy with a Job. All I do is Act Natural. I've been just Lucky"

"We didn't have much efficiency in those days but we sure had a lot of fun. There was a happy-go-lucky, who-gives-a-damn spirit about the studio. We used a lot of location shots. It was cheaper than buying scenery. Sometimes we'd leave the studio about nine o'clock in the morning to go on location. But we'd never see the location. We'd drive a few blocks away to the Winona Gardens and spend most of the day drinking beer and swapping yarns. 'Long about four o'clock we'd mosey back to the studio with a long story about having sat around all day waiting for the sun to come out and finally giving up in disgust.

"NOBODY gets away with anything like that these days. We don't even have much fun on sets any more. They're more like morgues. Once in 'awhile you get a director who likes to have a little joke now and then but that's about all. Yes sir, working in pictures is a job now—and a helluva job at that. If you don't believe it you ought to follow me around some day. I've spent the last two weeks in a boiler room. When I wasn't laying on my belly in grease and muck I was stoking the engines. Then for a little variety they put me in the steam room. Of all the hell holes I ever got into, that was it. They wrapped me in burlap for a sort of protection and the damned stuff caught on fire. For a few minutes I thought my time had come. They had to turn the hose on me to put the fire out.

"Say—these boys that get the parlor, bedroom and bath rôles don't know how lucky they are. But at that I wouldn't change places with any of 'em. You see I can get to the studio five minutes before shooting time and walk right on the set. I don't have to put on any makeup and I don't have to worry about whether the camera's going to catch my profile just right. One side of my mug is just as good as the other. I don't have to worry about my figure either, the way the pretty boys do. If I take on a few extra inches around the waist line—hell, who cares? When somebody writes me and asks me for a picture, I send [*Continued on page 61*]

"The only time it looked like I was on the toboggan was when sound came in. They decided there was no 'it' in my voice. So Paramount let it go"

—Hurrell

Helen Hayes, who comes pretty near being First Lady of the Screen by reason of her *Farewell to Arms,* will offer another interesting addition to her gallery of film characterizations in *Another Language,* in which she appears with Robert Montgomery

The Tragic Comedian Passes

One Event Made Him a Marked Man but Fatty Arbuckle Fought On, Game to the Last

By Edward R. Sammis

—Wide World

The Arbuckle you remember, the clown with the derby and the baggy trousers. Yet his career was studded with tragedy, from his birth in Kansas, when a cyclone killed the attending physician

ON A sunny afternoon of last August, Fatty Arbuckle sat in the cafeteria of the Warner Brothers, Brooklyn Studio, perspiring with excitement.

It was a momentous day for him. He had just finished *Hey, Pop!* a two reel comedy, marking his first appearance before the camera since the scandal arising from the death of Virginia Rappe at a drinking party where he was the host, had driven him from the screen eleven years before.

Turning to Ed Selzer of the Vitaphone staff, he said in a voice unsteady with emotion:

"Ed, I am going to go down on my knees tonight and pray to God that the public will accept my picture and will accept me."

That much, at least, was granted him.

The public did accept his picture. And it accepted him. Even those who had been his bitterest opponents were won over at last to whole-hearted admiration for his magnificent unrelenting fight to reestablish himself against hopeless odds.

But the two reeler was only a stepping stone to his greatest desire, the hope that he might one day appear again in a feature picture with star billing. For almost a year he worked without sparing himself, playing forty-seven consecutive weeks in vaudeville, making six short subjects, with the mirage of fulfillment, drawing ever nearer.

At last it seemed almost within reach. The Warner Brothers company, faced with a dearth of comedians, was making plans to star him. And on the very night he learned of those plans, Fatty Arbuckle died in his sleep, of heart failure.

That evening he had declared to his manager, Joe Rivkin:

"I've had one happy year. I have a lovely wife, a home and a little girl (this was his wife's child by a former marriage). Then I've got my work and I think they're going to star me. What more can any man ask?"

Perhaps he was too happy to please the fates. He died with contentment barely achieved, before he had a chance to fully enjoy it, of having worked too hard to attain it.

It was the finishing ironic touch to a career of unparalleled misfortune, the final frustration for the man of unhappy destiny, who had been throughout his forty-six years, a Gargantuan football of fate.

—Wide World

Fatty Arbuckle and his wife, Addie McPhail. He was celebrating his first wedding anniversary on the night that he died. "I've had one happy year," he said then, "they can take me now and I won't kick"

THE elements themselves were in evil portent on the night of March 24, 1887 when Roscoe Conkling Arbuckle was ushered into the world. According to his own account, a Kansas cyclone roared through

[*Continued on page 47*]

Movie Eavesdropping

By Radie Harris

THIS is the saga of a little tune entitled, "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans," as sung by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., accompanied by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

It seems that in the very, merry month of May, Doug, Jr., decided to embark on the S. S. Roma for his first visit to the Italian Lakes—there to complete the Great American Novel, "This Thousand Summers."

It also seems that in this same very, merry month of May, Douglas, Sr., decided to board the S. S. Europa for England—there to complete plans to make a talkie revival (1933 version) of *Don Q*.

Now, if you know your film baedeker, you will remember that *Don Q.* was the sequel to *Mark of Zorro*—and that Douglas, Sr., played the dual rôle of "Mark" and his son, "Don Q." In the revival, it is Doug's plan to resume his original rôle of "Mark" and have Doug, Jr., play his son.

Young Doug was so thrilled with his Dad's scheme that he immediately cancelled his passage on the Roma to accompany him on the Europa. They would travel together and work out the script en route.

Sooooo (by special permission of Ed Wynn) they arrived in London, and no sooner had they landed when Doug, Jr., received a cable from his manager, Mike Levee, summoning him home immediately for the rôle of "Leo" in Noel Coward's, *Design for Living*, which Paramount is producing with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins in the other two

When Lupe Velez and her adopted daughter, Joan, arrived in Hollywood, they were met by Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe's "steady." Despite rumors to the contrary, Lupe says, "I will nevaire marry. That ees why I have adopted Joan." Looks as though the swimming champ were out of luck if he has plans for a future with the Mexican firebrand. Right, Ruby Keeler attended the Baer-Schmeling bout in New York with husband Al Jolson, and her father, Ralph Keeler. Ruby was overcome by the acclaim given her in New York. Her visit was doubly happy by the news that Warners is to produce Al's *Wonderbar*

Doug, Jr., Returns and is Taken Ill—New York is Vacation Mecca of Stars—Dick Powell and Mary Brian still Romancing with No Wedding Bells in View—Lupe Velez Deserts New York—Joan Blondell Works During Vacation—Dick Barthelmess, Homesick for Hollywood Cancels European Jaunt

leads, and Lubitsch at the megaphone.

Since this rôle, created on the stage by Coward himself is one that Douglas has had his heart set on playing ever since he first saw it, he chucked all his other plans—and grabbed the first boat for New York where he was taken ill, as told on page 37.

Upon his complete recovery from pneumonia, Douglas expects to return to England—but I won't tell you about any of his other plans because while I am writing them, they are more than likely already changed!

Re Ruby

HIGH spots of Ruby Keeler's recent visit to New York:

1. Receiving a tremendous ovation at the première of *Gold Diggers of 1933.*

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in London with his father, was summoned back to Hollywood for an important rôle in *Design for Living.* Then he was taken seriously ill in New York City. Left, upon her return from New York, Joan Blondell was snapped with her stand-in, Jean Blair, and Joan Crawford's Iris Lancaster. Note the resemblance of stand-ins to their stars

2. Seeing Al sign a Warner Brothers' contract to star in his stage success, *The Wonderbar.*
3. Occupying a ringside seat at the Baer-Schmeling fight and seeing Baer win.
4. Scoring an "89" at the Lakeside Golf Club.
5. Receiving a star sapphire and diamond bracelet and a marquise diamond ring from Al "on account of" he loves her so much.
6. Making her first transcontinental flight to return to Hollywood for one of the leading rôles in *Footlight Parade.*
7. Remaining the same, sweet unspoiled child that she had always been before *42nd Street* and *Gold Diggers* made her the most discussed personality of the hour.

Young and Healthy

HEADLINING at the Capitol Theatre with Joan was Dick Powell, "in person, NOT a motion picture."

Playing four and five a day was no new experience to Dick. As master of ceremonies for three consecutive years at the Warner Theatre in Pitts-

[*Continued on page* 59]

When Franchot Tone *Went to* Cornell

By Sanford Brice Ketchum

Editor of The Cornell Widow

A MEMBER of Phi Beta Kappa and Kappa Beta Phi! The goal to which every college man aspires but which few attain. Franchot Tone was one of that small group of prominent students who did.

An outstanding scholar, he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year at Cornell. He received his degree in three and a half years and served a term in the Department of Romance Languages as an instructor in French. In his senior year he was elected to Kappa Beta Phi, a social fraternity, whose membership is limited to those students who are leaders in campus activities and social life.

Tone's home was in Niagara Falls, New York, where his father is the president of the Carborundum Company. Young Franchot attended the Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

Tone (above) in his movie dressing room. Tone's full name is Stanislas Pascal Franchot Tone. At Cornell he was known as "Pamp," which had been his father's nickname at Cornell before him

Franchot Tone's special interest at Cornell was the Dramatic Club. In his senior year he was its president. Tone gave outstanding performances in many rôles. Left, he is the right hand figure in this scene from Sheridan's *The Critic*

He Wanted to be an Athlete—but Instead he Won College Fame For His Unconventional Escapades

Franchot Tone is the right hand figure in the scene of the Dramatic Club performance above. At college Tone was continually falling in love but none of the sentimental episodes were serious. His Cornell record of romance still stands alone

and entered Cornell in the fall of 1923.

His brother, Frank, had been a star on the baseball team and Franchot's first ambition was to be a member of the track team. He had hopes of someday becoming a star under the training of the famous Cornell track coach, John Moakley, the developer of many an intercollegiate and Olympic champion.

Franchot Tone's first ambition was doomed to failure. The doctors found that he had a weak heart and from then on, a sport so strenuous as running was out of the question. Although unable actively to participate, he never lost interest in track. He was seen at every meet, cheering enthusiastically.

Once his weak heart nearly proved fatal to him. He was swimming in the icy cold waters of Lake Cayuga when he was overcome by a heart attack. Only the watchfulness of his friends saved him from drowning.

ONE of Franchot's best friends at college was his fraternity brother, Eugene Goodwillie. In him Tone saw the fulfillment of his own ambitions. Goodwillie was a star on the varsity track team and a leader of the student body. He was president of the Student Council in his senior year. After graduating from Cornell, he was awarded a Rhodes scholarship and went to Oxford where he again starred in track. Franchot Tone saw all of his early dreams come true in the career of his friend. Often perhaps in his imagination he pictured himself instead of Goodwillie breaking the tape at the end of a race.

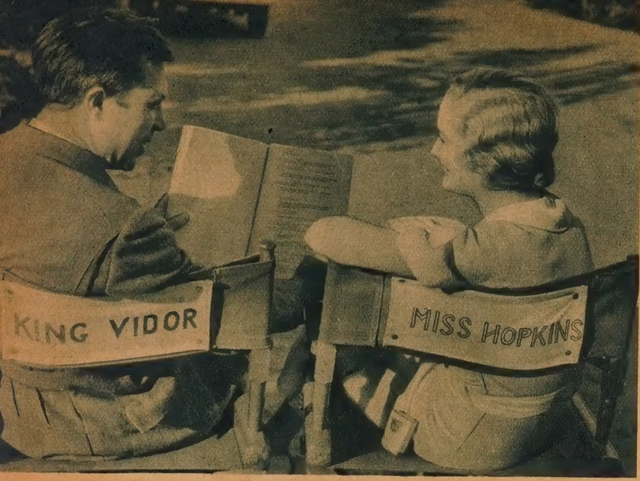
Tone's full name is Stanislas Pascal Franchot Tone. He has always gone by the name of Franchot which was his mother's maiden name. At college he was known to his friends as "Pamp" for no special reason except that it had been his father's nickname at Cornell before him. He was also known as "Toney" but his more intimate friends still call him "Pamp."

When a freshman he was pledged and initiated into Alpha Delta Phi, one of leading fraternities on the Cornell campus. "Pamp" was not especially suited to fraternity life. The fraternities encourage their members to take part in athletics or to compete for the managerships of important teams and publications and

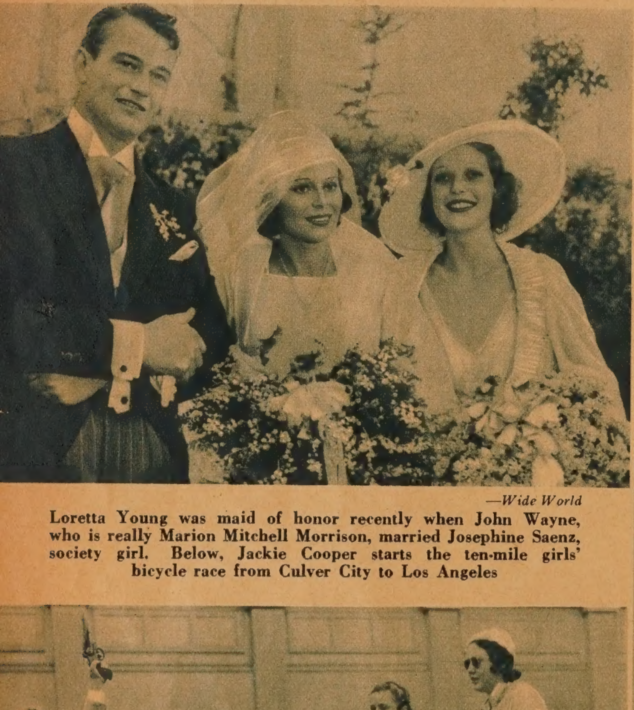
[*Continued on page* 67]

Franchot Tone, between scenes of *Midnight Mary*. Even in college days, Tone was celebrated for his acting abilities, his imitations and his recitations. Also for his Model T. Ford, in which he used to tour the beautiful countryside around Ithaca, N. Y.

Movietown's *Doings*

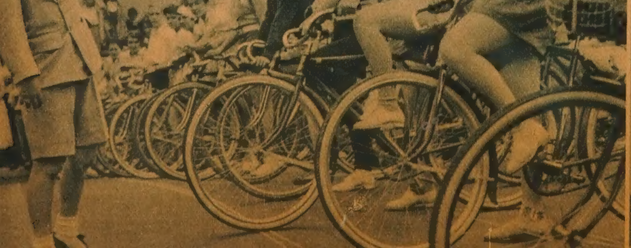


Miriam Hopkins, borrowed from Paramount by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was given the lead in *Strangers Return*, directed by King Vidor. Now the tongues are whispering of a romance. Here they are discussing the lines for a scene



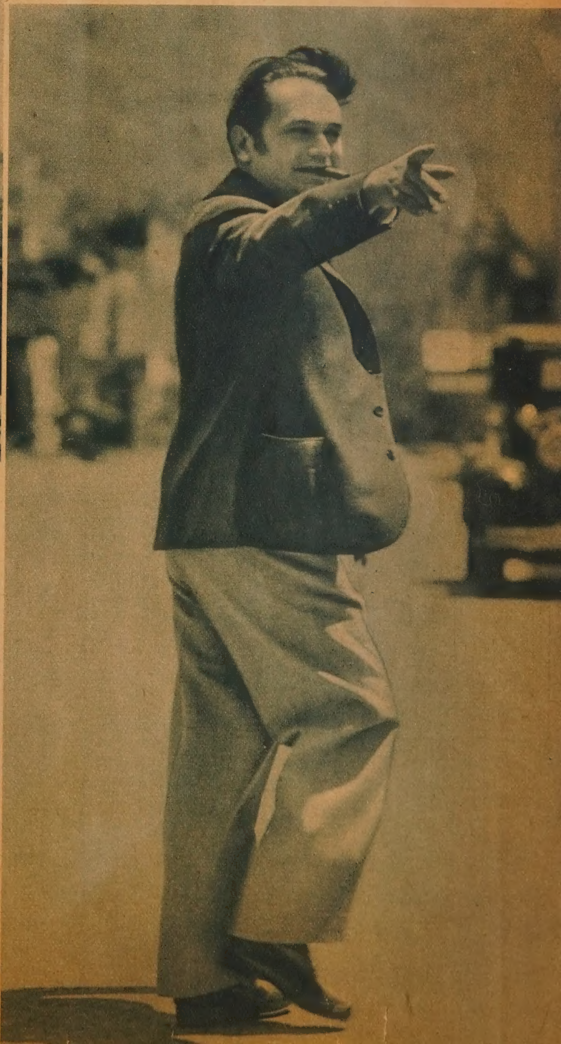
—Wide World

Loretta Young was maid of honor recently when John Wayne, who is really Marion Mitchell Morrison, married Josephine Saenz, society girl. Below, Jackie Cooper starts the ten-mile girls' bicycle race from Culver City to Los Angeles



—Wide World

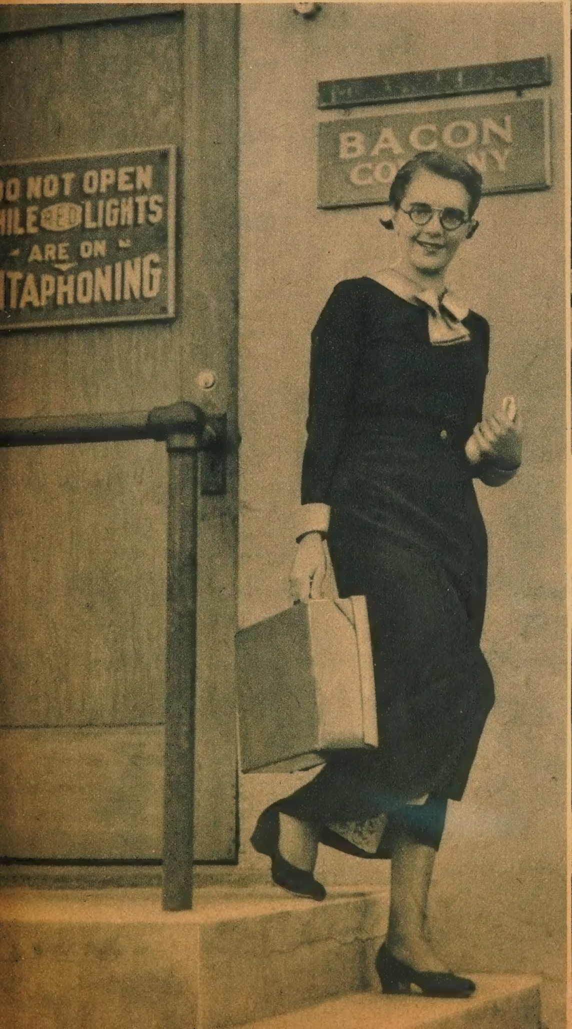
The greatest racketeer of all time, Napoleon, is a future portrayal for Edward G. Robinson. Staying in New York until after little Caesar, Jr., arrived on earth, Robinson is now in Hollywood busy being Napoleon. Here he is on the Warner studio lot, pointing to a friend. Or is he, as the great general, pointing out a new campaign? They say his rôle will portray Napoleon as the time honored lover. Is there a pretty girl in the distance?

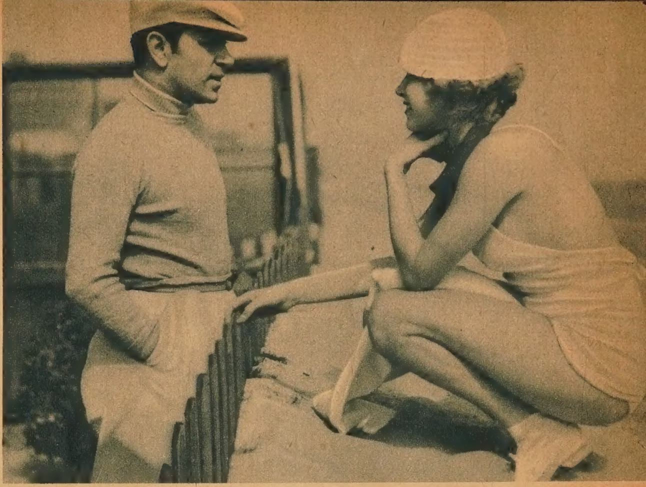


The Stars have Various and Sundry Ways of Spending their Time Either Between Pictures or Between Scenes During Production

—*Wide World*

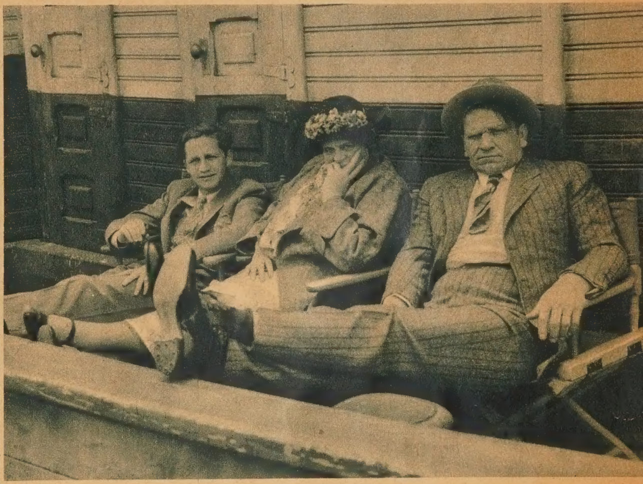
Do you recognize this prim miss as the snappy Ruby Keeler? After a hard day's work at the studio, Miss Keeler is anxious to get home, probably to receive that phone call from her husband, Al Jolson. It was misery for both Ruby and Al to be separated by thousands of miles, but the telephone company shed no tears. They made money on those phone calls which were almost nightly. Ruby had to leave her husband to appear in Warner's *Footlight Parade*





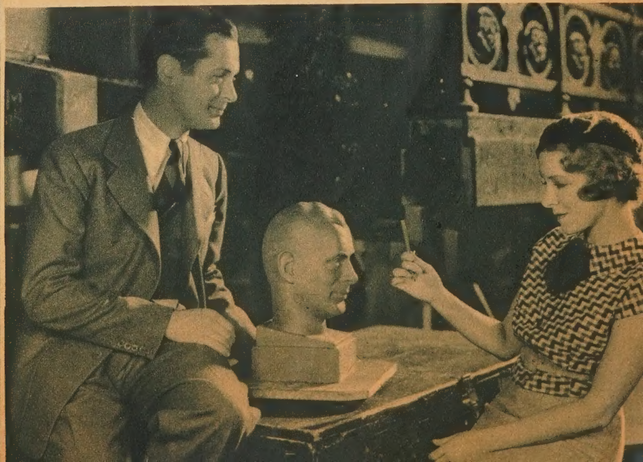
—*Wide World*

George Raft is one of those men whose *affaires de coeur* are beyond recording. We've tried, but just can't keep up to date. Here he is at his home in Malibu chatting over the front yard fence with Maxine Cantway, a Warner player



—*Wide World*

Tugboat Annie* has brought together three of our favorites—Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, the co-stars, and Mervyn LeRoy, director. Below, Helen Hayes spends her leisure between scenes sculpturing a head of Robert Montgomery



All Over The Hollywood Lot

By Marcella Burke

IM A HOLLYWOOD PARTY GIRL
IM A HOLLYWOOD PARTY BOY
IM A HOLLYWOOD PARTY GIRL

—Wide World

Jimmy Durante, that great professor of the Schnozzola, is back in Hollywood. After a successful appearance in the overwhelmingly popular *Strike Me Pink*, Jimmy gives the Film Colony a break by becoming one of them. And Movietown proves their happiness by having a committee to befittingly receive the playboy. He thinks he has no attraction but adds, "But what's my opinion against millions of others!"

BEAUTIFUL Montecito—in Santa Barbara—with its smart Edgecliff Beach Club—the rows of blue and silver cabana's along the Biltmore beach.

The open charcoal grill beside the pool, where you can decide whether it's to be a broiled lobster, lamb chops, steak or just perfect *cold dishes.*

There are two popular rendezvous—two hours by water from Hollywood.

Of course there is the amusing, very crowded Malibu Beach with stars popping in and out of each other's cottages all day long and most of the night.

There is Laguna Beach in still another direction, past Long Beach—and down the coast towards La Jolla.

Laguna is a wee bit after the fashion of Carmel—perhaps one is wrong in saying it attracts more the literary group.

The Fredric Marches have a cottage on one of the cliffs—and Polly Moran—Ted Newton—E. H. Griffith—Horace Jackson.

Ina Claire used to adore the place.

Where They Play

THERE positively isn't any place to be alone, around the cinematic city these days. But very few people seem to be in search of solitude.

The night the new and very exclusive Supper Club opened in Montecito—the crowd (with the exception of the native Santa Barbarians) looked practically like the Colony Club back in Hollywood.

The Donald Ogden Stewarts were at one long table, although they never sit for very long in any one spot.

There was an upstairs turned over into a—beer-bar shall we say? It was called the Havana Room—Jimmy Diubero painted animated looking naked nature wenches of a very dark hue—all over the wall.

I had seen the paintings the week before the Supper Club opened—therefore they made a vivid impression on me. The night of the gala binge you couldn't see them, because the room was jammed.

Clarence and Meyrl Mattie were inviting people to their "tomorrow afternoon cocktail party"—Katherine Holmes (Katherine MacDonald) had the largest and longest table in the white supper room. Freddie March got caught swiping a cigarette from another table and he said the man acted like a gentleman about it.

Felton Elkins was entertaining the Marches

Summer Play Places in the Film Capital—Stars Know no Rest from Parties—Lupe Velez Cheers Hollywood By Returning to Movietown—The Edmund Gouldings Give Supper Party —The Latest Gossip in the Picture Colony

and the Jack Morgans—Phyllis Morgan always looks completely charming. On this particular night she wore a rose chiffon gown which actually *floated* as she danced.

Florence Eldridge was in a stunning white satin Verionet dinner dress.

Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart wore a hand blocked green and rose print cut very low—the lines were perfection.

Bob Benchley was, as always, with the extraordinarily stunning Louise Macey.

About this time I couldn't see across the room because the ventilation was dreadful, and everybody's eyes were smarting from the cigarette smoke.

Charles Butterworth had been one of the first to reach the Biltmore early Saturday morning with his bride of six months—Ethel Sutherland.

It was also Ethel's birthday so Austin Parker had an impromptu dinner party in his bungalow.

Dolly Graves was the other guest of honor.

Dolly Graves is the lonely looking young lady whom Alexander Kirkland took dancing so many times before he left for New York.

Young Kirkland motored back to New York with Bob Abbott, Elizabeth Allen's very good friend. En route he wired Dolly Graves the following message:

"The Yellowstone is not as beautiful as you—"

But to get [*Continued on page* 57]

Helen Twelvetrees, who is Mrs. Woody in private life, takes Jack Woody, Jr., for an airing. In her cycling togs, she often rides her bike, pulling her good-looking baby son in his cart. Don't they look alike?

—Wide World

Raquel Torres plays tennis as a means of keeping that oh, so perfect figure. And snoopers say that she serves a wicked ball. Left, Paul Muni, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Hollywood on the liner President Pierce. Muni's first picture will be *The World Changes* and his leading lady will be Jean Muir

The TAN Brigade

Pretty Elizabeth Allan (above) ready for a dip in the Garden of Allah pool, while Betty Furness (right) displays one of the new white rubber bathing suits, along with Keks, the new beach sandals

Toby Wing, just now much talked about in Hollywood because Maurice Chevalier has been taking her to luncheon

Left, a bit of Malibu Beach decorated with Dorothy Jordan and Joel McCrea

SCREEN BOOK TABLOID

SEPTEMBER, 1933

Doug, Jr., Wins

By *Radie Harris*

—*Wide World*

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arrived in New York and in less than twenty-four hours was in the hospital suffering from pneumonia. Only his excellent physical condition held him from the clutches of death

POOR Douglas Fairbanks, Jr! His *Design for Living* didn't turn out as he had planned it—at all! Interrupting a holiday spree in Europe, he rushed home on the S. S. Europa, to appear with Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March in the Paramount screen adaptation of Noel Coward's play about "three people who love each other very much."

The night before he was due to arrive in New York on the first lap of his journey back to Hollywood, Douglas was invited to a party given by the captain of the boat. Even on shipboard, Douglas' social life continued in the best Fairbanks manner, and on this particular night, his calendar was so overcrowded that one appointment overlapped another.

In an effort not to be too late for this special function, he raced through his steam bath and tore on his clothes before he was thoroughly dried. And at the party, although he wasn't conscious of it at the time, he must have sat in a draught. It is the only way he can account for the unpleasant souvenir that followed.

The next day when the boat landed, Douglas was met at the pier by his mother, Beth Whiting, with whom he anticipated spending two days before catching a plane to Hollywood.

He didn't complain of feeling ill until that evening when he was dressing to join friends for dinner and theatre. Now, when Douglas doesn't feel in the mood for Going Places and Seeing People, either the Messiah has come—or he is *REALLY* sick.

Mrs. Whiting immediately summoned a doctor, who diagnosed the case as a severe attack of bronchitis, and put him to bed.

The following morning, his temperature had gone up to an alarming degree and by early afternoon, he was such a sick boy that he was taken to the Doctor's Hospital in an ambulance. Lobar pneumonia had set in.

Ordinarily, this pneumonia, which is known as the type four pneumonia, is the mildest form of the disease—only poor Doug had it in its severest form!

For a week his life hung in the balance, while he battled with a fever that vacillated from 104 to 98 in one day. No one, with the exception of his mother, was allowed to see him.

DOUGLAS, SR., with whom he had been traveling in London, cabled and phoned trans-Atlantic every day. Joan Crawford, tied up on her newest picture, *Dancing Lady*, long-distanced from the M-G-M studios several times a day.

"I talked to her every night," Beth Whiting told me. "And sweet and thoughtful darling that she always is, she offered to fly here, if Douglas wanted her. But happy as it would have made Douglas to see her, he realized how unfair it would be to ask it of her. She would only have been allowed an occasional visit to his sickroom and the rest of the time, she would have to hang around the hospital—just waiting for that occasional visit."

What a grand gesture Joan's offer was, can only be appreciated by those intimate friends of hers, who know how petrified she is of flying. Height of any kind is a phobia with her. Even when she stays at a hotel, she never engages a suite higher than the third floor.

But in this instance, Joan felt exactly like the composer who wrote, "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain if I knew that When I Climbed that Mountain, I'd Find You!"

Dr. Hicks, who attended Douglas all during his illness claims that his miraculous escape from the Great Beyond was entirely due to his excellent physical condition. Doug laughingly explains it by saying that "only the good die young."

But Dr. Hicks has already warned his patient that his recovery will be slow. One cannot put up as good a "fight" as young Doug did without losing strength. [*Continued on page* 65]

Mary Pickford Confirms Separation

—*Wide World*

Doug and Mary, as pictured several years ago before the clouds of divorce appeared. That now seems inevitable and it is reported that Pickfair is for sale. So ends Hollywood's ideal marriage after fourteen years

HOLLYWOOD'S one ideal marriage is on the rocks—Doug and Mary have reached the parting of ways. This announcement does not come as a surprise to Hollywood, in spite of the fact that it has stunned movie fans of the world. For the past three years Hollywood has known of the inevitable end, but so deep has been the respect of the press for the uncrowned king and queen of movieland that little more than a whisper of impending separation has ever reached the public.

Divorce is inevitable, although Mary insists that no divorce action has as yet been started. It is said that on her recent visit to New York, supposedly to see about future productions, Miss Pickford consulted with her New York attorney, Dennis O'Brien, about taking the final legal step which would sever her romance with Douglas Fairbanks.

"I love Doug and I always shall," says Miss Pickford, "but it has reached the point where we cannot go on together. If divorce is filed it will be on grounds of incompatability, nothing more."

Mary and Doug have been married for fourteen years.

Many things have contributed to the separation of these two idols of the screen. The financial arrangements between the two, according to close friends of both, have been not the least of these troubles. Under prenuptial agreement entered into, both were to make their own productions under United Artists release and the profits of these productions were to be split in the following manner: Profits from Mary's pictures were to be split fifty-fifty between Mary and her mother; profits from Doug's pictures were to be split fifty fifty between Mary and Doug. A fair estimate of what Mary's profits were may be derived from the large estate left by her mother upon her death a few months ago. Those in the know say that Douglas has long been dissatisfied with this arrangement. Many who seem to know the inside of the story say that the separation is due to Doug's "royalty" complex. It is well known that Pickfair, the magnificent mansion in Beverley Hills has been the rendezvous for visiting Royalty whenever Douglas could induce scions of nobility to visit

[*Continued on page* 65]

—*Wide World*

A recent snap of Mary Pickford at Palm Springs, bicycling along the desert trails. "I love Doug and I always will," she told reporters

How Del Rio Is Changing Her Personality

WHEN RKO'S picture, *Dance of Desire,* is flashed on the screen, the fans who have long admired the dark exotic beauty of the Mexican star will be given the shock of their lives. No longer is Del Rio to don grass skirts and do native hula dances. No longer will she be placidly beautiful in the old fashioned manner as in *Romona.*

As modern as a Fifth Avenue mannekin; as up to date as Roosevelt's New Deal; a new Del Rio comes to the screen. As the first step in modernizing this patrician of old Mexico, the long dark hair which has never before been touched by barbers' shears has been bobbed. A new and daring coiffeur has been devised to frame the dark oval beauty of her face. This she believes is the most important step in new personality.

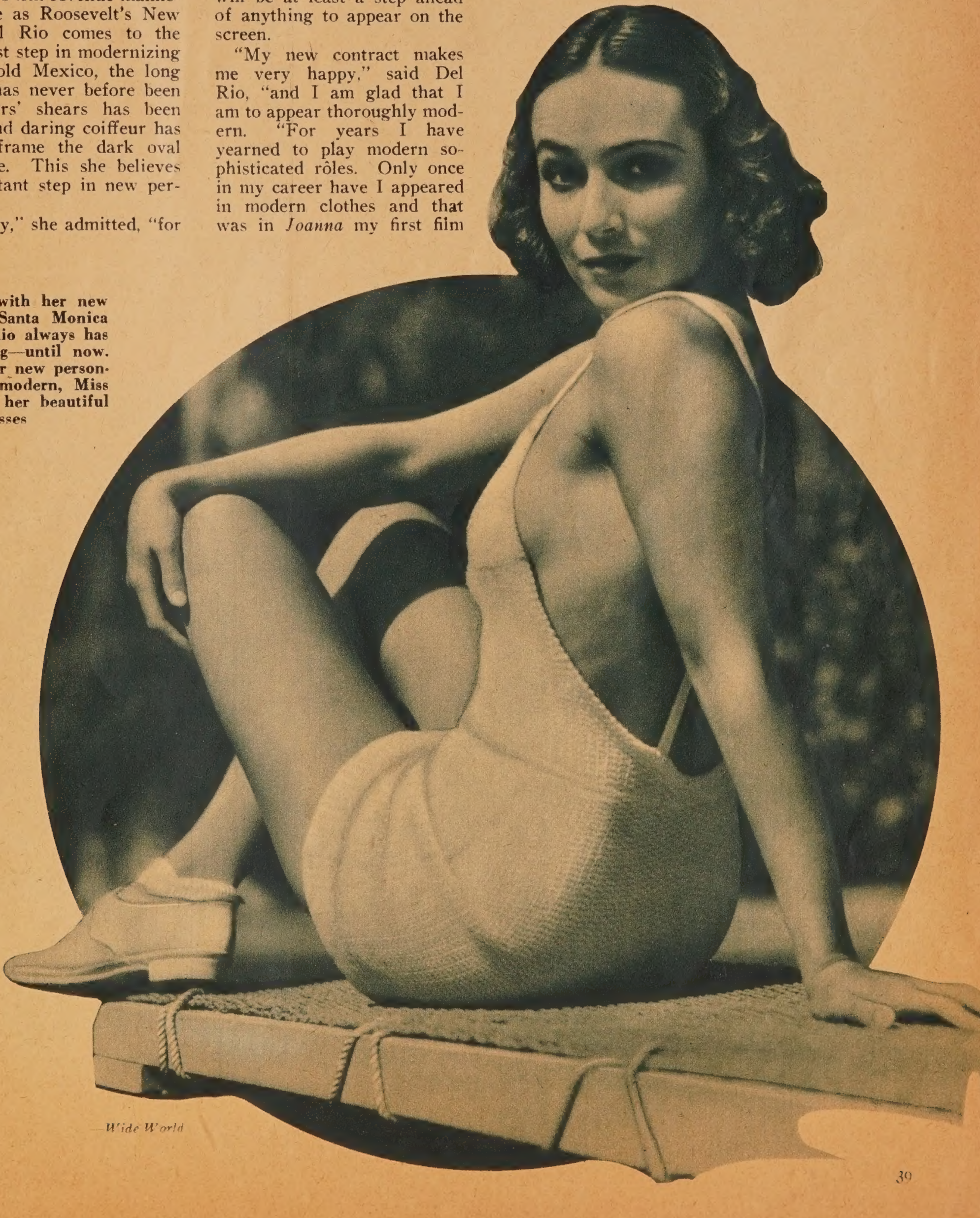
"It feels so funny," she admitted, "for I have always worn it long." "Already I am beginning to feel like a new person."

The wardrobe of RKO studios hums with activity as complete wardrobe of the most ultra modern design is being prepared for Del Rio. The foremost designers of the nation have been called in order that clothes for her new picture will be at least a step ahead of anything to appear on the screen.

"My new contract makes me very happy," said Del Rio, "and I am glad that I am to appear thoroughly modern. "For years I have yearned to play modern sophisticated rôles. Only once in my career have I appeared in modern clothes and that was in *Joanna* my first film appearance. Since then I have been Russian, Indian, Gypsy, Spanish and even an island hula dancer. Everything but a modern."

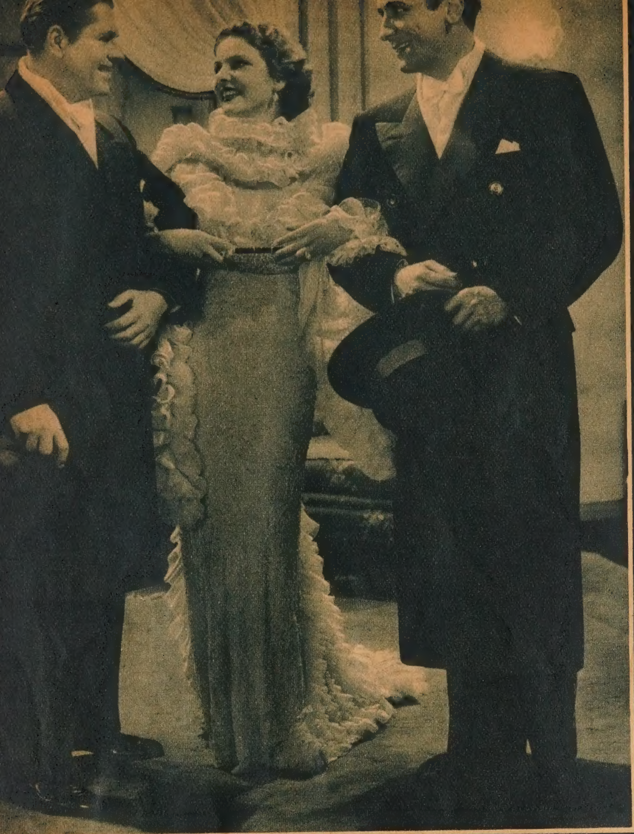
The Dance of Desire will be her first picture under new RKO contract. Plans are, however, for her to continue this modern type of rôle and Hollywood predicts new

[*Continued on page* 74]



Dolores Del Rio, with her new hair bob, at her Santa Monica home. Miss Del Rio always has worn her hair long—until now. In keeping with her new personality of an ultra modern, Miss Del Rio sacrificed her beautiful black tresses

Wide World



The New Pictures

VOLTAIRE

WHAT appears to be a gorgeous vehicle for George Arliss turns out to be just another historical drama, well acted, but leaving observers pretty cold. The active Voltaire dashed off histories which were colored by his distaste for religion, engaged in writing hundreds of political pamphlets, adapted poetry for Frederick the Great, amused his own king, Louis XV, and still had time to work up indignation over the plight of the oppressed. Here you see Voltaire trying to sway his spendthrift monarch, make him see the evil of his ways and realize the menace of impending revolution. Doris Kenyon isn't our idea of Madame Pompadour but—come to think of it—what *is* our idea? Arliss makes Voltaire a picturesque, crotchety old fellow with a sly humor. You'll like him but the surrounding events are pretty dull. *Warners.*

Warner Baxter, Elissa Landi and Victor Jory (above) in *I Loved You Wednesday*. Below, Bruce Cabot and Helen Twelvetrees in *Disgraced*

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Leslie Howard play captured British officers in the German prison camp of *Captured*

The Movie Previews as Viewed by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AND HIS STUDIO SPIES

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY

ELISSA LANDI changed her type from the cold, repressed maiden to the swashbuckling female of the species for *Warrior's Husband.* She goes still further in *I Loved You Wednesday* . . . she turns out coy and abandoned. She prances and she leaps. She's a dancer by trade, disillusioned by Victor Jory and beloved by Warner Baxter. When the two men meet in her apartment, it's a case of touch and go insofar as the dialogue is concerned. The opening reels are unutterably dull and only when Elissa, with her two boy friends in tow, meet Jory's wife in a New York speakeasy does the action engage your interest. There's a big ballet interlude depicting the spirit of something or other. Jory is an interesting newcomer, and acts the philanderer in tip-top fashion. Miriam Jordan reveals a fascinating presence. The transformed Landi ought to meet with your approval. *Fox.*

[*Continued on page* 54]

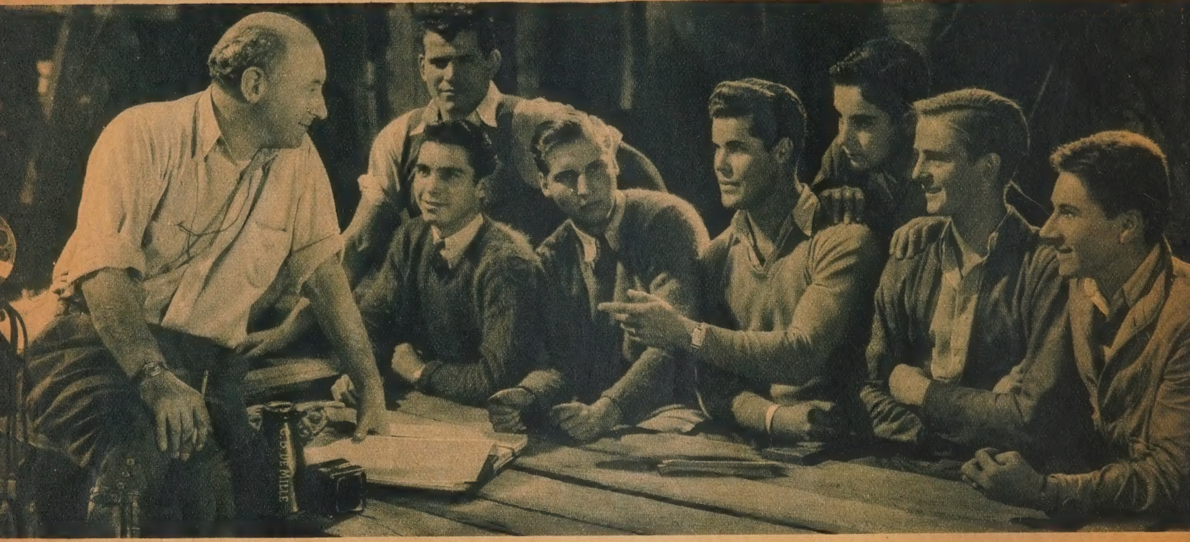
Above, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in *Hold Your Man.* Below, Raul Roulien and Joan Marsh in *It's Great to be Alive*

George Arliss (left) tries hard to make the historian-philosopher of Louis XV's days interesting in *Voltaire*

Chips *off the* Old Blocks

Stalwart Sons of Movie Veterans are these Boys of De Mille's New Film. Their Fathers Blazed the Trail when the Movies were Young

By J. Eugene Chrisman



Cecil De Mille talks to the boys who (left to right) are Fred Kohler, Bryant Washburn, Carlyle Blackwell, Neal Hart, Frank Tinney, Wally Reid and Erich von Stroheim. They all want to be stars, too

A VETERAN casting director, a man who had been retired from the picture business for a number of years, was being shown around the Paramount lot by a member of the publicity department. Stepping on the huge brickyard set, built for a sequence in C. B. De Mille's current picture, *This Day And Age*, he was astonished to hear the shrill voice of *Hezzy* Tate, De Mille's first assistant,

"This way a moment for a still, Neil Hart, Carlyle Blackwell, Bryant Washburn, Erich von Stroheim, Frank Tinney, Wallace Reid and Fred Kohler, make it snappy!"

"Good Lord," gasped the veteran, "what will De Mille do next. I remember when he parted the waters of the Red Sea in *The Ten Commandments* but I didn't suppose he could turn back the hand of Time. Why I used to work with those boys when I was casting director, fifteen, twenty years ago!"

"That isn't a miracle," smiled his guide, "it's just that you've been away a long time. Those boys he is calling are all sons of the men you used to know."

"Well," muttered the old man, "I wouldn't put anything past De Mille."

As fine a group of young manhood as you'll see in a seven day's march, these stalwarts who are the sons of movie veterans. Their fathers blazed the trail during the days [*Continued on page 62*]

1

2

3

Here are the boys in close-up: 1. Wally Reid, Jr. 2. Erich von Stroheim, Jr. 3. Carlyle Blackwell, Jr. 4. Bryant Washburn, Jr. 5. Neal Hart, Jr. They're all proud of their family names, you may be sure

4

5

CHARM

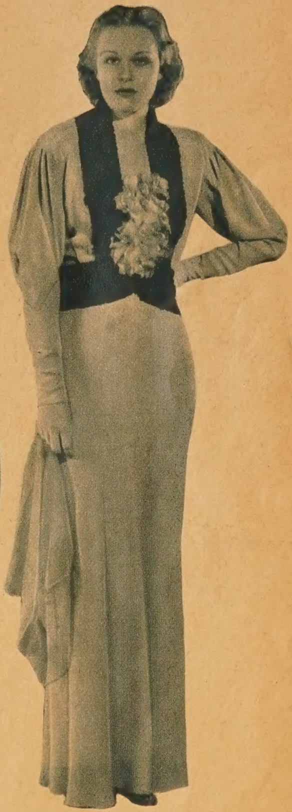
Edited by
MIRIAM GIBSON

The In-Between Season *of* Fashions

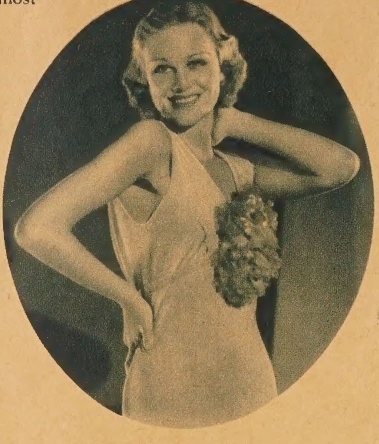
THE last part of Summer is that season when fashion experts become fashion guessers. There is not one of them who will make a definite statement as to what will or will not be "the thing" for the following Fall and Winter.

However, there are a few ideas which now look as though they would mature into definite fashion notes before Fall is far advanced.

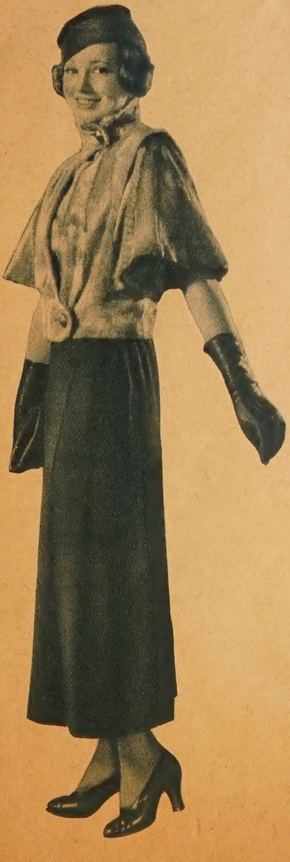
Inverted tucks are sure to be used in every way possible. Sleeves, which up to now have received attention due to puffs and such furbelows, will be fairly conservative. Balloons are definitely out. Shoulders, however, attract more attention every day. Having exhausted ways and means of broadening the narrowest of shoulders, Dame Fashion has decided to heighten them, almost entirely disregarding width. Perhaps I am being over-confident, but it is a sure thing that hips must be completely obliterated. If, after reducing to the maximum, hips are still visible, make sure that your skirt is tight, with a center front seam. It has been discovered that the elimination of side seams, eliminates broad hips.



Jean Howard, one of the up and coming actresses of the screen, chooses a deep rose crêpe gown for late Summer evening wear. The organza flower is of a deeper shade. Her jacket has a trimming of black persian lamb, banded around the neckline and high waist



Without the jacket, Jean Howard has a chic evening gown. The back is cut low in a V, giving the gown a smart decolleté matching the V front neckline. Notice how moulding to the figure the dress is



Arline Judge has selected her first early fall costume. Over a black street dress, she wears a jacket of grey kidskin. The three-quarter length sleeves give the suggestion of a cape. Buttons, the newest in trimmings, are an important note. Gloves, purse, and shoes are of black kid

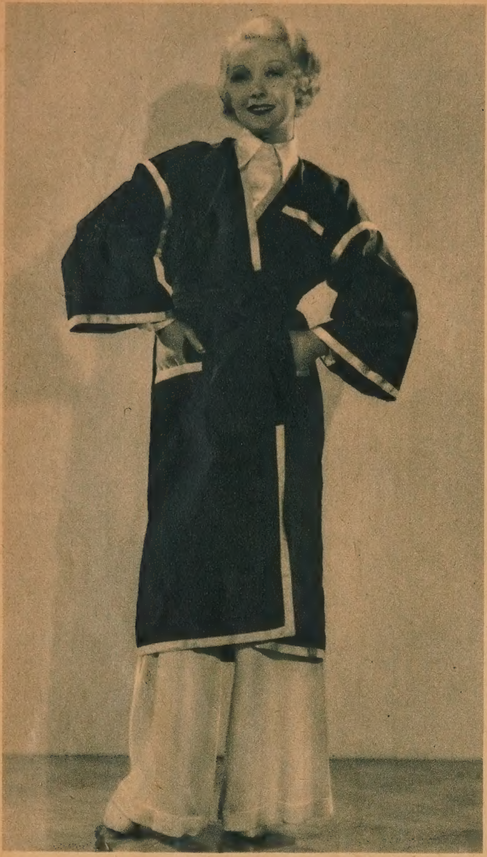
Capes, that flattering detail to which all women cling, are not going to desert entirely. It seems now, however, that capes will be shorter, in many cases suggesting rather than actually existing.

Necklines are high again, the bateau coming in very strongly.

As to materials, the new silks are fascinating—something to arouse real attention. They are [*Continued on page* 60]

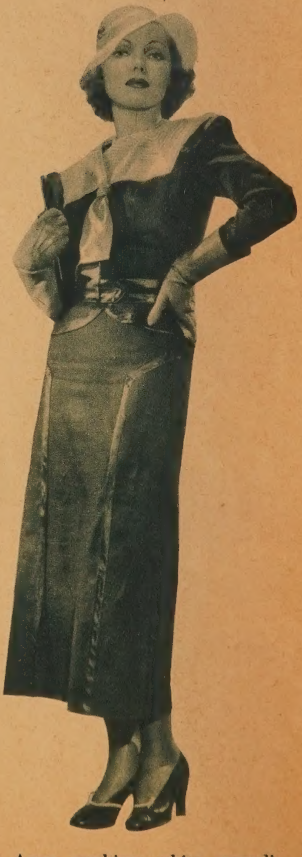
Summer Clothes *are* Comfortable

For the Latter part of Summer, Street and Sports Costumes do Much to help Keep Milady Cool, Calm, and Collected, in Materials, Styles, and Colors

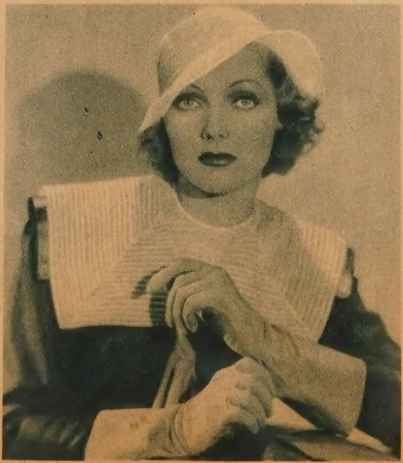


Mannish lounging togs have come back into vogue. Helen Twelvetrees selects a mandarin-type robe of black faille, to wear over a pair of mannish white crêpe-back satin pajamas. The robe is trimmed in white braid and has a sash of black faille

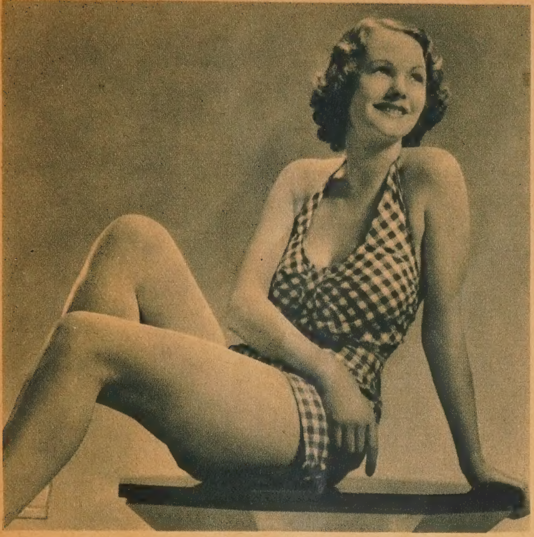
The favored street costume for late Summer continues to be of black linen. For sportswear, linen is keeping pace with light-weight silks. Beach clothes favor jersey and gingham very strongly



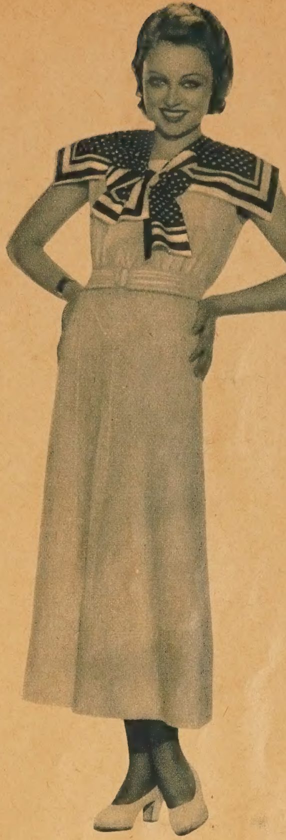
Adrienne Ames combines white organdie and red pique with a two-piece Summer street frock of linen. The black dress has silk braid placed in tailored lines



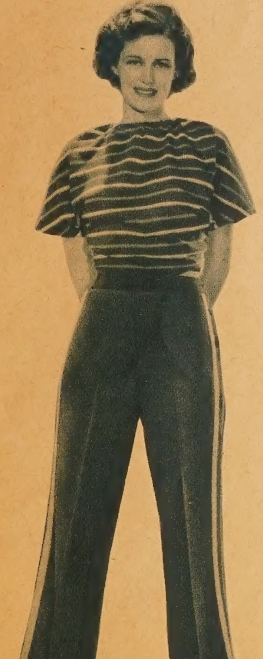
With her black linen dress, Adrienne Ames wears a tucked organdie hat and square collar. Her tie and gloves are red pique. Organdie millinery is a high point for late Summer. Black linen is extremely smart for street wear if it is brightened with white or a bright color



Blue and white plaid gingham was selected by Elizabeth Allan for this play suit. Being backless, it is a perfect suit for that all-over tan

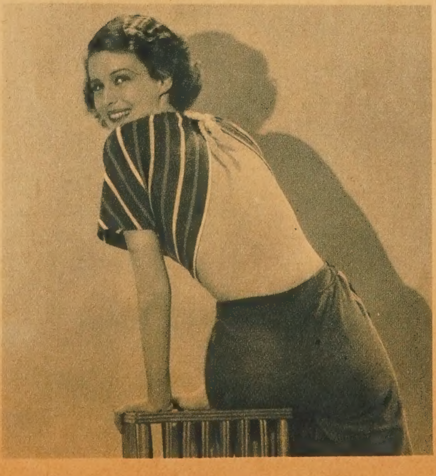


With that sun tan, Lona Andre wears a white linen sports frock with a polka dot handkerchief of blue and white tied about the neck. Ever-important stripes are not overlooked, being carried out in the kerchief collar. Miss Andre wears all-white shoes



Stripes, plaids, polka dots hold sway for remaining Summer months. White is upholding its place among the season's colors, but blue is not far behind. All colors should have some touch of white

Stripes are not overlooked by Elizabeth Young in her beach costume of red, blue and white shirt combined with blue jersey slacks striped up sides in white



This is the back view of Elizabeth Young's beach costume. New York's society débutante, who has entered films, has her striped shirt part company with her jersey slacks at the waist. The draw-string neckline is fastened by a rope of worsted at the peak of an inverted "V" back

Elizabeth Allan uses an atomizer for all liquid toiletries—even astringents. It saves every drop

Beauty Aids of Highest Quality are Most Economical. Method of Application Important

By JANET LYNN

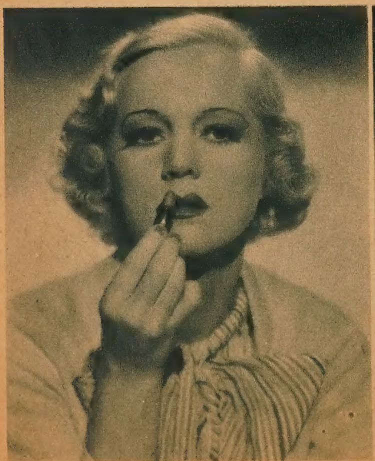
Have you a personal problem to be held in strictest confidence? Janet Lynn will gladly give you free counsel if you will address her at SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (U. S. postage only.)

NO MATTER what economists say about the back of the Depression being broken, there are still a great many of us who have to get along on salaries that represent the Depression at its worst. And those wages mean strict economy in everything—clothes, pleasures *and* cosmetics. However, many women don't know how to practice real economy in buying toiletries. They apply to cosmetics (I am referring to all kinds of toilet preparations) the same economy measures that they apply to their clothes. Where they formerly bought a $35 dress they now buy one for $6.98. Their hats never used to be less than $10, but now they cost $1.79. That's all very well in the case of clothes. You can look quite smart and pert in cheaper clothes provided you have a style sense.

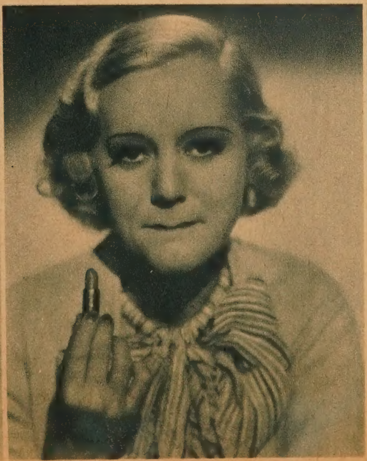
But cosmetics! That's another matter entirely. If you try to dress up your face with a 25-cent face powder after you have been accustomed to using a $1.50 product, you'll very soon find that you've made an awful mistake. The worst thing that cheaply-made dresses can do is to shrink when they're cleaned or to come out at the seams when you sit down. The only loss is a small amount of money. But I could talk for hours about the ugly things cheap and inferior toiletries can do to your nice skin and hair. There is no economy in ruining your skin so that you eventually have to spend a great deal of money in restoring it to normal condition—provided it is possible to do so at all.

Suppose, in your effort to balance the budget, you just stop using all or some of the toiletries that you've always considered necessities. If you do that, I'm afraid you are going to run the risk of losing your job or your husband or both. A few years ago, employment agencies and personnel departments favored the well-groomed woman. But *now* they just can't be bothered with the other kind. Good looks have never meant so much to a woman as they do today, when she has so much competition in business and marriage. And there is certainly not one girl in a thousand who is not *better* looking when she takes proper care

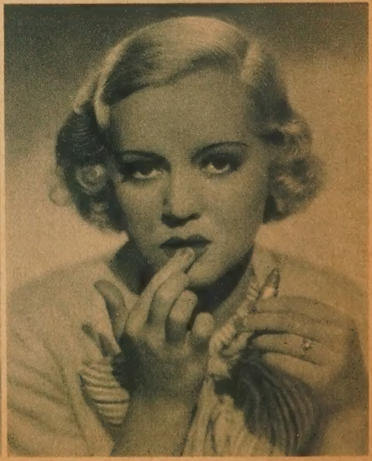
[*Continued on page* 64]



Shirley Grey shows the proper and economical way to apply lipstick. First, she rouges her upper lip



Then, Shirley presses her lips together to give the lower lip slightly less color than the upper



As a final touch, Miss Grey's finger evenly spreads the rouge so that the lips have a natural color

The Tragic Comedian Passes

[*Continued from page* 27]

the parental farmhouse, killing the doctor who had attended his arrival. A fitting curtain raiser for the tempestuous life which had come into being in that hour!

He has never told much of his early years, except that the family migrated to San Jose, California, both his father and his mother died shortly thereafter, and Roscoe, who had already been dubbed "Fatty" by his playmates, was forced to make his own way at the age of eight.

His first stage job was when Frank Bacon hired him to play the part of a pickaninny with his San Francisco stock company.

From that time on, he was a handy man of the theater, wandering up and down the coast, getting what parts he could when someone wanted a fat boy, in stock, in vaudeville, with medicine shows, from Portland to Santa Ana, often hungry, often broke, never making any particular reputation for himself.

He married his vaudeville partner, Minta Durfee, in 1908. But although they remained married until 1925, when she divorced him some four years after the trial, there was never any evidence that they were particularly happy together.

In 1913 he was still a good deal of a nonentity, playing small bits when he could get them in Los Angeles stock company.

But in that year Mack Sennett established his custard pie citadel, the old Keystone Comedy Studio, which still stands, a cluster of deserted shacks in the hills back of Los Angeles toward Glendale, and Fatty Arbuckle went to work there as a $3-a-day extra.

It was a great rough and tumble school for talent in those days, when Mack Sennett did all his business in his Turkish bath in the curious main building known as the Tower. Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, Phyllis Haver, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling and countless others got their training there. Fatty Arbuckle learned to capitalize on his hugeness, to get slapstick laughs, and to take punishment without complaint, as he worked on the open outdoor stages, with crude flat painted sets and reflectors to catch the sun—the only lights.

For the first time in his long years of struggle, things were beginning to break for him. He worked steadily. He was making some money. His comedies were bringing him a measure of fame.

THEN in 1917 Joseph Schenck went into partnership with him to make a series of two reel comedies in which he was starred. Those two reelers were the making of Fatty. They established him as a popular funny man second only to Chaplin. They brought him his first taste of real money.

But under his easy-going exterior, ambition burned. He wanted to get out of slapstick two reelers, to make a full-length feature comedy.

At last, in 1919, he persuaded Schenck to back him, in a picture called *The Roundup*. Fatty wanted it to be somewhat different, with less slapstick, a more subtle type of comedy.

[*Continued on page* 53]

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Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

It gives you 20 to 30% greater service in your sanitary protection

NEWS! The Patented★ Equalizer... it adds 20 to 30% greater protection. An intimate explanation of its function is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Read it to learn how the Equalizer gives greater protection with less bulk. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness.

Ends must be phantomized

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping.

And all the former advantages of Kotex are retained; softness, absorbency, disposability, phantomized ends, the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection—these are features you need and want. And you get them, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

You will want to try the ***Kotex narrow adjustable belt***... the final perfection in sanitary comfort. It was designed as carefully as Kotex, itself—with woman's health and comfort in mind.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

1 – it took two and one-half years to perfect.

2 – a board of three hundred women tested it.

3 – medical authority of high repute checked their findings.

4 – ★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

Dress Like Joan Blondell

The Popular Blonde Star has Allowed us to Copy her Early Fall Frock which Embodies Several New Fashion Features

JUST before a season gets into full swing, all kinds of extremes are introduced. It is these extremes that create havoc with the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman.

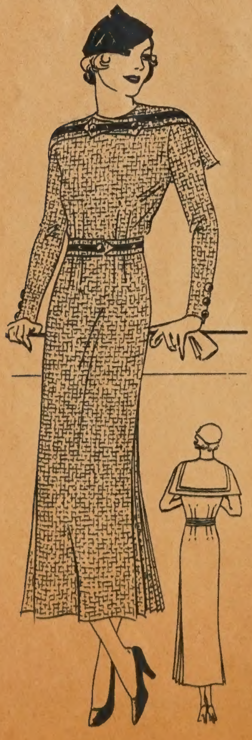
In order to avoid an extravagant waste in clothes closets, care should be exercised in selecting early fall costumes at this time of the year. The choice of Joan Blondell is one of those frocks which safely may be selected for one of the first items of the fall wardrobe. Without in any way being extreme, it has many details which will be new and important this Fall and Winter. Buttons and silk braid are the newest thing for trimmings. Low-placed fullness in the skirt is absolutely *the thing*. Miss Blondell's dress is one that is equally smart in silk or wool.

The pattern for Joan Blondell's frock is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards of 39-inch fabric and 2¾ yards of braid. If a belt is not used, as Miss Blondell chooses to wear the dress, only 1⅝ yards of braid are necessary.

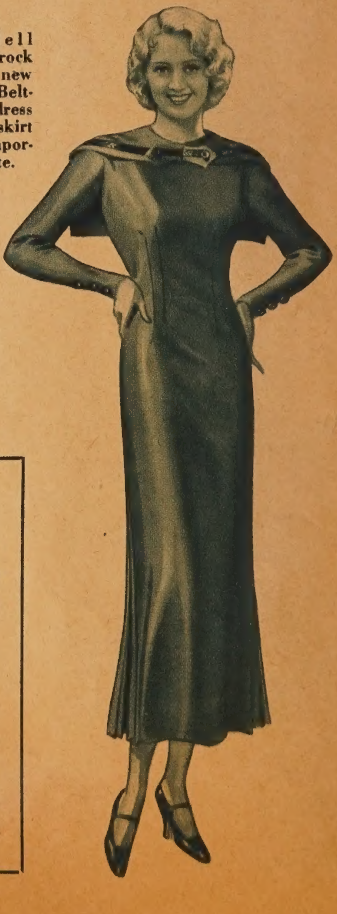
A feature of this dress is that if you wish to wear it for late summer, the sleeves may be omitted and a delightful semi-sport dress is yours. This makes it a double duty dress, for sleeves may be inserted for those first cooler days of autumn.

The coupon below, properly filled out with enclosure of money, brings this chic dress to you promptly. The Fashion Book, too, will give you good, practical ideas combining smartness in every pattern. If this book is ordered with the pattern, there is a saving of money and that is something which we are all considering at this time.

Speaking of saving money, making your own clothes with the use of SCREEN BOOK patterns is one of the surest methods of economy. The styles are correct in every detail. Each pattern is accompanied with instructions to simplify the making of the clothes. And one of the most important features of these patterns is that each and every one is sure to fit. These aids help you to dress smartly and inexpensively.



Pattern B208 may be made up in a light-weight woolen fabric just as attractively as in silk. A belt, too, may be added. Silk braid and buttons are employed as trimmings—two of the newest ideas



Joan Blondell selects a Fall frock of one of the new silk crêpes. Beltless, Joan's dress has low-placed skirt fullness—an important new note.

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
529 South Seventh St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed . . . . send me Joan Blondell's dress, No. B208. Size . . . . Summer Edition Pattern Book (check if wanted) . . . .

Name . . . .

Street . . . .

City . . . . State . . . .

Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c

Combination price 25c

"I DRANK COCOMALT WHILE NURSING MY BABY"

"I drank Cocomalt regularly before my baby came and while I was nursing him. I know he'll have strong bones and teeth, for Cocomalt is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D."

"I'LL HAVE ANOTHER, NURSE —IT'S DELICIOUS!"

'Cocomalt tastes so good, I believe it has brought back my appetite! It's delicious. I feel lots stronger, too, since I began drinking it."

"I'D LIE AWAKE FOR HOURS"

"Every night I'd count sheep but I couldn't fall asleep. A hot drink promotes relaxation so now I drink hot Cocomalt before retiring, and I drop into sound, restful sleep almost as soon as my head touches the pillow.'

"SEE HOW HUSKY MY LITTLE BOY HAS BECOME"

"Bobby was underweight until I began giving him Cocomalt in milk. Now he's a real husky youngster, well-rounded and full of vitality.'

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"Milk was distasteful to my little girl—but how she adores it mixed with Cocomalt! She says it tastes like chocolate soda; she drinks all I give her and begs for more!"

"MORE PEP AND ENERGY THAN I'VE HAD IN YEARS"

"It's amazing, what Cocomalt has done for me! I don't know what four-o'clock fatigue is, any more. That delicious food-drink has filled me with wonderful new pep!"

Delicious food-drink gives new strength and energy to thousands

Children show remarkable gains in weight

BEGIN at once giving your children Cocomalt mixed with milk. Drink it yourself. Serve it to your guests as a special treat. Cocomalt is *delicious!*

Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy nourishment to milk. Every glass you or your child drinks is equal in food-energy value to almost *two glasses of milk alone.*

Equally important, Cocomalt contains a rich supply of Sunshine Vitamin D (under license by Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation). A glass of Cocomalt, properly prepared, is equivalent in Vitamin D content to two-thirds of a teaspoonful of standard cod-liver oil. This Vitamin D enables the body to efficiently utilize the food-calcium and food-phosphorus—richly supplied by Cocomalt and milk—in developing strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

Sold at grocery and drug stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. vacuum-sealed cans. But be sure you get the genuine Cocomalt, the Vitamin D food drink.

Special offer—Mail coupon (and 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing) for a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

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Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. It is accepted by the Committee on Foods of The American Medical Association.

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Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I enclose 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

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CHARM

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March Give you their Favorite Outdoor Luncheon. You, too, may Enjoy these Warm Weather Suggestions

WARM weather luncheon! How many of us ponder and wonder, and ponder some more—what to serve on Summer noontimes—something cooling, refreshing and at the same time satisfying to the hungriest man without abetting an aftereating state of lethargy.

Who better than Fredric March to give us a few valuable suggestions. He is one of the colony's most enthusiastic exponents of outdoor eating—and no wonder! The March home at Laguna Beach simply *demands* it with its colorful awnings, lattice-secluded porches, and "minute" table and chair equipment.

"Sandwiches always," says Freddie. Here are a few of his favorites:

Watercress makes delicious ones. The greens should be washed well and dried in a clean white cloth, pressing out every bit of moisture. It is then cut into small pieces, removing the stems, and mixed with hardboiled eggs chopped fine; salt and pepper to taste. This combination between slices of thin wholewheat bread with a few drops of lemon juice on each is dainty and palatable.

Mrs. Fredric March is a favorite hostess. After luncheon the Marches enjoy a game of backgammon

The populace might not favor Freddie's second recipe, but it is his and Mrs. March's favorite. They call them Russian Sandwiches.

Cut bread into very thin slices and then into squares. After buttering, spread a layer of fresh Neufchatel cheese on each piece. Chop seeded olives very fine and mix with a mayonnaise dressing, then add [*Continued on page* 68]

Hot weather meals hold no problem for Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge. Freddie looks as though he enjoyed those out-of-door luncheons. Don't eat all the cherries, Freddie. Florence might want some!

Win Romance with the Lure of *Lovely Feminine Curves*

Let Me Show You How Easy it is to DEVELOP YOUR BUST

ADD
1 to 3
inches

One woman writes: "My bust was so thin and undeveloped that I was positively ashamed of my figure. I had tried everything without success. Then I decided to make one last try with your Miracle Cream treatment and I am certainly glad I did. My bust soon began to fill out nicely and now it has increased to attractive size and shapeliness. I never dreamed that a well-formed bust could make such a difference in one's appearance."

WHAT do men admire most in women? It is their **feminine appeal.** Haven't you always noticed that it is the cute, **feminine** girl who sets men's hearts a-fluttering and turns their thoughts to love and romance? Of course you have! For what man can resist the allure of a beautiful, shapely figure—with a firm, full bust—the **outstanding charm of** true femininity.

And now that "curves" are all the vogue, now that the straight-line figure is hopelessly out—you simply cannot be smart and attractive if your bust is small, flat and sagging. Why not start right now to fill out your breasts to full, firm, rounded shapeliness? Of course you can do it, just as thousands of other women have done. Just the simple application of my famous Miracle Cream treatment will work wonders! Let me show you how EASY it is! No harmful drugs or dangerous appliances—the Nancy Lee Miracle Cream treatment is safe, simple, sensible.

You too, Can Increase Your Bust Measure

Add 1 to 3 inches! Mould your bust to those high, arching contours that are so lovely and youthful. No matter how small and undeveloped your bust may be, no matter what else you have tried, just give me 30 days to PROVE that I can give you a full, shapely bust. Take advantage of my special offer now. Mail the coupon below and see how easily you can increase your bust measure by **inches.** Sagging contours are lifted, flabby tissues made firm and rounded—all by a few minutes a day of my safe, simple home treatment.

Love, Romance, Popularity—all are attracted by **feminine charm.** And the outstanding charm of beautiful womanhood is a full, shapely bust. Read how you can easily develop **your** bust to attractive size and lovely form.

FREE A Beautiful FORM

INSTRUCTIONS
Nancy Lee Miracle Cream

My new illustrated book tells all about this new easy way to develop the bust. It is yours free. And here's my great special offer that brings you the Miracle Cream treatment to try for yourself: **send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and valuable instructions—free book included.** Don't delay—mail the coupon or write TODAY—before this wonderful offer is withdrawn.

NANCY LEE,
(Dept. P-9), 816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-9
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and instructions with Free Book—in plain wrapper.

Name ....

Address ....

Town ....State ....

The three Boswell Sisters—Vet, Martha and Connie—who constitute the most popular sister team in radio, are taking a little vacation from broadcasting. They're in Europe but this autumn will find them back on the air waves again

Marlene Dietrich? No, you're wrong. It's Harriet Hilliard, who broadcasts with Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra. She's one of the prettiest girls in radio--and just twenty-two, if you must know

Over the Air Waves

Al Jolson and Paul Whiteman Try a Big Two-hour Broadcast

By The Tuner-Inner

—*Seymour Studios*

Josephine Haynes, of Gaw-gia, graduate of Judson College, Marion, Alabama, long a resident of Panama City, and a feature of the "Parade of Melodies" hour over Columbia. Can she sing? Can she play the piano? Don't ask!

THE first two-hour broadcast ever attempted was tried over the air waves late in June. You have heard broadcasts occupying this period of time covering sport, political and other timely events but, before Paul Whiteman tried it, nobody had attempted anything of the kind with a variety program.

Thanks to the sponsoring of the Kraft-Phenix Company, Paul and his orchestra tried it out, with Al Jolson as the added feature. The premiere program, broadcast from the NBC theater atop the New Amsterdam Theater in New York attracted a distinguished audience and was a gala event.

Whiteman played a varied program, ranging from Bizet's Carmen to Gershwin's *An American in Paris*, while Jolson exchanged repartee with Paul and did some of the numbers he made famous during his long stage career. Of course, he did *Sonny Boy* from the early talkie of that name. Whiteman will continue with the two-hour musical programs through the Summer on Monday evenings.

The NBC theater on the New Amsterdam once was Flo Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic and a famous night resort of its time. Here once danced many glorified girls who have since become famous, including the

[*Continued on page* 60]

The Tragic Comedian Passes

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It was too different, evidently. The public didn't like it. Picture fans expected to see a Fatty who took falls, dropped live fish in his baggy pantaloons and got bespattered with custard pie. *The Roundup* was pretty much of a flop.

That broke Fatty's heart. He wanted to quit pictures, then and there. If he couldn't make the kind of pictures he wanted to make, he didn't see any use in going on.

Then fate seemed to relent a little. Friends persuaded him to go ahead and make another feature picture, incorporating enough slapstick so as not to alienate his public.

He made three under the Famous Players banner, *Life of the Party, Travelling Salesmen* and *Brewster's Millions.* They were everyone box office smashes.

Joseph Henabery, who directed Arbuckle in *Brewster's Millions,* remembers him as he was in his heyday.

"Arbuckle was always more sensitive than anyone gave him credit for," he says, "in spite of his clowning, he had an unexpected streak of earnestness about his work, and always tried hard to figure everything out. His outstanding qualities as I recall them were his sense of fair play and his ability to 'take it' without a whimper."

IN THE few months that fortune smiled on him, Fatty Arbuckle made hey-hey while the sun shone. He loved a good time, and didn't care who knew it. The fact that he enjoyed himself with more gusto than good taste perhaps helped to bring down some of the later criticism on him. But had it not been for the tragedy which followed, his boisterous pranks might always have been regarded as the natural ebullience of high spirits and a low regard for the proprieties.

Those were the days when Hollywood was feeling the first flush of easy money, before the picture city had "gone society, and got manners," and Fatty Arbuckle was no worse than many of his fellows. He was a man of his time and he lived according to his lights.

He bought a $25,000 Prussian blue Pierce-Arrow, as big and bright-colored as a firetruck and drove it about Hollywood at breakneck speed. It was a rare Monday when Fatty Arbuckle didn't show up among the speeders in traffic court. He had one of the first palatial movie mansions. But above all he loved to go out to the Sunset Inn, a favorite rendezvous for picture people at Santa Monica, where he would lead the orchestra and take comic falls for the entertainment of the guests. He was always a prodigious eater, a gigantic epicurean who would polish off three or four steaks or a dozen chops at a sitting. Up to the day of his death he liked nothing better than to put on an apron and cook up a mulligan or a batch of chili, his two favorite dishes, for friends.

On September 24, 1921, having finished *Gasoline Gus,* he drove to San Francisco in his big blue car with a crowd of riotous friends. He was giving a party to celebrate at the famous St. Francis Hotel, popular playground for picture people.

[*Continued on page* 55]

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Up-to-date women will be delighted to obtain one or more of these new, non-leakable perfume containers. Easily filled, occupying very little space and available in six attractive colors, they readily become a highly welcome accessory to milady's handbag.

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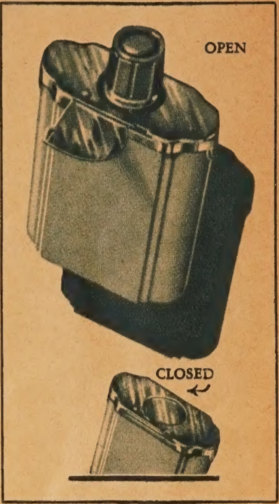

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The New Pictures

[*Continued from page* 41]

THE STRANGER'S RETURN

THE farm and the soil are coming into their own. *State Fair* focused attention on the farmer, and now the same author pens a new drama of the countryside. *The Stranger's Return*, co-starring Lionel Barrymore and Miriam Hopkins, blends the best of that previous picture with qualities certain to appeal to the masses, and it may be faithfully reported that here is the type of film producers for years have been attempting to give the public. Simple, sincere, poetical in its rural rhythm, it meets every box-office test, and you should love the gentle humor, often barbed, with which Barrymore endows his Grandpa Storr, who leaves all his earthly possessions to the granddaughter who brings peace and faith to his declining years. Barrymore, playing a man eighty-five years old, has never been seen in a rôle that better tested his dramatic attainments, and Miriam Hopkins is unusually fine. Stuart Erwin scores heavily, too, in a character part. *M-G-M.*

BERKELEY SQUARE

BY ODDS one of the finest motion pictures ever filmed, *Berkeley Square* should receive enthusiastic acclaim wherever exhibited. It takes as its theme the supposition that man often wonders, could he but escape from the present into the romantic past, if he would not find greater happiness. Leslie Howard, with this thought preying on a delicately attuned mind, projects himself into the character of an ancestor of the some name many generations removed, and the story is a subtly-beautiful dramatization of the figure and the mazes into which he is drawn. Howard is superb in a rôle requiring the utmost in dramatic technique, where adroitness of action and speech spell the difference between reality and absurdity, and the delicacy with which he draws Peter Standish is a rare tribute to any actor. Heather Angel, in a difficult, psychological interpretation, brings a dainty presence and heads a supporting cast of unusual merit. See this picture by all means. *Lasky-Fox.*

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

THE POWER AND THE GLORY is an achievement in picture-making. Bearing all the ear-marks of becoming the most unusual film of the year, Jesse L. Lasky may well be satisfied with his third independent venture. Surely it will be one of the outstanding productions of several seasons. Presented by the flashback method, the story follows the rise of a track walker, from the time he is a small boy till that moment he kills himself, president of the country's greatest railroad system, because of the relationship existing between his son and his second wife. The usual procedure, however, of telling a story by dissolving into the past has not been followed. It is this new treatment of continually skipping forward and backward that holds the interest at so high a pitch. Spencer Tracy surpasses all previous efforts in his interpretation of the railroad president and gives a fine performance. Colleen Moore, in her comeback picture, fares none too happily, though, and is disappointing in her rôle. *Fox.*

CAPTURED

BASED on Sir Philip Gibbs' novel, *Fellow Prisoners*, this meritorious production unfolds in the grim setting of a German prison camp, where Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., both English officers, are thrown together. The drama of their association is made all the more real by their mutual love for Howard's wife, although Howard is not aware of his wife's infidelity. A spirited attempt for liberty gives impetus to the opening scenes, which the film retains throughout its rousing action. Highly exciting is the ending. *Captured* is worthy of viewing at any cost, and masculine audiences in particular will be stirred by its appeal. Top honors go to Fairbanks and Paul Lukas, while Howard, unfortunately, is not entirely convincing. He turns in, nevertheless, a commendable performance. *Warners.*

STORM AT DAYBREAK

THERE is a rugged spirit about *Storm at Daybreak* that will intrigue adult audiences. Picturing the love of a wife for her husband's best friend, the spectator is caught up and transported to Austria-Hungary to witness the assassination of the Austrian archduke and its effect upon the lives of the three principals of the story. Walter Huston is fine as the Serbian mayor of a small Serbian community in the ducal kingdom, Kay Francis plays the wife who struggles against her love for Nils Asther, and Asther gives a portrayal of the friend, an Hungarian cavalry officer, with commendable reserve. The story is interesting, though slow-moving at times. Not recommended for immature theatregoers. *M-G-M.*

DISGRACED

HELEN TWELVETREES is betrayed—in a nice way, of course—by a rich young idler, and Papa Twelvetrees is that annoyed by the whole thing he ups and shoots said rich young idler. Helen is a shop girl who meets Bruce Cabot at Adrienne Ames' house and, while Bruce is driving Helen back to the gown shop, he falls for her and she for him. Result . . . . Bruce promises to break his engagement to Adrienne and marry Helen, which he doesn't do. You've seen this story so often you can anticipate the action several reels ahead. The star's efforts are wasted, although she does all that's humanly possible with the rôle. Cabot seems out of place in tailored clothes, but William Harrigan, as Helen's father, contributes a convincing bit of work. *Paramount.*

HOLD YOUR MAN

JEAN HARLOW and Clark Gable again! So successful were the two in *Red Dust* that the studio decided they must have another fling together. *Hold Your Man* doesn't come up to the specifications of the former film but offers a juicy bit of divertisement, anyway, that their fans will accept as quite appropriate entertainment. The first half of the picture leads up to Jean's sentence to the reform school, for an accidental crime in which she figures with Gable, on the day they are to be wed. The introductory sequences are fairly conventional in form and treatment, but when the action enters the reformatory the picture picks up considerably in interest. Miss Harlow contributes a colorful depiction of a gal with a penchant for gold-digging her rent money and shows up exceptionally well in her more dramatic scenes, while Gable, as a racketeer of sorts, will be well liked in his rôle. *M-G-M.*

COLLEGE HUMOR

THE much-touted *College Humor* emerges *sans* much humor or plot but does furnish acceptable screen diversion. The story is based on the activities of Jack Oakie, a college freshman, and his build-up to a football star, taking the place of Richard Arlen, dropped from the college roster because of his fondness for drinking. Mary Carlisle enters as Oakie's sister, to completely devastate the morals of Messrs. Arlen and Bing Crosby and what a delectable bit of blondeness she turns out to be. You'll love her on sight. Bing breaks out into song at unexpected moments, there's a football game in which Oakie scores during the last ten seconds of play, and *Learn to Croon*, a very tuneful number rendered by Mister Crosby, is born to please the multitudes. *Paramount.*

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE

IMAGINE being the last man on earth! That's Raul Roulien's problem in his first English-speaking starring rôle, and how he meets the emergency provides a wealth of mirthful entertainment. *It's Great to be Alive* starts off with a deadly dullness, and only when Roulien is discovered by a world of women, the last remaining male, does the action pep up sufficiently to rate attention. Then, farcically treated, the novelty of the situation should strike a responsive chord and evoke genuine enjoyment. Roulien, who evinces small promise of becoming popular as a star, finds able comedy support in Herbert Mundin and Edna May Oliver and romance in Gloria Stuart. *Fox.*

MIDNIGHT MARY

YOU'LL like Loretta Young in this—she changes her entire personality and becomes a figure of the underworld. She gives more to her characterization than has been permitted during her past few portrayals. The story is offered in flashback form, taking one from the courtroom where we see her charged with murder back to those events leading up to her killing of a man. Ricardo Cortez and Franchot Tone play the two men in her life, one a notorious hold-up man, the other a member of one of the city's most aristocratic families. Both are excellent. Una Merkel, Andy DeVine and Warren Hymer add a comedy note. The film should be well received. M-G-M.

The Tragic Comedian Passes

[*Continued from page* 53]

When he left that city, his car was gone, his popularity was gone, most of his friends were gone and all of his money. He was a man marked for life. Fortune, having smiled on him so briefly in his long hard road, had turned her back upon him.

At that party on the afternoon of December 25, Virginia Rappe, a minor film actress, died. The circumstances were never very clear, but Fatty Arbuckle, the host was booked for her murder, then formally charged with manslaughter. He was tried three times.

Two juries disagreed. The third acquitted him after a deliberation of two minutes. Those trials cost him everything he had, and forced him to go into debt to his friends to the extent of many thousands of dollars.

But Fatty took his loss lightly. He thought that his acquittal meant that he had been acquitted in the eyes of the world too, and he went back to Hollywood to go to work. However, the party and the trial stirred up a terrific scandal, one of a long series of scandals, and there had to be a goat. Fatty Arbuckle was it. Complaints poured into theater managers from women's clubs all over the country. In some places, *Gasoline Gus*, his biggest picture, then playing to capacity houses was jerked off in the middle of a week's run.

FAMOUS PLAYERS welcomed him back and announced future pictures to be released under a contract that would have netted him three million dollars. But the announcement came too soon. The storm broke out afresh, and the newly created Hays organization was forced to ban him from the screen.

If Fatty Arbuckle had been in any other profession, he would not have been barred by the trial, in which he was acquitted, from earning a livelihood. But being on the screen, in the public eye, was different.

It was the beginning of the bitter years.

He was bewildered, stunned. A long time later he confided to intimates that in those first weeks after the trial, he could hardly bear to go anywhere, to see anyone, for fear people would think that he, the outcast, was trying to force himself on them.

One thing, above all, ate into his soul. His friends who had seen him through the trial, were left holding the bag. Unlike many actors, Roscoe Arbuckle was meticulous about money matters. He never let anyone down. Even on the screen, he was known as one comedian who always shared the laughs with the other actors.

Those friends had to be paid back. But every medium in which he had learned through years of tough training to earn his bread, was closed to him.

Then he thought of the cabarets where he had once clowned for fun. Surely they would not be closed to him. So he applied and got work. He clowned and capered in the more obscure night spots of Los Angeles and Chicago. He found it quite a different matter than clowning for fun. And he was painfully sensitive to the resentment, often non-

[*Continued on page* 58]

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Do not Attempt to Reduce on Diet Alone—It's Destructive

Hundreds of homes have been made unhappy and many lives sacrificed by unscientific reducing methods and diets. Experience has taught that diet alone is not a safe method of reducing. You cannot remove the vitamins and energy of fats, starches, and kindred foods from your diet and maintain your normal strength, resistance, and vitality.

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Only Vita-Slim Takes off Pounds and Inches Safely!

Only the Vita-Slim System combines reducing with health building. While the diet and reducing medication destroys the fat, the concentrated vitamins and minerals supply the essential requirements of the vital organs and tissues of the body.

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In fact, Vita-Slim builds up your blood, increases your energy, and tones up your entire system while you are reducing. You begin to feel better immediately. Life takes on a new zest. Shortness of breath disappears. The puffiness about your ankles is gone. Heart, kidneys, and other organs perform their normal functions unhampered by fat. Your figure returns to the shapeliness of youth.

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Do not be misled by any statement that weight can be reduced without dieting. Do not take the risk of reducing by diet alone. Only Vita-Slim provides a complete reducing system—supplying (1) a successful Reducing Diet, (2) supplementary Vitamins A, B, and D, (3) supplementary Minerals, and (4) efficient reducing Medication.

You can purchase this amazingly successful and delightfully simple reducing system only from the originators—The Vita-Slim Co. To introduce it to you and your friends, we are offering a Special Two Weeks' Treatment at a special introductory price of $3. Use the coupon below for convenience. Mailed in plain wrapper.

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I enclose $3. Send me your Special Two Weeks' Reducing Treatment, with complete instructions, in plain wrapper, including Diet List, Vitamins, Minerals, and Reducing Medication.

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Address ....

"Anyway, I'll Keep Trying"

[Continued from page 23]

in spite of all the times I have been rumored engaged, I have never been engaged yet."

MARY BRIAN'S secret is that she was very deeply in love once—so deeply moved emotionally that she still feels a dull pain when she thinks of it, and her eyes, which are usually so merry, cloud up with misery. It didn't work out—that one love of Mary's life.

Ever since, Mary has played the game of finding safety in numbers. When Mary met Dick Powell while they were playing together in *Blessed Event*, he won her friendship, her loyalty, her gay companionship. But if Dick Powell and Mary Brian are telling the truth, he has not yet won her heart. Can he persuade Mary to tread the path to the altar?

He is eligible now, of course, for though he was married when he was very young, he has been divorced since.

But let's take a look at this boy, who has been wowing the fans ever since he put over that marvelous bit as the crooner in *Blessed Event*. With musicals coming into prominence again, it looks as if Dick Powell may make a tremendous thing of his career. He clicked very definitely in *42nd Street* and *Gold Diggers*.

They are saying now that Dick Powell may be a second Buddy Rogers.

But Dick is more natural than Buddy ever was, more unassuming, and shows much less awareness of being the newest answer to a maiden's prayer. In fact, he has none of that attitude. His success is entirely the triumph of an average boy from an average, middle-class family in an average-sized town.

DICK was born in Mount View, Arkansas on November 14, 1905. That makes him twenty-seven years old. He looks about twenty-four. Movie success is still very new to him. He hasn't learned to lie about his age yet. Maybe he never will. Dick is naturally straightforward and honest, even about little things.

Dick's father was a representative of the International Harvester Company. His mother was content with being a mother and a wife, and making a home for her husband and her three boys. None of Dick's ancestors were theatrical. None of them were famed in the musical world. Dick knew neither great wealth nor great privation.

When Dick was about six years old his parents moved to Berryville, Arkansas, where he began attending public school. He was about eleven when they moved to Little Rock, also in Arkansas, where he attended High School and later went to Little Rock College for a year.

While he was still very young he learned to play the saxophone. And how he played it! Days and nights that Powell kid played the sax. The neighbors groaned, and he kept on playing.

"Why did you leave college after only one year?" I asked Dick.

He was as honest about that as about everything else.

"I fell in love about that time," he said. "Nothing seemed to be as important then as earning enough money so that we could get married."

The girl he fell in love with and later married was a gorgeous brunette from Louisiana, whom he met at her aunt's house. They were madly in love with each other, and could not possibly realize that there was something in their temperaments that would later make it impossible for the marriage to work out. Quite some time before Dick became a featured player for Warners, they were separated.

It wasn't the girl's fault; it wasn't Dick's. She was young and very lovely, and she wanted a home and a husband who would have hours like other people's. But Dick's career led him into work with irregular hours. It wasn't much fun for a non-professional wife to keep the home fires burning.

Though they are now divorced, Dick speaks of his former wife with a good deal of admiration. He still writes to her; she still writes to him.

But in the days before they were married Dick thought that all that was needed to make them happy was a job for him. He left college and got a job in a power plant. The first piece of work he had to do was to dig a hole through a concrete floor two feet thick.

THEN Dick Powell got another job reading meters. He worked himself up to manager of the contract department of the telephone company. This was in the daytime.

He sang in the Jewish synagogue on Friday nights, in the Episcopalian Church on Sunday nights. He managed to average a few extra dollars each month singing in church choirs.

He made $110 a month at his regular job, about $125 a month by singing. It was enough to get married on.

Life held a few happy years for them, before they discovered that their dream of love had been a mistake. In his work Dick knew success, in his love frustration.

His singing in church choirs attracted attention. He was offered a chance to go to Louisville, Kentucky, with a concert orchestra. There he spent ten months, learned to sing popular songs and practised on horns.

Then came an offer to sing and play a banjo with an orchestra in Indianapolis. They asked him if he could play a banjo. He had to say yes. The truth was he could play a saxophone, the horns and a few other instruments, but he had never played a banjo in his life. He had a month's time to learn. He learned.

While he was playing in Indianapolis, the master of ceremonies at one of the theatres disappeared. Dick was asked to finish up the week for him. He did so well that they kept him for sixteen weeks, though he had been hired for less than one.

Everyone knows that Dick Powell later became master of ceremonies for Warner's Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh. Here he met various executives connected with Warner pictures. They saw that the boy had what it takes.

One day Dick was told to take a movie test for *The Crooner* and he spent the next few days mooning about, dreaming of fame and success.

Then one day he picked up a newspaper and read that David Manners was to play *The Crooner*. Think of what it meant to him, this boy with all his ambition and desire to make good, to find out that before his test was even printed another actor had been given the part he had been tested for.

Hope was dead in him. And then when he was least expecting it, a wire came to him from Warners'. They had liked his test, and there was a part in *Blessed Event* that they thought he could play.

That performance won a six years' contract with Warners' for Dick Powell.

The facts of life about Dick Powell are that he is six feet tall, weighs 172 and a half pounds, has devastating blue eyes and wavy hair, and that above all other foods in the world he prefers ham and eggs.

Is it the ham and eggs to which Mary Brian objects? Or does she prefer to keep many suitors on a string? Anyway, Dick Powell, as his fight to get ahead in life shows, is not to be discouraged. His persistency probably will wear down Mary's resistance as many drops of water wear away stone.

Your analysis very truthful. An uncanny insight into personality.
Miriam Hopkins

The Truth About Miriam Hopkins!

Did you know that Miriam Hopkins has remarkable musical talent—that she might succeed as an author—that her sense of humor is very strong? All this and scores of other facts about her interesting personality were revealed when Dr. M. N. Bunker, noted Grapho-Analyst, analyzed her handwriting.

The Truth About YOU!

Your writing will tell equally interesting things about yourself. Learn the truth about yourself and your hidden talents. Be successful in business and love. Merely write a few words, in pen or pencil, and send them with the coupon below.

**SEND FOR ANALYSIS TODAY—
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Each month $5.00 will be paid the writer whose handwriting reveals the most talent or personality.

CLIP COUPON NOW!

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I am sending you ten cents with a stamped self-addressed envelope and a letter in my own writing. I am to receive a personal reply on what my handwriting tells. Be sure your stamped reply envelope is correctly addressed.

....

....

All Over the Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page* 35]

back to Charlie Butterworth—he was the first to leave the Supper Club—and with great dignity—I might add.

Lupe Returns

THE night Lupe Velez came back to Hollywood in 26 hours from New York, she ended up—as everyone does—at the Colony.

She wore a gayly printed silk dress underneath a rough blue silk coat. It looked as though some Schaperalli pixies had designed it.

There has never been such a fabulously wide diamond bracelet on anyone's wrist, such as Lupe was wearing. Fully three to four inches wide—a jewelled handcuff all right, all right!

Her little blue hat cocked over on one side of her turbulent black curls was of an indefinable shape.

Lupe speaking (wish you could hear the accent) —"Hello darling—hello baby! Am I glad to be back? I'll say I am darling. I *love* Hollywood! I hate New York—it was fun—yes—but hot—Oh God baby it was hotter than—back there. Sure I'm happy. Why shouldn't I be happy? Oh baby—my poor little dog got *so* sick coming out in the plane—it was very funny—I came out on the first fast plane darling—I left New York yesterday at five and I got here today at four. Some going darling—it was simply marvelous—the only way to travel darling—" and to everyone Lupe chattered on and on. Everybody was glad to see the animated little Mexican girl.

While Johnny Weissmuller stood by and grinned complacently.

Just For Fun

FOR no reason except *for fun* the Eddie Gouldings gave a perfectly delightful buffet supper party one night.

Marjorie Moss Goulding received her guests in a divine, quaint chiffon gown which trailed on the floor and was worn with a blue satin sash.

Lilyan Tashman wore a red and blue printed linen dinner dress trimmed with finely pleated ruffles of batiste and real lace.

Helen Hayes was in a black chiffon dress with a tiny black satin jacket—her hat was a perfectly divine dress hat of black satin with wisp of a veil over her eyes.

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey came in late from another party.

Kay Francis in white organdie—green sash and green satin slippers boasted because she said her dress had only cost $19.00.

There was a magnificent supper—which would have delighted all the epicureans in the world!

And Marjorie's famous dessert! which she always makes herself called "Tipsey Pudding"

Things Everyone Knows About

THAT:

Weldon Heyburn is in New York lining up a job on the stage. Zita Johanne and John Huston are still that way about each other.

BILLY SAVES THE FAMILY REPUTATION

MY SON, BOBBY, AND LITTLE BILLY ARE GREAT CHUMS. AND I'D LOVE TO BE MORE FRIENDLY WITH BILLY'S MOTHER, ONLY......
ONLY SHE'S NOT AS CAREFUL AS SHE SHOULD BE, SOMETIMES. POOR THING, THAT ONE FAULT KEEPS PEOPLE FROM —
LATER —
THERE'S A PIECE OF CAKE IN THE PANTRY FOR EACH OF YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST WASH THOSE DIRTY HANDS
MOM, CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?
GEE, BOBBY, THIS IS SWELL SOAP. JUST LOOK AT ALL THE LATHER AND IT SMELLS SO CLEAN
IT'S LIFEBUOY. ME AND DAD AND MOM ALWAYS USE IT. IF YOU AND YOUR MOM USE IT YOU WON'T EVER HAVE ANY "B.O."
MUMMY — BOBBY SAYS IF WE USE LIFEBUOY SOAP WE WON'T HAVE ANY "B.O." CAN'T YOU GET SOME? IT MAKES SWELL LATHER
I'LL GET SOME TODAY! YOU AND I DON'T WANT TO HAVE "B.O." DO WE?
"B.O." GONE — everybody friends!
BILLY JUST ABOUT LIVES HERE, HE COMES OVER SO OFTEN. AND I'M AFRAID I DO, TOO
YOU CAN'T RUN IN TOO OFTEN TO SUIT ME. AND WHAT GOOD TIMES WE HAVE GOING PLACES TOGETHER!
.... AND MY COMPLEXION THRIVES ON LIFEBUOY
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

MADAM, the millions of Lifebuoy users *know* that it agrees with the skin. Lifebuoy lather is creamy, gentle—yet it *penetrates* pores. It washes out every speck of dirt—leaves your skin fresh, clear, glowing with health.

What its scent tells you

Lifebuoy's pure, hygienic scent, which vanishes, as you rinse, tells you that Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps. Its abundant lather purifies and *deodorizes* the pores—stops "B.O."(*bodyodor*).

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Why let warts spoil YOUR beauty?

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BURNING *is now unnecessary*

One out of every three people, according to a famous skin specialist, is afflicted with warts.

Common warts appear on the hands. Flat warts on the back. Often a thread-like growth is noticed on the face, neck, and breasts. Still another form, Verruca Digitata, appears on the scalp.

Thousands of women, otherwise flawless in their beauty, are made unhappy and embarrassed by such warts.

Rather than suffer excisions, caustics, or other old-fashioned methods of wart removal, they forego the pleasures of those occasions which demand the wearing of evening gowns, bathing suits, or other revealing costumes.

And it is all so NEEDLESS!

WART-EX is the clinically tested formula of a famous doctor. Painless. Non-irritating. Easy to apply. Leaves no scars. Put it on at night, and in a few days the results will delight you.

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WART-EX CO., Suite 600, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis

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Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed find 50c. Send me a bottle of WART-EX postpaid, in plain wrapper.

50¢

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

The Tragic Comedian Passes

[*Continued from page* 55]

existent, which he felt the patrons might have towards him. So all in all, he was not what anyone could call a success. But he stuck to it, lived on almost nothing, and began to pay up his debts.

With the dogged determination that had brought him to the pinnacle in comedy, he began to work for a comeback. Eventually he got a vaudeville booking and was put into San Francisco, the scene of his trial for his first week. The hue and cry broke out all over again, but the district attorney who had directed his prosecution refused to bar him and he won his first meager victory.

He was never happy in vaudeville. He always worried unless he could get enough fresh stuff every day to make the boys in the orchestra laugh.

At last he got a chance to get back into pictures as a director. He was successful in a financial way, directing some 300 comedy shorts, and several feature pictures including *Halfshot at Sunrise* with Wheeler and Woolsey, *Special Delivery* with Eddie Cantor, and *The Red Mill* with Marion Davies. He used the name William Goodrich, occasionally shortening it with an ironical gesture at his own destiny to Will B. Goode. But he still felt he belonged in front of a camera instead of behind it.

THE money rolled in now, in the late years of the twenties, but most of it rolled right out again to pay his debts. In a last desperate effort to square himself, he opened the *Plantation*, a popular night club in Culver City. In 1930 it was closed as a public nuisance, after several lean months and he found himself with more debts on his hands, to friends who had helped him with backing. He went to directing again, and by 1932 he had cleaned the slate again.

All through those torturing years he had never relinquished the desire and the determination to win back the adulation of the public that had once idolized him, although towards the end nothing but a shadow of hope remained.

Then, in 1932, Joe Rivkin, managing his vaudeville tour, decided the time was ripe to bring him back on the screen. Sam Sax head of the Vitaphone short subjects department, agreed to give him a trial.

When Rivkin told him the news, Arbuckle thought he was kidding. He wouldn't believe it until the day they went to the studio.

When he finally stood before the camera again for the first time in eleven years, he broke down and cried like a baby.

Even after his first short subject was released and approved he was skeptical of his success. But sentiment had changed. The American public loves an underdog, and they saw an underdog in Arbuckle, if there ever was one.

He was happily married to a girl he adored and who adored him, Addie McPhail, whom he had met while directing her in a picture on the Educational lot. He bought a little home out on Long Island. Everything seemed to be breaking for him.

He died on the night of his first anniversary. He seemed to know that he was doomed, doubtless aware that the machine had run down through trying too hard for his comeback.

"Joe," he said to his manager that night, "I've had one happy year out of my life. They can take me now, and I won't kick."

The day after his death fourteen hundred telegrams poured in, expressions of sympathy and affection from notables all over the world. For hours on the day of his funeral hundreds filed past the bier where he lay in state, in the same room which had held the bodies of Valentino and Jeanne Eagles.

The world had welcomed him back—too late.

The tragic career was closed.

Handclaps and Hisses

[*Continued from page* 8]

I conquered. Ever so often along comes one of these perfectly splendid "good advice" pictures. The value of movies to each individual can never be measured, for "breathes there a man with soul so dead" who hasn't at some time found just the solution to his (or her) problem in a movie. This mutual need will ever hold the two together. The movies to enlighten and inspire, the public to observe and learn.—Mrs. Carol Denny, Malba, Long Island.

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Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page 29*]

burgh, he is an old timer at the game. But Broadway—which someone has so aptly described as "a site for sore I's"—was unexplored territory to him.

"Like every other actor all over the world, it was one of my burning ambitions to attain Broadway," Dick confessed when I visited him backstage between performances. "But I wanted to wait until my name had received more than just local recognition. It's scary enough hitting Broadway for the first time without greeting an audience that has never heard of you!"

Dick's patience was well rewarded. His Broadway début at the Capitol, followed the ten-week sensationally successful run of *42nd Street* at the Warner Strand—and he received a tremendous hand of recognition, especially when he introduced his own number, "Young and Healthy."

Mary Brian, for whom Dick is carrying the torch in a Big Way, arrived in New York in time to be among his appreciative public. But despite the marriage rumors that preceded her, there were no wedding bells—much to the relief of Russell Gleason, Buddy Rogers, Rudy Vallée, etc., etc., et al!

"Nothing would have suited me better," confided Dick, "but to crash through that competition requires all the strategy of a Cagle . . . And I'm only young and healthy," he grinned.

Popular Lady

MARY BRIAN'S *raison d'etre* in New York these hot summer months is of "Universal" interest. She is playing the feminine lead in *Moonlight and Pretzels* (no, it isn't the heat—it's the title!) which Stanley Bergerman is producing at the newly reopened Paramount Studios on Long Island.

Included in the supporting cast are Leo Carrillo, Bernice Claire, Lillian Miles and Roger Pryor, a newcomer to the screen but well known on Broadway for his performances in *The Royal Family* and *Blessed Event*. Coincidently enough, Mary has appeared in the screen version of both these plays.

Mary was kept so busy commuting to the Long Island studios and making interior shots at the Casino Theatre that she didn't have much opportunity to go places and see things—although she did manage a tete-a-tete with Rudy Vallée at Ruebens one evening and the première of *Shooting Star*, beaued by Stanley Smith and Hillaire Innis.

In addition to growing lovelier every time you see her, Mary is developing a marvelous flair for repartee. Recently when Lewis Milestone asked her if she didn't get tired of the same "line" handed out to her by her various swains, she retorted,

"To tell you the truth, Millie, sometimes I think all of them are stand-ins for each other!"

Know Thyself

A BEAUTIFUL movie star, known for her various *affiaires d'amour*, recently decided to enter the bonds of holy matrimony. Meeting one of her friends, she told her the glad tidings.

[*Continued on page 69*]

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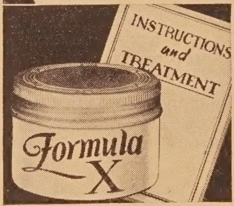

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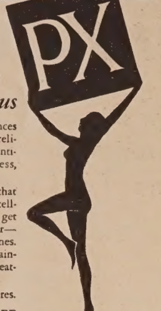

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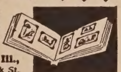

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SEPTEMBER
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Over the Air Waves

[*Continued from page* 52]

screen star, Marion Davies. Mary Hay, once Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, danced here, too.

Paul Whiteman has become the high priest of modern music although he is still reluctant to relinquish his title, the "King of Jazz." Whiteman makes a definite distinction between the popular type jazz with its wailing saxophones, its blaring brasses and its rhythmic melody and the entirely different sort of music turned out by such composers as Grofe and Gershwin which, for want of a better name, he calls "modern music."

In his two-hour spot on the Kraft-Phenix broadcast, Whiteman has been given unlimited authority in mapping out the musical programs. This pleased Paul because it gave him the opportunity he had long sought in radio to play only that type of music he liked best.

A wavering indecision between featuring popular jazz and "modern music" has been noticeable in Whiteman's broadcasts. It might be that Whiteman's selections covered such a wide range merely because he wanted to add the spice of variety to his programs. But we can't escape the thought that perhaps Paul is still faithful to his first love, jazz music. Can it be that Whiteman wants to retain his honors as "King of Jazz" while he remains the prime minister of "modern music?"

Whiteman's programs, spotted with offerings by his specialty entertainers, Ramona, Jack Fulton, Peggy Healy the Rhythm boys and others and with Deems Taylor as master of ceremonies, are one of the most ambitious ever presented on the air.

Patti Pickens, the cheerful little elf who harmonizes with her sisters, Helen and Jane, over the NBC networks, is a gifted tap dancer. Occasionally when the rhythm of the number the girls are rehearsing gets exceptionally hot, Patti, who is only seventeen, goes "off to Buffalo" with her own interpretations. And do her sisters burn up and tell her things until she gets serious again!

FRED WARING and his youthful aggregation of music makers immediately clicked with radio listeners from the first time they filled the coveted Old Gold spot on the airwaves. Since that time their popularity has steadily mounted until they are now firmly entrenched as one of the most satisfying dance bands on the air.

The identifying characteristic of the Waring band's interpretation of popular tunes is its freshness and exhuberance. The music of the Pennsylvanians sparkles with snap and verve and the zest of life itself. It is evident to the listener that every one of the Pennsylvanians enjoys each note of his music.

This is more understandable when we remember that hardly a man on Fred Waring's orchestra has passed his middle twenties. They are all as full of enthusiasm for their work as freshmen at a football game howling for another touchdown.

Many of the members of Fred's orchestra played with him at Penn State College and some of them were with his first fife and drum corp he organized as a boy scout back in his home town, Tyrone, Pa. They've stuck together and the entire gang know one another as well as the members of any large family.

Fiddling Dave Rubinoff has an odd hobby. He collects keys. But not the kind you think. During a recent road tour he received the keys to seventeen different cities. Which is a record of some sort.

RADIO stars must keep physically fit for the strenuous business of broadcasting. Some golf, some swim, some ride and others merely hike for health.

There's one star who walks 137 miles every week. And he walks that distance while sitting down!

Just a minute! Don't be so skeptical. Let's unriddle this thing. The man we refer to is Lew White, one of the world's greatest organists, who is now heard on the air in thirteen different programs. Recently a friend of Lew's with a flair for statistics conceived the sparkling idea of strapping a pedometer to Lew's ankle while he pedalled through his rehearsals and programs. The result was startling. For at the end of a week Lew had "walked" 137 miles without leaving the console.

This is partly explained by the fact that White uses both both feet while playing the organ. You might be surprised to learn that only one out of ten organists in the country work both feet at the console. And Lew rehearses six hours every day. Which also accounts for the mileage he gets out of music.

Annette Hanshaw, diminutive blues singer on the Maxwell House Showboat program, has appeared in hundreds of broadcasts in the last few years but she is just as nervous today each time she steps into a studio as she was when she first faced the microphone. Her hand trembles as she holds the music and she drinks a half a dozen glasses of water to steady her nerves during the program. Despite the fact that she is mike-shy, Annette doesn't let it affect her work and she is still one of the most popular blues singers on the air.

Charm

[*Continued from page* 43]

loosely woven, giving an appearance of weight but actually being so light as to be almost flimsy. Woolens will continue in popularity, but silks are competing strongly. In fact, silks have a perfect right in this competition inasmuch as they will have the appearance of tweeds and mixtures.

As to trimmings, the lingerie touch will continue. Fur, too, will be used. Lacings will grow in favor. But it now looks as though buttons would be the really important trimming for Fall. Buttons will be on sleeves as well as blouses. The Fall silhouette, it appears at the present time, will be tall and slender, giving little or no attention below the waist and concentrating all attractive details on the waist. Accessories will continue to match.

"One Side of My Mug"

[*Continued from page 25*]

'em one of Gable. "You see I've never figured myself an actor," Wallie went on. "I'm just a guy with a job—and I try to give it all I've got. All I do is act natural. And the way I look at it, that's what the public wants to see. Of course when you stop to analyze it, I guess I've been lucky. When I first came out here I played in slap-stick comedies. I got $150 a week. Gloria Swanson who was my wife then got $75. Say—we thought we were in the money. Then I managed to convince somebody I could play character parts. Doug Fairbanks gave me a break in *Robin Hood.* I've never done anything on the screen that I enjoyed doing as much as that picture. The picture was a hit and from then on things were on the up and up.

"THE only time it looked like I was on the toboggan was when sound came in. The powers that be decided that my voice wasn't suitable to talking pictures. They thought I didn't have any 'it' in my voice. So Paramount let me go. All the studios went nuts on elocution. Every walking stick actor on Broadway was hustled out to Hollywood. Everybody went around talking with a broad A. For a while it looked as though there wasn't any place left for us American Indians but the dog house. Then one morning the producers woke up to the fact that pictures weren't making as much money at the box office as they had before. For a while they couldn't figure what was wrong. Then somebody had the bright idea that if they'd get some of the good old American Indians back on the screen it might be a novelty.

"The first talking picture I made was *Magnolia.* It didn't amount to much. Then I did *The Big House.* After that they decided that my voice would get by. I've been kept pretty busy ever since. As a matter of fact I haven't had a vacation in twenty-four years."

I looked at him with surprise. "What about these airplane trips you are always making?" I asked.

"Oh, I've had little peewee vacations—a few days at a time."

"What is the most difficult rôle you have ever played?" I asked him.

"The part I played in *The Big House* was the hardest. Those fight scenes were tough. Next to that I think this thing I'm doing now—*Tugboat Annie.* Believe me I've earned my pay check on this one."

At this point we were interrupted by Mervyn LeRoy, the director. "I'll be wanting you in a minute, Wallie," he said.

"Okay, Mervyn." Then he turned to me. "Stick around and watch this next scene. First time I've had a break in the whole picture. I've got a scene with a bunch of girls."

A few minutes later Wallie was seated on a divan, surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls who were hanging on his every word. But his interlude of glory was brief. Just when he was going strong, Marie Dressler barged into the scene and broke it up. To watch those two old fire horses do their stuff is to watch acting at its best. No wonder they have become America's Favorite Sweethearts.

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Chips Off the Old Blocks

[*Continued from page* 42]

when the movies were young and the genius of De Mille brought them together before the camera to play rôles in his picture of the militant youth of the land in action against the gang terror.

NEARLY twenty years ago the name of Carlyle Blackwell was as well known to movie fans as is the name of Clark Gable today. Forming the first romantic team in pictures, he and Alice Joyce were the uncrowned king and queen of a million fans. Carlyle Blackwell Junior, now approaching his 20th birthday, is a handsome youth, somewhat resembling his famous dad.

"Yes, I want to be an actor, that is if I can be a successful one," he told me, "but if I see I'm only going to be a mediocre performer, I'll turn to my art work."

The elder Blackwell, recently returned from England where he has been for several years, feels the same way about it.

"I am glad he wants to be an actor," says Blackwell, "but if he can't be a good one, I'd rather he stuck to his painting. No, I'm not afraid that a son in pictures, even a stalwart six-footer, will interfere with my own career, now that I'm back in Hollywood."

Wally Reid, Junior, is a chip off the old block. Slight of build, with his father's straight blonde hair and his father's merry blue eyes, he takes you back to the days when Wallace Reid, Senior, was the idol of the fans. Wally Junior has that same effervescent quality, the same quick movements, the same ready wit that made his father a favorite. Under the tutoring of his mother, Dorothy Davenport Reid, he has grown up in the traditions of the movies but in spite of that, young Wally has little desire to be a movie star.

"I'm sixteen," he said "and although I've made several pictures, I'm studying aviation. I think the future lies in the air and I'm educating myself to be an aeronautical engineer. That beats the movies."

ALTHOUGH Erich von Stroheim, Junior, has not seen his famous father except briefly and at a distance for more than twelve years, he still admires him. Young Von also inherits the appearance and mannerisms of his father to a marked degree. Close cropped blonde hair, sharp, alert features, blue-eyed and erect of figure. He too has chosen aviation for a career.

Millions of women, now matrons, will remember when dashing Bryant Washburn was the idol of their girlhood. His photographs papered the bedroom walls of the nation and, coming later than Carlyle Blackwell, he was almost as much of a sensation in his day. Young Bryant is eighteen years of age. He was educated in the San Diego Army and Navy Academy and went to Hollywood High. He has had more experience on the screen than the other boys but desires above all else, after a successful career on the screen, to retire to a cattle ranch in the Argentine. He is a strapping young six footer with his father's dark hair and eyes and without a doubt the most handsome of the group.

A second edition of his strapping father, who has been one of the screen's favorite *heavies* for twenty years, Fred Kohler, Junior, is a splendid specimen of virile young manhood. Standing more than six feet in height, he is, despite his mere twenty-one years, a young giant of a man. Like his father, he is noted for his feats of physical strength and his huge hands give the impression of tremendous power.

"I thought at first that I would like the stage better," said young Fred who is both playing a part and acting as *stand in* for Charles Bickford, "and I did perhaps a dozen plays in local theatres. Of course that experience will help me in pictures. More than I want to be an actor, I'd like to direct and I'm studying that angle of the business while I work on the sets."

Not so well remembered as some of the more famous stars of an earlier day is Neal Hart, one time cowboy star who was one of the first of his clan to come to the screen. Young Hart is a second edition of his father, a stalwart, upstanding youth with clear, straightforward blue eyes and a firm jaw.

"They say that cowboy stars are going out," said young Hart, "but I don't think so. I'd like to have a few years of that on the screen and then buy me a big ranch in New Mexico where I could go into stock raising in a big way. The screen is all right but that's a real man's life, out on the range."

FRANK TINNEY, who although not a star of the screen, is well known on stage and vaudeville, also has a son in the cast of De Mille's picture. Resembling his father to a marked degree, young Tinney who is only fifteen hopes to become a comedian, following in the parental footsteps. The stage runs in his blood and his first public appearance was at the age of three when he spied his father on the stage and before his mother could stop him, ran to him before the footlights.

"That's the first time I ever stopped the show," says young Tinney, "but I hope it won't be the last."

A RATHER amazing group, this second generation of Hollywood's famous. Reared in the motion picture atmosphere, surrounded, most of them, by the adulation and luxury that is incident to movie success, they remain unspoiled, level headed and unaffected. They are proud, one and all, of the success of their parents and it was Fred Kohler who explained the high moral standard of the boys and girls whose fathers and mothers are famous on the screen.

"Hollywood is supposed to be a wild place and people think that the younger generation must do nothing but make whoopee. As a matter of fact there is not a case on record of a second generation star getting into trouble. Not one has ever been arrested for drunkeness with the exception of one son, and he was not reared by his father. There has been no girl trouble with any of us. And that, when you stop to think of it, is a record of some sort."

"I guess we're too proud of our father's reputations," said Wally Reid. "I know that if ever I was tempted to pull anything wrong, I'd think of what it might mean because of what my dad was. I guess that's what holds most of us back."

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Read RADIOLAND Each Month—It's the Ace Magazine of the Air

The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page* 46]

of her skin and uses flattering cosmetics.

Many believe they are getting around their budget strategically when they buy small sample sizes of good preparations. False economy again. You actually pay much more for those tiny tubes of cleansing cream than you do for a regulation size jar, in the end. The only time you can buy small sizes economically is when you're going for a week-end trip and haven't room in your bag for large jars and bottles. The sample sizes are handy for your purse, but they don't belong on your dressing table!

If you use sample sizes on your vanity table you are forever running out of the creams and lotions you need, and usually continue to be out of them for days at a time. Such inconsistent use of toiletries is worthless. You can never tell whether a cream or lotion is doing your skin any good unless you use it regularly for some length of time. You won't do that if you're addicted to sample sizes after using one or two tiny tubes you give up. If you keep your dressing table stocked with generous size containers of all the toiletries your skin needs, you'll find that it is an incentive to using them daily. That's the only way cosmetics do any good. And only when they do some good are they worth buying.

While I am heartily in favor of buying good toilet preparations, and in stocking liberal sizes, I certainly am not in favor of *wasting* one speck of them. That's not economy. Many women waste enough face powder in six months (by scattering it all over their bedrooms) to buy a nice bottle of skin tonic or a good lipstick. Besides, powder should be applied sparingly if it is to look velvety instead of floury. If the original box in which your powder comes is shaped so that you invariably spill some of the contents each time you use it, discard the box and buy a roomy glass or pottery jar. It will make your dressing table look swankier and will more than pay for itself in powder saved.

Elizabeth Allan, one of Hollywood's newest darlings, has brought with her from her native England not only a fresh beauty, but a sensible habit of thriftiness that usually characterizes the true Englishwoman. She uses all the best toiletries necessary to keep her petal-like skin lovely, but she never wastes them. She uses a good leak-proof atomizer to apply all kinds of perfume, brilliantine, wave-set, skin-freshener, astringent and toilet water. You've no idea how much more refreshing skin tonic can be when you apply it this way. Try it.

Miss Allan's other economy is in applying creams a little at a time. She is shown in the accompanying photo removing her make-up with some very expensive cleansing cream. Instead of digging all four fingers into the jar and scooping up enough cream for three people, she dips in one finger and gets a small bit.

Rouge, too, of both the cream and dry varieties, should be applied by the process of addition rather than subtraction. Apply a minimum amount first and then add to this if necessary. It's easier to apply more rouge than to take any off, as anyone knows who has tried to remove rouge without smudging it hopelessly. The same principle applies to lipstick. Shirley Grey has a good system for applying her lipstick economically.

Most important of all is: Buy only *well-known, nationally advertised* brands of toiletries, from soap to eye shadow. Just as surely as you experiment with fly-by-night preparations that somebody tells you are "just as good," you're going to run into trouble and expense. Use standard brands and play safe!

While discussing methods of saving money, I must not neglect to tell you about the new all-purpose cream that is now on the market. Women who have to watch their budgets closely are always delighted at the mere thought of an all-purpose cream, for it automatically conveys the idea of economy. This particular cream, which is white and fluffy like whipped cream, can be used as a cleanser, a powder base or protective cream and a massage cream.

Make-up Preparations

Elizabeth Allan never skimps on the quality or application of cosmetics. But she never wastes a speck

Mary Pickford Confirms Separation

[*Continued from page* 38]

Hollywood. Mary has tired of being hostess to these titled friends of her husband.

Since his youth, Doug has been a playboy and even at this age he has the pep and vigor of youth. His strenuous social activities have made it difficult for him to follow the conservative regime which Mary for years enforced. For years it was an event when he and Mary left the seclusion of Pickfair for an evening in one of Hollywood's night spots. Doug's many recent trips abroad, it is said, is an attempt to follow the life that he far prefers to the quiet of Pickfair. Mary, on the other hand, delights in her work and finds satisfaction only in her work. Time after time, Doug has implored Mary to live with him abroad but she has refused. Pictures are her life—the only one she knows, and so, without taking Mary along, Doug has followed his own inclinations and for the past three years has been seldom seen at Pickfair, except between his jaunts to Europe.

Rumor has associated Doug with a titled English woman who has several times been a guest at Pickfair and with a certain titled Swedish lady with whom he was seen often at European resorts.

Recently something happened. It has not been revealed what, but it was of sufficient importance to send Mary speeding to New York and her attorneys. Doug, returning to Pickfair, found Mary gone. He hired a plane and caught a train at Albuquerque. After joint conference in the offices of O'Brien, Doug caught a boat for England with Doug, Jr., and Mary returned to Hollywood.

At this time it appears that divorce is inevitable. There are those who say that both Doug, Sr., and, Jr., plan to take English wives as near to royalty as possible. Their recent social activities abroad would indicate this to be no far fetched rumor.

Pickfair is for sale. Mary will turn to her work for solace. Hollywood's most ideal romance is over.

◆ ◆ ◆

Doug, Jr., Wins

[*Continued from page* 37]

At first, he was terribly dissappointed that his prolonged recuperation forced him to lose out on his rôle in *Design for Living*—a rôle to which he had been eagerly looking forward ever since he first saw Noel Coward originate it on the Broadway stage. But, he soon adopted the more philosophical viewpoint of "everything happens for the best."

As soon as his health permits, he has a new "design for living"—which includes a return trip to London.

In the meantime, à votre sante, Doug!

The News Magazine of the Screen
SCREEN BOOK
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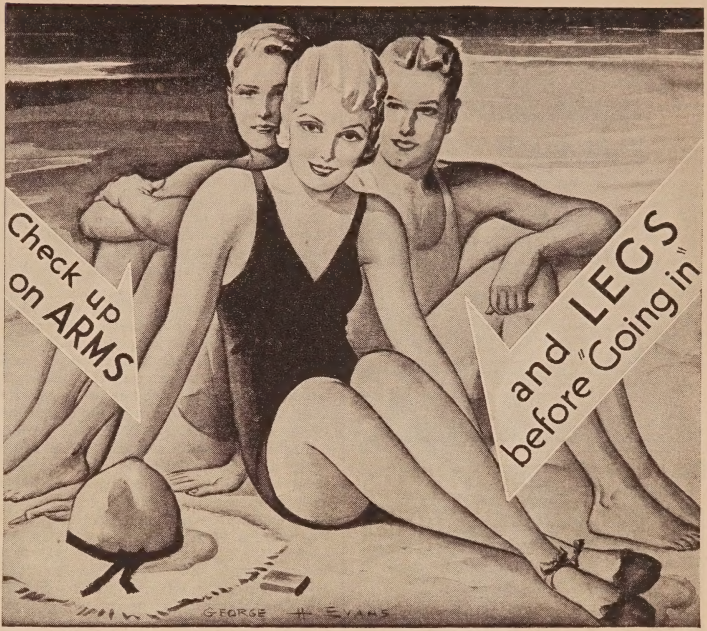

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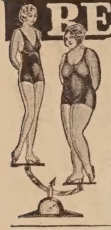

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What! Another Cagney?

[*Continued from page* 18]

The test was good—Jim said so!

"And if I'd been bad," Bill explains, "Jim would have told me so."

But Mr. Cohen took too long to make up his mind as to the advisability of giving the picture loving public another Cagney. Radio Pictures didn't hesitate at all. They called on Bill with a contract all made out and asked for the well known signature. Bill grinned. Jim winked. "Don't disappoint 'em, kid!"

AND the younger Cagney is doing everything possible to carry out his brother's good advice. To begin with, he is young. Only twenty-four years old. He's almost six feet tall, clean cut, broad shouldered. There's a glorious crop of that Cagney red hair on the top of his head.

Making good on a job is a family trait any way. There are five children in the Cagney family and they've all made good. They never were wealthy but they were comfortably situated and no worries until their father died, fourteen years ago. After that it was a bit of a struggle, but they all went ahead with their plans. Harry and Ed became doctors. James *was* going to become a farmer and was hard at work at Columbia University studying agriculture when he met someone who lured him to the stage. Maybe the kid thought he was going to surprise the family when he made the announcement of the change in his plans, and he did surprise them, but not in the way he had hoped. They didn't take kindly to the idea.

William *was* going to be a lawyer. After High School, he entered City College in New York. It was a little expensive. A fellow had to have a little cash in his pocket because a good looking young man couldn't let studies interfere with his education entirely. You know, dances, and a show now and then, not to mention sodas and other expenses.

After college and during the Wall Street crash, Bill went in for selling advertising. It didn't take him long to make that pay, also. That's probably where he learned to be so smilingly gracious and congenial.

HE WAS still in the advertising business when he visited brother James a few months ago. It had been profitable in New York and there was no reason why it shouldn't be made to pay in the sunny south.

"In fact," Bill says, "I never had any other intentions at all. Never once did I have my eye on the screen. That was Jim's idea, but like most of his ideas it wasn't so bad."

Since both brothers are very proud of their mother, it seems only fitting to pay her a tribute here. She's been a real mother all the way through. Encouraging her children in leading clean, useful lives. They depended upon her for guidance and now she is rewarded for her efforts by being able to depend upon them for support. They don't like to have that mentioned because they look upon it as a privilege and not a duty. As Bill puts it, "It isn't a burden—it's a pleasure and we all share that pleasure."

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When Franchot Tone Went to Cornell

[*Continued from page* 31]

to have as wide a circle of acquaintances as possible. Franchot was mainly interested in his work in the Dramatic Club and in his small circle of close friends. In his junior year he moved out of the fraternity house and rented an apartment with his friend "Freddie" Bissell.

The apartment became the meeting place for his group of intimate friends which included "Freddie" Bissell, now a professor of English; George Pfann, the all-American football player, who was awarded a Rhodes scholarship and is now assistant district attorney in New York City; "Red" Ewald, now a professor in the College of Architecture at Cornell, and Harold Smith, the university organist. He was on intimate terms with many of his professors and after leaving school he kept alive the friendships which he had formed at college. He returned to Ithaca in the fall of 1932 when the play *A Thousand Summers*, in which he was playing with Jane Cowl, opened there.

Always a lover of music, "Pamp" had one of the finest collections of phonograph records in Ithaca. He was especially fond of Wagner and Tschaikowsky. His friends would often gather in his rooms during the evening to listen to music and readings. The readings were usually of French poetry in which Franchot was interested. After several highballs one of the group would generally read a selection from *Alice In Wonderland* and the gathering would break up.

THE Dramatic Club was Franchot's chief interest and most of his time and enthusiasm was given to it. Under the able tutelage of Professor Drummond, the dramatic coach, he proved an apt pupil. He was by far the most capable actor in the club, and in his senior year he was elected its president.

He proved his versatility by giving outstanding performances in a wide variety of rôles. He played parts ranging from that of a romantic young lover to the difficult part of Captain Bartlett, the insane old sea captain in Eugene O'Neill's, *Where the Cross is Made.* His best work and the part for which he is best remembered, is that of the leading man in Pirandello's *Right You Are (If You Think So).*

Like most actors, Tone was aware of his audience and had a great deal of stage presence, even when off the stage. The story is told of his reporting backstage for a rehearsal after having attended a party. The stage director took one look at him and told Tone that the best way in which he could aid the rehearsal was to go home and go to bed. Franchot went to his rooms, but when his friends called on him he leaped from a window and proceeded to do a spring dance for them in the court of the dormitories.

One of the most select organizations at Cornell is the Savage Club which is patterned after the more famous club of the same name in London. When the Cornell crew went to England to row against Cambridge, the members were entertained at the Savage Club. They became interested and asked permission, which was granted, to start such a club at Cornell. Each member of the club has to be an able entertainer. Tone, who was a member, would entertain the members and the visiting celebrities with recitations and imitations, at which he was very adept. One of his best imitations, that of an orchestra leader, he never performed before the club, but only during an evening of music in his rooms, and for his closest friends.

He was a member of Professor Mason's 10 o'clock Club. This is an informal group of students who gather together every morning at 10 o'clock to discuss the affairs of the day much as the young men of London used to meet together in the coffee houses in the days of Addison and Steele.

"Pamp" was also a member of Book and Bowl, a carousing literary society, and of Sphinx Head, senior honorary society. Election to the latter is based on leadership and interest in college activities.

Franchot was continually falling in love but evidently with no serious or lasting effects. He was well acquainted with many of the prominent families of Ithaca and seems to have been in love with every eligible girl in the town at one time or another. The Barton family managed to keep his affections the longest. There were three daughters in the family and Franchot became interested in each of them for periods of about two months each. He must have been a very tactful person because from all reports he is still on good terms with all of them.

A close friendship was nearly shattered when Tone tried to be of assistance at the wedding of his friend "Freddie" Bissell. "Freddie's" brother, who was to have been best man, disappeared before the ceremony so "Pamp" was hurriedly picked to fill the part. Unfortunately on coming to the ceremony he had not planned to play any official part and had already begun to celebrate the occasion. He very nearly disrupted the wedding when he took the minister into the vestry room and offered him the contents of a flask.

Never a strict follower of convention, he also inaugurated the practice of driving his car across the grass of the quadrangle rather than keeping to the roads which wind about the building of the campus.

The beautiful country around Ithaca and Lake Cayuga is well suited to a person of Franchot's spirit. He was always a great lover of nature and it was his habit to call at Sage Chapel where he would pick up his friend Harold Smith. They would get into "Pamp's" Model T Ford and drive out to the road overlooking blue Cayuga and the valley. Here they would sit and look at the rolling country stretching for miles in every direction and watch the sun setting over the hills to the west.

Franchot's success on stage and screen was no surprise to those who knew him in college. He was a serious student and a lover of the stage who was true to his work and his friends. He is an actor with both brains and ambition.

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"I Have No Regrets!"

[*Continued from page* 15]

intimate talk and not asked on their parties. It hurt so much that Joan considers that Detroit interlude as the most unhappy of her whole life. She was an outsider, you see. *A greenhorn.* There was only one way she could fight back and that was to be a better dancer than the best of them.

So she studied. Fiercely. Furiously. She practiced her routine until she was ready to drop. Gave everything she had to the performance because her whole existence was centered in the show. And J. J. Shubert, happening to visit the Oriole one evening, spotted her immediately. She stood out, a lithe, lambent young figure, from the others.

When his musical comedy, *Innocent Eyes,* left town the following day for its New York opening, Joan was a member of the chorus. In less than four months a movie producer saw her in the play and gave her a contract . . .

"I'VE grown more through so-called failure than I ever did through success," she mused. "Everybody does. *Give yourself to life.* Express the things that come to you. Then you don't have to be afraid.

"I've never forgotten something a wardrobe woman told me long ago when I was having an especially difficult time. 'Joan,' she said, 'just remember one thing. A ship has to weather storms to be proven. You can't stay in the calm of a breakwater and expect to get anywhere . . .'

"I worked eight months as an extra when I first came out here. They wanted to give me a part in *Time, the Comedian, and I wouldn't take it.* I stormed and pleaded and cried. Naturally they thought I was crazy. An unknown youngster turning down an opportunity like that. But I didn't feel I was ready for the real test a part would offer. I wanted to get more acquainted with the camera. And one day I heard an assistant director remark: *'There's the kid who couldn't make the grade.'* That is what they thought of me! They had me tagged 'finished' right at the start. It maddened me—made me work more than I'd ever done.

"There's nothing that sweeps the foundations from under you like that cry of 'Failure!' Perhaps I shouldn't say this—but look what it did to John Gilbert. John is just as fine an actor today as he ever was. Only they took the spirit out of him. Just a whisper in the beginning—*Gilbert is licked by the microphone.* Then it was broadcast throughout the country. The terrible part was he began to believe it himself. To me it's the greatest of crimes, this undermining the confidence of another."

And because Joan appreciates the fact she has renewed the courage of I don't know how many. There was that young player on the Metro lot who was being considered for a major rôle six months ago. He came to Joan in a panic—"I can't do it. It's beyond me!" She spent hours instilling in his mind that he *could.* And he did! Now he's going from one big part to another. When he told me about the incident he spoke of Joan as one might speak of the Shaper of Destinies.

A STAR, they say, is no greater than her last picture. It's a cruel Hollywood fact. And when *Rain* was completed Joan faced some of the blackest hours of her career. "One more picture like this and I'll be back carrying a tray!" she told a friend. "You have to have a certain amount of harmony among the cast to make a good film. We didn't. Everybody hated everybody else. But I used to force myself to go up to the others and ask them: 'What's the matter with us? You know as well as I do this scene is not clicking. What is it you don't like about me?'"

Added courage and stamina and sincerity. That's what "Sadie Thompson" did for Joan.

I happened to be on the set when a well-known writer came up to her and inquired casually: "What are your plans for the future, Miss Crawford, *now that your marriage is a failure?"*

Now in accordance with accepted ideas, Joan's marriage is a failure. It has ended in divorce. And the world says: "Another frustrated union." But it isn't that to Joan. Her eyes blazed as she looked straight at the writer.

"My marriage was not a failure! You can't call anything unsuccessful that has given you so much. Through it I learned tolerance and understanding and to have a certain self-respect. I learned to view things from a new angle. You know how latent qualities in you are brought out and polished by another? That is what Douglas did for me . . ."

A *big* person, this Joan Crawford. Big in her outlook, in character. Most of us become hardened when others fail us. She refuses to. "Sometimes we expect too much of our friends. Why should I grow embittered? Why should anybody? We only hurt ourselves if we do."

And there you have the real secret of Joan's success.

Menu Service

[*Continued from page* 50]

a layer of this over the cheese. Press both sides of sandwiches together and serve on an individual plate garnished with lettuce leaves.

These varied kinds of sandwiches are sufficient, according to our host, so here is Freddie's third favorite. He calls it "Delicious." Try it for yourself.

Three ounces of cream cheese chopped fine; mix with one teaspoonful butter, one teaspoonful anchovy, add a few chopped nuts (pecans or walnuts), season to taste with salt and white pepper. Cut thin slices white bread and remove crust, spreading mixture between slices. Garnish with watercress.

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 59]

"My dear, I think it's too, too divine, but have you told your fiance about your "past?" she was asked.

"Yes, I've told him everything."

"Darling, what courage!"

Whereupon the b. m. s. retorted, "You mean what a memory!"

An Orchid to Joan

IT WAS the hottest day on record—even hotter than Lupe Velez—which should give you a rough idea! And in a suite at the Hotel St. Moritz, Joan Blondell was posing in fur coats.

Perhaps this incident describes Joan better than any glowing superlatives. She had promised the Warner Bros. publicity department that she would pose that day—and even with the temperature sizzling like a Harlow love scene she wouldn't let them down.

As a fair and Warner star, Joan has made thirty-two pictures within the last two years, so during the studio shutdown, she "vacationed" by playing four and five a day at the Capitol Theatre in New York and the State in Minneapolis.

"The trouble with me is that I look so darn healthy, no one will ever believe me when I say I'm tired!" she exclaimed, as she prepared to hurry away in between shows to pay a visit to the bookshop where she used to clerk before she became a "Golddigger of 1933."

Incidentally Joan tells an amusing story in connection with those bookshop days.

When she first came to Hollywood, Joan was introduced to Mrs. Rufus Lemaire, whose husband was casting director of Warner Bros. at the time.

"You like detective stories, don't you?" Joan asked her.

"Yes, but how did you know?" Mrs. Lemaire answered in amazement.

"I used to reserve them for you every week at Wright's library, when you lived in New York," was her retort.

Accompanying Joan on her visit East, was her favorite photographer, George Barnes. And by a nice coincidence he shared honors on the same bill with his lovely bride—for *Peg O' My Heart* which he photographed so beautifully was the screen feature of the Capitol program.

Bulletin Board

STANLEY SMITH has been signed for the juvenile lead in the Joe Cook musical.

Sally Phipps, who is securing a divorce from Benedict Gimbel, Jr. of Philadelphia, is "soloing" it in New York.

Lillian Gish, Laura La Plante and Ruth Roland have crossed the Big Pond.

If the kiss with which Tommy Manville, Jr. greeted Claire Windsor on her arrival in New York is any criterion, gentlemen still prefer blondes.

Claire Luce, who left pictures for a "Gay Divorce" is a screen aspirant again, under the Leland Hayward aegis.

Lillian Miles and Al Segal are justlikethis.

Richard Arlen had one of his pet ambitions realized when he was signed to play opposite Claudette Colbert in *Three Cornered Moon.*

Completing her sensationally successful engagement in *Of Thee I Sing,* Lois Moran, accompanied by her mother and young sister, Betty, returned to Hollywood after a two years' absence.

Clear All Wires For Tracy

WHEN Lee Tracy returned to New York for his first visit since he found gold in them thar hills, he was paged at all the swanky hotels, where the film élite usually register. But Lee wasn't to be found at any of them—for the simple reason that he had gone back to the small, unfashionable habitat that had always been "home" to him in the days before he became a "moom pitcher" star.

What a contrast the real Tracy is to the braggart and show-off, he portrays so vividly in his "reel" life!

"Success is such an indefinable thing," he told me as we talked over a plate of his favorite spaghetti at Sardi's. "A few years ago, when I played in *Broadway* and *The Front Page,* I attained the goal of every actor's dream . . . . success on Broadway.

"I received swell press notices—a few reporters came to interview me—I was invited to be guest of honor at an occasional dinner—and the only autographs I was asked to sign were on blank checks! But I make a dozen or more pictures, some of them good, some of them not so forte, and I'm a bigger success on Broadway than when I appeared here in two of its biggest successes. As Jimmie Durante would say, 'I'm covered with confusion!'"

Although Lee swore he was punch drunk from his non-stop schedule of thirteen pictures during the past year, he looked better than I had ever seen him.

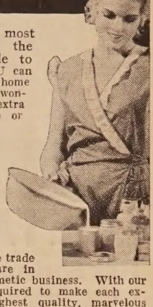
"I've gained fifteen pounds—it's the life I've been leading in Hollywood," he explained. "At first it almost killed me—getting up at six in the morning and going to bed at twelve. In New York, my time clock had always been just the reverse! And then, eating three regular meals a day is a new experience to me. I used to hear of people having breakfast AND lunch, but I always thought it was done with mirrors!"

Just before coming East, Lee finished his rôle in the all-star cast of *Dinner at Eight.* Although his part is not a major one, it is one of his favorites to date because it was the means of introducing him to John Barrymore. Most of Lee's interviews were devoted to rhapsodic outbursts in praise of his fellow artists. Were your ears burning, Mr. Barrymore?

An S. O. S. to report to the M-G-M studios for a leading rôle in *Turn Back the Clock,* interrupted Lee's vacation. And for the first time, he wasn't loathe to leave New York. Now that Broadway has become merely a place to visit, it doesn't seem like "home" to him anymore—and until that not too distant day when he hopes to make a permanent return to the theatre, Hollywood is his one focal point of interest.

Besides, his favorite Jewel (Isabel to you!) sparkles there!

[*Continued on page* 70]



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30x5.25-20	2.75	1.15	30x5	3.25	1.35
31x5.25-21	2.95	1.15	33x5	3.25	1.45
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Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page 69*]

The Perfect Retort

WHEN Elinor Glynn accused William Haines of Staunton, Va., suh, of being a ham actor, his retort was, "All the best hams come from Virginia!"

There Ain't No Justice!

IT WASN'T hard enough for Ginger Rogers to be directed by Mervyn Leroy, immediately following their embered romance, but after she had worked a whole day and a half, until she almost dropped from exhaustion, recording a swell rendition of a specialty number, the song was snipped to pieces in the cutting room!

Scene in a Day

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD BARTHELMESS, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Green, Peggy Wood, Peter Arno, Irene Franklin, Judith Anderson, Humphrey Bogart, Cecilia Loftus at the Algonquin farewell supper party in honor of Noel Coward, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt . . . Fannie Brice, Jack Benny, Doris Dawson, Peggy Fears, Harold Arlen at the Frank Fay-Barbara Stanwyck opening of *Tattle Tales* . . . Gloria Swanson, Michael Farmer, Adolphe Menjou, Harpo Marx and Mae Murray lunching at the Colony . . . Mrs. Bert Lytell entertaining at the Chatham Walk in honor of Ruby Keeler . . . . Mary Astor dancing at the Biltmore Cascades . . . . Jack Pearl and Ed Wynn applauding *Golddiggers of Broadway.*

Please Forward

THE Eddie Cantor Home for Girls (Ida, Marjorie, Edna, Natalie, Marilyn and Janet) has moved its headquarters from Beverly Hills, Cal. to a penthouse in the San Remo Apartments, overlooking Central Park.

With the resumption of his radio broadcasts in September, Eddie, who has spent the past year commuting between New York and Hollywood, has decided to make New York his permanent residence. This constant shifting back and forth has so interrupted the schooling of his children that he recently received a letter from one of them signed:

"Your loving daughter, Edna (the one who still goes to school.)"

The Traveling Actor

IT IS always a treat to renew acquaintance with Richard Barthelmess, whether it is in his dressing room at the Warner Studios in Burbank, at his Malibu beach home, overlooking the Pacific, or in the drawing room suite atop the Waldorf Tower.

Dick, lest you don't know, is the actor, who joined the movies and sees the world. Having one of those swellegant contracts that only calls for three pictures a year, he has traversed the farthest parts of the globe. France, England, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, Russia, China, Japan, Hawaii, Mexico, Bermuda, Cuba, Canada, Panama and these United States—he has seen them all! (And are my eyes green?)

"I was all set for another European jaunt," he said, "but I suddenly got a terrific nostalgia to see the dogwood and apple blossoms of Connecticut again. I haven't seen a Connecticut spring since my college days at Trinity—and if you are good at math, you can figure out how long ago that is!"

Gazing at his youthful good looks, bronzed in health by a fourteen day sail through the Panama Canal, I should have guessed a mere few years ago!

"In addition to viewing the scenery," Dick continued, "Jessica (Mrs. Barthelmess to you) and I are going to hunt up some preparatory schools for our offspring, Mary Hay and Stewart—and I want to revisit my Alma Mater."

Asked about his future plans, he replied, "I have three more pictures to go on my present contract, and after that?" He shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Quien sabe?", "qui sait?", or just plain "who knows?"

But it is my private suspicion that if he doesn't renew his contract with Warner Bros., he will transfer his affections to the newly formed Twentieth Century (that old travelling instinct to the fore again!)

Immediately upon his return to the Coast, Dick started work in *Shanghai Orchid*, an original by C. Graham Baker and Gene Towne. His rôle is that of a prizefighter, stranded in China—although you would never guess it from the title!

In a Few, Well Chosen Words

ADD definitions of Hollywood:

Claudette Colbert—"An optional illusion."

Clive Brook—"A place of hero-worship—and no heroes."

Cary Grant—"A burlesque show, with everybody trying to play ingénue!"

George Raft—"A town of two gestures: a slap on the back—and a kick in the pants."

Sylvia Sidney—"Where even the midgets get delusions of grandeur."

Edward Sutherland—"The place of deferred hopes—and payments."

Samuel Hoffenstein—"A maze of authors, all in search of the same story."

Gary Cooper—"The promised land . . broken promises."

Question with a Moral

WHAT recently divorced and recently remarried film player has completely dissipated the cash settlement allotted to her by her "ex" and is now trying to raise enough money to buy back the jewels she was forced to sell a few months ago, so that she can re-sell them now, at a higher figure?

Looping the Lupe

MARIE, my smelling salts! I've just been looking at Lupe Velez's $165,000 collection of jewels—and I'm just a little faint!

In addition to bracelets, she owns an extravagant array of pendants, brooches, earings, clasps and rings. But her two prize possessions of the entire collection are a ruby and diamond necklace, valued at $65,000 and a 20 karat diamond ring that could light up the Empire State and still have enough gleam left for the Chrysler Building.

It is Lupe's proud boast that she has bought all these jewels with her own hard earned money. The only one she ever received as a gift is an emerald cut diamond ring given her by Gary Cooper, when "Garee" was her Big Moment. It is now being worn by her elder sister!

The expense of maintaining insurance on this fabulous collection is a great drain on Lupe's weekly salary check. Which explains why she hasn't enjoyed a real vacation in five years.

No sooner had she finished a strenuous Broadway engagement in *Strike Me Pink* than she flew back to Hollywood, where a long M-G-M contract and Johnny Weissmuller awaited her.

"I've been my own boss for so long that it's going to be hard to take orders again," Lupe sighed. "But maybe if I can play some good rôles, I won't mind so much. My first three are already scheduled—*Hollywood Party*, the big revue that Eddie Goulding is going to direct —*Joe Palooka*, in which I'm going to cut up all over again with Jimmie Durante —and this is a big secret but I'll whisper it to you (business of whispering) . . . . I'm going to play opposite Ramon Novarro in *Laughing Boy*. So I should be very happy for the first few months anyway!"

"Especially with Johnny Weissmuller working on the same lot," I captiously added, looking at the seven pictures of him that adorned her dressing table.

Lupe's face, which is never in repose, wreathed into a wide grin. "Johnny is the best friend I have," she explained.

"Are you going to marry him, Lupe?" I asked knowing that she never hedges on an answer.

"I don't ever expect to marry any man, Radie," was her retort. "Marriage isn't for me. I'm too independent. I like to do the things I like to do when I want to do them. If I were married, my husband would be just like a puppet with me pulling the strings."

"But suppose he wanted to be the marionette man?" I interjected.

"That would be even worse—I found that out two years ago!" she answered meaningfully. "Perhaps the reason I love my Johnny so much is because HE doesn't want to change me. If he doesn't fall in with my moods he lets me alone . . . . but he usually falls in with my moods! I have more fun with Johnny than anyone I have ever met but no wedding bells for little Lupe!"

It is because Lupe has decided against marriage that she has adopted her five year-old niece, Joan, whom she worships even more than Johnny and her jewels.

I don't know how much calm and quiet lies in store for young Joan with "Whoopee Lupe" as a mother but I can predict that she will never be bored!

Mary-Go-Round

JUST when I was wondering what had happened to Mary Astor, two of her pictures—*The Little Giant* and *Jennie Gerhardt* bobbed up at once—and then Mary herself, appeared on the scene.

Life has moved swiftly for Mary in the five years since her last honeymoon visit to New York . . to vicissitudes of widowhood, re-marriage also but she has emerged from motherhood with a richer beauty and a deeper maturity.

Over the luncheon table at the Mayfair Yacht Club, Mary explained her too infrequent appearances on the screen.

"I'm no longer under contract to any company. Since the arrival of my sweet infant, I find that freelancing gives me more leisure to spend with her. Then too, I prefer freelancing to a long term contract—not because it always gives me an opportunity to play the rôles I enjoy, but because it allows me to turn down the ones I don't!"

During the past few months, Mary has gone domestic in such a big way that she decided she needed to *get away from it all*, so she hopped a plane for a real holiday spree in Gotham. But after she had seen a few shows and caught her first glimpse of Harlem, she began to cast nostalgic eyes towards Hollywood, where little Mary and Daddy were THAT lonesome for her.

So she hopped a plane back. And if the producers are wise, they will sign her for another picture immediately—before she goes too domestic again!

A Menjou Matinee

"IF I had my career to live over again, I wouldn't ever be interviewed or ever send out a fan picture."

Such was the statement made by Adolphe Menjou during a heated discussion, one recent afternoon. I had instigated it by decrying Katharine Hepburn's intolerant attitude toward the press and public, who had helped to catapult her to her present exalted position of screen eminence.

Menjou, one of Katharine's most diligent escorts on her last Gotham visit, took up the cudgels on her behalf.

"I have just finished playing with Katharine in *Morning Glory* and I found her to be an amazing person as well as a brilliant actress.

"I think she is perfectly right in refusing to be interviewed. The less the public knows about a star, the better. If their curiosity is satiated, they are no longer interested—and turn to someone else. It's what they don't know about Garbo that keeps her a constant source of interest. The same holds true of Hepburn."

Mr. Menjou seemed to forget, however, that there are exceptions to every rule. For every Garbo and Hepburn, who whet the public appetite by their aloofness there is a Crawford, Gable, Colbert, March, Dressler and Sidney, whose appreciation of the press and public has enhanced rather than lessened their popularity.

Menjou, himself, has never put into practice the Hepburn theory of which he approves so wholeheartedly. On the contrary, whenever, I have had the occasion to call on him, he always has acted the part of welcome host. And he will talk on any subject except his "private life" which he considers his own private affair. For this reason, he gave out no interviews concerning his separation from Katherine Carver—and approaching divorce.

He waxed loquacious, however, on a variety of other topics—particularly his forthcoming rôle in *The Worst Woman in the World* in which he will again interpret "what the well dressed gentlemen should wear."

Immediately upon completion of this Fox picture, he will transfer his make-up box to the Warner lot, where Jack Warner beat Darryl Zanuck to signing him for three pictures!

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30x5.00-20	2.60	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.65	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.75	1.15
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31x5.25-21	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
30x6.00-18	2.95	1.15
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34x4	2.75	0.85
32x4½	2.95	1.15
33x4½	2.95	1.15
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The LOW-DOWN
on the
HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES
In SCREEN BOOK
Next Month

Divorce: Is Connie Facing It?

[*Continued from page* 16]

new tale of the alleged infatuation of Connie for this foreign actor.

As a result the film colony has reached the inevitable conclusion that Constance Bennett, the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, is going to divorce her husband.

It now would be practically impossible for her to convince anyone here to the contrary.

LOOKING back, Hollywood now finds it easy to conclude that the marriage of Connie and Hank Falaise was doomed from the start.

Those who profess to know insist that it was a spite marriage. And, according to these knowing ones, the spite grew out of a long feud between Connie and Gloria Swanson.

For years there has been deadly rivalry and jealousy between Connie and Gloria. When they both were at Pathe Studio, it took the combined efforts of studio executives and employes to preserve diplomatic relations between these two excitable temperaments.

Gloria had married a Marquis, and therefore she felt that she had something of an edge on Connie. On the other hand, Connie had received a million-dollar settlement from her last husband, Phil Plant, while Gloria, in her extravagance, had very little money.

Still, from the social standpoint at least, a foreign title seemed more desirable than money. For after all, quite ordinary and socially crude people have been known to amass fortunes.

About the time that the feud between Connie and Gloria was at its peak, Hank had to return to France because of immigration difficulties. Gloria was making a picture and could not accompany him.

BUT while Hank was still in Paris, awaiting re-entry to the United States, Connie went to Europe for a holiday. Of course nearly everyone who goes on a European vacation visits Paris at one time or another. But while Connie was in Paris on that trip, she was seen everywhere with Hank Falaise, who then was the husband of Gloria Swanson.

It was not long after this episode that Gloria filed suit for divorce. Of course no one was surprised when Connie and Hank whirled into an ardent courtship. Gloria knew full well that Hank would marry Connie as soon as the divorce was final.

Women may dislike Connie, but no man will deny that she is attractive. Besides, Connie possessed a fortune and titled foreigners in America are notoriously impoverished.

Gloria, however, did not intend to let Connie get ahead of her on the marriage. She met Michael Farmer and a violent courtship followed. In Hollywood money was wagered on which of these two stars would be the first to re-marry.

And so Gloria, by way of proving her indifference to Hank and Connie, secretly became Mrs. Michael Farmer.

The wedding of Connie and Hank followed shortly after the final divorce papers were issued. Their's was no secret wedding, but a large and elaborate social event.

But before Connie had been a Marquise a week a strange rumor spread in Hollywood. It concerned a legal paper which Hank supposedly had been forced to sign before he took Connie as his bride. In signing that paper he was said to have relinquished all rights in and all claim to the money and property which belonged to Connie.

If Connie truly loved Hank would she have thought of mercenary considerations before the wedding, as this rumor indicated? When a woman truly loves she wants to give, not only herself, but all that she has.

Probably Connie, Hank and their lawyer are the only three persons who actually know whether this paper was signed before the wedding. But if such a document was signed at Connie's insistence, it certainly would prove that Connie became a Marquise only because of spite—she wanted to prove to Gloria Swanson that she could have a real title too.

AN IRONIC aftermath of the Gloria-Hank marriage recently popped up to the annoyance of Connie. She and Hank were preparing to board a freighter for Europe when immigration officials came to Hank and announced that his entrance to this country had been gained through the application of his former wife, Gloria Swanson. Since he was no longer married to her, he could not remain in the country.

When Connie and Hank were first married, they cooed and made very obvious love to each other in public places. At theatre openings Connie would mingle with the crowd in the lobby and babble animatedly in French to her new husband. Most of her conversation would consist of "Je vous aime," which, if you must know, means "I love you."

But after a month or two of this public devotion, Connie relapsed into an attitude of extreme indifference toward Hank.

And now Hank has gone to the South Seas on a motion picture expedition. He will be gone many months. But if you can believe the rumors that speed through Hollywood, Connie is not languishing from loneliness.

Connie has remarkable ability for getting what she wants out of life. From the time she was in boarding school she had a passionate desire for money. For Connie loves the beautiful clothes, jewels, motor cars, expensive trips and all the other luxuries which only money can buy.

Her marriage with Phil Plant ended finally in the divorce courts. But it brought her a so-called million dollar settlement.

Next Connie went after a career and fame. She achieved it brilliantly and with much less heartache than most actresses experience. After that she fixed her ambition on a titled husband, and she won that with little effort.

But has Connie ever had true love? Has she had time for genuine love in her determination to satisfy all these other ambitions?

Divorce: Will Joan Avoid It?

[*Continued from page* 17]

different angle. But in all justice to Joan let it be said that Hollywood is a small village in many respects. No one here ever forgets a broken romance, and years later the memory of it may be brought up to spoil the happiness of another marriage.

Was Joan's marriage to Gene ever destined to succeed or was it doomed from the beginning? That is the question the film colony is asking. Hollywood has predicted two years for this marriage. One has passed.

Still, no one has any proof that Joan's marriage is not happy. But rumors of a pending divorce persist in spite of everything.

Both Joan and her sister Connie fight for their men. Joan, with her passive, statuesque beauty, has been known to jump into furious action when it came to a contest over the man she wanted.

IT WAS not so long ago that John Considine was the man with whom she fell madly in love. When Joan met him he was engaged to Carmen Pantages. Carmen is a very different type from Joan. She has a serpentine slenderness with dark skin, black hair and eyes. Her's is a fiery, Oriental type of beauty.

Joan, on the other hand, is a typical example of pink and white Hollywood beauty.

John Considine surely picked two beautiful and opposite types on which to shower his affections. Both of these girls were madly in love with John.

Joan, according to Hollywood, wanted John just as much as Carmen. And so the engagement of John and Carmen was broken. And, as Hollywood so readily recalls, John was completely infatuated with Joan for a time. Not only did he love her but he gave her her first real break in pictures.

No one quite knows what really happened to break up that romance. But everyone does know that they had a hectic courtship. Perhaps Joan became too sure of John and displayed some of that famous Bennett temperament.

Her father, Richard Bennett, is famous for his outbursts of temperament. And, like the Barrymores, you never can predict when it will break out. To avoid taking unnecessary chances, the theatres out here insist that Richard Bennett shall not make curtain speeches, since he has been known to walk out to the footlights and tell the audience exactly what he thought of them!

Whatever the cause may have been, the engagement of Joan and John was broken. It is possible that one day John realized that Joan had merely fascinated him for a time and that his real love was for Carmen. At any rate, John returned to Carmen.

But Joan did not give John up without a desperate battle. When she discovered that John had gone to Palm Springs to see Carmen who was ill there, Joan chartered a plane and landed at Palm Springs at midnight. After a terrific quarrel with John she returned to Hollywood that same night. And it was not long afterward that John and Carmen were married.

The loss of John was the second disappointment in the life of Joan Bennett, who still is very young. Her first marriage, you know, ended in divorce.

"I recall the day my family split up," says Joan in speaking of her first marriage. "It was in the spring of 1925 that I went to the prom at Princeton. I remember the day distinctly because on that same day mother went to court to get her final divorce papers. Mother went to France in June of that year and I followed on the next boat.

"Just before I sailed my sister Connie told me, 'I know a grand young man who is sailing on your boat. He's a dear and I'm crazy about him and I'll have him look after you.'

"That young man was John Martin Fox. I'll always remember Connie's introduction. She said, 'John, this is my little sister and I want you to take care of her.' He did, too.

"We fell in love on the boat. Mother, on the boat ahead of us, also was falling in love. I was put in school in London and watched until September, 1926, when I ran away and married Fox. I was sixteen then, and he was twenty.

"Mother had married Eric S. Pinker. We were honeymooning around Europe at the same time they were but we did not meet each other. Well, my marriage ended in the divorce court too."

AFTER her romance with John Considine was broken, bad luck pursued Joan. During the making of *She Wanted a Millionaire*, she was thrown from a horse and her back was broken. And it was during her convalescence from that illness that she met Gene Markey, screen writer and popular man about town. They were married March 16, 1932.

Joan contends that she and Gene are happy. Furthermore, she looks happy but Hollywood continues to speculate.

Did Joan marry Gene on the rebound? Was it a spite marriage to prove to Carmen Pantages and the world at large that she didn't care about John Considine? These are the questions Hollywood is asking.

Uppermost in everyone's mind also is the question of whether Joan's marriage with Gene ever had a chance to succeed. Does any marriage have a fair start in such circumstances? Joan was young, wealthy, a great beauty and above all impulsive. Her first marriage was unhappy. Her romance with John Considine was shattered.

Hollywood does not give Joan and Gene a sporting chance for happiness because it insists that they are not happy. Hollywood is cruel that way. But then so many "happy" marriages terminate suddenly in the divorce courts that Hollywood is skeptical.

But can there be so much smoke without some fire? Is Joan, perhaps, following in the foot-steps of Connie, or is she seeking a real and lasting happiness with Gene Markey? Only time will reveal her true character.

Joan experienced marriage, motherhood and fame by the time she was twenty-one. The little daughter by her first marriage is with her. Can any girl with all this—and it would seem the gods have been generous to her—be happy indefinitely with any one husband?

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Gary Succeeds Mary

[*Continued from page* 13]

avoid embarrassing situations with regard to the seating arrangements. And if you don't think that calls for diplomacy you don't know your Hollywood.

Of course the clever hostess makes it her business to read the daily papers so she will be up on current divorces and heart-throbs. In this way she will not make the error of inviting people who have just been divorced or who are involved in a triangle or who are not on speaking terms. It would be social suicide for any hostess to invite Connie Bennett and Lilyan Tashman to the same party.

THERE are fewer social feuds in Hollywood, however, than one would naturally expect. That is probably accounted for by the fact that the women whom one would naturally expect to be leaders are too busy for intensive social activities. Norma Shearer seldom gives a party. She usually has open house on Sunday afternoons at her Malibu place.

Joan Crawford has given only one big party in a year. She prefers small dinner parties for an intimate group. Her guests are always supplied with gardenias to wear in to dinner. In fact, Joan keeps huge boxes of gardenias in her frigidaire all the time. After dinner Joan's guests know that they will see a picture for she runs one practically every night. However, the couches are comfortable and if the picture is boring one can always doze. Recently Joan has given one or two dinners at which all of the guests, except one, *have been men*. It sounds like something a scenario writer might think up. However, Joan's ex-husband was present to give a note of propriety, though he was not seated in his old place at the head of the table. Franchot Tone occupied that position!

Miriam Hopkins goes in for fried chicken breakfasts. These are delightfully informal Sunday morning affairs. After breakfast those who feel the urge play tennis. Claudette Colbert also favors the Sunday morning breakfast. While Sylvia Sidney prefers Sunday evening suppers. Sylvia's guests usually include writers, directors, artists . . . Hollywood's intelligentsia.

Perhaps there is no hostess in Hollywood who succeeds in giving smarter parties than Lilyan Tashman. However, being smart, sophisticated and socially prominent is a business with Lilyan. When she gives a party she always manages to assemble bright, clever and amusing people. She rather specializes in smart buffet suppers. Appetizers are served in the drawing room. Baby broiled frankfurters wrapped in bacon . . . whites of hard boiled eggs stuffed with caviar and the yolks served whole . . . smoked salmon on rye bread with horse radish sauce . . . sliced pickles covered with grated cheese and placed on thin slices of bread and toasted . . . potato chips dipped in roquefort cheese. In the dining room huge platters of chicken fricassee with rice and dumplings or perhaps a leg of lamb stuffed with *pate de fois gras* will be found on the buffet . . . green vegetables . . . salads . . . and cheese of various kinds.

THE one thing that characterizes a Hollywood party is games. The Richard Arlens have a standing order at one of the department stores for any new game that comes out. Marion Davies has flocks of games for the entertainment of her guests and there is always a jigsaw puzzle on her library table, in the process of being put together. Constance Bennett and the Marx Brothers are backgammon addicts.

Practically everybody in Hollywood has a little "play room" in their home. And as further evidence of the changing social order, a play room has been added to the staid and stately Pickfair. They call theirs the "relic room," however. Mary recently had it fitted up as a surprise gift for Doug. It contains trophies which he has gathered from all over the world. There is a bar from an old mining town in Nevada in one corner of the room. It is the one room in Pickfair where there is no formality.

Verily, verily, the past ten years have brought about many changes in Hollywood's social scheme. At the present time Gary Cooper wears the crown as Hollywood's social leader. He wears it nonchalantly, with his tongue in his cheek we suspect. But somehow we can't help but feel that one of these days Gary will put his dinner clothes away in mothballs and sing a quick swansong to all this social gaiety. He has already taken a place in the country which may be the first step in running away from it all. So Mary Pickford may have to look for another "Atlas"—or else take Hollywood's social kingdom back on her own shoulders.

◆

How Del Rio Is Changing Her Personality

[*Continued from page* 39]

thrill for Del Rio fans when this picture is released. The transition to the rôle of modern maiden will not be difficult for her for for years she has been known as one of the most modern women in the film colony in both thought and style.

Her home in historic Santa Monica Canyon was designed by her husband Cedric Gibbons and, with exception of Ramon Novarro's ultra modernistic house, is the most modern in Hollywood. Its ultra modernistic furnishings have furnished a severe contrast to dark beauty of its mistress and no doubt this new character will seem more fitting.

Del Rio has been absent from the screen for more than a year. Her last appearance was in *Bird of Paradise*, in which she appeared as a native Hula dancer. In spite of the fact that this picture was one of the most successful of her career it has been decided that she will be even more appealing as a modern.

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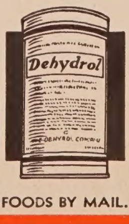

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SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

Oct. 1933

10¢

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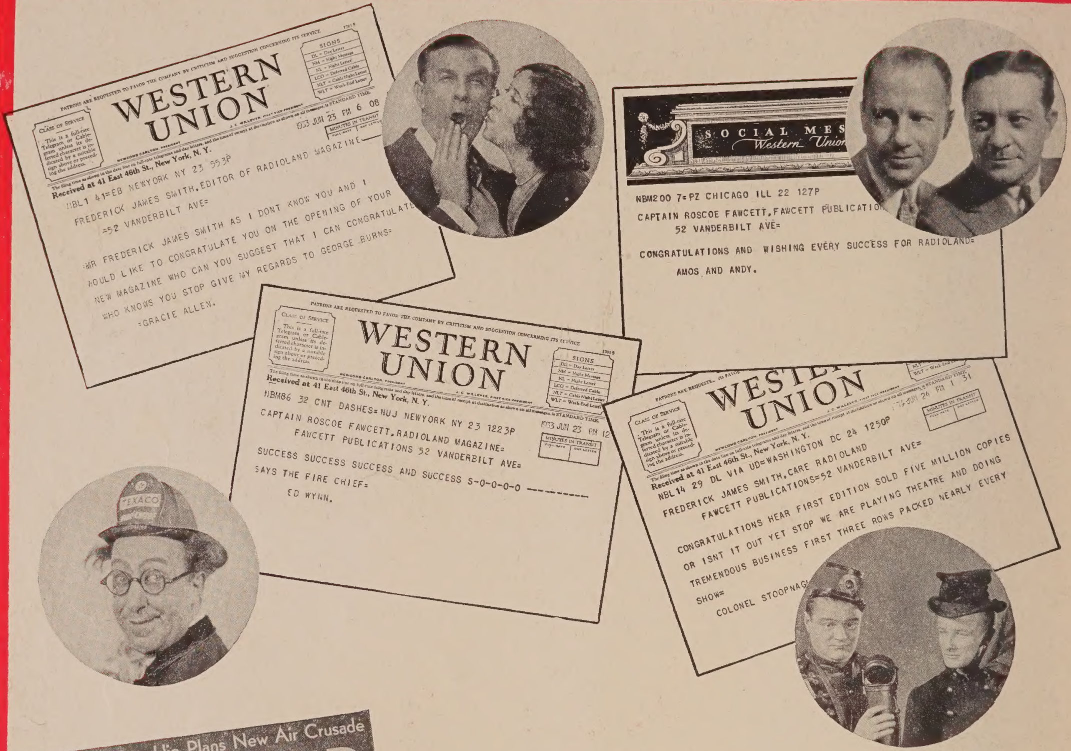
TO GARBO

Psychoanalyzing
HOLLYWOOD'S
DIVORCE EPIDEMIC

STARS WELCOME

RADIOLAND

MAGAZINE



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=MR FREDERICK JAMES SMITH AS I DONT KNOW YOU AND I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE OPENING OF YOUR NEW MAGAZINE WHO CAN YOU SUGGEST THAT I CAN CONGRATULATE WHO KNOWS YOU STOP GIVE MY REGARDS TO GEORGE BURNS=

=GRACIE ALLEN.

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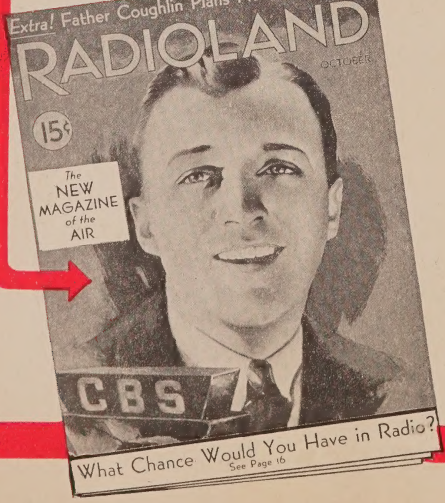
Extra! Father Coughlin Plans New Air Crusade
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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor

Vol. XI Contents for October, 1933 No. 3

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—*Wide World*

Walter Winchell, the famous columnist, was knocked down by Al Jolson in Hollywood—and news of the fight went 'round the world

Tallulah Bankhead has been back in Hollywood, setting the town agog. . . . Carole Lombard was scheduled to get her divorce on August 20 . . . They do things rapidly in Reno—and Hollywood . . . Also scheduled to return to picture work at once . . . Bill Haines is still on the M-G-M salary list, although he hasn't appeared in a picture in months . . . Ramón Novarro is back from Europe . . . So, too, is Norma Shearer and Husband Irving Thalberg . . . Wallace Beery, plus Balbo whiskers, has departed for a two months' vacation in Europe . . . When he returns he will do *The Life of Pancho Villa* . . . Paramount is planning to remake Valentino's *Blood and Sand* under title of *Bolero*, with either George Raft or Jack La Rue in the part made famous by Rudy . . . Frances Lederer goes home early from Hollywood parties because he says his "face gets tired" . . . Now that her manager, Sam Rork, is dead, the screen future of Clara Bow is uncertain . . . Clara doesn't know just what she will do . . . Lona Andre, to be the subject of a SCREEN BOOK feature next month, is in New York to play opposite Buddy Rogers in *Take a Chance*, to be filmed in Manhattan . . . Judith Anderson, stage star, has signed to play opposite George Bancroft in *Blood Money* . . . It's a girl at the Skeets Gallaghers . . . Neil Hamilton inserted a large advertisement in a Hollywood paper denying rumors of impending divorce . . . Says it ain't true . . . Stephen Ames officially announces separation from Adrienne Ames . . . Hollywood believes its next marriage will be that of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea . . . Charlie Chaplin really is going to start work on a new comedy shortly.

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

"A Good Number!

.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor" ... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."

Move your feet?

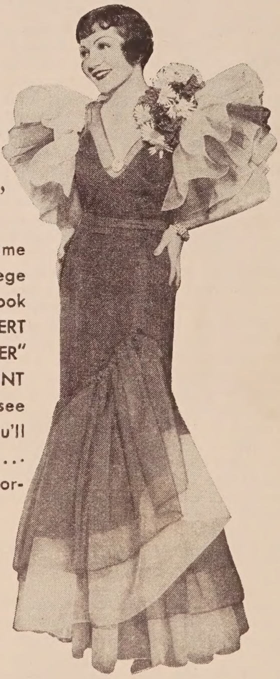
"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."

He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.



Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

Where SCREEN BOOK readers talk back to the stars

PSYCHIATRIST PRESCRIBES MOVIES
($15.00 Letter)

AS A medical man specializing in nervous disorders, I have worked out a philosophy, or prescription, for certain types of trouble that come under my care and have called it my "talkie tonic." Obscure troubles of the nervous system for which there seems to be little apparent cause, respond readily to my remedy and my patients, who are of both sexes, usually end by throwing away their liquid dope and—substituting a ticket to the talkies! And does it take their minds off their troubles? I had one patient who was afflicted with morbid fears of one sort and another. He was afraid he was going to die—then he got scared that he wasn't going to die. But after seeing a few of the current season's best features the old boy parked his crutches in the attic and took to life and the golf links again. Then I had a woman patient whom I cured of the jitters and religious mania. She was one of these church workers—and I sent her to see such pictures as *42nd Street* and *A Bedtime Story*. Her ladies' aid friends thought I was terrible and said so, but hubby came over to the office and wept in sheer gratitude on my shirt front. Nor am I above taking a dose of my own medicine. Unless a picture is exceptionally noisy, the following of the drama is soothing as well as stimulating to the senses and after a hard day in the office I take to a talkie gratefully myself. On my desk, alongside my prescription pad, I keep a pad of theatre tickets, which I dole out as required. I heartily recommend this little RX. Just select your film with some discrimination, that's all. Suit your movie fare to your mood.—D. W. Davies, M. D., Regina, Sask., Canada, Box 505.

WHEN IRISH MEETS IRISH
($10.00 Letter)

BY HIS recent attack upon Hollywood, George Bernard Shaw has not only publicly proclaimed himself as a person of little breeding, but has also made it obvious that he is entirely lacking in graciousness and gratitude. Bernard Shaw received only kindness and hospitality from all with whom he came in contact in Hollywood. His response to that kindness and hospitality is an ill-bred and most uncalled for attack upon the Film Metropolis.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Come one, come all—here's a chance to make some honest-to-goodness cash. Simply write a letter of not more than 100 words, expressing your opinions on stars and pictures. Address your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. The following awards are offered for the best letters each month. First prize: $15.00. Second: $10.00. Third: $5.00. Fourth: Five prizes of $1.00 each.

Not only did he say that he saw nothing beyond "rocks, grass, vegetables, and Americans" in Hollywood, but, according to press reports Mr. Shaw actually made scathing remarks in public concerning the head-gear worn by a screen player. He also made scathing remarks concerning the performance of American players in his *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, in the hearing and presence of one of those players.

It is a publicly known fact that Bernard Shaw is very fond of hearing himself described as great.

I would like to point out that, while it may be the perogative, it is not the usual habit of the great to be rude and ungracious to persons who have entertained them. America at least can never be expected to think of the erratic Irish dramatist in terms of greatness. America, if it ever gives him a single thought (which is doubtful) will classify the publicity seeking George Bernard Shaw as what he has conclusively proved to himself to be—"an ill-bred creature."

By a country woman (but *not* an admirer of G. B. S.)—Jay Griffith, 52 College Place, Camden, London, NWI, England.

CHEERING THE CAMERAMEN
($5.00 Letter)

THERE'S a "Forgotten Man" in the movies! After seeing *King Kong*, I'm convinced that more credit for its success should go, not to the actors and actresses, the directors, or the writers, but to the least thought of part of the staff—the PHOTOGRAPHERS. Think we haven't forgotten them? Then name a single one of the photographers who helped make that a four star picture! Be fair, producers, and give these fellows a greater share of the glory!—Edward Reynolds, 2017 Wythe Ave., Bluefield, West Virginia.

PRO-BANKHEAD
($1.00 Letter)

I READ in the July issue of your splendid magazine of Tallulah Bankhead's sparkling success on the New York stage. It's pleasing to hear that. In a world where beauty—and even personalities—are becoming too, too hopelessly stereotyped, let us take off our hats to this fascinating young woman for being her own typical self. One will always be able to point to her as an example of what individuality means in this un-individual era. She's an amazing woman with all the sparkle and verve of a Matisse water-color. A strange, brittle-like charm escapes her. She's caustic, bizarre. That's why I like her. It's too bad that this slumberous paradox of personality ran away from the Film Capital just after completing *Faithless*, the best picture of her film career. Miss Bankhead is too priceless an actress to be lost forever. Success to *Screen Book*.—Jack Henry, 3463 Descanso Drive, Hollywood, California.

MOVIES AND SMART WOMEN
($1.00 Letter)

I STOOD on the corner of a busy street in a large city recently and watched the mass of people hurrying by and the thought flashed across my mind how attractively dressed the women in the crowd were and how well they all wore their clothes. Women never wore as pretty clothes, with as much grace, as they do today. In my opinion, the movies are largely responsible for this distinctive improvement. They have made our women clothes minded and have taught them not only to choose clothes to suit their individual personalities but have taught them how to wear them as well. Thanks to the movies and their influence, our women, today, wear beautiful clothes beautifully. My felicitations to the movies. They have contributed more than their share to beautifying women and their clothes. A MERE MAN HAS SPOKEN.—E. Jay Bennett, 942 Studer Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

THROWING STONES
($1.00 Letter)

WHY do movie producers make stars of men like George Raft and Jack LaRue, and foist them on the public as such? Just because a couple of females stormed George Raft's dressing room when he was on a personal appearance tour, the producers thought he was Heaven's gift to women and immediately starred him. Of all the evil, repulsive, sinister-looking countenances I ever beheld, those two take the prize. Hire them, if you must, for underworld gangster rôles, as they are absolutely typical—they don't even have to act or resort to make-up. But PLEASE don't hand them to us movie fans as Stars! And believe me, I'm not alone in my opinion.—(Miss) L. Stevens, 42 Linda Avenue, Oakland, California.

TRAVEL WITH THE MOVIES
($1.00 Letter)

NO MORE can any one, young or old, in village, country or city, sit down and mournfully declare, "Nothing ever happens here." The movies have changed all that and today, no matter where one lives, the movies furnish the magic carpet that transports all of us to the four corners of the globe. Tonight, I'm in sunny Italy, thrilled by its beautiful scenery and glamorous romance. Tomorrow night, I'll visit a great city with its mass of humanity and I'll live with them as they hate, love and destroy one another. The next night, the frozen North, with all its beauty, desolation and hardships will hold me enthralled. And so it goes—on and on—for all of us—this marvelous magic carpet, the movies. "Nothing ever happens here?" Why, the whole world happens right here, and I sit in a comfortable seat and enjoy, live and marvel at it all.—R. Wesley Carr, 1016 17th St., Parkersburg, West Virginia.

A PAT ON THE BACK
($1.00 Letter)

LET others lay bouquets at the feet of their favorite stars of movieland. I'm giving an orchid to *Screen Book* itself, through whose colorful pages we get more intimate glimpses of the stars, their moods, hobbies and life, than through any other medium. *Screen Book* is the Boswell of movie biographers, chronicling all those things we like to know about all those who play and talk upon the silver screen. Long may your pages sparkle with radiant stories of the stars!—Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th Avenue, San Francisco, California.

A check for one dollar, intended for Garet Ray, Georgetown, S. C., has been returned to this office. This was in payment for a Handclaps and Hisses letter published in the July SCREEN BOOK. *If Mr. Ray will get in touch with* SCREEN BOOK, *properly identifying himself, this check will be forwarded to him.*

Send Your Movies Opinions
to
SCREEN BOOK
And Win One of Our
Monthly Prizes

A *NEW* PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE AMONG THE *GREATEST . . .*

"LADY FOR A DAY"

★ ★ ★ ★

4 STARS AWARDED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE

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GUY KIBBEE . . . . NED SPARKS
GLENDA FARRELL . . . . . . BARRY NORTON
WALTER CONNOLLY . . . . . . JEAN PARKER

Screen play by ROBERT RISKIN
From the story by DAMON RUNYON

A FRANK CAPRA Production

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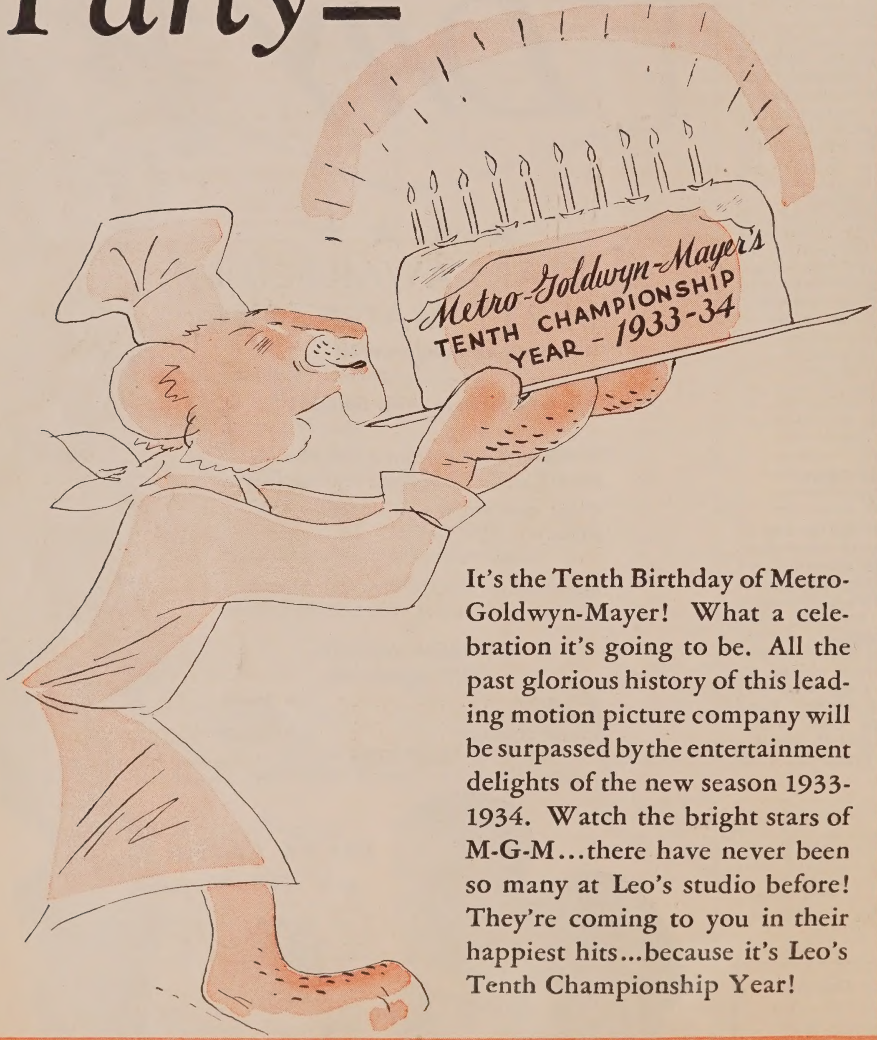
YOU ARE INVITED to Leo's Birthday Party—


Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
TENTH CHAMPIONSHIP
YEAR - 1933-34

It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!

ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

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LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEARER
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

And these other M-G-M personalities

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Irene Cattell
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hardie
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Greater
METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER
10th
CHAMPIONSHIP YEAR
STAR POWER

COMING TO DELIGHT YOU!

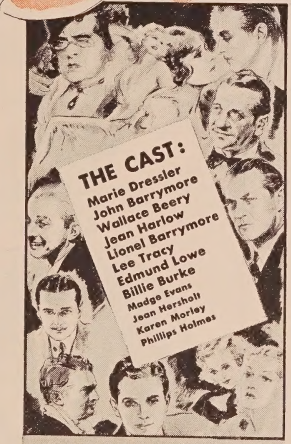
NIGHT FLIGHT (starring Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy)

★ ★ ★

JOAN CRAWFORD in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone.

★ ★ ★

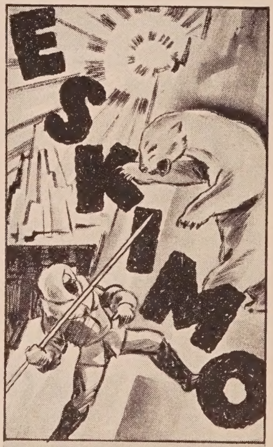
SHOW WORLD (starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jimmy Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans, Weber & Fields and many more).



THE CAST:
Marie Dressler
John Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Jean Harlow
Lionel Barrymore
Lee Tracy
Edmund Lowe
Billie Burke
Madge Evans
Jean Hersholt
Karen Morley
Phillips Holmes

DINNER at 8

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor



Filmed in Arctic Wilds—Bigger than "Trader Horn"

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

METRO Goldwyn MAYER

Speaking of Pictures

The Season's Predictions—Second Thoughts on Films—Smut on the Screen—The Favorites of the Short Subjects

By Frederick James Smith

THE movie producers are making their annual promises for the next season. In brief, they are announcing their programs of production for the next twelve months.

Glance over these promised productions—and some 400 features are planned—and you will find a lot of interesting entertainment in prospect. Our own selection of outstanding films of the new season (purely a personal choice):

All films in which Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn and Mae West are starred.

Most films in which George Arliss, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson appear.

Anything that Ernst Lubitsch directs, including *Design for Living; M-G-M's revue, The Hollywood Party; Dinner at Eight; Ann Vickers,* with Irene Dunne; *Of Human Bondage,* with Leslie Howard; *The Late Christopher Bean,* with Marie Dressler; *Death Takes a Holiday,* with Fredric March; *Berkeley Square,* with Leslie Howard; *Alice in Wonderland; My Weakness,* with Lilian Harvey.

Any six of these would make a good season great.

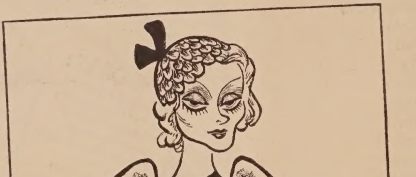
FIRST and second thoughts on some of the new films:

Another Language: How in-laws almost wreck a happy marriage, particularly the dominating love of the young husband's mother. A slender but interesting study of family life, brightly played by Helen Hayes, who was never better, and by Robert Montgomery, in an oddly unsympathetic rôle. The hit of the film, to me, is scored by a newcomer, one John Beal, who seems to be the best juvenile in all Hollywood. This lad ought to go far.

Double Harness: The plot of an infatuated girl to trap and marry a gay bachelor—and her subsequent efforts to hold him. That the heroine takes unfair advantage of her adored man-about-town and that the despised other woman is the only really honest feminine character is lost under the smart, clever acting of Ann Harding and William Powell. They make a superb team. Powell is one of the ablest technicians on the screen. He knows more about screen acting than almost any dozen film actors you can name.

Pilgrimage: A sobfest built upon the pilgrimage of gold star mothers to the wartime cemeteries of France. Here the chief character is a mean, narrow-minded old woman. This mother, who ruins her son's romance and sends him to die in Flanders, undergoes an orgy of self righteousness and has a wonderful time setting other people right. But you forget most of this in Henrietta Crosman's almost completely effective playing of the mother. The film has a splendid bit of an old mountaineer woman by Lucille LaVerne. *Pilgrimage* has many moving moments—as when the mothers embark for France and when they stand in France at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier—but I always shall remember it best for its classic episode of the Paris taxi driver. These priceless moments make up for a lot of pathos, for dragged out sentimental scenes.

I particularly want to recommend a simple, unpretentious comedy, *Mama Loves Papa,* which comes from the Paramount studios. This is the yarn of an office worm and his loving wife, who zealously attends lectures in order that she may help her husband. Mary Boland—I can remember as the lovely leading woman of John Drew—is splendid as the wife, Charles Ruggles is equally fine as the husband. Their humor is that of sharp observation—but the tear is never far behind. True the little comedy grows a little slapstick but I recommend it to your attention. For the first time in my life I like Lilyan Tashman, who does a fine bit as a flirtatious wife with one or two cocktails too many.



Marlene Dietrich is a simple peasant girl who acquires ermines in *Song of Songs*

IN EXPLOITING the glamorous women and men stars of Hollywood, motion picture publications have a tendency to overlook the favorites of the short subjects. But SCREEN BOOK has been getting enough letters about two comedians in this field of the movies to offer a couple of orchids.

First, to Charlie Chase. Who seems to be coming along fast.

Second, to the *Mr. Average Man* comedies of Edgar Kennedy, who appears to get humor, irony and near-apoplexy out of his conflict with the problems of every day life.

WHILE on the subject talking about short subjects, I want t tell you Walt Disney's favorite. Hi real favorite, of course, is Micke Mouse but Disney says he joins th line at any theatre boxoffice wher Laurel and Hardy are in the electri lights.

SCREEN BOOK

OCTOBER, 1933

Psycho-Analyzing *the Hollywood* Divorce Epidemic

DR. LOUIS E. BISCH
Dr. Bisch is the author of *Your Inner Self* and other books on psychoanalysis and psychology, writes a daily newspaper column on health and psychology for a big syndicate, is a famous specialist in his field

Why is the Movie Colony Plunging into Divorce? A Famous Doctor Tells the Reasons

By Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D.

CONSIDER the following:

Richard Dix *versus* Winifred Coe.
Wm. Powell *versus* Carole Lombard.
Hoot Gibson *versus* Sally Eilers.
Adolphe Menjou *versus* Kathryn Carver.
Nick Stuart *versus* Sue Carol.

Then *last* but certainly *not* least—in fact, downright *shocking*:

MARY PICKFORD *versus* DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS!!

When I read in the newspapers that the rumors which have been floating about for some time were actually true and that "America's Sweetheart" and her husband, who is scarcely less idolized, have definitely come to a parting of the matrimonial ways—well, I sat back and rubbed my eyes and wondered what light psychoanalysis might be able to throw upon such an amazing situation.

—Wide World

The rainbow's end and the most famous battleground in the world, the courthouse at Reno, Nevada. Here is where many romances terminate—and where a lot of famous Hollywood marriages will end

And it *is* amazing! Such an avalanche of divorces—all of a sudden! Surely it deserves the term which has been coined for the title to this article—The Hollywood Divorce Epidemic.

I venture to predict that the divorce spectacle we behold at the present time has by no means reached its limit.

There is going to be an increasing of these divorces in the picture colony within the near future. It's in the air. It's catchy. Or perhaps it would be better to say that certain fundamental peculiarities in character make-up and work exist in all movie actors and actresses which, like in the case of all persons who are not immunized against a contagion, make them specially susceptible to marital discord. In other words, like a germ disease they just *get* it and cannot help themselves.

The point, you see, is that screen stars are *not* like other people. They are not only different, but *decidedly* so.

They are different, indeed, the science of psychoanalysis says, in ways that make the success of any Hollywood marriage highly improbable.

Actors Lose Ability to Distinguish Real Emotions, Hence Divorces

Current divorce combatants: Left: Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers. Right: Carole Lombard and William Powell. Actors, says Dr. Bisch, are especially susceptible to mental discord—and he tells why in this article

It has been held—at least this is a popular notion—that stars should never marry because they are bound to grow jealous of each other's artistic achievements.

In corroboration of this theory someone pointed out to me the other day that even in the case of Doug and Mary the ship of bliss had sailed happily along until they both appeared in *The Taming of the Shrew.* And, of course, until that time this couple had been held up before everybody as a shining example of the ideal state a motion picture marriage could be.

Unfortunately, I am not in a position to pass judgment upon the truth or falsity of what I heard. As regards the general theory of jealousy, however, psychology must pass it by as being altogether too easy and entirely too superficial. Besides, what about the Lunts? And then, in France, that even more famous husband-and-wife acting partnership, the Guitrys?

FIRST of all, we must recognize that all actors—and henceforth I shall use this word to include actresses as well—are *introverted.*

What psychoanalysis means by this is a *turning in* of the emotions rather than a turning outward of them.

In fact, introversion always goes with the artistic temperament, which applies to actors, musicians, writers, painters, sculptors and inventors alike.

Such people, you must have observed, are singularly lacking in ability to harmonize with the conditions of their environment—"reality," psychologists call it—and seldom do they conquer it as does, for instance, a business man who overcomes all obstacles and finally puts through a commercial deal.

In addition all introverts are over-sensitive, more or less shut-in, and quite decidedly do they develop the attitude of being a "law unto themselves."

Now then, for any marriage to be successful entirely opposite qualities of personality are demanded.

Instead of introversion, *extroversion* is necessary. Adaptability of the very highest order to the habits and idiosyncrasies of the other fellow is essential. And surely no oversensitive person can live in close intimacy with a member of the opposite sex and not get hurt. Nor can a shut-in individual, one who always tends to want his own way and who finds it difficult or even impossible to understand his partner's point of view, expect that his wife or husband can forever play the "Yes, Mary" or "Yes, John" rôle, whichever the case may be.

So much for certain fundamental peculiarities in character make-up, referable to all actors, and which I mentioned in the beginning.

Now let us consider the *work* of the actor, more especially the work of the movie actor.

Since you undoubtedly are a regular attendant of the pictures it must have occurred to you by now that forever being somebody else on the screen—in other words, assuming parts that have been assigned according to the manuscript of the photoplay, and consequently always pretending—that such make-believe would eventually influence the ordinary thinking, feeling and behavior of the actor while at home.

We warn business men, for instance, to forget their routine work and never to carry their office mannerisms over to their families after they are through for the day. Yet we all know how difficult to do that is, if not actually impossible.

But business men don't have to "make up" their faces, don a costume, play a lover or a gangster, ride a horse like mad or jump over a cliff. Nor do they ever get emotionally aroused to one-tenth the degree to which every man and woman in the acting profession must needs force himself in order that he may act convincingly, and every day.

SMALL wonder then that the emotions of actors sooner or later become more or less emasculated. Small wonder, too, that besides such weakness of emotions from excessive use they soon find themselves incapable of distinguishing accurately between what might be called a "faked" emotion, trumped up for the occasion in accordance with the rules of acting, and what they actually and genuinely themselves feel.

To put it another way, my contention is that an actor can never be certain whether the emotion he bears a member of the opposite sex constitutes true love or false. He might quite easily be "kidding himself," as the expression goes, not realizing at all that his feeling was spurious and insincere—that, in short, he was only acting. And, of course, what applies to the men of the profession is equally true, except with greater force, of the women.

A film star, who once heard me expound the theory which I have just enunciated, immediately became excited and protested vigorously.

"That's ridicu-

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Will Divorce Get All Three?

Richard Dix

Ruth Chatterton

Adolphe Menjou

Mrs. Rindge can view her star tenants from her house on the hill above the beach

The Landlady of Malibu

The First Published Interview with Mrs. May Rindge, who Owns all of this World Famous Beach

By J. Eugene Chrisman

WHO is the most famous and yet the most unknown landlady in the world?

Mrs. Frederick Rindge, who owns the world celebrated Malibu Beach.

Mrs. Rindge, who supervises the Rancho Malibu with her two sons, avoids publicity and the public eye. It was only after a great deal of negotiation that I was able to see her in her Los Angeles office.

"Give my movie people all the publicity you want," she said with a smile, "but leave me out of it."

Mrs. Rindge is a tall, well built woman of about sixty-five. Her face fairly radiates strength, humor and good will.

"Yes, I'm proud of my movie colony, although I do not know a one of them personally and seldom go on the beach. They are excellent tenants and I never have any trouble with them. My favorite tenant? Oh, I have none, they are all fine."

Some twenty-five miles north of Hollywood, along the blue Pacific, lies Malibu, the far famed playground of the stars. There on their own private beaches, safe from the maddening crowd, the silver-plated darlings of the screen may relax and sunburn their expensive backs, make whoopee and be themselves, beneath the California sun.

Malibu is more than a beach; it is an institution. It is the one place on all the earth, except their own bathrooms, where the stars may cast off the trappings of royalty, step out of the spot-light parade and let down their hair. Under the influence of Malibu even Janet Gaynor discards her mask of girlish simplicity and bawls out the cook, if she so desires. Connie Bennett is no longer the Marquise de la Falaise but a badly sunburned, somewhat spindly girl in a frayed bathing suit. Louise Fazenda gets out her knitting and even Lilyan Tashman forgets that she must uphold the tradition when exposed to the Malibu sun.

The drive to Malibu, from Hollywood, is enchanting. Out Sunset Boulevard through exclusive Beverly Hills and along

The famous Malibu Beach, viewed from the North End.

More than a Beach, MALIBU *is an* INSTITUTION *and a* TRADITION

The Malibu ranch dates back to a Spanish grant of 1770 and consist of 13,800 acres, extending 23 miles along the coast line. Huge herds of cattle range the hills. The annual round-up is still held, just as in the olden days

the wide, winding highway through Bell-Air until at last the blue waters of Santa Monica bay spread beneath. Upon it at their moorings, the pleasure craft lie, like painted ships upon a painted ocean. In the distance, the amusement piers of Santa Monica and Venice reach out through the white surf and past the distant head of Point Fermin, the dim blue smudge of Catalina Island is seen on the horizon.

Thirty minutes drive along the Roosevelt Highway and you are in Malibu. Past the Malibu tile factory, where roofing tile is manufactured from the native clays, Malibu's own private pier, at which only the yachts of the elite may dock, reaches its spidery length. Beyond that is the high wall which surrounds the estate of Mrs. Adamson, daughter of Mrs. May Rindge, owner and manager of the Rancho Malibu. This estate is often mistaken for the home of Mrs. Rindge who has not lived on the rancho for years but who is now completing a 42-room home which may be seen upon the hills to the right of the highway.

THE privacy of Malibu Beach is jealously guarded. A high wire fence cuts off the colony from the road and at the one entrance is the office of the Malibu private patrol. At the gate, all visitors are inspected by Bill Keeley, the strapping six-footer who is chief of the patrol. If no good reason can be assigned for your wish to enter the sacred gates, you are turned back without ceremony.

The beach colony itself consists of more than a hundred houses built facing the beach, along a mile long strip of sand. So closely are the cottages built together that they appear to be trying to shoulder each other aside. Here every type of architecture, from early French-Norman to late Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, can be found, from the simple frame cottage occupied by Norman Foster to the elaborate red and white bungalow of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. Tennis courts with their high wire netting cut off some of the unimposing vista of garages, sheds and back entrances.

On the beach itself, two handsome life-guards patrol the sands. Lines of floats reach out through the surf.

"Never had anybody drown," the chief life-guard informs you, "but we pull a lot of people out. The surf is strong here and more get hurt by being knocked down by the waves than anything else."

Beside the highway, at the north end of the beach, is the Malibu café and the local grocery and general store, owned and operated by one R. L. Bills, grocer to their majesties. The Malibu is a complete community with its own police and fire departments, water-works, justice-of-the-peace and telephone system.

Anna Q. Nilsson was the first movie celebrity to lease ground at Malibu, soon after the rancho was opened in 1926. She was soon followed by Warner Baxter, Ronald Colman, Dolores Del Rio, Clive Brook, Neil Hamilton and others until today more than one hundred stars, writers, executives and directors have their summer residences there.

The history of the Rancho Malibu is a history of adventure, romance and danger. Since the Spanish explorers first set foot on California soil, its coves and inlets have been favorite

MALIBU INN
CAFE
BEER
PLATE LUNCH
BEACH HOMESITES

The Malibu Beach Inn. At the north end of the beach is the inn, grocery and general store. Over a hundred houses constitute the Malibu colony, facing the beach along a mile strip of sand

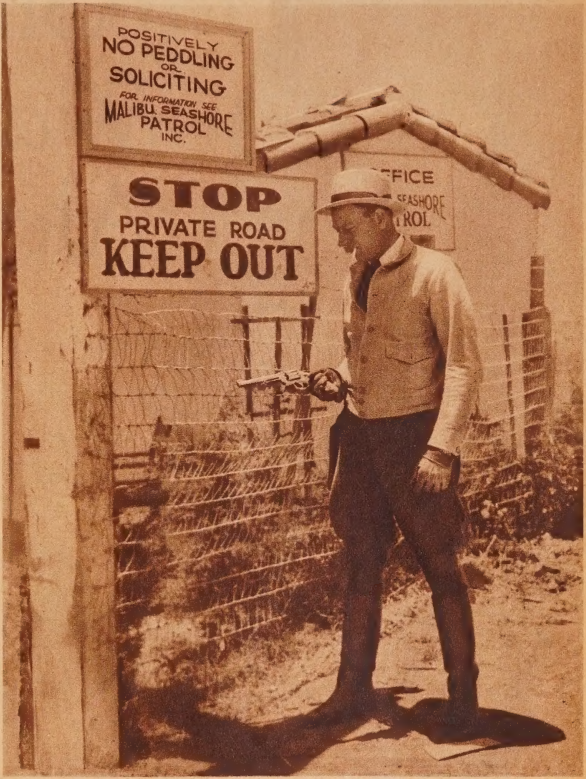
rendezvous for sea pirates, smugglers and other gentry on the loose. More than once the very sands upon which the glamorous ladies of the screen repose to acquire their fashionable sun tan, have been reddened by the life blood of some bold rover. Since Prohibition, the rum runners have found its beaches a convenient landing place and even today the patrol finds it a dull week when they do not exchange midnight shots with the crew of some liquor runner attempting to get his cargo into Los Angeles and Hollywood.

"My force of some thirty men are carefully selected for their ability to take the gaff," said Mr. Van Tol, manager and major-domo of the Rancho Malibu. "We can't use any weaklings and they must know how to shoot straight. Only by keeping on our guard and maintaining an armed force are we able to protect our tenants."

THE original Rancho Malibu was granted to a certain Don Tapio early in 1770 in return for military services rendered his Majesty, the King of Spain. On it, for nearly a century, the Tapio family lived the happy indolent life of the early California dons, their herds ranging its wooded hills, a carefree existence.

But when California left the banner of Mexico in 1848, to become a part of the Union, a question as to the validity of the original grant arose. A Federal commission, appointed to examine the old Spanish grants, found a flaw in the title and the matter was taken into the courts. Eventually becoming disgusted, the Tapio heirs disposed of the rancho in payment of a two hundred dollar grocery bill and $200 in cash to a gringo named Keller. It was from him, in 1890, that Frederick Rindge, a New Englander, purchased the ranch for the sum of $145,000.

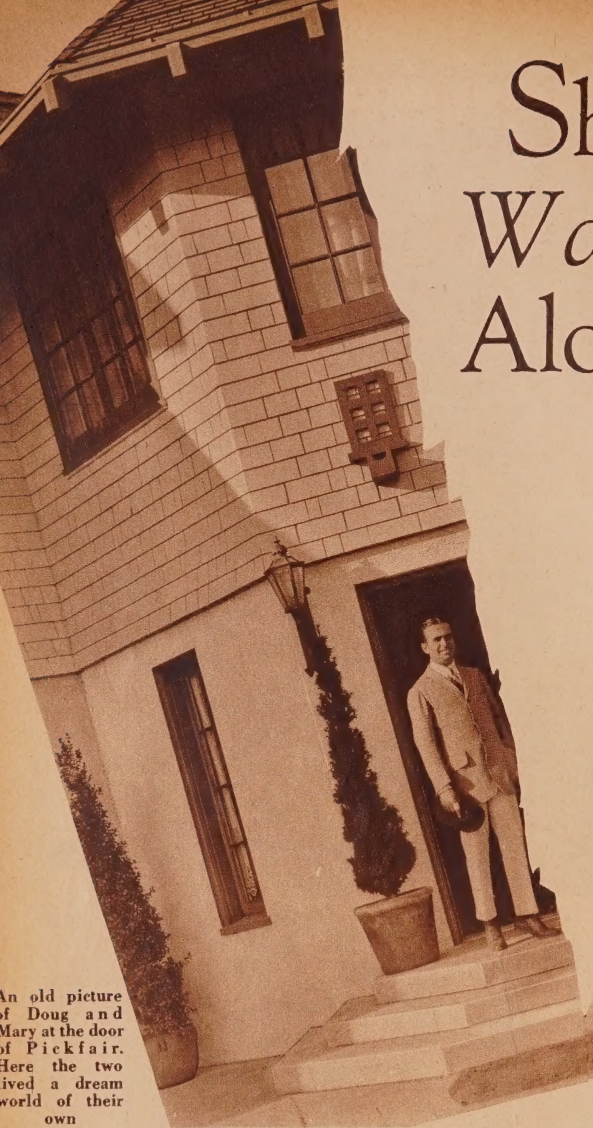
In 1905 Mr. Rindge died. The original ranch house having burned, Mrs. Rindge and her two sons moved to Los Angeles where she undertook the supervision of the huge estate. As the years [*Continued on page* 68]



Upper right, W. J. Kelly, chief of police of Malibu Beach at the single beach entrance, close by the office of the patrol. Armed guards protect the residents of Malibu, a high wire fence cuts off the colony from the road. Below, the courthouse built in mission style. Right, Judge John H. Webster, justice of the peace at Malibu

JUSTICE COURT
MALIBU TOWNSHI

She Walks Alone


An old picture of Doug and Mary at the door of Pickfair. Here the two lived a dream world of their own

Now that the break has come, Mary is going to give herself completely and entirely to the work that she loves

MARY PICKFORD walked in her garden—alone. She has done that often during the last four years. Too often.

In an interview during those early years of their marriage when she and Douglas Fairbanks lived in a dream world of their own, she explained rapturously, solemnly, the way you have to be solemn when your heart is so full: "Douglas and I seldom go out but when we do it's *always together . . .*" That was their creed, you see—to be truly united. For five years they were never away from one another for more than a few hours at a time. Their union had an aura of romance about it that romance-loving Hollywood applauded and shouted about to the ends of the earth. Something illusively fragile and beautiful and glamorous.

Separation, to Mary, stood for the end of the rainbow. It meant the first rocks in their serene matrimonial sea. "If we learn to get along without each other," she said, "it will jeopardize our happiness." And by-and-by Douglas Fairbanks learned . . .

Not consciously of course. He wanted to go on a world tour and Mary wanted to work. She had pattered along beside him in those size two-and-a-half shoes of hers to the four corners of the earth. Dropped everything and gone off with him innumerable times on a moment's notice—Douglas never takes more than an hour to prepare for a trip. And suddenly the quiet of Pickfair seemed like Heaven to her. So Douglas went off *alone*.

Knowing Mary, I realize that must have hurt unbearably. And knowing the impulsive, amiable Doug I'm pretty sure he had no suspicion of it. [*Continued on page 70*]

For Years the Romance of Mary and Doug Stood Apart—Beautiful and Untouchable. Jerry Lane tells here how Mary and Doug came to the End of the Rainbow

By Jerry Lane

The FIRE CHIEF Views Hollywood

Ed Wynn has Taken the Film Capital by Storm and the Stars Are Seeking Their Cyclone Cellars

By J. Eugene Chrisman

LOUIS B. MAYER, chief executive of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio frowned as he read the telegram which his secretary handed him.

Louis B. Mayer,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio,
Culver City, Calif.

Arrange to meet large party arriving Santa Fe Chief today.
Ed Wynn.

"Now who could he be bringing with him!" mused Mayer, "his whole company maybe. Anyhow phone the transportation department and tell them to send cars, plenty of cars."

But when the Chief rolled in, Ed Wynn stepped from the train alone! The publicity man, sent to meet him and his *large party,* looked dazed.

"But you asked us to meet a large party, Mr. Wynn? Where are they?"

"Right here," chortled Wynn, "I'm the large party, one hundred and seventy pounds in my stocking feet!"

And so Ed Wynn, alias *The Perfect Fool,* alias the *Texaco Fire Chief,* perpetrated his first hoax on Hollywood. Before he had been in town twenty-four hours, the town was in an uproar. Ed leased an apartment at the *Beverly Wilshire* hotel, hung up his *Fire Chief* helmet and proceeded to do his stuff.

"I intend to go on a starvation diet," he told reporters, "just like Mahatma Gandhi. I'm a regularly appointed *Fire Chief* in eighty-six cities and neither food nor clothing shall pass my lips until I've been made one here."

And so the fire department assembled and Ed was duly appointed *Fire Chief* and presented with another gold badge to add to his growing collection.

"Yes," chuckled Ed, "I expect to have the boys out of the trenches and into the poor house by Christmas. Now here's an excellent gag, have you heard this one? Take Adolphe Menjou . . . well Adolphe Menjou is such a *swell* that even if he goes to the dogs, people will say he's riding to the hounds. S-o-o-o-o!"

[*Continued on page* 67]

The Fire Chief has become the spoiled pet of Movietown. Everyone waits on him. Even Louis B. Mayer, his new boss, holds the makeup box for Wynn to apply cosmetics. He has turned Hollywood upside down. Everyone's in a whirl! S-o-o-o-o . . . .

"YOU CAN'T JUDGE HIM BY ORDINARY STANDARDS . . . . *HE WAS TOO BIG*"

. . . . AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG* TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE—talking pictures' newest wonder—forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

FOX

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • **COLLEEN MOORE**

RALPH MORGAN • **HELEN VINSON**

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard

Story by Preston Sturges

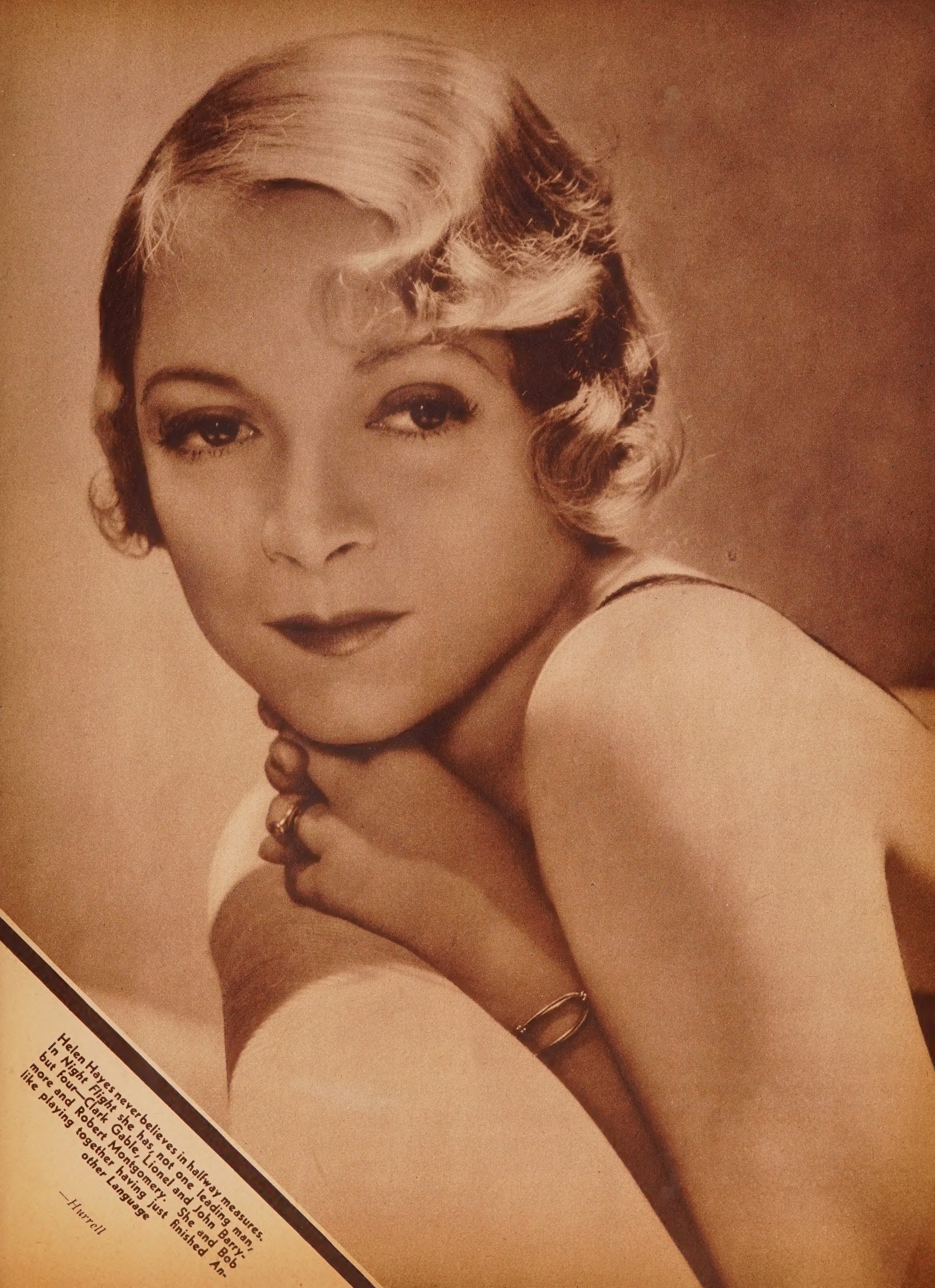
—*Ernest Bachrach*

One of SCREEN BOOK'S favorites! Virile and handsome, Joel McCrea rates A-1 in *A Bed of Roses* opposite Constance Bennett. In his next, *Dance of Desire*, he will share honors again with Dolores Del Rio, this time in a modern setting

Favorites *of* Cinematown

Franchot Tone, the Cornell graduate who has taken the country by storm, remains unaffected, has refused to go Hollywood. Did we say he had taken the country by storm? Yes, and Joan Crawford is no little part of his admiring and ever growing public

—*Hurrell*



Helen Hayes never believes in halfway measures. In Night Flight she has, not one leading man, but four—Clark Gable, Lionel and John Barrymore and Robert Montgomery. She and Bob like playing together having just finished Another Language

—*Hurrell*

—*Hurrell*

Jean Harlow, the most palpitatin' lady of the screen, gained a score of friends when she appeared in *Hold Your Man*. But wait till you see her in *Bombshell*

"I've Stopped PLANNING Ahead"

So Many Things Have Happened in a Single Year that Jean Harlow Has Given up Designing Her Own Life

By Jerry Lane

—*Hurrell*

A year ago, Jean Harlow was a carefree youngster, planning for a future of married blissfulness. Now she is a young woman, wise beyond her years, with a fear of making plans. In that year, Jean lost Paul Bern

TELEPHONES don't ring in Jean Harlow's new hilltop house. They buzz softly, discreetly. The one in the sunroom buzzed now. Jean uncurled herself, stumbled over the engine yard and inadvertently kicked a brakeman in the face. He went sprawling under the couch and I scrambled after him as she stated matter-of-factly into the cream enameled mouthpiece: "Sorry, I couldn't tonight. I'm dining out."

Then as she hung up—"Jerry! You've switched signals on me, you—!" She surveyed the ten yards of railroad track so neatly laid out on her nice green carpet, the tunnels, the miniature trains all lighted with infinitesimal bulbs.

"Express trains have the right of way over freights."

"Not," Jean shot back at me, "when those freights are hauling fresh vegetables! And these cars are carrying some of California's choice carrots!"

Suddenly she threw back her head and laughed until tears stood on those inch-long eyelashes of hers.

Now I ask you what to do with a woman like that? A woman who dotes on toy electric trains, hamburgers . . . and has the ends of her bed upholstered in ermine?

Naturally you expect her to be as sexy as Cleopatra during a warm day on the Nile. And instead—

She's a towhead, brown as a berry, and she gives you the square look of a small, unspoiled boy. Her handclasp is firm like a man's. No veiled glances nor lingering half smiles for Jean.

What happened next was one of the funniest things I ever hope to witness. There was Harlow, the "voluptuous vamp," in last year's sweat shirt and antique linen shorts, absorbedly rearranging the engine yard she'd knocked down. Her hair was tousled and pinned up off her face. The aroma of that oil and vinegar mixture she uses to go sun-bathing in, still clung to her. And her nose? The little appendage which causes so many heart flutters when buried in Clark Gable's neck, was *shiny*. Even peeling the slightest bit.

And in upon this scene walked a young writer from M-G-M who is not long out of Yale. The kind of fellow most of us spend hours dressing up for. Jean merely squinted an eye at him. "Hello you," she greeted. "Do you know how to fix one of these things . . . ?" pointing to a car that had careened off the track. Down went the ex-Eli crewman on all fours. Two minutes later they were having the most heated discussion on Hemingway I've ever heard. During the next hour I listened to a discourse on metaphysics, the way to live (I liked Jean's version best: it included a fried chicken diet) and an agreement was reached that charming nonsense is the spice of life. Like running this glorified electric train, for instance.

I confess I drew a sigh of relief when Yale went out to swim in that Heavenly blue pool of Jean's.

"Now," said I in my best interviewer's manner, "let's get down to business. The known facts, Miss Harlow, are these: You are twenty-two years old. You have, within the last six months, completed this very beautiful Colonial home that commands a view of the ocean, all Cinemaland, and a close-up of the backyards of other illustrious filmites. You are about to begin a picture called *Bombshell* in which you'll play the part of a Hollywood celebrity who goes haywire. Now—*what about your future?*"

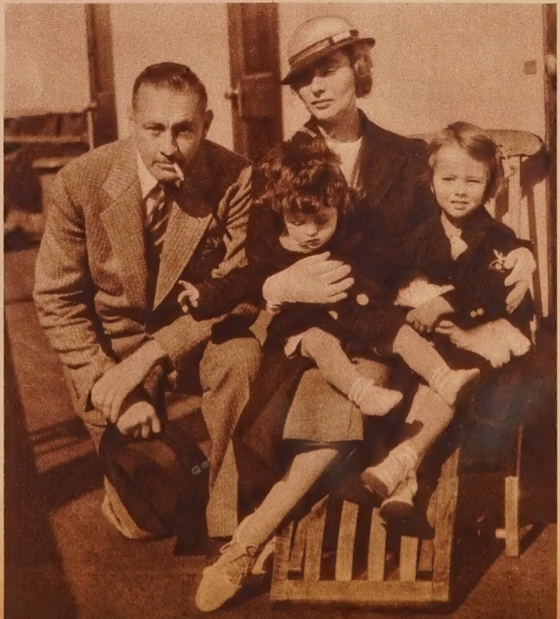
"THE papers," chuckled Jean, "will take care of that! Let me tell you what they've done for me already. The way they've painted my present I just can't wait to hear what they'll do with my future . . . You know, of course, that—according to them—I visited Libby Holman at her estate in Maryland several months ago. It would have been delightful I'm sure, if I'd happened to know

[*Continued on page 73*]

MOVIE Eavesdropping

By Radie Harris

Bob Montgomery and his wife came to New York for a vacation visit, between pictures. Bob has just finished *Night Flight* in which he was one of five stars



Right, John Barrymore and his family went cruising in Alaskan waters on their yacht *Infanta*. Here are John and his wife, Dolores Costello, with John, Jr., and young Dolores

FORT LEE, over in New Jersey, is again bustling with motion picture production. Just beyond the impressive George Washington span and close by a quiet convent garden, much activity is taking place at the newly re-christened Starmark Studio, once the home of the old World Film Corporation.

Here, on the very stages where Alice Brady, Madge Evans and Neil Hamilton and other present day favorites once emoted under the sputtering kliegs, Ernest Truex is making love to Jean Arthur in a Regent picture entitled, *The Unwanted Venus.*

A highly interesting cast also includes Harry Davenport, veteran trouper; Herbert Rawlinson, whose graying hair lends him added distinction; Tom Howard, the radio comic; Molly O'Day, who has lost many pounds of that all too solid flesh and looks very slim and trim in her maid's uniform; May Vokes, popular stage comédienne and the famous kid star, Wesley Barry, now grownup and playing his first talkie rôle.

In between "takes," I managed to have a very illuminating chat with Harry Davenport, who recently celebrated his sixtieth anniversary as a stage trouper. I learned that he had directed many of the earlier Vitagraph successes back in the days when Norma and Constance Talmadge, fresh from the school room, were just starting their movie careers.

Jean Arthur, who has blossomed into a dazzling blonde—quite a contrast to the shy, demure Jean I met four years ago when she was making her screen début in *The Sins of the Fathers*—has deserted Hollywood for a fling at the legitimate stage. And since her husband's business keeps him here in New York, it seems more than likely that she will remain East, dividing her time between the footlights and kliegs.

With the new bridge making it no longer necessary to ferry over the Hudson, Fort Lee is no farther away from Times Square than is Burbank, Culver City, or Universal from the heart of Hollywood.

The Starmark studio is located in the midst of a lovely, rolling country and exteriors made there should prove a relief after a steady diet of the more rugged type of scenery for which the West is justly famous.

No-ing Garbo

AT LAST the Great Garbo has met her Waterloo.

When Ronald Colman, who is vacationing in Spain, received a cable asking him to return to Hollywood for the masculine lead opposite "the divine woman" in *Queen Christiana*, he cabled back, "Not that I like Garbo any less, but I like traveling more." And he remained in Spain.

Doings in Eastern Studios—The Stars at World's Fair—About Al Jolson—Looks Like Marriage for Joel McCrea and Frances Dee—Hepburn to Return to Stage—Perhaps Reconciliation for Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman—Mervyn Le Roy Barred from Own Set—Dorothea Wieck Economizes

When Leslie Howard was approached for the rôle Colman had turned down, he replied, "I tank I go home" . . . and returned to London to appear in a Gilbert Miller production under the Columbia banner.

Jimmie Durante, whose life ambition it is to play opposite Garbo, wasn't even asked. And is he mortified?

Scene About Hollywood

HELEN HAYES, Laurette Taylor, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Skeets Gallagher, Estelle Taylor, Edmund Golding, Boots Mallory, Jack Oakie, Mary Brian, Lawrence Gray, Peggy Fears at The Colony Club . . . Gary Cooper, Alice Joyce, Fay Wray, Muriel Kirkland, Lew Ayres, Arthur Richman, Lilyan Tashman, Hedda Hopper, lunching at a popular rendezvous . . . Ricardo Cortez, Mervyn Le Roy, Jack Haley, Evalyn Knapp at Charles Rogers' birthday party . . . Jack Pearl and Ted Healy and his gang upsetting the dignified equilibrium of the press at a beer party at the M-G-M Studios . . . Ann Harding, Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Josef Von Sternberg, Racquel Torres, Jack Pearl, Lorenz Hart at Carmel Myers' stage début at the Pasadena Community Playhouse . . . your scribe signing off to attend an anniversary party celebrating Cecil B. De Mille's twenty years in motion pictures . . . and more anon.

State Fair

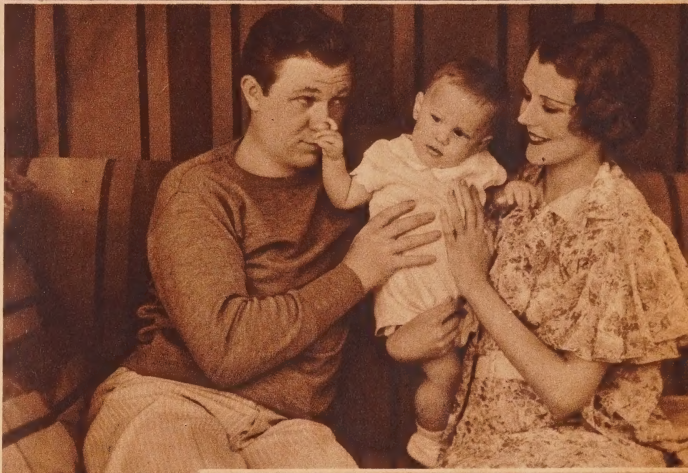
SCREEN and stage highlights of Chicago's "Century of Progress."

Buddy Rogers, "in person, NOT a motion picture," leading the College Inn Orchestra at the Sherman House. Buddy's infrequent appearances on the screen of late haven't lessened his popularity any with the local flappers, who form an adoring circle around him every night and plead prettily for his autograph.

Fifi Dorsay, "in the flesh" (and until you have seen her costumes, you don't know how literal that is!), strutting her stuff at the Chez Royale, one of the hotter night spots.

Roscoe Ates, and his d-d-d-daughter, D-D-D-Dorothy, doing their v-v-v-audeville turn in the Hollywood exhibition building on the F-F-F-Fair grounds.

Sally Rand, whose fan dance is one of the bigger reasons why the *Streets of Paris* is the "piece de resistance" of the entire Fair. And they call it "the Century of Progress!" [*Continued on page* 56]



Stuart Erwin is one of the happiest fathers in Hollywood now that his wife, June Collyer, has given him a son, Stuart Erwin, Jr. Stu hates to leave him for the studio. Here are the three of them at the Erwin's Malibu home

Herbert Marshall was called to Hollywood and Edna Best, his wife just could not be away from him. So they returned to this country leaving their baby in London

If I Were 50 Years Younger I'd Be A Hellion

May Robson, fifty years a trouper, is ready for new worlds to conquer

By J. Eugene Chrisman

May Robson, the sixty-eight-year-old modern miss, has transformed a hallway of her lovely home into "Canary Lane." She spends much of her leisure time here with her "family" which consists of her pets. Bonnie, her Pekingese, never leaves her side when at home. Right, Miss May as an ingenue many years ago

"I NEVER smoke or take a drink but if I'd been born in this age, you put it down I'd have been a hellion. Mae West . . . humph . . . I wish I was fifty years younger!" Mae Robson says with a chuckle.

Miss Robson believes that girls of today are lovelier than those of her own youth. She delights in their freedom, their frankness and their refusal to conform to hide-bound conventions. A thoroughly modern *miss!*

Acting technique has improved tremendously since the days of her youth, insists Miss Robson.

"Why the great ones of my early days would be laughed off the stage now," she insists. "Everything, gestures, diction was greatly overdrawn then, like those shorts the Masquers make. There were no half-way measures then, believe me when a hero was noble then, he was noble and when he was bad he was a double-dyed villain or they wouldn't have him."

I stood on the set at Columbia studios, watching her make a highly dramatic scene from her latest vehicle, *Lady For a Day,* in which she plays the part of a bedraggled, gin-sodden old apple woman, slaving to keep her only daughter in luxury and yet concealing from her, her own sordid life. *Apple Annie* will no doubt be the finest role of Miss Robson's screen career and into this scene she was putting all the technique of her fifty years of experience.

With a swig from the gin bottle, she sat down at a rude table upon which the picture of her lovely daughter had been placed. Taking pen in hand she began to write, pausing now and then to beam fondly upon the picture and to take another swig of gin. Tears rolled down her old face, her bleary old eyes softened as her old lips mumbled drunkenly, the words she was inscribing. There was not a dry eye on the set. Next to me a hardened grip wiped away a tear with the back of a horny hand.

"Cut!" came the voice of the director and instantly gin-sodden old *Apple Annie* vanished. In her place was a smiling, alert old lady who looked up at the director with a smile and demanded.

"Don't you know that it's way past lunch time, you slave driver, and I'm starved?" [*Continued on page* 65]

Greta Steps Out

The Mystery Surrounding Garbo Literally Placed a Price Upon Her Head—But Now All That Has Changed

By Jay Brien Chapman

HAS Greta Garbo changed? Has she broken the fetters of silence, torn aside the veil of mystery, come out in the open to enjoy herself and live what Hollywood calls a normal life?

Yes! It has happened. At last, this oft-rumored blossoming forth of our Garbo is a definite fact.

Moreover, the reason for her past hermit-like existence reveals itself. Hollywood believes that she has been a sort of *Trilby* to at least two *Svengalis.* Not that anyone had to hypnotize Greta Garbo to make her a great actress, a woman of strange charm on the screen, a tremendous popular favorite. But the influence of Harry Edington, until recently her manager, and before that, of Mauritz Stiller, has been little short of hypnotic, and, as we shall see, was responsible at once for her great fame and a good deal of loneliness and misery.

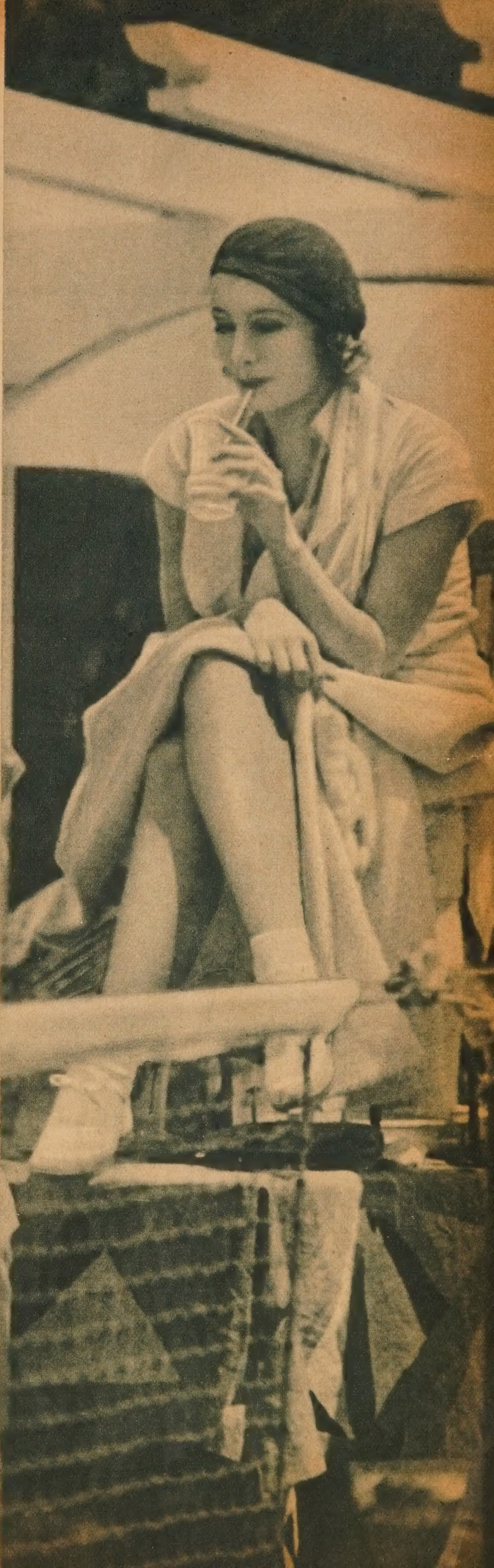
It made her wealthy—but it deprived her of contact and friendship with her fellow-humans. Indeed, it cloaked her with a mystery that literally put a price upon her head.

But more of the persecution later. Let us look at the new Garbo. Despite the soft-pedal put upon news of the change in her, no doubt you have read some rather startling things about Greta lately. You have heard, of course, that she has been going around to studio and theatre previews with Rouben Mamoulian, her new director. You read that she amazed the fans who met her at the dock at San Diego, when she arrived from Sweden on the *Annie Johnson,* by waving to them and shouting greetings, showing that she was genuinely glad to be with them. Back in the Svengali days, she'd have tried to hide from them!

And you were probably as startled as anyone to learn that she talked *willingly* with newspaper reporters at the boat, voluntarily posed for all the photographs they wished to take, and seemed inclined to linger with them, chatting, until her friends literally pulled her into the waiting automobile!

WHAT you probably do not know is that a similar alteration has come about in all phases of her life. Her studio manner, her home life, her connections with the film colony, and her diversions have all changed so radically that I, who have followed her activities pretty closely since she came to Hollywood, sometimes catch myself wondering if it's the same Greta.

[*Continued on page* 49]



They may joke about Greta Garbo's feet—but here you see them for yourself. This between-tennis-sets picture was made in Sweden for SCREEN BOOK just before the star sailed for America

Lilian Harvey is the daughter of a German father and an English mother. After attending school in Berlin, she went on the stage as a dancer in a Continental revue. She made her film debut in Vienna

Is Lilian Harvey MARRIED?

The Rumored Bridegroom, Willy Fritsch, says he isn't Wedded to Miss Harvey and he Ought to Know

By Dr. Hans Wallenberg
of The Berlin Licht Bild Buhne

Willy Fritsch

—*Ufa*

Willy Fritsch, the handsome idol of the German film fans, played opposite Lilian Harvey in many Berlin-made pictures

AROUND those stars who are the favorites of the world, there is soon woven a garland of legends. Lilian Harvey, the charming young artist, who has rapidly attained such great glory, was supposed to be married. The legend of a secret marriage to Willy Fritsch, the equally beloved German artist, has taken a firm hold on the imagination of their admirers. This legend—which started in Germany—has grown in Hollywood.

We have finally discovered the truth. Your reporter, in detective fashion, has traced these romantic rumors to their source, and has checked the stories with the supposed husband, Willy Fritsch.

Today we can assure our readers that the marriage between Lilian and Willy Fritsch does not exist. It has never taken place—at least not up to this time.

The road to Willy Fritsch takes our reporter far away from the doors of Berlin; it leads to Neubabelsberg—to the ateliers of the UFA, the largest studios in all Europe.

There Willy Fritsch works under Ludwig Berger, who, due to several years of work in Hollywood, is no stranger to the American film public. His newest UFA film is called *Der Walzerkrieg* and represents the best days in beautiful Vienna. It is a film of swinging rhythms, of glorious waltz music. Willy Fritsch plays the hero—the waltz king, Johann Strauss; but we do not see him here at the height of his glory, but as a kettledrum player in a waltz orchestra, which, under the blossoming chestnut trees and lilac bushes, contributes dance music for Viennese men and women.

AT THE moment of this interview at the UFA, Fritsch, in a well-fitting frock coat, was concluding a charming scene before the camera and the microphone.

"Convey my heartiest greetings to SCREEN BOOK's readers, and especially to the charming women of America," said Fritsch. *"No, I am not really married to my dear co-worker, Lilian Harvey.* We have worked together in films, we have become true working comrades, and sincere friends; we have not closed the bond for life." And after a moment he added, laughing, "But what is not . . . can possibly still take place. Who can look into the future? *For three years Lilian and I are parted.* She has gone to America to Fox, and I remain in Germany with UFA. *Who can tell if our friendship and sympathy can endure this long trial of three years, and if the legend will become reality, and friendship lead to marriage?"*

With that we said goodbye.

Therefore the romantic story of the secret marriage of these two film stars is only a dream. It probably started in the fact that these two young players in their artistic talents, were so well suited to each other.

THE youthful Lilian, daughter of a German, Herr Pape, and his beautiful English wife, has devoted herself from her earliest years to her art. She realized that fame is not cheap, and that beauty and talent must be accompanied by hard work. After attending school in Berlin, she took up dancing seriously, and visited the capitals of Europe as a member of a great revue. Her beauty and talent attracted notice. Probably her first film was in Vienna—*Der Fluch* (The Curse), a highly dramatic subject. But soon her temperament and suitability for light opera was noticed. The few silent films at the beginning of her career are today forgotten, but they had a value as stages of artistic work, and these years of unceasing effort for progress have produced the young artist, Lilian Harvey. Perhaps *One Night in London* is still remembered over here as her first great artistic success. And then came for her the hour of destiny, which was to lead to her great glory. It was the moment in which the world learned of the sound picture.

The UFA engaged Lilian Harvey. [*Continued on page 74*]

Keeping Tabs *on the* STARS

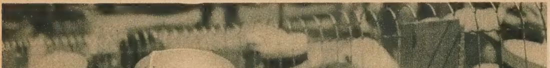
The girl who would let neither money nor position stop her! Adrienne Ames, wife of a wealthy broker, had an unquenchable desire for screen success. Fortunately her husband is so broadminded that he consents to Bruce Cabot as Adrienne's Hollywood escort

Do you envy James Cagney? He is thoroughly enjoying his work (?) in *Footlight Parade*. Jimmy, by the way, is turning crooner, all for this picture in which he plays with Joan Blondell. He probably feels he must work doubly hard now that there is competition in the movie field with brother Bill

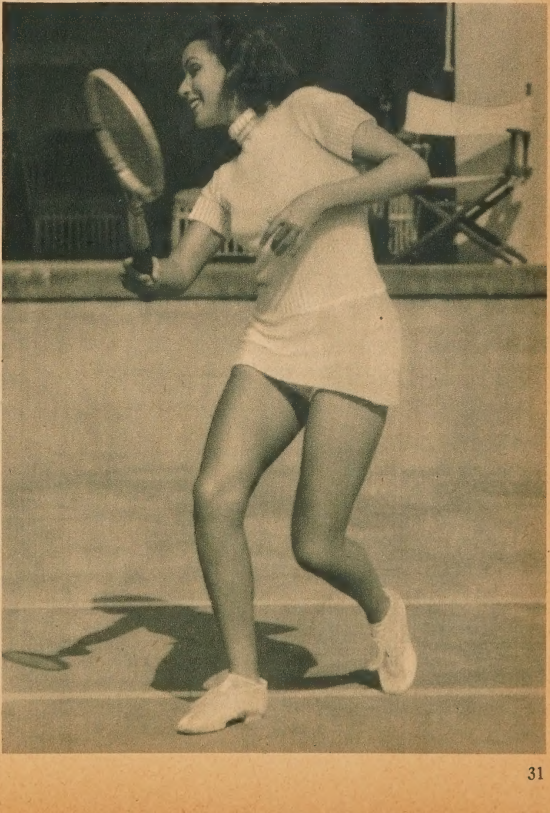
Careful, Bing, she's a beauty and soon free. And Mary, remember that Mr. Crosby is now a father and should not be tempted. Anyway, here are Mary Pickford and Bing Crosby cooling off between shots of a short. All the proceeds from this short will be turned over to the Relief Fund which feeds hungry actors and actresses in the film colony's army of unemployed

Ramón Novarro went to Europe for a vacation and concert tour. And this is how he spends his time. They call it work, rehearsing, but it looks more like play to us. Ramón's first stage appearance was in London. We hope he won't stay away too long for Mr. Novarro is one of America's favorites

Dolores Del Rio has gone modern in a big way. First she bobbed her luxuriant black hair. Now she wears a bathing suit to play tennis. She plays in *Dance of Desire*, a picture with a modern setting



Caught at last! After dodging cameras for several months, Lee Tracy and the girl of his heart, Isabel Jewel, are snapped while watching the National Air Races at Los Angeles. For months, these two have been rumored to be on their way to matrimony



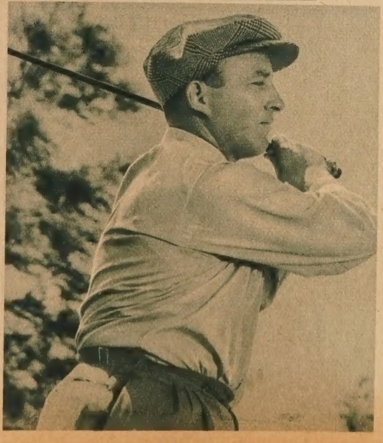
All Over The Hollywood Lot

Lupe in Film Capital. Stars Welcome Captain Reginald Barclay's Bride. Roscoe Turner Charters Plane to Filmdom's Elite. Ex's of Stars Retain Friendliness at Parties

By *Marcella Burke*

—*Wide World*

When Tallulah Bankhead left Hollywood last Winter, she had no idea of ever returning. However, she changed her mind and recently flew back



Right, Bing Crosby is an enthusiastic resident of Hollywood—reason, a $300,000 Paramount contract; effect, enjoying golf

AT THE Colony Club one night, sitting at the same table, was Charlie Butterworth with his bride, the former Mrs. Eddie Sutherland; King Vidor with Miriam Hopkins (formerly Mrs. Austin Parker); next to Miriam was Parker himself with Dolly Graves; then along came Eddie Sutherland who stopped to say "Hello." The only person who didn't look pleased at being so modern was young Butterworth.

Dorothy Peterson is going to parties with Tam Kilpatrick—he has been abroad the past two or three years, writing and writing; now he is at Universal, writing for Laemmle, Jr.

Hollywood Stars Like England

DELMAR DAVES came back from a bicycling excursion through England, completely sold on the idea that England is the one most desirable place to live these days.

Jack Kirkland is back from the Island of Majorka where he wrote a new play which is going to be produced this winter in New York. Children came up for discussion at a dinner party one night. Jack said the thing he had learned not to do with his small daughter was to break an engagement with her.

Maurice Chevalier had a yen for Benita Hume but Adolphe Menjou became her favorite. And just on the eve of Benita's departure for England, and her fiance. Benita was signed up to make *The Worst Woman in Paris.*

In The Air

YOU can charter Roscoe Turner and his marvelous airplane and take three friends along and go any place you like.

If you need an extra escort, Roscoe can be inveigled to join the party. He is graciousness personified.

Miriam Hopkins thinks nothing of flying back to New York this way. Besides, the Colonel lets you land for lunch, tea, or just to see things en route.

Elizabeth Arden was enchanted when she discovered she could charter the Colonel's plane—she took friends down to Palm Springs with him.

Jack Warner flies down to Caliente with Turner—they make the trip in twenty-five minutes.

Fiery Lupe

LUPE wears a tailored jacket with white flannel slacks to the studio. Jimmy Durante put a cigar in her pocket. When columnist Jimmy Starr saw Lupe that day he said, "Take off your jacket, Lupe, you look warm."

"I can't," Lupe replied, "I'll lose my manhood."

The day Lupe rehearsed a new song for Dick Rogers and Larry Hart, Bob Montgomery came into the music room to listen. Pretty soon, up the stairs straggled Johnny Weissmuller, then Eddie Goulding, the director of the Revue, then Adrian—all in white—with costume sketches under his arm for Lupe, then along came Jimmy Durante who is always funny no matter where he is. And Lupe went right

[*Continued on page* 55]

Will's Daughter Wins Alone

By Helen Louise Walker

MARY ROGERS—oh, very well! —Mary *Howard* is in pictures now. Anyhow, whatever you may choose to call her, there is a new, blonde and very pretty girl in pictures—but that isn't news. Lots of pretty, blonde girls have the opportunity to see how they look upon the screen every year. But Mary Howard is the daughter of Will Rogers, who is pretty well known upon the screen and in some other places, himself. And that, as you can see, makes all the difference!

Now, when a girl, whose father is as prominent a man as Will Rogers, takes a dive into the picture struggle, she labors under a distinct handicap. Wait a minute, until I explain. Mary knew the truth of what I have just said and that is exactly why she chose to enter pictures in the way that she did. It was an interesting way. One of those things which cause wise young newspaper reporters to lift their eyebrows and remark, "Oh, ye-ah?" It happens, this time, that the story is true.

—*Wide World*

Gladys Blake, Lilian Harvey and Mary Rogers on the Fox lot, after Miss Rogers' masquerade was discovered

Mary Rogers, daughter of Will Rogers, took the name of Mary Howard, went around to the Fox Studios—and landed a job

Mary *did* go to the Fox casting office and apply for a job in pictures under the assumed name of Mary Howard (Howard was her mother's maiden name), she *did* get the job without any outside assistance and she *did* work for several days before anyone with whom she was working discovered her identity. Once in a while those things really happen.

Mary has had ambitions to act upon the screen for some time. Her family has not objected strenuously or placed any very formidable obstacles in her way. Her parents have merely assumed that familiar attitude of "Well, first finish your education, dear. Then—we shall see. . . ."

Year before last Mary attended the Cumnock School in Los Angeles, where she took college freshman courses and showed every apparent intention of going on to a university and getting her degree. She [*Continued on page* 74]

A Mole Betrayed Her

By Virginia Sinclaire

—*Wide World*

After Hollywood had discovered her identity, Judith Allen went to the hospital and visited her husband, Gus Sonnenberg, the wrestler

BOSTON knew a pretty little stage actress by the name of Marie Elliot. And Hollywood knew a pretty little film actress by the name of Mari Colman. But Boston and Hollywood never linked the identities of Marie Elliot and Mari Colman.

Just to make matters more confusing, Cecil De Mille decided to change the name of Mari Colman. He suggested Judith Adams. Other studio executives were equally firm in suggesting several other names. Mari Colman finally settled the argument by proposing the name of Judith Allen.

That name satisfied everybody but Gus Sonnenberg, former world's champion heavyweight wrestler. Gus kept quiet about his objections to the name Judith Allen for three months. But when he was ill and taken to the hospital he announced to the wide, wide world that Judith Allen's name really should be Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg, since she was his wife!

Thus, dramatically, was one of the greatest hoaxes ever perpetrated in Hollywood uncovered. Judith Allen, who had posed as a little New England puritan, was suddenly revealed as the wife of a famous wrestler.

In a flash all Hollywood knew that Marie Elliot, Mari Colman, Judith Allen and Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg are one and the same person!

And this young lady of the many aliases might have got away with her hoax indefinitely if she had not been betrayed by a tiny mole on the left side of her neck!

Here is how it all happened.

Judith Allen started out in life with the real name of Marie Elliot. Before she was eighteen and while she was still a student in a Boston dramatic school, she met and married Gus Sonnenberg. Everyone knew about that because Gus had fame as the world's champion heavyweight wrestler and their marriage was highly publicized.

What everyone didn't know was that Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg, nee Marie Elliot, went to New York for a Paramount screen test and gave her name as Mari Colman.

When she was signed to a long-term contract the studio suspected that her name was fictitious. She admitted that it was but explained that her father was a hard-shelled New Englander and that the only condition on which he would permit her to go Hollywood was that she should keep her real identity a secret.

Mari Colman talked so much about her stern father who disapproved of Hollywood in general and the movies in particular, that everyone assumed she always had been a cloistered young thing, kept under the scrutiny of the parental roof. No one even suspected that she might be married and she was most careful not to mention the fact.

SHE lived a life of extreme caution after she got to Hollywood. With convincing sincerity she announced that she was not going out with men because, if her name became linked in romances, her father would make her return.

But it is practically impossible for a sky-rocketing young movie actress to avoid going out with men in Hollywood. After two months of seclusion she started going to quiet places with Gary Cooper. When she moved to a different apartment house, Gary sent around his car and chauffeur to help with the moving.

Then one fatal day a gossip writer printed an item that Judith Allen was going places with Gary Cooper and that he had helped her to move.

Gus Sonnenberg lay ill in the hospital. He was recovering from a wrestling bout in which he had been defeated by Jim Browning. He read the papers to see what the sport writers had to say about his defeat. And then his eye fell on the Gary Cooper item.

By the time a reporter dropped in to the hospital to see Gus, he was feeling pretty blue. He had lost the wrestling match and had been badly injured. His wife hadn't come to see him. So he told the reporter that the Paramount actress who called herself Judith Allen was his wife.

The reporter scurried back to his office. He looked through the files and found stories and pictures of the wedding of Gus Sonnenberg and Marie Elliot in

[*Continued on page 64*]

She Cheated Death

By *Jerry Lane*

They said she couldn't live. But June Brewster fooled the doctors

JUNE BREWSTER came to California to keep a rendezvous with *death*. . . .

And instead, she snatched the scythe away from the Grim Reaper and cut herself a nice big slice of "movie fame" pie.

That, says June with a smile that keeps them coming, is all due to her true Gold Digger instinct. "If we can get the last copper penny away from a Scotchman, I ought to be able to steal the scythe away from that old Spectre!"

Sporting, that's what this June gal is. Fought to keep her chin up—with her back to the wall. And she won out. . . .

This story really begins in the Earl Carroll theatre one day in early September when a red-headed youngster with a delightfully impudent nose came to the stage door and asked to see Mr. Carroll. Now most visitors to New York *know* that you don't get to see a famous producer by asking the janitor of his theatre to see him. But June didn't know that. *And she got to see Mr. Carroll.*

Sometimes things happen like that. Especially when you're sixteen and bubbling over with high spirits.

June's name was Kathleen then. She had come to live with a cousin in the Big City and the cousin promptly got married and left for Europe. But before she left, she made a bet with her little red-headed relative. "Ten to one you can't get a job on the stage and *keep* it!"

"No? You wait and see. . . ." And Miss Sixteen determinedly set out for the Gay White Way.

A chorus happened to be rehearsing for the *Vanities* that morning and the stage manager spotted Kathleen in the doorway. I'm not sure whether it was that nose or her flashing green eyes that did it. But suddenly he came to a decision. He crossed over to her.

"So you're looking for the boss, eh? What do you want to do?"

"Be a show girl."

The man turned her around, studied her from every angle. Then—"Come with me." In an office off the wings he talked to another man for fifteen minutes while she waited outside. The conversation became heated. They gestured. They looked at her

[*Continued on page* 66]

Conquering the Jinx

By Radie Harris

Once a star, Pat O'Malley is now a bit player. Here, in *Paddy, the Next Best Thing* he plays a stable helper in a scene with Roger Imhoff (left), Walter Connolly and Warner Baxter

MAYBE Hollywood hasn't a heart, after all!

He stood there, in the outfit of a flunkey, holding the reins of a big, black Irish hunter which Janet Gaynor was to ride, respectfully awaiting the orders of a director who didn't even know him. True, he has been a star, but as a lowly bit player—a flunkey at that—he knew his place.

He looked a bit weary. There was sadness in his eyes. The misfortune that had haunted him, plus all the bitter disappointments, had left indelible marks on his once gay countenance—but not marks that grease paint, and proper lighting could not hide. Just a bit player, eager to do his best, anxious to give a good performance in a tiny rôle, grateful for the three days of work Fox Films had found for him.

Yet three years ago he was earning $2,500 a week and was much in demand as a leading man!

Few in the company of *Paddy, the Next Best Thing* knew the flunkey who held the horse was Pat O'Malley, the dashing star of *Go and Get It*, and a dozen other big money pictures. No one knew it was the first work he had found in weeks . . . months . . . years, it seemed, to O'Malley. Only O'Malley knew what those few dollars he was earning would mean—groceries, maybe shoes for the kids, carfare to make more rounds of the studios.

It wasn't booze that brought the wolf to the O'Malley door.

When handsome Pat O'Malley was at his height, in the hit film, *Alibi*, with Eleanor Griffith

It wasn't night life.

It wasn't a lack of ability.

It was, first, the stock market. It almost cleaned him. Then came the Princes M'Divani, with oil wells—and O'Malley lost his last $30,000. All he got from that was a receipt, and his lawyer has that.

TODAY O'Malley is attempting a last stand fight to save his home, a pretty house that he plastered with a $6,000 mortgage in an attempt to recoup, and save a roof for the wife and three kids. It was just tossing good money after bad. And while trying to save his little fortune, O'Malley was forgotten by the studios, and by his friends.

Now the creditors are closing it.

The $6,000 didn't seem like a lot of money. O'Malley had "loaned" and given away several times that sum to less fortunate friends.

But when he tried to collect, the old friends wouldn't even come to the phone.

For months O'Malley kept his troubles to himself. He held out against "bits" seeking a chance for a leading rôle—a chance that never came his way. He didn't tell his troubles to the casting directors; he wanted an opportunity because of his own record, and his own abilities, not because of his misfortunes.

Nothing is tougher than the comeback of a one-time star who drops to the level of a bit player. O'Malley knew that, once labeled as a bit man, he'd have a devil of a time in getting a leading rôle. But poverty won. The kids had to be fed. The wolf was not only at the door but it looked like O'Malley would have to let it in and eat it!

HE STARTED making the rounds of the studios, seeking a bit. He had no automobile, and little cash for carfare.

He found many other stars of yesteryear, whose names were once bywords in Hollywood and whose salaries once ran to four figures weekly, haunting the studios, eagerly seeking the smallest bit.

"I'll do extra work," O'Malley told the casting directors. "Anything to get started."

Then came the first break—a bit in *Paddy* at Fox Movietone City.

O'Malley was more than grateful.

"I made up my mind to start at the bottom, if necessary, and fight my way back up," said O'Malley.

"It took a long time to swallow my pride and take the step, but now that I've taken it, I'm glad."

"I feel that I'll get a break."

Has Hollywood a heart?

I wonder.

They Can't Get Their Teeth *into Anything*

But the Eskimos Aren't Referring to Dramatic Roles—But to Hollywood Food

By Stephen B. Runyon

THERE is one question the reader does not need to concern himself about in this story. Just forget all about that query, "Can Hollywood Take It?"

For herein, by incident, anecdote and quotation, it shall be shown that Hollywood had to take it, whether it could or not, from about fifteen people with dark skins and wiry black hair who know more about the Aurora Borealis than screen credits.

The Eskimos that "Woody" Van Dyke, who will be recognized as the director of "Trader Horn," White Shadows of the South Seas" and many another successful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, brought down from the frozen north have given Hollywood a colder shoulder than Garbo.

Their entrance into this land of sunshine where the streets are paved with orange blossoms and what little rain there is in grapefruit juice was tinged with caustic comment. On the station platform where they disembarked the train, stood a woman with a Pomeranian dog. Karl Kamesuk, the walrus hunter, turned to Col. W. S. Van Dyke. "Ugh," he asserted, "him all same walrus pup with legs."

That was just the first crack. Since then they have never wavered. Almost every word that has issued from the mouths of these Eskimos has been loaded with critical dynamite. They are the most honest critics Hollywood has ever been belabored by. They put the great Hollywood wits, like Lew Cody, the late Wilson Mizner, Buster Keaton and Gene Fowler to shame.

See a few quotes for yourself:

"American women too pale, too thin. Die in Arctic"—Dortuk, "Garbo of the Arctic," who plays the heroine in "Eskimo."

"Grub—him terrible. All too soft. Bad for teeth"—Philip Nunooruk, another walrus hunter.

"Too much noise. Too much hurry. Gas sleds on street go too fast"—Erbulik Rock, polar bear harpooner de luxe.

"Too much sun. Make skin no good color, like seal hide"—Karl Kamesuk again.

"Americans make plenty words, but nothing said," quotes Philip Nunooruk, loosening his tongue, "I meet maybe fifty people every day. All ask how I like this country. Now I am very little fellow, and how I like [*Continued on page* 60]

"Ugh! American women too pale, too thin. Die in Arctic," says Dortuk, heroine of the M-G-M walrus hunting film, *Eskimo*, to her pal, pretty Ignuk. Affected by the attire of the Hollywood ingenues, Dortuk invaded the costume department of the studio, donned snappy step-ins—and forthwith was ostracized by the whole dignified tribe from the icicle country

"I'll Marry *an* Actor!"

"Can't imagine myself married to a business man"—Loretta Young

Hollywood presents many contrasts—and here is one of them. Loretta Young believes in marriage to an actor, Glenda Farrell doesn't. Oddly enough, they both were once married to actors. Neither marriage worked out. But Miss Young has her illusions. On this, and on the facing page, Miss Young and Miss Farrell tell their reasons to SCREEN BOOK'S *representative, Virginia Sinclaire.*

"I DON'T want to marry an actor but I'm afraid I will." Loretta Young shook her head defiantly.

"And furthermore," she continued, "I hope I won't fall in love with anyone at all for at least five years. You see I'm afraid of falling in love—it's so altogether devastating and overpowering.

"Love is like a contagious disease and I don't want to be exposed to it."

"But you are young and why shouldn't you want to fall in love?" I demanded.

"Because I want to keep on working hard as long as my career lasts," she said, "and love and a career just don't go together for me. But when I've reached the peak of my career, then I expect to find permanent happiness in marriage and children."

Loretta had just emerged from a swimming lesson. Her nose was sunburned, her face was freckled, and her hair hung in limp ringlets on her neck. She wore no make-up.

I looked at her in astonishment as she sat there in her wet bathing suit, laughed at her red nose, and talked with the common sense of a middle-aged woman. In appearance she might have been any school girl of sixteen, young and unaffected. But she spoke with mature wisdom and from experience.

LORETTA is calm, extraordinarily well balanced and infinitely poised. Her marriage at sixteen, divorce at seventeen and stardom at twenty, have left her logical and thoughtful.

"I suppose I'm not telling you anything new or startling when I say that actors are temperamental," she laughed. "And that's why I say I'm afraid I'll marry an actor, or rather, another actor. But those marriages last such a short time. And I so want my next marriage to be permanent.

"Still, I can't imagine being married to a stodgy business man. What could there possibly be in common between us? We simply could not speak the same language. I'm not interested in business and certainly a man out of my profession couldn't enter into my life!

"No, I can't imagine marrying outside my profession. So I suppose I will marry an actor. But I don't predict in advance how it will work out."

I WAS thinking of Loretta's marriage to Grant Withers and ventured timidly, "Do you think it

[*Continued on page* 71]

"When I marry it will be to another actor"

"Love's a contagious disease—I don't want to be exposed to it," says Loretta Young. "I want to keep on working hard as long as my career lasts"

"I Won't Marry *an* Actor!"

"They're a grand lot, but I don't want to marry one"—Glenda Farrell

"WHY should anybody in Hollywood get married?" demanded Glenda Farrell.

"Marriage out here is just one headache after another. When you realize that the average marriage in the film colony lasts only about two years and then figure all the complications that arise, it hardly seems worthwhile," she flips.

"Of course I may change my mind about marriage," adds Glenda in haste, "but, if I do, you can be pretty sure that I won't marry an actor. Actors are all right—they're a grand lot as far as that goes—but I prefer not to marry an actor."

Glenda was married once—to an actor. And she has a ten-year-old son by that marriage. But she denied that her first marriage to an actor has anything to do with her decision not to marry an actor again.

"In my own case I'm having too good a time to get married," she exclaims. "Perhaps later on I will marry —but not just now."

GLENDA can experience more heart throbs to the minute than any actress I've met in Hollywood. But on the screen she is noted for her hard-boiled rôles. Do you remember her in *Life Begins*? She portrayed the blonde hussy who so furiously and comically resented the approach of the stork, and her fury was doubled when she gave birth to twins! And then again in *I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* she was seen as the jealous-crazed wife who betrayed Paul Muni to the police.

In real life Glenda is the exact opposite of the characters she enacts on the screen. She simply palpitates with emotion. At the moment her heart throbs are inspired by a Hollywoodian—not an actor. A few months ago she was equally excited over a film player. Glenda is always violently in love with some one.

"I know that marriage to an actor would never pan out," she says. "Actors are such a temperamental lot—when two of them marry well . . . the fur begins to fly. It isn't anybody's fault really. Actors are just made that way, and it's a mistake to hook up too much temperament under one roof.

"I'll take myself for an example. When I'm working I'm not fit to live with. I can't work and play, too. When I'm working I use up all my energy and like to go to bed at night. Well, can't you see what would happen if I were married to an actor? My husband and I would never be working at the same time, probably. So when I was working he would want to play, and the other way round.

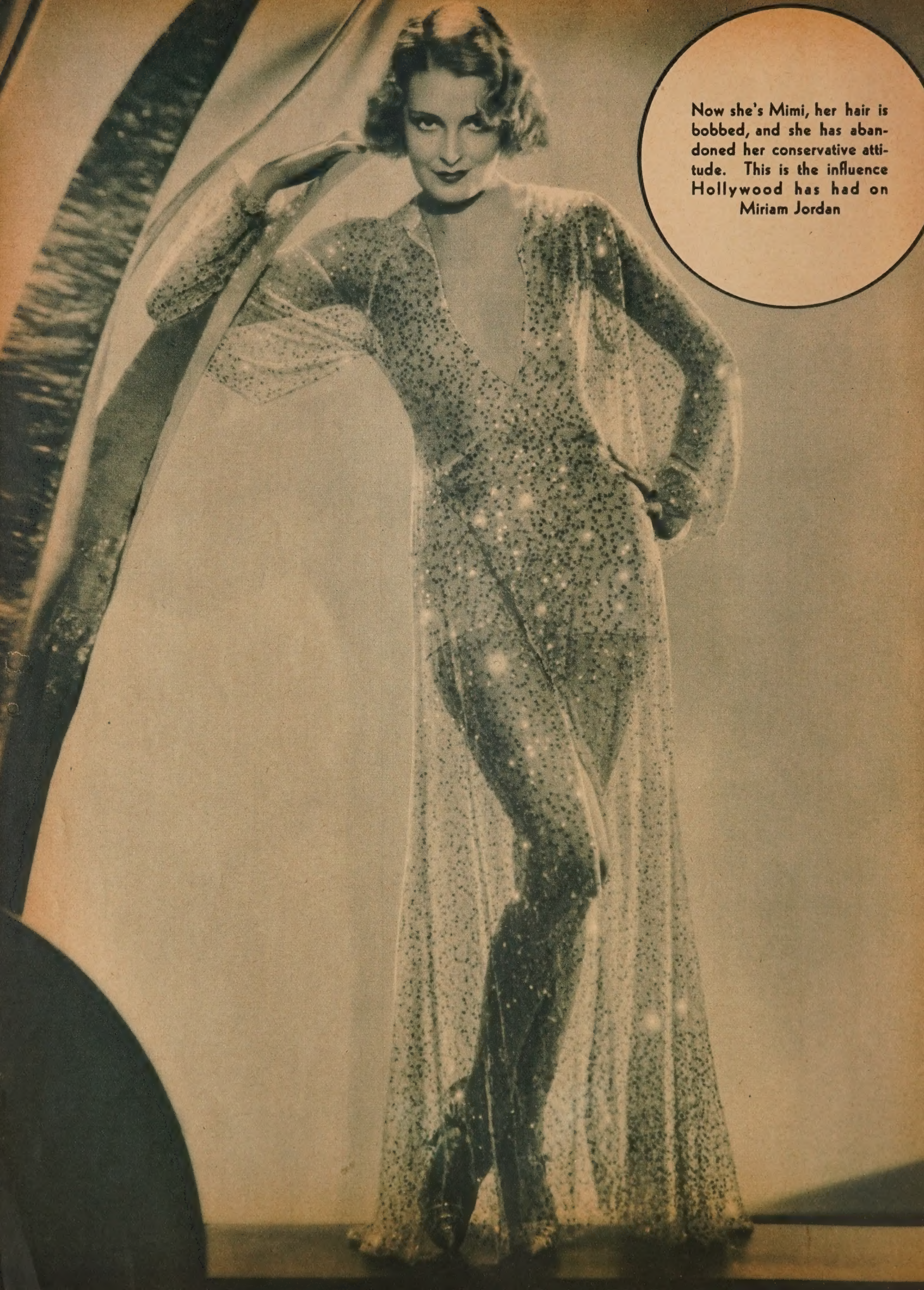
"Honestly, I'd pity the actor who was married to me," said Glenda with feeling. "For instance, after I've done a difficult scene at the studio, I sometimes worry about it after I go home at night. If I were married to an actor I would discuss the scene with him, hoping that he'd reassure me.

"But an actor probably would think I should

[*Continued on page* 63]

"I want a man who will dominate me," says Glenda

"It's a mistake to put too much temperament under one roof," says Glenda Farrell. "That's why marriage to an actor never pans out. The fur always flies"



Now she's Mimi, her hair is bobbed, and she has abandoned her conservative attitude. This is the influence Hollywood has had on Miriam Jordan

Ready *for the* First Cold Days

CHARM

Javanese Influence on Sleeves Strong for Fall Wardrobes, Maintaining Conservative Width in Shoulders

Woolens and Suede are Most Important Fabrics for Fall and Winter Costumes. Small High Hats Continue

Edited by
MIRIAM GIBSON

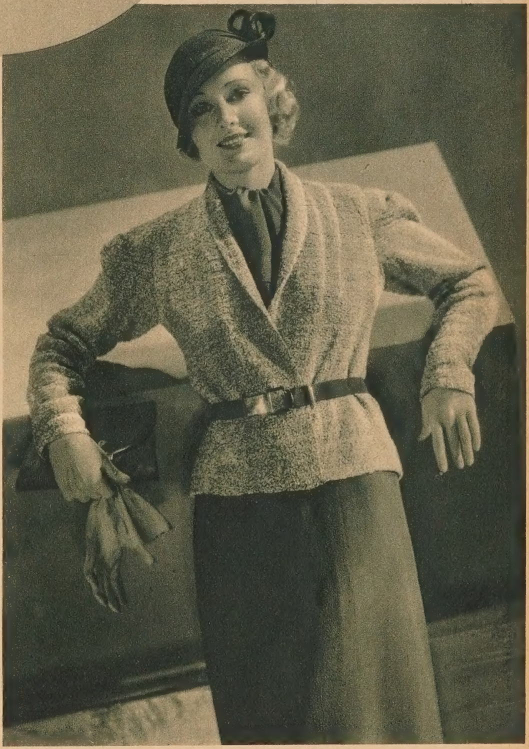
NOW the Fashion experts are definitely deciding the trends of what the smart women will wear this Fall and Winter. Was there a run on the stock market? Well, there has been a run on shoulders, too. Starting a year ago, sleeves were made important. Furbelows of every description were introduced. The "high" was reached in March and April when women looked as though they had stepped out of grandmama's trunk. Puffs and ruffles became ridiculous—although at the time you and I considered them chic.

The powers that be decided the nonsense had gone far enough. There must be more reasoning in fashion—a definite trend must be followed. But an abrupt change would ruin the wardrobes of thousands—a transition was necessary. What better transition than the Javanese influence, following all the recent travelogues which have stormed theatres throughout the nation.

Flat pointed shoulders, with a medium amount of width. Tight sleeves. High necklines. The hour-glass waistline. Tubular skirts with fullness below the knees. These are the highpoints of what the well-dressed woman will wear this Fall and Winter.

As we told you last month, buttons are *the* trimming for the coming season. Buttons, buttons, buttons! There cannot be too many. They are used in every conceivable manner: on sleeves, as designs on blouses, straight down the front, across shoulders. The originality of your Fall costume must depend upon buttons and the manner in which they are used. Last year's frock may be made modern with the addition of buttons.

Irene Ware selects brown suede purse and gloves to accompany her brown and tan Fall costume. The bag has an amber top. Gloves are hand stitched in tan



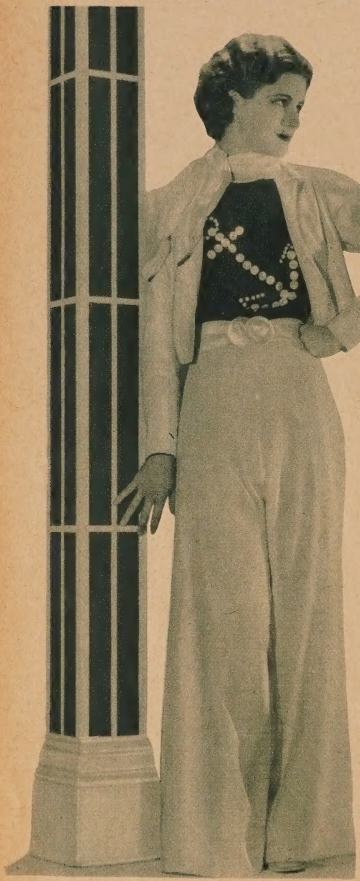
Madge Evans chooses a jacket of matelasse in egg-shell color to wear with a brown crêpe frock. The jacket shoulders show the Javanese influence. The narrow brimmed hat is of brown matelasse

Suede leather and its correlary, suede cloth, will be one of the most important fabrics for the new season. Gloves, bags and hats of suede will match. Suede hats, by the way, are going to be *the thing.* And we will continue to wear small hats, with the high peak made so popular by Schiaparelli. But remember this, conservativeness is gradually coming back.

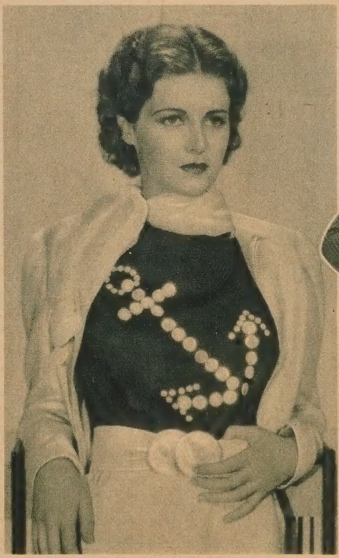
CHARM

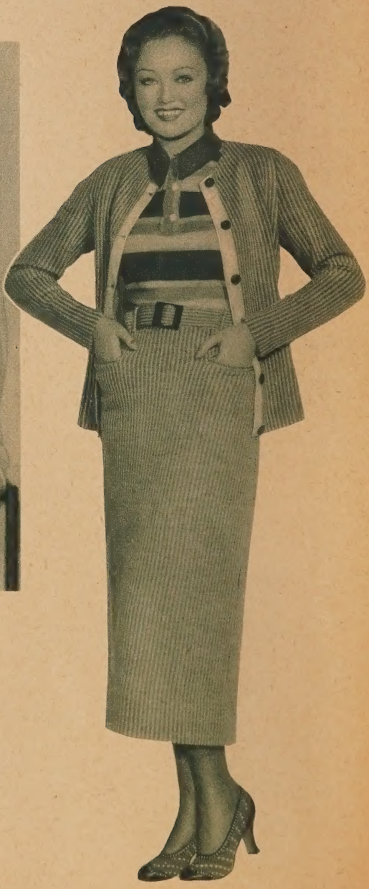
Stars Prove Their Chic in Clothes by Adopting New Fashion Notes in Their Year Round Costumes

In Hollywood the weather is warm nearly all year round. But that does not stop the stars from incorporating important features such as the button trimming used by Elizabeth Young on a crash yachting costume, and striped woolen which Lona Andre selects for a knitted suit



Elizabeth Young wears linen crash trousers and jacket with black linen blouse. Left, buttons are the important trimming





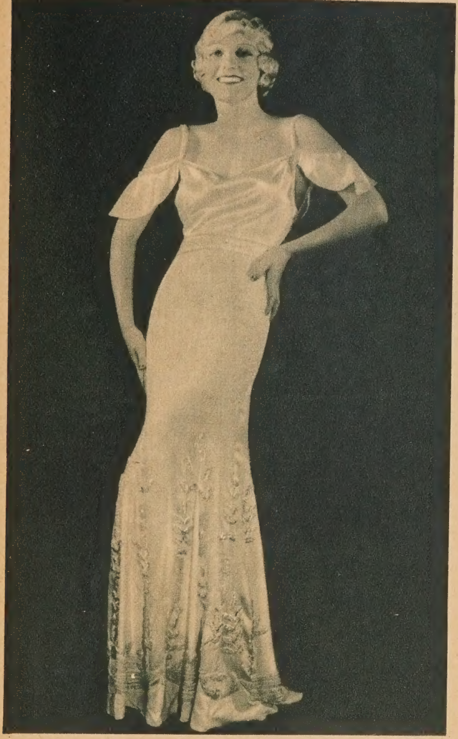
Do anything to your costume if it makes hips slender. One of the most satisfactory ways of doing this is by the use of stripe but only if they are used correctly, vertical. Or, if you are lounging, trousers (we called them slacks for Summer) give a slenderizing, graceful appearance—but be sure they fit

Lona Andre selects a knitted suit for the first cool days of Autumn. It is of green and white stripe with sweater of same combination. Green shoes match

White Continues to be Choice of Stars for Formal Afternoon and Evening Wear in Hollywood

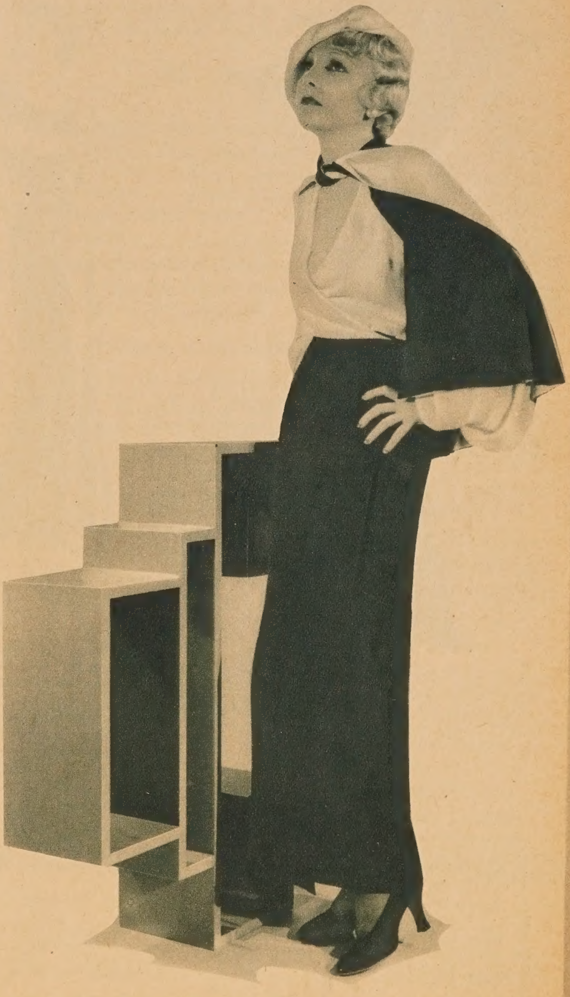
CHARM

Beaded evening frocks are returning to their place in fashion for formal occasions. Satin is the preferred material. White, the smart color, either solid or as a marked trimming on black or other dark shades



Barbara Rogers wears a white satin evening dress with bead trimming and cape effects over arms

Miss Rogers wears a white fox cape over her white satin beaded evening frock

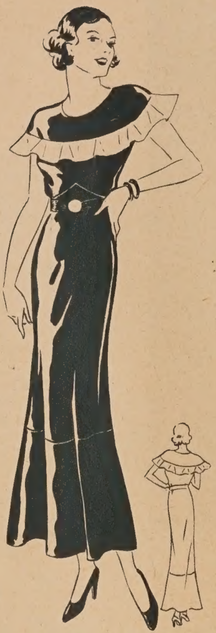


Barbara Rogers, popular Warner player, selects a black and white costume. The crêpe dress, with white top, has an elbow length cape lined in white with scarf

Dress Like Helen Twelvetrees

Be Prepared for Fall Parties with This Frock of a Star

Helen Twelvetrees has selected a satin gown of above-ankle length for those first Fall semi-formal occasions. This frock contains all the newest fashion notes for this season



B-209. Miss Twelvetrees has permitted us to copy her satin semi-formal gown. The cape collar, covering shoulders as dictated by Fashion experts, may be edged with contrasting material

THE party season is approaching. It is time for Summer organdies to give way to silks for tea, dinner, theatre-going and dancing. Satin is of all importance this Fall. And there is no fabric more appropriate for semi-formal occasions than satin, a fabric combining daintiness with sophistication.

Helen Twelvetrees has selected one of those too few frocks without which no wardrobe is complete. This is one of those dresses known as a Sunday Night frock. Of black satin, the cape collar is edged with net. The cape collar, by the way, is an important note this Fall. It carries out the idea that shoulders *must be covered.* The simple, smart belt is of stitched satin placed at the natural waistline. A Fall fashion command, fullness below the knees, is obeyed in the skirt.

This frock may be worn above or below ankle length, but Miss Twelvetrees prefers the slightly-above-ankle length. Although this is a matter of personal choice, a dress of this type becomes more practical if not too long.

Pattern B-209 of this dress may be ordered in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 39 inch fabric and ½ yard of net or contrasting material (as shown in sketch). If one fabric only is used, 4⅛ yards of 39 inch material are required.

This model is smart whether of a solid color or if a contrast is used on the ruffle of the cape collar.

BE READY for early Fall parties with a new frock by ordering this pattern now. It is accompanied by simple and complete instructions.

Whether you are an expert dressmaker or if this is your first sewing attempt, these details will insure a perfect-fitting and workman-like piece of work when the dress is completed.

When planning your Fall wardrobe, you will find SCREEN BOOK's Fall Pattern Book of great help. It contains all the newest fashions in clothes for every occasion. You may be assured of being appropriately and smartly dressed if you follow the ideas as given in this book. If you send for it together with pattern B-209 you will save money and at the same time have a very definite assistance to owning a chic Fall wardrobe on a limited clothes budget.

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept., 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

For the enclosed .... send me Helen Twelvetrees' dress, No.
B209 Size. .... Fall Pattern Book (check if wanted) ....
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....
Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c Combination Price 25c

REDUCE
WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS OR ...IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!

NOW... YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER SELF
... without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN HAVE FOUND THIS THE IDEAL WAY TO REDUCE!

We want you to try THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy..."I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...writes Miss Brian..."Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

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● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded.

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"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue,
New York City

"I REDUCED MY HIPS FROM 43 to 34½ INCHES"
writes Miss Brian

"I... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

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Hotel Victoria
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CHARM

A Birthday Party

Mary Brian is a Popular Hollywood Hostess and Here are Her Secrets

IF YOU are going to have a birthday party (and why not, it is a lot of fun), there is one thing to bear firmly in mind. You do not have to get yourself all in a dither about assembling your menu, because everything is going to be carefully set down, right here, by Hollywood's most successful birthday-party-giver.

Mary Brian is the little hostess who never passes an opportunity to call up just the right guest list when somebody's natal day comes along—and this, mind you, despite the fact that there are those who object to having the matter brought to their attention. But not for long, you may know, not when they have seen what Mary has in order.

A charming table set for Fall. Tall Crystal glasses, and Wedgewood plates. A round mirror in the center of the table, like a miniature lake, reflecting the beauty of a floral centerpiece. Candles on either side of the center decoration.

One thing more we may be sure of. Mary serves, invariably, a series of perfect dishes, delightful to look upon, emphatic in flavor, and completely delicious.

For the soup, a strong beef bouillon is favorite, and more effective when floating two thin slices of avocado. This not only supplies an excellent flavor, but is away from the usual thing.

The entree is a simple, though delicious affair—Jugged Chicken. The chicken is jointed as for frying. To every pound of meat two heaping teaspoons of flour, one scant teaspoon of salt, and one-quarter teaspoon pepper is allowed. Each piece of chicken is then rolled into the thorough mixture, after which it is packed closely in the bean pot, covered with boiling water and allowed to bake in a good oven until tender—from two to three hours.

When it comes to salads, like the Athenian, the hostess of today is always striving after something new. And, too, salads have become one of the really necessary courses of a well-planned American dinner. Mary Brian has a particularly attractive one for her dinner. She, like every good hostess, knows that salads must be simple but decorative.

Take large and long cucumbers, cut them once through the middle, lengthwise, scrape out the inside, and one has an individual green boat in which to serve a vegetable salad. The success of this number will be due, Mary informs, to the variety of colors obtainable in green vegetables.

Miscellaneous recipes from the cook-book of Mary Brian:

Mary Brian takes care of place cards herself when she entertains and always has small groups of friends

Potato Puffs

Prepare potatoes in same manner as mashed. While hot, shape into balls the size of an egg. Have a tin dish well buttered and place balls in it. As soon as they are done brush over with beaten egg. Brown in oven. When done, slip a knife under them, removing to a hot platter, bedded with parsley. This dish must be served at once.

Banana Parfait

Soak over night in rum one-half cup of candied cherries, pineapple and apricots. In the morning cook one and one-fourth cups of banana pulp, about three medium sized bananas, with three-fourths cup of sugar and the juice of one large, juicy lemon, until heated thoroughly throughout. Beat one and one-half cups of rich, thick cream till firm. Fold the mixture together with three tablespoonfuls of Jamaica rum, and freeze.

Nifty Compote

Core and peel one-half dozen firm, tart apples. Lay in pudding dish close together; put a teaspoon of sugar in opening left in each by removal of core; put over them the water to keep from scorching; cover closely and bake slowly until apples are tender. Take from stove, pour one-half cup Welch's grape juice over them, sprinkle with sugar and nuts, and set aside to cool. Serve with whipped cream.

THE main event is the birthday cake. We couldn't resist asking for Mary's very newest formula:

Swiss Sponge

3 egg whites
4 egg yolks
½ cup granulated sugar
½ lemon grated rind
2 tablespoons finely chopped almonds
½ cup sifted pastry flour
2 tablespoons melted butter

The method of mixing sponge cake is very simple, but must be made quickly. Beat the yolks till thick and light colored; gradually beat in sugar; add the butter, lemon rind, and lemon juice, if desired. Then beat the whites till dry; fold half of the whites into the yolks and sugar; fold in half of the flour; the other half of the whites of egg, and the other half of flour. The

[*Continued on page* 62]

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CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

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Delicious food-drink gives new strength and energy to thousands

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BEGIN at once giving your children Cocomalt mixed with milk. Drink it yourself. Serve it to your guests as a special treat. Cocomalt is *delicious!*

Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy nourishment to milk. Every glass you or your child drinks is equal in food-energy value to almost *two glasses of milk alone.*

Equally important, Cocomalt contains a rich supply of Sunshine Vitamin D (under license by Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation). A glass of Cocomalt, properly prepared, is equivalent in Vitamin D content to two-thirds of a teaspoonful of standard cod-liver oil. This Vitamin D enables the body to efficiently utilize the food-calcium and food-phosphorus—richly supplied by Cocomalt and milk—in developing strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

Sold at grocery and drug stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. vacuum-sealed cans. But be sure you get the genuine Cocomalt, the Vitamin D food drink.

Special offer—Mail coupon (and 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing) for a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. It is accepted by the Committee on Foods of The American Medical Association.

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CHARM

Woman's Crowning Glory, Lovely Hair, is Within the Reach of Everyone if a Little Care is Given

Have you a personal problem to be held in strictest confidence? Janet Lynn will gladly give you free counsel if you will address her at *SCREEN BOOK,* 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (U. S. postage only.)

By Janet Lynn

Irene Hervey uses a brisk rotary movement to massage her scalp. This is a step toward lovely hair

ALMOST every day my mail brings me queries about how the movie actresses keep so beautiful. One reader may be interested in learning how Jean Harlow keeps her hair so perfectly groomed and another reader may want to know how Kay Francis keeps her lovely figure so attenuated. The answer to both these questions is CARE. Daily, hourly beauty care of the most patient and meticulous kind is what keeps our glamorous screen sirens looking top-notch. I always take a secret delight in answering this type of question because in that single word, care, lies the touchstone to beauty. In it is the foundation of all my beauty advice.

Jean Harlow frankly tells anyone interested that her scalp is massaged daily and her hair brushed daily and shampooed, rinsed and waved every other day to keep it looking so clean, so healthy and well-groomed. Kay Francis has her strenuous daily body massage and watches her diet just as carefully as if her life, instead of her career, depended on it. All of the stars, in fact, spend hours daily caring for their hair, their skin, their figures and their nails. It is true that these Hollywood beauties have the assistance of clever beauty operators and massage experts, but you can achieve practically the same results with your own two hands, the right toiletries and a little ingenuity and patience.

This prologue may sound somewhat preachy, but I want to impress you with the fact that there is no quick, easy way to beauty. I am going to tell you in this article how to have beautiful, healthy hair. But if you are lazy, you will have to reform for, although my advice is excellent, it demands effort and patience.

No matter how prettily or smartly waved your hair may be, it cannot be truly beautiful unless it is scrupulously clean, lustrous and healthy. If your hair *is* all of these things, you must not feel that you have a life-long lease on them, no matter how you neglect or mistreat your hair. If you go along on that presumption, you will soon find yourself with a full-fledged case of dandruff, brittle, split ends or over-oily hair. Hair reacts badly to neglect just as the skin does and dandruff is as much the penalty of carelessness as are blackheads. Many women feel that if they

[*Continued on page* 61]

Next a vigorous brushing of the hair, strand by strand; from roots to ends, is part of care

For oil treatments the head should be wrapped in a steaming towel before and after oil is applied. Irene Hervey, recently in *Strangers Return,* demonstrates

Greta Steps Out

[*Continued from page* 27]

Not that there's any doubt of that! I have studied Greta herself too carefully, and know too well her various doubles, to be deceived. Besides, the mystery surrounding her has at last been fairly well cleared up. What was enigma yesterday is simple fact today, and Edington, her former manager, is the Sherlock Holmes who cleared it up. Or perhaps, we should say, the Svengali who didn't die—but confessed!

Greta's old solitary diversions, such as horseback riding, walking, tossing her medicine ball around her yard, and playing handball by herself, have all been neglected since her return. These lonesome, monotonous activities have been replaced by motoring, riding, and playing tennis with Salka Viertel, Mercedes Acosta, and certain Scandinavian friends I shall not name, because they happen to be acquaintances of my own.

Her old list of seven or eight favorites to whom she was usually "at home" has grown to sixteen, at this writing, and is increasing. She does not often eat in gloomy solitude now. Her new method of inviting friends to visit her at home allows them to bring others along. That typically Hollywood custom was formerly taboo at the Garbo manse. If you were invited, you came alone, or not at all! Now, if you're a friend of a friend of Garbo's, you're liable to be dining with her some night.

Her manner in the studio has also changed radically. She has suddenly grown interested in talking shop with scenario writers, directors, and studio officials, showing an interest in the technical side of movies that she has never manifested before.

THE new attitude on Garbo's part has already given rise to many amusing incidents. Hollywood, used to the old Garbo, hasn't quite been able to credit the fact that a new one is in its midst. You've probably read how Jack La Rue happened to see her coming to a studio preview on the arm of Mamoulian. Jack stared at her, frowned, and remarked to Fredric March, "I hate these Garbo imitators! They get in your hair."

She is frequently seen on Hollywood Boulevard now, dressed in her favorite sport attire. And she no longer skulks. Once she used to park in the alley behind her tailor's establishment, and slip up the back steps, directly into a fitting room. Now her familiar Lincoln sedan is seen rolling boldly up to the front of her favorite shops, her quiet little eating places, her two bookstores, and so on.

Thanks to the general knowledge that she has so many "doubles," she can now go about almost unnoticed. The Lincoln is elderly and inconspicuous, and she usually drives it herself. Folks who see her think, like La Rue, that they're looking at one of her imitators, who are mostly Hollywood extra girls.

In order to make you understand how great is the change in Greta Garbo, I must explain what has just been revealed about her past. Her well-known timidity is like that of a girl in her 'teens. In fact, she was in her 'teens when Stiller, even then a famous director, discovered her in Sweden, and took her along with him to Germany and

[*Continued on page* 51]

WHO'D BELIEVE THEY CALLED ME SKINNY 4 MONTHS AGO!
HEY SKINNY

Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves —*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 2810, Atlanta, Ga.

The Movie Previews as Viewed

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AND HIS STUDIO SPIES

The New Pictures

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Have you any in-laws in your home? If you have, see this feature by all means. And if you haven't, view it, anyway. *Another Language,* delves into the question of in-laws rather thoroughly, with such players as Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery and Louise Closser Hale to carry on the fight. Miss Hayes is splendid in her rôle and Louise Closser Hale truly convincing as the tyrannical mother.

TUGBOAT ANNIE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

They're at it again . . . Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery! The stars of *Min and Bill* don their old clothes and hie themselves for another waterfront comedy drama of appealing proportions. *Tugboat Annie* casts them as man and wife, Terry and Annie, and they have a son, who grows up to become the youngest captain of a coast liner. There's a thrilling rescue when Annie's little tug saves her son's liner.

MORNING GLORY

Radio Pictures

Another acting hit for Katharine Hepburn. Playing the part of a small town girl, she lets herself go and turns in one of the best performances of the year. The story itself wanders considerably, but with Miss Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the finished picture attracts attention. *Morning Glory* proves conclusively that the star is an actress of distinction.

LADY FOR A DAY

Columbia

For downright, unadulterated enjoyment, *Lady for a Day* presents possibilities seldom seen on the screen. The plot revolves around May Robson as an old apple woman who has led her daughter in Spain to believe that her mother is a wealthy member of New York Society. Glenda Farrell, Warren William, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee effectively assist. You have a great treat in store.

THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE

Fox

In Victor Jory's initial starring rôle, he emerges brilliantly through the haze of a mediocre Foreign Legion story and colorfully depicts a doctor at odds with the garrison commander. Jory easily dominates the picture. Loretta Young appeals in her brief leading lady rôle, but to Vivienne Osborn go the feminine honors. The title, incidentally, has nothing to do with the plot. Few movie titles have.

THREE-CORNERED MOON

Paramount

Depression blues again . . . this time, however, a riot of fun. The spectator is whirled, for an hour, into the Brooklyn home of the eccentric Rimplegar family, where its various members come to the realization that the family funds have vanished. Faced with the problem of earning their own living, the children seek jobs, and in amusing fashion the story narrates their struggles.

Greta Steps Out

[*Continued from page* 49]

elsewhere. She remained timid as she was then, for he managed her whole life for her. He was her first Svengali, and like Edington, a kindly, well-meaning one, who brought her what she craved most of all, success and fame.

Their work toward that end was so intense that Greta's development along other lines was retarded. She learned acting, but nothing of the world and social contact with its people. When I first saw her, many years ago, she was doing what she had done so very, very often during her connection with the great Swedish director. She was waiting patiently outside a door—waiting for Stiller to emerge from a conference with studio officials. It is said that in the New York office of M.-G.-M., when the two first came to America, she sat unnoticed in an anteroom, on a hard chair, for nearly two hours. Stiller was conferring with company officials in an inner office!

AMERICA itself terrified her, and has tended to make that natural timidity of her youth chronic. To this already-timid young European girl, it was a rough, bewildering land. She understands it better today, but she has never quite learned how to take us. I think the most illuminating anecdote about that is one related by mutual acquaintances, and published here for the first time.

Garbo was driving her Lincoln along a boulevard near her home. A light, rickety car driven by someone Greta doubtless still thinks the typification of an American motorist, came careening across the street from her left. He had ignored the boulevard stop, and having worn-out brakes, slid into the side of the star's machine, slightly damaging a fender. As he backed away, he indulged in the approved repartee for such occasions: "Hey there! Why in h—— don't ya look where you're goin'? You women with big cars think ya own the whole road."

"Greta dwelt on that encounter for days," one of my friends remarked. "She kept trying to figure out how the man could blame *her*. We couldn't make her understand that some drivers blame the other fellow automatically, no matter what happens."

Stiller's death was a great shock to Greta. It completed her terror of boisterous, incomprehensible America, and left her feeling utterly helpless. Stiller had done everything for her—told her what to do and what not to do, handled all business transactions, and advised her in the simplest as well as the most complicated matters.

Then came Edington, just at the right time. He says that he "psycho-analyzed" Greta, saw what she needed, and supplied it. His brilliant campaign, suggested by Garbo's timidity and helplessness, was nothing less than a stroke of genius.

He saw that by subtly feeding and emphasizing the unusual tendencies Greta had already developed, he could accomplish two things, each calculated to make her a great success. One was to withdraw her from the world so completely that almost her whole life would

[*Continued on page* 57]

Hands off that child!

if you've touched a cold-filled handkerchief

KLEENEX STOPS GERMS
. . . handkerchiefs let them through to contaminate your fingers
WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE

Handkerchief magnified 64 times   *Kleenex magnified 64 times*

See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show Kleenex leaves approximately 1/1000 as many germs on your fingers as handkerchiefs do. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

KEEP it out of the children's way—the hand that holds the handkerchief when you blow your nose. Don't let them touch anything it has touched. It is dangerous. It leaves a trail of infection wherever it happens to rest!

Through countless tiny openings in cotton or linen, germs pass as through a sieve. They stick to fingers. Hands touch door-knobs, chairs, toys. Everywhere, germs are deposited, active, infectious after half an hour or more.

Stop this menace

No one would willingly let his hands become such a menace to his family. Therefore, during colds, put aside handkerchiefs and use only Kleenex!

Kleenex is far closer in texture than the finest of woven materials. Its powerfully absorbent fibres retain mucus, hold germs fast until the tissue is destroyed. It keeps fingers clean, hands safe.

You use a fresh Kleenex tissue every time, clean and dry, soft and soothing to inflamed membranes—infinitely more comfortable than rough, cold-soaked handkerchiefs that rub noses raw!

Pay no more than 25 cents

Gone is the unsanitary practice of constantly carrying back to your infected nose germs it has once expelled! Gone the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs. Costs less than laundering handkerchiefs. And the patented pull-out box assures economy—hands, when taking tissues, can't contaminate or mess up other sheets.

Package or roll, 25c; also extra-size tissues, 'Kerfs, and new Pocket Packet. At drug, dry goods, department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

The New Pictures

MAMA LOVES PAPA

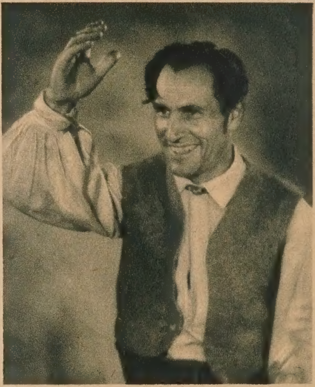
Paramount

Here's a hit that should please every member of the family. Merry, human, unassuming, it serves a steaming, fun-laden portion of comedy wholly in keeping with its title. Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland co-star and to each goes a big bouquet of applause. Charlie plays a lowly, middle-aged clerk whose hesitant manner and circumstance lead to his being named by grafting politicians as the playground commissioner of a large city. Lilyan Tashman enters then to highlight the action with a hilarious cocktail escapade with Charlie. Dialogue, direction, situations and acting combine to make this one of the truly amusing pictures of the month. Not a smash film—but one of those you long remember.

DON'T BET ON LOVE

Universal

Play the ponies, folks, and see where it gets you. Lew Ayres misses out in romance for this very reason in *Don't Bet on Love*, but after he has been taken like Grant took Richmond he returns to plumbing and Ginger Rogers. An agreeable hour of relaxation and doubtless Lew Ayres fans will be satisfied with his showing. Mild amusement at best.



THE REBEL

Universal

Remember *The Whit Hell of Pitz Palu* and *Th Doomed Battalion*, wit Luis Trenker? Here h plays a Tyrolian revolutionist against Napoleon tosses half the Alps dow upon Bonaparte's marching men, falls in love wit Vilma Banky and is sho at dawn. Beautiful photography, duel action, lovely Alps, lovelier Banky You'll like this.

MIDNIGHT CLUB

Paramount

If you prefer your crooks polished gentlemen with a sense of humor you will enjoy *Midnight Club*, which pictures a master mind, too canny to be trapped until an American detective brings him to justice. Clive Brook plays the English thief with that restraint for which he is noted. George Raft suffers in comparison. Helen Vinson helps.

THE MAN WHO DARED

Fox

Homage to the late Anton Cermak is the theme of this picture as it follows the life story of a Jan Novak. The character of Novak is in the capable hands of Preston Foster, who makes the rôle a compelling one. The film will appeal particularly to the more intelligent audiences, although its interest should be felt by every class of theatre-goer.

DOUBLE HARNESS

Paramount

Ann Harding and William Powell merge their varied exceptional talents to make *Double Harness* an outstanding dramatic event. Based on Ann wedding Powell through trickery, the plot moves along at a pace calculated to intrigue. The plot: the trapping of a rebellious bachelor, his collapse before the wiles of his bride. Sophisticated in theme and treatment, it is yet light enough to appeal to the general audience and will serve to re-introduce Miss Harding as a vital and charming personality. Both she and Powell excel here in rôles of more than passing interest.

Win Romance with the Lure of Lovely Feminine Curves

Let Me Show You How Easy it is to DEVELOP YOUR BUST

ADD
1 to 3
inches

One woman writes: "My bust was so thin and undeveloped that I was positively ashamed of my figure. I had tried everything without success. Then I decided to make one last try with your Miracle Cream treatment and I am certainly glad I did. My bust soon began to fill out nicely and now it has increased to attractive size and shapeliness. I never dreamed that a well-formed bust could make such a difference in one's appearance."

WHAT do men admire most in women? It is their **feminine appeal.** Haven't you always noticed that it is the cute, **feminine** girl who sets men's hearts a-fluttering and turns their thoughts to love and romance? Of course you have! For what man can resist the allure of a beautiful, shapely figure—with a firm, full bust—the **outstanding charm of** true femininity.

And now that "curves" are all the vogue, now that the straight-line figure is hopelessly out—you simply cannot be smart and attractive if your bust is small, flat and sagging. Why not start right now to fill out your breasts to full, firm, rounded shapeliness? Of course you can do it. just as thousands of other women have done. Just the simple application of my famous Miracle Cream treatment will work wonders! Let me show you how EASY it is! No harmful drugs or dangerous appliances—the Nancy Lee Miracle Cream treatment is safe, simple, sensible.

You too, Can Increase Your Bust Measure

Add 1 to 3 inches! Mould your bust to those high, arching contours that are so lovely and youthful. No matter how small and undeveloped your bust may be, no matter what else you have tried, just give me 30 days to PROVE that I can give you a full, shapely bust. Take advantage of my special offer now. Mail the coupon below and see how easily you can increase your bust measure by **inches.** Sagging contours are lifted, flabby tissues made firm and rounded—all by a few minutes a day of my safe, simple home treatment.

Love, Romance, Popularity—all are attracted by **feminine charm.** And the outstanding charm of beautiful womanhood is a full, shapely bust. Read how you can easily develop **your** bust to attractive size and lovely form.

FREE A Beautiful FORM

INSTRUCTIONS
Nancy Lee
Miracle Cream

My new illustrated book tells all about this new easy way to develop the bust. It is yours free. And here's my great special offer that brings you the Miracle Cream treatment to try for yourself: **send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and valuable instructions—free book included.** Don't delay—mail the coupon or write TODAY—before this wonderful offer is withdrawn.

NANCY LEE,
(Dept. P-10), 816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-10
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and instructions with Free Book—in plain wrapper.

Name ....

Address ....

Town ....State ....

Over the Air Waves

Phil Harris Comes East While Seth Parker Goes Cruising

By The Tuner-Inner

This is Harris. Phil Harris, crooning orchestra leader, who has been a sensation in radio this year. He follows Rudy Vallée at the Pennsylvania Roof

A NEW star, rising out of the West, has flashed across the radio firmament to become one of its major luminaries.

He is Phil Harris, crooning orchestra leader, whose phenomenal success has been one of the sensations of radio this year.

Phil's rise has been so spectacular during the last six months that he himself confesses that he is bewildered by its rapidity. Only a few years ago he was walking the streets of San Francisco looking for a job. A little over a year ago he was a relatively obscure band leader playing in hot spots along the West Coast. But it wasn't until he was signed by the famous Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood that he was catapulted into popularity.

The rich sonorous tones of his singing voice and the excellence of his music makers made him an immediate favorite with the film folk and in no time at all he was the darling of the screen stars who flocked to his place for entertainment.

Film producers were quick to seize upon this popularity. Phil was given a chance in a short, "So This Is Harris." It clicked. Close on the heels of this initial success on the celluloid strips, Harris was featured in the RKO picture, "Melody Cruise." Again Phil was a hit.

The big network Maharajas in the East began to cast appraising glances toward Hollywood and Harris. "Who is this Harris?" they asked.

They soon found out. Last June NBC snapped him up and spotted him on the coast-to-coast broadcast, "Let's Listen to Harris."

It was only a month later that Phil and his band was selected to follow Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees at the Pennsylvania Roof, one of the most coveted assignments in broadcasting. Since then Phil has been heard from the Pennsylvania several times a week besides starring in his own coast-to-coast program.

An interesting sidelight on Harris' ability is the fact that his popularity among musicians almost equals that among the lay listeners. He is a musician's musician. On the night of his inaugural broadcast from the Pennsylvania Roof, dance bands in Chicago, Cleveland, New York and on the West Coast, combined for a half-hour salute in his honor. If you know your musicians and how grudgingly they give credit to their confreres, that *was* a tribute.

It was Rudy Vallee himself, the daddy of all crooners, who chose

A beautiful star with a beautiful voice. Gertrude Niesen (above), CBS songbird, whose striking features attract as much attention as her voice does on the air. At right is Lanny Ross, once a crack miler at Yale, who is now in the race to succeed Rudy Vallée as radio's favorite crooner

Harris for his successor at the Pennsylvania. When Rudy decided to leave the hotel and resume touring, he was asked to make a choice from a list of available candidates. Without hesitation he picked Phil Harris as the outstanding candidate.

Whether the soft-toned Harris will supplant Rudy Vallée in the affections of radio fans, time alone will tell. Phil certainly seems headed for that goal and his star is still rising.

BY THE time this is in type, Phillips Lord, the beloved Seth Parker of the Down East "githerings" that have been a Sunday night feature on the NBC air lanes for the past five years, will be on the high seas at the helm of his four masted schooner, bound for obscure ports in strange lands on an 18-months cruise around the world.

When Lord embarked on his search for adventure in September, he realized the fulfillment of the twenty-year-old dream he has had since as a Jonesport, Me., lad he promised himself that he would one day have a boat of his own and sail the Seven Seas. Every boy brought up along the rugged Maine coast dreams of the day he will sail his own ship but few of them realize their ambition.

Radio made it possible for Lord, who today is only thirty, to purchase the schooner *Georgette* and make his dream of high adventure a reality. Fifteen of his pals who grew up with him as boys in Jonesport are also making the cruise. It is planned to have "Sunday Night at Seth Parker's" continue indefinitely on the air while Seth himself is piloting the *Georgette* over the ocean. If possible, Seth will speak from time to time from far-off ports over short wave hook-ups.

◆

All Over the Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page* 32]

along singing "I'm burning—yearning!"—to everyone's delight.

Lupe has never had a music lesson in her life and sings beautifully. She has never had a dancing lesson in her life and her natural rhythm knocked New York into a state of ecstasy.

Entertains For Bride

CAPTAIN REGINALD BARCLAY had a charming tea for his wife whom he brought back from England recently.

Winnie Sheehan was there, having fun. Preston Sturgress was in one corner talking boats to H. M. Harwood. Minna Gombel was gay in a printed hat which made her look like Dresden china.

Elizabeth Allen was charming in a picturesque red and white plaid gingham dress—very long, with a deep flounce on the skirt. Sir Philip Merivale and his beautiful wife were surrounded by about six deep. Heather Angel came flying in with a blue and rose gown on.

Elissa Landi with her fascinating mother, Countess Landi. Elissa invariably wears very simple white silk semi-sport dresses in the daytime. Pat Buckley, the black-eyed, young novelist, was getting more material every minute. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gore Brown—they are dears—and many, many more.

2 Nurses Lose Fat

Mrs.
Francis Rudolph
Trained Nurse

40 lbs. in 6 weeks
45 lbs. in 8 weeks
with
New, Safe, Battle Creek
Reducing Treatment

Miss
Lola A. Sharp
Trained Nurse

Eat Big Meals. Fat Goes Quick. —*Or No Cost*

Don't be fat any longer. Use BonKora, the new Battle Creek Reducing Treatment, as these nurses did when *they* were fat. Read their letters:

Loses 40 lbs. Looks Younger.

"Other remedies had failed me but BonKora took off 40 lbs. in 6 weeks. I am now the correct weight for my height. I feel stronger too. And I look 10 years younger since I lost that fat."—Mrs. Francis Rudolph, Trained Nurse, 4527 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Loses 45 lbs. in 8 Weeks.

"I lost 45 pounds in 8 weeks taking BonKora. I reduced my hips 10 inches. Now I wear dresses 4 sizes smaller."—Miss Lola A. Sharp, Trained Nurse, Bristol, Indiana.

These nurses were so grateful because BonKora reduced them after other remedies had failed that they sent us their photographs and permitted us to publish them.

Doctor Tries It. Loses Fat.

Dr. S. P. Blumenberg, head of the famous San Anselmo Sanatorium, San Anselmo, Marin County, Calif., writes that when he read of BonKora, he tried it himself. He says, "I found BonKora a *safe* remedy. It actually increased my energy. I lost 7 pounds the first 10 days and am taking it to reduce still further. I also advise it for overweight patients at the Sanatorium."

Mrs. Grace Moran, 2349 Lake St., Kalamazoo, Michigan writes, "I lost 70 pounds in 14 weeks, taking BonKora. Reduced from 210 pounds to 140. Reduced bust 10 inches. It improved my health too."

Lose Fat Quick—Or No Cost.

Lose your fat. Gain health. Look younger. Get BonKora from your druggist today on *test offer* below. Your druggist sells it. If he is out of it, insist that he get it for you from his wholesaler at once.

Look at that FATTY there. Why doesn't she take BONKORA

How Many Pounds Would *You* Like To Lose?

15 pounds? 25 pounds? 70 pounds? Take BonKora, the new Battle Creek Reducing Treatment.

Reduces new 3-stage way. Triple action; triple speed. Reduce fat all over if you wish. Or if you are just fat in certain parts—shoulders, bust, waist or hips—the heaviest parts reduce first. Then you can stop if you don't want to reduce elsewhere.

Don't starve. Just take BonKora to help body function normally and to remove heavy wastes and moisture from fatty tissues. EAT BIG MEALS of foods you like as explained in BonKora package. Never have a hungry moment.

No dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact this treatment *builds health* while reducing fat the *quickest way*. Try it on test offer below.

TEST OFFER **Fat Goes Quick —*Or No Cost***

Get slender. Look years younger. Gain pep. The manufacturers of BonKora KNOW what it will *do* for you so they make this GUARANTEE: Get a Bottle of BonKora from druggist today. If not delighted with quick loss of fat, new health and younger looks, manufacturer refunds money you paid for this bottle. *You don't risk a penny.* Start today to take BonKora, the new Battle Creek Reducing Treatment. Then watch the amazing results.

BonKora—America's Biggest Selling Reducing Preparation

DISTRIBUTED BY BATTLE CREEK DRUGS, Inc. AT ALL DRUGGISTS
No Connection With Any Other BATTLE CREEK Organization
Your Druggist has BonKora or can get it quick from his wholesaler. If not, write
BATTLE CREEK DRUGS, Inc., Dept. 12, Battle Creek, Mich.

Dog Contest Winners

THE winners in the $1,000 Jig-saw Puzzle Contest follow:

FIRST PRIZE—$500.00

Up and Adam—Gladys Fermon, 717 Booker St., Rock Springs, Wyo.

SECOND PRIZE—$250.00

Dublin Dan-Wales Jack—Emil A. Henneman, 614 7th Ave., No., St. Cloud, Minn.

THIRD PRIZE—$100.00

Dusky Dan-Rusty Sam—Mrs. H. C. Colburn, 1401 Monterey Road, So. Pasadena, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50.00

Pathfinder-Blazer—Mrs. W. C. Mix, 1101 8th Ave., Brockway, Penna.

FIFTY PRIZES OF $2.00 EACH

1. *Jewel-Gipsy*—C. L. Gilliland, Jr., Green Hill Farms, Philadelphia, Penna.
2. *Grenadier-Ruddy Flash*—Florence Andrews, 508 Bellevue Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
3. *Topsy Girl-Prince Pompey*—Emily Van Norden, 28 Pardy Ave., Ft. Chester, N. Y.
4. *Tipperary Duke-Strideaway Don*—Harry Brown, Westwood Sta., Ashland, Ky.
5. *Sir Dignity-Bonnie Briar*—Mrs. Harriet M. Barber, 43 Sturtevant St., Norwichtown, Conn.
6. *Black Walnut-Old Hickory*—Lois Smothers, 231 E. Church St., Jacksonville, Fla.
7. *Chip-Perk*—Corinne McCarty, 305 Birr St., Rochester, N. Y.
8. *Sable Flash-Trustworthy*—Albert F. Ihrke, 3308 No. 21st St., Milwaukee, Wis.
9. *Reigh of Gold-Blue Sentinel*—Kate Martin, 1409 Shelby Ave., Mattoon, Ill.
10. *Red Gem-Dusty Gentleman*—Marshall A. Jones, P. O. Box 578, Forsan, Texas.
11. *Copper Glow-Meadow King*—Wm. F. Verlander, 307 Harvard Ave., Collingswood, N. J.
12. *Flash o' Red-King Noir*—Anna May Reid, 16 Hillcrest Ct., Berkeley, Calif.
13. *Duke of Forestdom-Queen of the Season*—Roland Sellstedt, 1901 Lyndale Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.
14. *Goldrush-Black Pirate*—Eva B. Swan, 427 Quentin Ave., Wichita, Kansas.
15. *Laird o' the Moor-Pat o' Killarney*—Betty W. Waddles, 1124 No. 26th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
16. *Midnight Patrol-Red Officer*—Mrs. Fred L. Walker, 2315 S. Poinsettia Ave., West Palm Beach, Fla.
17. *Sir Red Rock-Royal Black Joe*—Carl H. Spendlove, 2201 So. Joplin, Pittsburg, Kansas.
18. *Whig-Tory*—Wanda Kennedy, 410 E. Pine St., Prescott, Arkansas.
19. *Red Tanager-Shadow Boy*—Mrs. Charles Murphy, Route 3, Willoughby, Ohio.
20. *Buckeye Jack-Red Rambler*—Mrs. Edward Anderson, 7709 86th Ave., Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.
21. *Dusky Charger-Dunrock*—Katherine Byers, 314 19th St., S. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
22. *Prosit-Chaser*—Mrs. G. T. Fogle, St. Albans, W. Va.
23. *Buckshot-Triggerheel*—Winifred Morgan, 536½ N. Harvard Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
24. *Sir Mott-Celtic Queen*—H. H. Wilder, 4784 Panorama Drive, San Diego, Calif.
25. *Bugle-Trilby*—Dora Palmer, E. Hampton, Conn., Box 22.
26. *Sinbad-Aladdin*—Leon Goff, P. O. Box 655, Birmingham, Ala.
27. *Titian Hunter-Black Ditto*—Eleanor W. Burke, 2434 N. Palmer St., Milwaukee, Wis.
28. *King o' the Glen-Queen o' the Heather*—J. N. Lawrence, N. A. D., Hawthorne, Nev.
29. *Yorick-Henna Dip*—John H. Connell, P. O. Box 24, Chappaqua, N. Y.
30. *Sunnybrook Lad-Lochinvar*—Howard Wilson, Collins, Montana.
31. *Michael's Pride-Highland Star*—Fannie L. Douglas, 2390 So. Comm'l St., Salem, Oregon.
32. *Red Reign-Dark Cloud*—Michael Rogers, 2020 5th St., Berkeley, Calif.
33. *Pride of the Valley-Darkie of the Hills*—Oral Stowell, Gen. Del., Peach Springs, Arizona.
34. *Blarney-Loch Lomond*—Mrs. Isabelle Gaertner, Box 67, Montpelier, Idaho.
35. *Shooting Star-Blazing Trail*—Pauline Monson, Deposit, N. Y.
36. *Woodland Girl-Prairie Idol*—Mrs. M. C. Wheeler, 2338 Isabel, Wilmar, Calif.
37. *Blue Danube-Woodland Girl*—Rhodus Meitendorf, 5720 Etzel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
38. *Diablo-Diogenes*—Ruth Jensen, 2208 Mason St., Houston, Texas.
39. *Vivid-Vigil*—Barney Ferrara, 127 Graham Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
40. *Lady Irin-Smokey Prince*—Mrs. J. A. Mehaffie, 222 E. 3rd St., Dayton, Ohio.
41. *Pal o' the Bush-Blue Hunter*—James T. Thorp, Miami, Mo.
42. *Tarheel Jack-Yankee*—Mrs. Chas. M. Allen, Katonah, N. Y.
43. *Autumn Blaze-Royal Night*—Mervin C. Day, 991 Seminole Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
44. *Highland Laddie-Beau Brummel*—Barry Glen Foreman, 205 No. Pennsylvania Ave., Roswell, N. Mex.
45. *Hawkeye-Deerslayer*—Alice M. Golden, 2311 E. North Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
46. *Huntington III-Blacksquire*—Evalyne Dreyfus, 200 W. 86th St., N. Y. C.
47. *Highland Laddie-Banshee*—Harold Hobson, 2505 Highland Ave., McKeesport, Penna.
48. *Fawcett's Titian Queen-Ebony Hugh*—Mrs. T. L. Anderson, 315 Elm St., Helena, Arkansas.
49. *Killarney Tom-Peg o' the Heather*—Marguerite Shields, 223 So. 14th St., Richmond, Ind.
50. *Tan-o-ran-Leatherlegs*—Paul A. Witter, 4562 N. Teutonia Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 25]

Helen Morgan, a "grand baby on a baby grand," drawing the carriage trade at the Chez Paree, the class spot in town.

The Last of the Red Hot Mammas (Sophie Tucker to you!) packing them in at the 225 Club with her risque songs that the Old Lady from Dubuque doesn't approve of, but loves to listen to!

Vincent Lopez contributing soft lights and sweet music to the Pompeian Grill at the Hotel Congress.

The old maestro, Ben Bernie, a Standing Room Only attraction at the Casino on the Fair grounds. Someone please page Walter Winchell!

Jack Whiting, Ethel Merman, Pauline Frederick, Judith Wood, Crane Wilbur, Joan Peers, James Hall, appearing on the local boards in various stage productions.

Certainly, a star-studded cast for the "biggest show on earth!"

Al Be Praised

MY PET peeve this month is hearing Al Jolson referred to as "Mr. Ruby Keeler."

There may be husbands who share in the reflected glory of their wives' reputation—but certainly Al Jolson is not one of them. Before Ruby had even seen the light of day, Al had already started on a career which ultimately was to win for him the title of the "world's greatest entertainer."

That title still belongs to him. Imitators galore may get down on their knees and with far flung arms, shriek, "Mammy!" but not one of them has been able to capture the magnetic personality of the man himself, who in his blending of comedy and pathos is comparable to that other great artist, Mr. Charles Chaplin.

No one knows this better than Ruby.

"Why, the little talent I have is so insignificant compared to Al's that if I acted for the next twenty years, I would never approach his reputation," she exclaimed one recent afternoon when the thrill of her screen success was somewhat dimmed by the sophomoric critic who implied that Ruby had stolen all of her famous husband's thunder.

Al, on the other hand, good-naturedly

[*Continued on page* 59]

Greta Steps Out

[*Continued from page* 51]

be concentrated upon her work. The other was to build a wall of mystery around her, thus arousing curiosity, and creating added glamour.

The result we all know. Greta, instead of becoming gradually accustomed to Americans, and American ways, and thus overcoming her timidity, was encouraged to foster it. And other experiences were in store for her that, like some of the early ones, hastened this process. Love, the knight-errant that rescues most hermit maidens from chains of fear and timidity, served only to terrify her the more, because the object of her adoration was tempestuous Jack Gilbert.

Her romance with him contributed nothing but further shock, suspicion, and desire for seclusion. And it definitely marked American men off her list. Since then, only Europeans have been her escorts.

SHE has gone around with a number of European men, several of whom were never identified by the press. There is a very good anecdote about one of these mysterious Garbo escorts and a newspaper picture snatcher. The chances are it is true, because the photographer, who told it, played such a sorry part in it. He was sneaking around Garbo's Santa Monica home with his camera, hoping to snatch a photograph of the star, when he suddenly encountered Greta herself, and a big, handsome man with spats, monocle and cane, who appeared to be a Scandinavian.

The photographer immediately asked them to pose, but Garbo, of course, refused, holding her hat-brim down over her face. He finally snapped a picture without permission, which so angered Garbo's escort that he broke the camera with his cane. Then he slapped the photographer's face. He was a Viking gone berserk! He shouted something about a duel. He also spoke of "killing the little rat right there and then." And part of the cane, split by its blow against the camera, slipped off, revealing a long, glittering sword-blade!

The photographer, a little man whose courage by no means made up for his lack of stature, fled as fast as his legs would carry him. Behind him, he left his chance at creating the greatest imaginable news-story—a duel between himself and the Viking over Garbo!

The mystery that has shrouded Garbo caused her to be persecuted by the press and the public as no other celebrity in the history of the world has been persecuted. I said there was a price on her head. I mean that literally. I am one of the many Hollywood scribes who have been offered $1,000 for an illustrated interview with Garbo.

In the old West, where gun-toting cowboys got $30 a month and famous killers only $50 a week, a $1,000 reward was usually a criminal's death warrant. A similar reward for a "dead or alive" Garbo interview means about as much to us Hollywood scribblers.

One interviewer risked violence and imprisonment by sneaking into Garbo's yard. He hid his photographer in a hedge, found the star, and tried to steer her to a spot where his photographer

[*Continued on page* 58]

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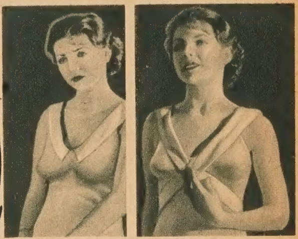

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Greta Steps Out

[*Continued from page* 57]

could snap pictures. Greta wouldn't steer, however, and all the words he got were her frightened: "Who are you?" "Please go away!" "I do not know you —I have nothing to say."

THE worst persecution of all was carried on by the "debunking" writers, who showed both spite and greed by describing the star as a huge, big-boned and awkward girl, with great flat feet, dull wits, and a European-peasant coarseness of manner. Even more cruel and unjust than these outright falsehoods were their veiled hints that the star was emotionally abnormal.

But now that the Garbo mystery has been solved, and her imprisonment ended, this persecution has virtually ceased. If Greta's past has been a dark era, in which screen work was the only real brightness and happiness, her present is all sunshine. The change in her may not be loudly and generally announced, for it is eyed with suspicion by some who fear it may adversely effect her acting. But her personal friends hail the new Garbo with delight. They assure us that acting is such a dominating passion in Greta's life that the bright fire of her genius will never be dimmed by any change in her private affairs.

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Louise Closser Hale, well known as an actress and almost as well known as a writer, died in Los Angeles on July 27. She had just started work in *Little Women* with Katharine Hepburn, playing the rôle she had long longed to play, that of Aunt March. Edna May Oliver succeeded Miss Hale in the rôle.

Miss Hale was well known for her many fine performances on the screen. Perhaps the best was her last, that of the mother in *Another Language*, with Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery.

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 56]

kids about it and now signs all his autographs, "Ruby Keeler's husband." He does, however, resent and strenuously object to the rumor that he is jealous of her success.

"Long before Warner Bros. signed Ruby for *42nd Street*, I begged Sam Goldwyn to test her for the part of the betrayed girl in *Cynara*—I felt that she could give it all the naiveté and sympathy the part called for. But Sam thought I was just a prejudiced husband, so Phyllis Barry got the job.

It is Al's firm belief (as an unprejudiced husband) that if Ruby were given some dramatic coaching and put in the hands of a fine and patient director, who would concentrate his efforts on her, she would develop into a fine dramatic actress.

"I am just as thrilled about Ruby's success as she is," Al told me when we lunched together just prior to his departure for the coast, where Ruby and a new Warner Bros. contract awaited him. "But I don't want to see it consume her whole life. She is too young and too sensitive to be involved in the transient glory of a screen career.

"Now she is seeing everything through rose-colored glasses and she always will —because the moment I see stormy weather ahead, that's when I'll interfere—to save her from any heartbreak, not because I object to being called 'Mr. Keeler.'"

Swinging the conversation away from Ruby for the moment, I asked Al to tell me about *Wonder Bar*, his first picture under the Warner banner again.

He grinned. "Well, I'd like Lewis Stone, ZaSu Pitts and Nils Asther in the cast with me and I'd like to carry out the continental idea as it was originated abroad, with talent scoured from all over the world. But what I'm going to get will most likely be another story!

"Seriously though, I'm tickled to be back with Warner Bros. again. Pop and Mom Warner and all the boys are like my own family . . . and then, don't forget, I did clean up on their stock!"

And Al is still cleaning up—on the radio, in the market, on the horses, and on the screen. For after a quarter of a century, he is still the "world's greatest entertainer," lucky at gambling with life and love.

In Anticipation

CLAUDETTE COLBERT as Cleopatra.

Joan Crawford dancing with Fred Astaire in *Dancing Lady.*

The $75,000 swimming number staged by Busby Berkley for *Footlights On Parade.*

Mack Gordon and Harry Revel's songs in *Sitting Pretty.*

Jean Parker's death scene as Beth in *Little Women.*

The comedy capers of Sid Silvers, Charlie Butterworth and Harry Langdon in *My Weakness.*

Ernst Lubitch's direction of *Design for Living.*

An heir or heiress in the Karen Morley-Charles Vidor nursery.

Jean Harlow's knock 'em cold performance in *Dinner at Eight.*

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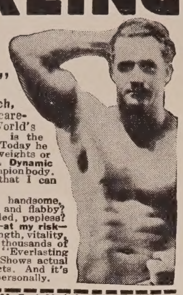

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LOS ANGELES

They Can't Get Their Teeth Into Anything

[*Continued from page 37*]

this country make no difference to nobody. But I am polite always time and tell I like it fine, because I am sorry for them because they do not know nothing else to talk about."

IN SHORT, Hollywood's a pretty boring place on the whole to these blubber-chewers from Alaska. Big stars don't mean two cents to them. One of the M-G-M guides, trying to make them feel at home, asked Philip Nunooruk if he would like to meet Garbo. A question like that would floor the ordinary visitor. Nunooruk merely grunted, "Who him?"

One of their chief complaints against Hollywood is that they can't find anything to get their teeth in. That, of course, is almost a favorite Hollywood complaint. Actors and actresses rebel when they are offered screen parts "they can't get their teeth into." The Eskimos aren't interested in lines of dialogue, however. They mean they can't find a nice, tough, well-jerked, dry hunk of blubber meat to gnaw on for breakfast. Upik, the little child actor in "Eskimo," kept his hardy diet in trim by digging out of the studio property room a cake of aged, dried codfish, hard as brick. Mr. Kamesuk, Upik's father, gave the boy a 50-cent reward for his enterprise. "Him smart boy," declared Mr. Kamesuk, beaming with pride.

Complaint Number two is lodged against the climate. The sun that is so essential for exterior scenes in motion pictures is simply a sore spot in their lives. They have had to abandon the fur-lined "parkas" and shoes to which they were accustomed when the company was on location in the ice flows on the schooner "Nanuk," the expedition's base of operations in the Arctic. California clothes are too light in weight, in their opinion. "Rain wash clothes away," suggests Romeo Nunooruk, wondering whether Californians find it embarrassing to be suddenly stripped naked by a cloudburst of rain.

American women form their third objection. In concert, except for Dortuk, who plays a rôle comparable to an ingenue in the picture, all the Eskimos consider the American woman much too frail. (Editor's note: The Eskimos haven't yet met Helen Wills.)

Even the California State Board of Education has not been spared the acrimony of Eskimo criticism. Twelve-year-old Romeo Nunooruk suffered the greatest mortification of his lifetime when he found that state law compelled attendance at the studio school, along with Jackie Cooper and other children engaged in picture work. Romeo scowled and flatly refused at first.

"Me, I have killed a walrus," he grumbled. "Me, I am a man. Only men kill walrus. Only children go to school."

Only his doglike admiration for Marie Dressler, who seems able to spread the warmth of her great nature into all nations and among all classes of people, prevented a complete strike. Miss Dressler took Romeo and Tad Alexander to the commissary and fed them ice cream, and listened to Romeo's enthusiastic story of a walrus hunt. She praised him for his courage, and won his confidence so completely that her advice to attend school was as good as a command. He obeyed.

No group of people, of course, no matter how simple or how haughty, could fail to have its vanity affected by Hollywood.

PHILIP NUNOORUK, who considers himself quite a blade in the icicle country, got a great kick from being photographed with Jean Harlow. He sent a print home to his wife, along with an effusive letter full of "uks," "iks" and "ibuks," describing Miss Harlow in glowing terms as "the lady with the white hair."

Leo Charles, who has lived at Nome for sometime, and Ibrulik, whose contact with white people enabled him to pick up a good deal of the language and a great deal of curiosity about white ways of living, took it upon themselves to board a trolley and visit the shopping centers of Hollywood.

Unfortunately, someone had told Leo about the "Brown Derby." He didn't understand that it was an eating place where most of Hollywood brightlights gather at noontime and after midnight to sip coffee and chat. "Brown Derby," sounded like some kind of hat. He got the impression somehow that a person had to wear a "Brown Derby" in order to be truly recognized as someone in Hollywood.

So he entered a haberdashery store with Ibrulik. No brown derbys were in stock. They visited another store. Same result. "No derbies, sorry," they were told. "But this beret here is the latest thing." So Leo Charles emerged with a beret, and a brown beret at that. Ibrulik after that kept his distance from Leo Charles, by walking either three steps behind or in front of him.

Night fell, hiding the shame of Leo Charles under the mantle of darkness, and making them think about getting back to Culver City, nine miles away. So they boarded the nearest trolley, ignorant that it was headed for Los Angeles instead of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They rode for two hours, trying to recognize some familiar building. They never thought to ask the conductor. Finally it reached the end of the line, emptied itself of all passengers because it was headed for the carbarns. Leo Charles and Ibrulik were overcome with confusion and hunger.

Hunger triumphed over confusion, so they entered a restaurant and ordered dinner. They ate, complainingly, of Southern California food. The check came, but their wallets were empty. So they followed a habit established in Seattle when the expedition landed there, and signed the check "M-G-M, Eskimos." In Seattle the production manager collected all the signed checks and paid for them. Here in Los Angeles there was no production manager. Police were summoned instead, for the proprietor was suspicious that a ruse was being perpetrated upon him. And if the policeman hadn't been kindly and phoned the studio for a car and money to retrieve them, Leo Charles and Ibrulik would have enjoyed a taste of California jails. Since then, all the Eskimos have stuck pretty close to Culver City.

The Beauty Cabinet

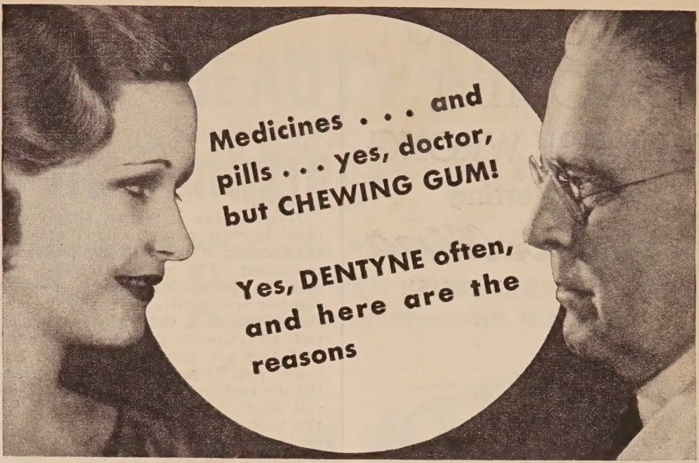
[*Continued from page* 48]

shampoo and wave their hair once every two weeks they have done their duty, and the only supplementary care they give it is two or three desultory combings each day. As a matter of fact, it should be brushed thoroughly at least once a day and the scalp should be massaged vigorously once a day. And, for anyone living in the city, once a week is certainly not too often to cleanse the hair and scalp. City grime is so plentiful and insistent that it becomes embedded in the hair and scalp two or three days after a shampoo, dulling the lustre of the hair and endangering the health of the scalp.

Before I go on to give you definite pointers on massaging, brushing and shampooing your hair, I must issue a few warnings. Select your beauty shop with care, and once you are satisfied with the sanitary standards and the services you receive there, patronize it exclusively. Be sure that all objects coming in contact with your hair or skin are thoroughly sterilized and that good standard supplies are used in giving shampoos, waves and facials. Combs that are not sterilized after being used are one of the worst carriers of dandruff. Unskilled and unethical beauty operators can also ruin your hair gradually by shampooing it in a hurried, inadequate fashion. They succeed in removing the oil and surplus dirt from your hair, but they leave embedded grime and dandruff particles. In order to be complete, a shampoo should be preceded by a thorough massage, and during the shampoo, the scalp should be massaged so thoroughly with the fingertips that no lurking dirt can remain.

Many operators, too, are responsible for patrons' scalp troubles because, when they give fingerwaves, they apply too much heavy, sticky lotion. If a fingerwaver knows her business, she can insert a good fingerwave that will last for a week or more, by using only the tiniest bit of wave lotion. It is the mark of an inexperienced, inferior fingerwaver to load the hair with heavy wave-set. Although the lotion itself will not cause dandruff, as many women believe (because of the fact that some cheap lotions form small flakes.), it form a thick film on the scalp when dry, clogging the pores and preventing the scalp from functioning properly. The dried wave-set also remains on the hair itself, causing it to look dull and powdery instead of bright and shining. Frankly, unless you can afford to visit a really good beauty salon where you will receive expert, conscientious attention, you had better care for your hair at home.

ONE OF the best aids for promoting hair beauty and scalp health is the oil treatment or oil shampoo. In the former, you massage your scalp and saturate your hair with a vegetable oil such as olive oil, and then wash out the oil by means of a regular soap shampoo; in the latter, the oil or soapless shampoo takes the place of both olive oil and the soap. If your hair is extremely dry and brittle, with split ends, you may prefer to give yourself hot olive oil treatments; but if your hair is oily or your scalp infected with dandruff you will find the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The Perfect Mascara

The Beauty Cabinet

[*Continued from page 61*]

soapless shampoo just what you need. At any rate, you should acquire the habit of either one or the other, instead of just giving yourself an ordinary soap shampoo.

Most women I, realize, simply douse their hair in a wash bowl and start shampooing it without any preliminary treatment. The proper method is to massage the scalp thoroughly for about eight or ten minutes, so that the circulation of blood in the scalp is stimulated and all clinging particles of dandruff and dust are loosened from the scalp. Your two thumbs should be pressed tightly and firmly against the temples and then you should rotate the balls of the four fingers of each hand all over the scalp. Start at the center of the crown of the head and work down to the ears, then all around the back of the head from the top down to the hairline. It is important that your fingers should really move the *flesh of the scalp.* You must not think that you are massaging your scalp correctly if you merely run your fingers over it. Make the scalp *move* under your fingers.

After about ten minutes of this, you should brush your hair for five minutes, strand by strand, in an upward, slanting motion. Bring the brush from the scalp out to the very ends of the hair. Unless you brush your hair in sections, with an upward motion, you cannot reach all of the hair and scalp. The popular method of plastering the hair closer and closer to the head with the brush does nothing for the underneath layers of hair or the scalp. Do not be too gentle with your brush. Use it vigorously, snappily, giving your hair some genuine *exercise.* These two manipulations, massaging and brushing, should be a daily occurence, remember, not just the preliminaries of your shampoo. Be as faithful about them as you are about brushing your teeth.

If you are giving yourself an oil shampoo, heat a small dish full of olive oil. See that it is quite hot, but not so hot as to be uncomfortable to the skin. Then, with a dab of cotton saturated with the oil, start to apply it to your scalp. Part your hair in inch-wide sections and place the oil in the part with a cotton-covered stick. You may find it easier to use just the cotton, without the stick. In fact, some women find that they can achieve best results by simply pouring a bit of the oil in the part and then using their fingers to massage it into the scalp. In applying the oil, the important thing is to cover the entire scalp and to saturate each hair completely without using so much oil that it drips. Usually from two to four tablespoonfuls of oil is sufficient for one head, unless the hair is exceptionally long and thick. After the oil is applied, in the case of the oil treatment, you should wrap steaming hot turkish towels around your head to increase the penetrative quality of the oil. As soon as one towel becomes cold, apply a hot one, keeping this up for five or eight minutes. This steaming is of great value to the hair and scalp for it forces the oil into the hair shafts and softens the scalp, making the hair softer and more pliable and the scalp cleaner and more normal.

After the hair has been steamed, you are ready for your soap and water shampoo. Or, in case this is a soapless shampoo you are giving yourself, you have merely to rinse the oil out of the hair with water. The better soapless shampoos are soluble in water, you know. If you are giving yourself an olive oil treatment, two or three soapings will usually remove every vestige of oil. To play safe, you should use a hand spray in rinsing your hair for it is imperative that all soap and oil particles be removed. A bathroom shower answers the purpose, provided it has a strong enough spray of water, but I think that a hand spray is about the most convenient and necessary aid to a good shampoo that can be imagined. You may think that by giving your head several dousings in clear water in the bathroom bowl you are getting all the soap or oil out, but you will find that you are mistaken.

If you are dissatisfied with the condition of your hair and scalp, and want my advice on how to care for it, I shall be glad to help you. I can tell you just what shampoos and tonics to use. And I also know of a hair brush that is excellent for the hair and scalp. This particular brush has strong, stiff bristles mounted on a curve, enabling you to reach the scalp on every stroke instead of merely skimming over the surface of the hair.

A Birthday Party

[*Continued from page 46*]

lightness of this sponge cake depends entirely upon the air beaten into the eggs, and great care must be exercised to handle the mixture in such a manner that none of the air cells will be broken down. Stirring must be avoided. The cake is mixed entirely by beating and folding, and ready for the pan, it will be a delicate and fluffy mass. Add the nuts to the yolks and sugar last of all. Frost with icing.

Icing on angel cake deserves attention. It will ruin a cake of the loveliest texture if care is not given. Easter icing is perfect for angel cake and it is easy to make.

Easter Icing

½ lb marshmallows
1 egg white
1 cup sugar
5 tablespoons water

Melt the marshmallows in double boiler, then make a boiled icing of one cup sugar and five tablespoonfuls of water; boil together until the syrup hairs; pour thin syrup hot over the beaten white of one egg; add the marshmallows and beat the mixture until thick and cool enough to spread between the layers and on the top of the cake.

"I Won't Marry An Actor"

[*Continued from page* 39]

have played the scene some other way, and that would get me more upset than ever. And after awhile I'd get resentful and think, 'why should his opinion on that scene be any better than mine?' And the first thing you know we'd get in a big fight about it."

GLENDA is the type of girl who would marry for love even though she happened to fall in love with a truck driver. But in her rational moments, when she isn't in love, she admits that her marriage could not be happy unless she would look up to and respect her husband.

"I want a man who will dominate me," she says. "And I need one who can advise me and help me in my work," she exclaimed.

"I wonder if he'll call me tonight," gasped Glenda with a worried frown, thinking of her heart interest.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "I got clear off the subject. Let me see now . . . . where was I?

"You started by telling me why you wouldn't marry an actor," I prompted.

"Yes, of course," she agreed. "When I marry I want my husband to be connected with the theatrical or movie industry, but I don't want him to be an actor. A director, an executive or a writer would suit me best. You see they lead more balanced lives than actors and a temperamental person like myself needs a balance wheel in a husband.

"I tell you actors are in a class by themselves. I love my profession and its the breath of life to me. But actors as a class are a crazy, temperamental lot and should never marry one another. Still, actors have plenty of good points," Glenda added. "We may be temperamental and all the rest, and I'll admit that we live hard and love equally hard. But when a love affair or a marriage breaks up, we don't hold grudges or grow bitter with regret.

GLENDA paused for breath. She talks with as much enthusiasm as she loves. And she has a sense of humor, too.

"You see," she grinned, "I really love the acting profession even though I don't want to marry an actor. But then why shouldn't I love it? I've never known anything else in my life. When I was seven years old I started acting on the stage in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I've never known anything but acting. You see, I was born in Enid, Oklahoma. But I ask you, what's there to keep a person in Enid! I guess I must have had a hunch about Enid even when I was seven."

Glenda, you see, has candor. She is worldly-wise and sophisticated. But at the same time she has an incurable streak of idealism and sentimentality. Behind all the surface cynicism developed by hard knocks she clings to passionate ideals.

"I think we all have an ideal in our dreams," she reflects. "And I think we all believe that we will find him and marry him some day. Of course you hear about scheming women who marry for money or social position or professional prestige. But I'd have to marry the man I loved even if he was a truck driver!

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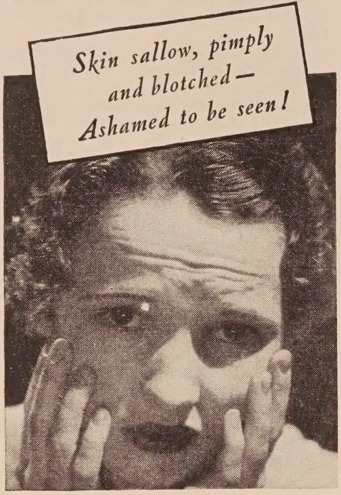
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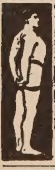

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A Mole Betrayed Her

[*Continued from page* 34]

March, 1931. Armed with these proofs he dashed to the studio to see Judith Allen.

Judith was on the set, working as Bing Crosby's leading lady in *Too Much Harmony*. The reporter cornered her.

"Are you the wife of Gus Sonnenberg?" he demanded.

"Who in the world is Gus Sonnenberg?" she asked in well-feigned astonishment.

"He's a wrestler and he was beaten in a match with Jim Browning last night," said the reporter.

"Oh," said Judith, "but how could I be married to him when I don't even know him?"

"Well, maybe these wedding pictures would help to remind you," blurted the reporter.

Judith inspected the pictures.

"That girl does look something like me," she said calmly. "But you can see for yourself that her name was Marie Elliot," she pointed out. "My name was Mari Colman before Mr. DeMille changed it and I have never been married."

Judith proved herself such a clever actress in this interview that she convinced the reporter. After all, the likeness of the girl in the picture of Judith Allen was rather vague. The newspaper clipping was a little faded anyway, since it was over two years old.

IN DISAPPOINTMENT the reporter looked at the girl in the clipping again. His eye gleamed.

"Say, turn your head around to the left," he demanded.

Judith obliged him.

"So you're not Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg?" he whooped. "Well, how did you get that little mole on the left side of your neck? Look, the girl in this picture has the same mole at exactly that same spot."

And Judith Allen burst into tears. Her hoax had been discovered!

A few hours later Judith told me the whole story. This time she told all the truth. And she wept copiously in the telling.

"I didn't mean to do anything wrong when I denied that I was married to Gus," she sobbed. "You see I am playing unsophisticated rôles in pictures and I was afraid that if people knew I had been married to a wrestler they wouldn't believe in my acting. I didn't want my marriage, which wasn't happy, to injure my career.

"When I left Gus in New York to come out here, he agreed to keep the secret with me. I believe he thought I'd get over the thrill of Hollywood and be content to return to him. But anyway he was an awful good sport about it.

"Well, now the secret is out, and I guess I'll be glad after the excitement dies down. You see pretending that I wasn't Mrs. Sonnenberg when Gus was right here in town for the past five weeks has been a terrible strain. And even before he came here I was afraid to go out for fear I'd be recognized. At least that's all over now."

Judith sobbed contritely. She was frightened.

"Gus is really a grand person, even if my marriage to him wasn't happy. He's no ordinary wrestler, you know. He is a college man and went to Dartmouth and Detroit University. He entered Dartmouth when he was sixteen and worked his way through school, too.

"He became a wrestler by accident. You see he was a football star at Dartmouth and after he left college he played some professional football. One night he and a bunch of fellows went to a wrestling match at Providence, Rhode Island.

"Just for the fun of it, they jibed the wrestlers. Gus kept calling out that he could throw any one of them. Finally the manager got up and challenged Gus to pick his opponent and meet him in a wrestling match one week later. Gus had to accept the challenge to keep from being razzed by his friends.

'He started training the next day. Jim Browning who defeated him last night, was one of the first to help Gus and teach him wrestling. Gus said that the night of that first wrestling match he was simply paralyzed with fright.

"When the gong rang he promptly forgot everything he had been taught in the past week. All he could see was the bare and unprotected stomach of his opponent. Since he had been a tackle on the Dartmouth football team, he just made a lunge for his opponent's stomach and threw him in 90 seconds. And that was how Gus originated the famous flying tackle in wrestling."

JUDITH spoke of her husband's athletic prowess with pride.

"It was no one's fault that our marriage was not happy. It was just a mistake. I was young and impulsive when I married Gus and I knew I had made a mistake during our honeymoon in Honolulu."

I asked Judith if she planned to sue for divorce here and she admitted that was her plan. Then I explained that it would be at least two years before she could win her freedom in this state, since she first would have to establish a year's residence before she could sue for a divorce and it would be a year after that before she could get her final decree.

Judith was frankly surprised.

"Two years is a long time, isn't it?" she commented.

And after Judith left my house she went straight to the hospital to see Gus, who is seriously ill with a heart disorder sustained in his last match. She spent two hours with Gus and they talked their difficulties over in a friendly fashion.

When Judith emerged from the hospital she announced that as soon as Gus is well enough, he will go to Reno to obtain a quick divorce. Then, returning to her own apartment, she discovered that it had been turned upside down by burglars who had ransacked the place and taken $25 in cash. All in all it was a bad day in the life of twenty-year-old Marie Elliot, Mari Colman-Judith Allen-Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg!

Detective writers are fond of writing about the perfect crime which might have been undetected except for some tiny clue. Judith Allen established a well-nigh perfect hoax in Hollywood. It would have been perfect if she had not borne that tell-tale mole on her neck which identified her as the wife of Gus Sonnenberg!

If I Were 50 Years Younger I'd be a Hellion

[*Continued from page* 26]

At the luncheon table, I asked Miss Robson how many plays she had appeared in on the stage,

"Oh Heavens, I don't know," she laughed, "we tried to count 'em one time and when we got up to 180 I was still a mere flapper, so we quit."

Miss Robson's energy is amazing. Placed under contract by M-G-M after her rôle as the mother of Joan Crawford in *Letty Lynton*, she has scarce been able to get her breath between rôles since.

"Grande dame or slavey, it's all one to me," she chuckles. "I usually played comedy parts on the stage but I don't suppose there's a type of rôle I've missed. I've even, if you please, played Shakespeare."

Miss Robson's husband, the late Doctor Brown, died some years ago and her *family*, as she calls it, consists of a Beverly Hills home, filled with birds, dogs and various other pets. Canaries are her favorites and for years she carried two of them on the road with her.

MANY years ago, the final curtain had been rung down on the first performance of that sterling melodrama, *The Hoop of Gold* and the girl who had played *Tilly*, the pitiful little London *slavey*, sat in the crude dressing room of the old Brooklyn Grand Opera House, removing her make-up. There was a knock at her door and the stage manager entered,

"For your very first performance, Miss May," said the old man, "you acted like a veteran. You ought to go far in this business."

"I intend to," said the girl soberly regarding herself in the cracked mirror above her dressing table, "yes, a long, long way."

That performance took place in the year 1884. Today May Robson, that grand old lady of the stage and screen, looks back upon fifty years of trouping, *without missing a single season!*

"Yes," she smiled, "forty-four years on the stage and six on the screen and I've never missed a season. I'm just getting a foothold on the screen and I look forward to building a new career."

May Robson was born in Melbourne, Australia, April 19, 1865, just as the American Civil War was closing. Her father was a captain in the British Royal Navy and her education was, as she puts it, gathered in fits and jerks, in Brussels, London and Paris.

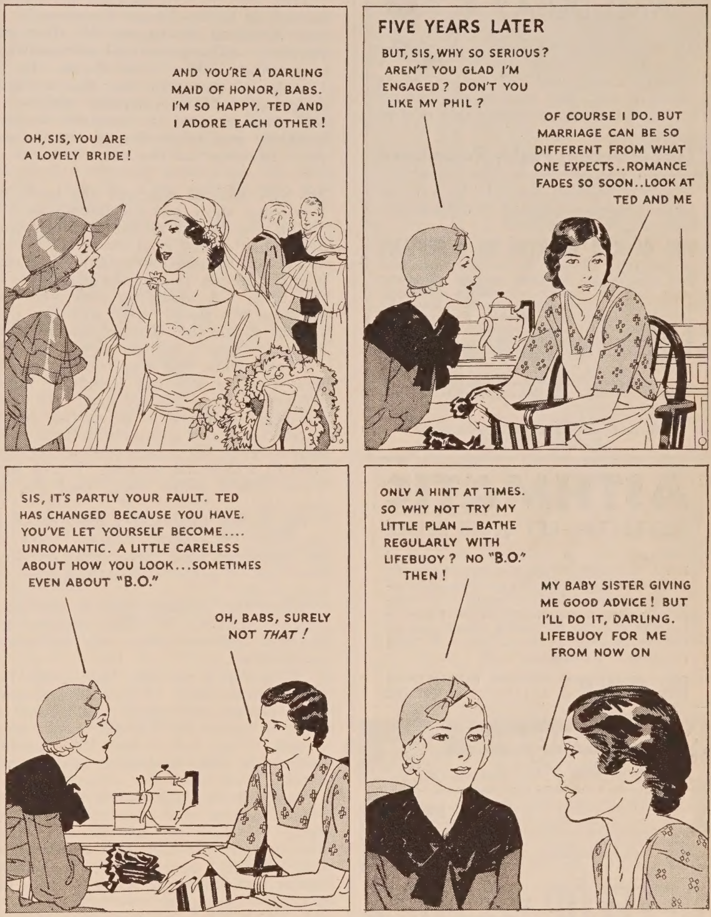
"I was nineteen when I played my first rôle," she admits with a sly smile, "and I feel just as young now as I did then, although there are just a few more wrinkles around the eyes, I believe."

For ready wit, energy and vivaciousness, this sixty-eight year old veteran can put many of Hollywood's ingenues to shame. She can work beneath the hot lights of a movie set until prop boys are ready to drop with fatigue and still have a twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips.

Fifty years a trouper and ready for new world's to conquor!

No wonder they call her the screen's Grandest Old Lady and that even hoydenish, hardened Hollwood doffs its hat to May Robson.

WISE WORDS FROM HER "BABY SISTER" by Timmins


OH, SIS, YOU ARE A LOVELY BRIDE!
AND YOU'RE A DARLING MAID OF HONOR, BABS. I'M SO HAPPY. TED AND I ADORE EACH OTHER!
FIVE YEARS LATER
BUT, SIS, WHY SO SERIOUS? AREN'T YOU GLAD I'M ENGAGED? DON'T YOU LIKE MY PHIL?
OF COURSE I DO. BUT MARRIAGE CAN BE SO DIFFERENT FROM WHAT ONE EXPECTS..ROMANCE FADES SO SOON..LOOK AT TED AND ME
SIS, IT'S PARTLY YOUR FAULT. TED HAS CHANGED BECAUSE YOU HAVE. YOU'VE LET YOURSELF BECOME.... UNROMANTIC. A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT HOW YOU LOOK...SOMETIMES EVEN ABOUT "B.O."
OH, BABS, SURELY NOT *THAT*!
ONLY A HINT AT TIMES. SO WHY NOT TRY MY LITTLE PLAN — BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBUOY? NO "B.O." THEN!
MY BABY SISTER GIVING ME GOOD ADVICE! BUT I'LL DO IT, DARLING. LIFEBUOY FOR ME FROM NOW ON

"B.O." GONE — *romance returns!*
BABS WAS A PRETTY BRIDE. BUT THE REAL HIT OF THE WEDDING WAS — MY WIFE!
TED, STOP YOUR *JOKING!* I ONLY HOPE BABS AND PHIL WILL BE AS HAPPY AS WE ARE

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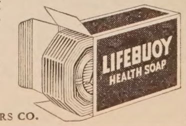
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Read "The Fashion World Goes Mae West" in November SCREEN BOOK

She Cheated Death

[*Continued from page 35*]

often. Finally they came out and the stage manager said: "This is Mr. Carroll . . ."

They had, it seemed, built up a story around a name—"June Brewster." It had appeared in papers all over the country. The-girl-who-had-run-away-on-the-threshold-of-fame theme. In the *Vanities* of that year they had a "Miss America," a "Miss Universe" and so on but they wanted a mystery beauty. Kathleen was selected—and she became June Brewster at the same time.

IN SIX months she was the most renowned show girl on Broadway.

You saw her at all the smartest supper clubs . . . and read about her doings in Walter Winchell's column. She was, in other words, one of the highlights of the town. A sparkling girl who had no time for sleep. Life was her own special bottle of champagne—and she drank it from a golden slipper . . .

It was while she was playing in *The New Yorkers* that two significant things occurred. She collapsed after the show one night and had to be carried home. Later that week a motion picture company offered her a test and a contract, both of which she refused. Leave New York? She'd rather die! And she almost did . . .

The doctor suggested a dude ranch in the West for several months. "Not for me," declared June, "they can have their fresh air. I prefer the antique kind we have here!"

Youth that couldn't believe the black shadow stalking it. That wanted the fun and brilliance that only Broadway could offer . . .

"If you're lucky you have about two years left to live." A terrible ultimatum when you're only twenty. But June refused to accept it. The physicians were wrong. They *had* to be. You couldn't be so sick when you were having such a good time.

And suddenly the "good time" went flat. The fun was gone out of everything. She had kept her illness a secret from her friends and they wondered at this strangely hectic June. It became harder and harder to be the "life of the party." Her gaiety was false.

In a daze she read Carroll's telegram. She was to be a lead in one of his road shows. Which meant that he had her slated for stardom in New York. That was the way he did it—sent a girl out on the road for a season and then she became a principal back on Broadway.

But to have that chance come *now* when her body was wracked with coughing . . . June decided to accept it. Being in a show with the promise of 42nd Street fame later was the one way she could wean herself away from the city she all but worshipped.

THE whole thing became a nightmare. Tortured hours waiting for the curtain to go up, and fainting evening after evening when it fell. They tried to force her to quit, to go to a hospital. "I'll be all right tomorrow." Always tomorrow.

If she could only hold out as far as St. Louis. She had relatives there. She wanted to prove to them she had really made good—was a *lead* . . . June had no recollection of how she went through the opening night. But she did, up until the final curtain—then they took her out, unconscious, on a stretcher.

That's how it happened that June finally *did* come to Hollywood. Not in search of Klieg lights but rather of violet rays. She arrived "with 152 bottles of perfume, a blood pressure of ninety—and a two weeks' notice."

Two weeks, said the medico, then her particular curtain would ring down for the very last time . . .

But of course he was overlooking the Irish in Miss Brewster of Broadway. She decided she was going to get well—and not take too long about it either. She worked as hard to regain her health as she had previously played.

The allotted fourteen days slipped into twenty-one, into thirty. "A miracle," muttered the medico. "Nonsense," said June. "You watch me!" He did. He saw her blossom out into a new person, scrupulously obeying his orders, scorning sympathy. It was not easy for June—that transformation from a palpitating party girl to a stay-at-home miss.

Three of her beaux trailed her West. They couldn't believe their eyes when June ordered a head of lettuce for dinner and smiled good-night to them at seven. *Seven!* What was this world coming to?

It was beginning to have a bright glow for June. She gained fourteen pounds. There was nothing forced about her smile now.

One morning she went with a friend, the wife of Dudley Murphy, the director, to the set where he was working over at Radio Pictures. As they made their way across the stage she told Mrs. Murphy: "I'm so blue and homesick for New York I've *got* to go back. Let's go to the depot from here and see about my ticket."

They never did. For the simple reason that thirty minutes after they'd arrived June was in make-up in front of the camera. The show girl who was supposed to do a bit in *Sport Parade* failed to put in an appearance. There was no time to send for someone else and the director asked June to do it.

By sheer coincidence, the associate producer who had asked June to take a test in the East was present at the first preview of *Sport Parade.* "That girl drinking out of a flask—isn't that June Brewster?" The next morning she received a call from the studio—and the same day they signed her to appear opposite Phil Harris in *So This Is Harris.*

They wrote a part in *Melody Cruise* especially for her and a lot of stored up Irish pep went into it. So much so that June was presented with a neatly printed piece of paper stating that her services were required at the *RKO* studios for several years to come.

And what does she think of Hollywood now? "I'll tell you what it means to me,"—seriously, with green eyes shining—"It means *resurrection.* A new lease on life. I feel I'm actually getting somewhere at last."

She is—this spunky red-head who tried to keep her tryst with death a secret—and tripped right into a movie contract . . .

The Fire Chief Views Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 17]

"But seriously, what do you think of Hollywood, Mr. Wynn?"

"Seriously what do I think of Hollywood," Wynn chewed his front finger nail thoughtfully, "Seriously what do I think of Hollywood. Well, in the first place, I refuse to think and if I was going to think, I'd refuse to think seriously about Hollywood. You can't, you simply can't! A lot of nice people, you know, a lot of nice people come from Hollywood and the nicer they are the quicker they come.

"But this divorce business, this divorce business out here in Hollywood is terrible. Doug and Joan and Doug and Mary and Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, Oh, it's terrible. It makes me think of the woman I once knew out here, she was the wife of a star and she was divorced so many times that she wanted to form a Wife-Of-The-Month Club!

"Yes, I'm going to make a picture. No, I don't know what they'll call it, they don't know what they'll call it, my Gawd *nobody* knows what they'll call it. It starts in a newspaper office and the paper is called the *Bugle Express*, that's because its owned by a nose doctor. I play a bow-legged man and I'm so bow-legged . . . so bow-legged that I look like I had got wet and dried out over a barrel. S-o-o-o-o!"

"And the funny noise you make on the radio, Mr. Wynn, that 's-o-o-o' business. How did that originate?"

"That was orignally the mating cry of the bull bed-bug," explained Mr. Wynn, "but I do it now so I won't hear people laughing. I hate for people to laugh at my jokes. Say, here's a good gag. A man . . . a man but say, they wanted me to wear false teeth in this picture but I wouldn't do it. They looked like they were parted in the middle.

"But speaking of bed bugs," Mr. Wynn scratched reflectively, "you knew of course that I'm an inventor too? Well, before I left New York they told me that the bed bugs were something *terrible* out here so I made an invention. You see I made a little bed, just a tiny itty bed. I set that in one corner of the room and then I go get in the big bed. The idea is you see, the idea is that the bed bugs will go to sleep in their own little bed and let me alone.

"Everybody is crazy about reducing out here," resumed Mr. Wynn, "and they want me to reduce for my picture. But in New York that's the place to reduce. In New York I knew a woman . . . a woman who lost two hundred pounds of flesh in one day!"

"Oh please now, Mr. Wynn, you're not the *Baron Munchausen.* How could a woman lose two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh in one day?"

"Her husband left her! S-o-o-o-o-o!"

Mr. Wynn's trip out was a huge success. At one station a mother brought her little daughter to meet him.

"She's the brightest little girl in her class," gushed the proud mother, "and she's studying French, Italian, German and algebra. Come darling, say something to Mr. Wynn in algebra!"

"And at Topeka Kansas," relates Mr. Wynn, "what a demonstration. Thousands of people were on the platform. I could hear them all yelling but I couldn't hear what they were saying. I put on my Fire Chief hat and stepped to the door. Then I heard them all right. They were all yelling, *We Want Cantor! We Want Cantor!*

"Have you seen many old friends out here, Mr. Wynn, people you know?

"Yes, yes. On the set the other day I met an Indian I used to know in Arizona. He's working as an extra. I asked him why he left the tribe and he told me. It seems he went to New York and began to sell his blood for blood transfusions. He sold so much of his blood that when he came back, the tribe kicked him out. They said he was now only a half-breed."

A devoted fight fan, Mr. Wynn accompanied Chuck Reisner, his director to the Legion Stadium.

"There was a man got a terrible beating, a terrible beating. You see when his seconds saw that he was getting whipped, they threw a towel in the ring but this man just kept on fighting. You see he was a Russian and he didn't know what a towel was.

"I actually never saw so many parasites as you have out here," said Mr. Wynn frowning. "Dear, dear me . . . but say . . . do you know what a parasite is? No? Well a parasite . . a parasite is a man who goes through a revolving door on your push."

In the cafe that evening, a friend of Mr. Wynn's walked up to the table.

"Gee, that's a beautiful monogram you have on your shirt front, Ed." he commented.

"That's no monogram," said Wynn, "I'm eating alphabet soup!"

Hollywood's bridge hounds have attempted to get Mr. Wynn to play.

"Why they tried to cheat me," he was horrified, "One man and his wife had a system that they signaled each other by sniffing. That's what I call a code in the nose.

"The town may be full of reconditioned blondes," continued Mr. Wynn "and I'm beginning to think, after all the new divorces out here, that the statue of Liberty is the only woman in America not drawing alimony. But speaking of blondes . . . I met a blonde on the set here the other day I used to know in New York. She used to be a telephone operator. I asked her how she happened to get into pictures and she told me it was because she had such grand trunk lines. S-o-o-o!"

Mr. Wynn paused a moment to hold his head. I thought I noticed circles under his eyes and I inquired.

"Yes, I went to a Hollywood party last night. The gin is ended but the malady lingers on. I drank some Bolshevik rye there too, one shot and you see red!"

It was a shame about an old friend of Mr. Wynn's that he met at the studio, disguised as an Italian laborer.

"Why Freddie," exclaimed Mr. Wynn, "what are you doing working as a laborer, a fine actor like you?"

"I'm behind in my alimony," said his friend, "and I'm making a personal disappearance!"

And so no wonder Ed Wynn has Hollywood seeking its cyclone cellars. He has been in town only two weeks and already people are beginning to cut out paper dolls.

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The Landlady of Malibu

[*Continued from page* 15]

went by, a road, now the Roosevelt highway, was built along the beach. When the workmen reached the Southern boundary of the Rancho Malibu, they were confronted by armed guards. Mrs. Rindge refused them permission to cut the road through her property.

"I have been accused of many things, including a lack of public spirit," said Mrs. Rindge when I talked to her in her office in a downtown office building, "but it was sentiment which inspired me to forbid a road through the rancho. I knew that once we let down the bars, the ancient beauty of the place would be forever destroyed. I held out for years but finally lost in the courts."

And so at last the road was cut through Malibu in 1926. It was the year before that a movie company, who had obtained permission to use a portion of the ranch for a location, had been impressed by the natural beauties of the place. Members of the movie colony began to opportune Mrs. Rindge for permission to buy beach property. At first she refused. At last, however, she did consent to permit certain selected people to lease sites and erect beach houses on them. These leases were for a period of ten years, with a five year renewal privilege and so the Malibu Beach movie colony began.

MALIBU afforded the stars the privacy they sought. At first only a few dared move so far from Hollywood, but as the reputation of the colony grew, more and more of the stars began to recognize its advantages. Today it is by far the most popular beach colony within reach of Hollywood, composed almost exclusively of movie folk.

But the troubles of Mrs. Rindge were not over. Two lawyers, searching old records, decided that certain portions of the Malibu beach were not covered by the Spanish grant and were therefore open to homesteading. Quietly they disposed of the right to this questioned property, charging from $500 to $1,500 for the doubtful privilege of squatting on Malibu beach property. One night a call from Los Angeles informed Mr. Van Tol that a group of several hundred men, mostly ex-war veterans, were descending upon Malibu with the intention of taking forcible possession of portions of the beach.

With his customary coolness, Van Tol met the invaders, headed by their attorneys, at the boundary line. Behind him were more than fifty mounted men, armed with revolvers, rifles and pick handles.

"We will shoot the first man to set foot over the line," said Van Tol.

"You wouldn't dare," said one of the lawyers.

"Wouldn't we," said Van Tol grimly, "suppose *you* try it and see."

The invasion was checked but for months it was necessary to maintain armed guards at the boundary. The matter went into court and as this is written, the attorneys are being sued for several hundred thousand dollars by their disappointed dupes.

The present area of the Rancho Malibu comprises some 13,800 acres, extending twenty-three miles along the coast line. Under the supervision of Mr. Van Tol, huge herds of cattle range the hills and the round-up is held, just as in the olden days. Four main camps are situated in strategic points, out of which these modern *vaqueros* work. Each man is a deputy sheriff, capable and ready to protect the rancho from invaders. Even in this modern day, raids by cattle rustlers are not infrequent and many a conflict, unchronicled by the press, takes place deep in the Malibu canyons.

OFFENDERS and criminals who come into the clutches of the Malibu police are at least accorded the privilege of being tried in what is probably the most attractive court house in America. Built of adobe, the courtroom is furnished in mission style, trimmed in red Spanish leather. Over this presides Judge John H. Webster, a former Los Angeles business man who retired to the Malibu to regain his health.

"We seldom have any trouble," he insists, "except small legal disputes and speeders or some vagrant caught prowling. Nothing real exciting has happened since the night Rex Leash socked Vivian Duncan in the eye."

It was sentiment, insists Mrs. Rindge, which prompted her to so long keep the Malibu closed. She is a lover of nature and during my tour of the ranch in Mr. Van Tol's car, herds of deer and coveys of quail moved leisurely out of our path, not the least alarmed by our presence.

"Malibu is a huge game preserve," said Van Tol, "for Mrs. Rindge will not permit even a sparrow to be killed. It swarms with deer, wildcat, quail and other game because it has not been hunted in years."

Believing that those who are not so affluent as the movie stars should have an opportunity to enjoy the beauties of Malibu beaches, Mrs. Rindge has recently opened another tract, north of the present beach colony. There beautiful beach sites may be had for nominal sums and the same sun which shines upon the stars, will give the same sun tan.

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Analyzing the Hollywood Divorce Epidemic

[*Continued from page* 12]

lous," she cried. "Do you mean to tell me that screen acting has usurped my instinctive woman's nature? A woman always knows when she falls in love. No work she could possibly do would ever change *that!*"

This young lady was twenty-five when our conversation took place. Ten years have passed. The fact is, although she has often been mentioned as having affairs, that she is not married yet!

Another angle to consider is that the work of the actor does not harmonize well with home and family life as these are ordinarily conceived.

MOTION picture work is terrifically hard and many of the participants want to tumble into bed from sheer exhaustion as soon as they set foot inside their own doorstep. Companionship is a mighty strong cement with which to hold a man and woman together while fatigue leads to boredom and the desire not to be bothered.

And then this matter of babies!

To be sure, couples exist in the Hollywood colony who have youngsters and both parents and offspring seem to thrive. Yet I need not point out to a woman reader that the birth of a child, together with its rearing and general care, are not specially conducive to the maintenance of a girlish figure and steady nerves.

"All right," I seem to hear you say. "Suppose I grant all the arguments advanced. There still remains to be explained why the movie divorce mill should suddenly become overactive."

May I hasten to reply that all pronounced or unusual phenomena are brought about not by a single cause, but always by *two* causes?

The first of these we may designate as the *underlying* cause; the second, as the *precipitating* cause.

The underlying cause usually is composed of many factors; the precipitating cause—the proverbial "straw that breaks the camel's back"—of one.

By way of illustration of this scientific fact suppose we consider the Great War. Military rivalry between the various European countries had existed for a generation or longer; particularly was the growing power of Germany feared. All this, of course, constituted the underlying cause of the war. When finally, that Austrian Archduke was assassinated, it was like applying a match to the fuse of a bomb and—presto!—the precipitating cause of the war was established.

The underlying cause for the high percentage of divorces among screen people is to be found in their fundamental peculiarities in character make-up and work which have already been discussed.

For the precipitating cause we must look to the present state of unrest and uncertainty that we all know is world-wide today and which has affected Hollywood with greater force than most places.

Since every Hollywood marriage is a precarious adventure at best, and its stability is that of a house built upon the sand, it stands to reason that a union between movie actors is influenced much more decidedly by changing conditions than is, for example, a marriage contracted between average individuals.

First of all the movie people have had to take salary cuts. Secondly, production plans nowadays do not call for as many long-term contracts as formerly. Thirdly, the prestige of every star is constantly being threatened by the influx of new actors who are recruited from the legitimate stage and who often are engaged to do the picture of the hit play in which they acted on Broadway.

In summary one might say that the future—economic as well as artistic—of the movie star is no longer assured as it formerly was. Naturally, this breeds discontent. And in persons who are so pronouncedly emotional anyway such discontent inevitably makes for marital discord, what so nicely is phrased in divorce papers as "incompatibility of temperament."

AT BEST all marriages have always been difficult in Hollywood. All likewise have been alike in being different from those of other "non-professional" people. The defects that were patent then are creaking and groaning now. The present disjointed times have exaggerated everything.

It would not surprise me, also, if some of those who are being divorced are a bit fed up with the conditions that prevail and are eager for a change all around. "If it is desirable to look for a new job why not make a clean break and change husband or wife as well?" At least a philosophy such as this would not be incompatible with the shallowness of feeling that so often seems to characterize the love relationships of screen celebrities.

Lastly, we must consider one more factor as causative in precipitating the Hollywood divorce epidemic.

This concerns the actor's well-known streak of *suggestibility*.

The nature of his work, really, makes him a suggestible person. Learning new parts, being constantly shown by the director what to do, forever *imitating*—well, although such imitation soon becomes a habit it nevertheless functions in this particular analysis as a precipitating cause rather than an underlying one.

It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that "John" or "Mary" begin to think about untying the knot and trying again when two or three of their actor friends are doing that very thing.

According to the psychological laws underlying suggestibility, the chances of a fourth divorce within any social group are greater after there has been a third such divorce, than are the chances of there being a third divorce after a second.

And, to be sure, if the number of divorces, undoubtedly influenced by suggestibility, keeps mounting to a dozen or more there is, theoretically at least, no limit to which this mounting suggestibility may not go.

That is why I said in the very beginning that the Hollywood divorce spectacle we behold at the present time has by no means reached its limit!

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She Walks Alone

[*Continued from page* 16]

I REMEMBER being in her studio dressing room one day when a cable came from him. From Siam, I think it was. "Dear Douglas . . . He says he's bagged two more tigers!" She laughed but there was something unsteady about it. Something that caused a catch in my throat because, along with 120,000,000 others, I'm very fond of this little Pickford person. The thought came to me then: "You're putting up a front for my sake, Mary. But you're afraid of that unnamed bugaboo threatening your marriage. If you were alone you'd sob your heart out . . . "

And not so long ago we were up in her suite at "Pickfair" and she showed me a cluster of wilted orchids. Rare specimens that Douglas had brought her. "I've kept them *nine weeks* . . . They were so lovely . . . Instead of just throwing them away I believe I'll bury them." But from the look in her eyes it was not of the flowers that she was thinking. It was of something sweet and exquisite that she was going to have to bury along with them . . .

When you read this, the honeymoon house of Pickfair will be a house divided. In all probability divorce proceedings will be well under way.

The royal family of filmdom has severed its ties. First Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr. And now the elder Fairbanks and Mary.

But the queen still holds sway . . . In fact, I truthfully believe her grasp of the sceptre is even more firm. Because Mary Pickford has been primarily the wife and secondly the actress for ten years. The plans she has made for her career have been subservient to Douglas' plans for globe-trotting. Subsequently there has been much doubt and indecision concerning her plays.

All that is over now. Mary's mind is at ease for the first time in many months. She knows what she is going to do. She is going to give herself completely and entirely to the work she loves. *Not only as a star but as a producer of other pictures than her own.* Negotiations for a new Mary Pickford company are already under way. Undoubtedly she will build up a strong producing unit with the best available writers, directors and players under contract. If she executes some of her unique ideas—and in all likelihood she will—we can expect some startling and much-for-the-better changes in movies.

It's been said that she would live in the south of France in the future. Another fantastic idea. Mary's home always will be Hollywood. But that home will not be the famous "Pickfair.

THE first thing she did when she came to her drastic and sudden decision on separation was to place it on the market. *Pickfair for sale.* Those three words write "finis" to a charming chapter in Hollywood's history. A chapter that began when Douglas brought her there as a bride thirteen years ago.

"A *house* isn't a *home*," she told me once, "until it begins to have dear associations. That is why we decided to do this place over instead of buying or building a new one. Every corner holds a memory close to us . . ."

And said Doug: "Don't let's renovate the dining room, Mary. We've had such good times here. Marriage feasts and parties and wonderful talks. I would like it to stay just as it is." And so it stayed . . .

House of memories—Easy to see why it's impossible for Mary to remain. Easy to see why, when a rift seemed imminent, Douglas asked her to close it.

Strictly speaking, it is his property. A $400,000 establishment that is said to cost $100,000 yearly to maintain.

Celebrities from all over the world have been entertained there. Among them, Prince George of England, the Duke of Apulia, the Duke of Sutherland, and Sir Austen Chamberlain. Hollywood's most brilliant balls have been held in its drawing room and foyer. But it wasn't so much for that "Pickfair" was noted. It was for the serenity and unbelievable peace that pervaded its walls and for the comfort hundreds of unknowns found there. *"I wish I could find a way to endow it so that people could find rest here and enjoy these things after I'm gone."* That was Mary's thought. Never to be fulfilled now.

I HAVE reason to believe that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are still in love with each other. That had Douglas continued active in his career, absorbed in it, there would have been no marital break.

Very possibly had he been able to go ahead with the Chinese story he had in mind, the present separation never would have occurred. "What Douglas needs," an intimate friend of his told me, "is to go to work . . ." And thereby hangs a tale. The true account of the events leading up to his spur-of-the-moment departure for London last June.

Not in years had he been so enthusiastic over an idea for a picture. A really smashing plot is to a star of Doug's calibre what the sudden inheritance of a fortune is to most of us. It was to be a bigger production than *Robin Hood*—better even than *The Thief of Bagdad.* Peking was to be the locale and Mary had agreed to go over and help with the operations. But the war in the Orient took an abrupt turn with Peking as the Japanese objective. It isn't so pleasant to scale the Great Wall of China, call "shoot" to your cameraman—and have the enemy bombs answer you!

Doug came home more crestfallen than I ever expected to see him. He acknowledged that not being able to make that picture was about the biggest disappointment of his life. In true Fairbanks' style he tried to pass it off facetiously: "Those fellows over there wouldn't listen to reason. We tried to make the Japs and Chinese cease firing at certain hours—told them they could sit back on their guns and watch a movie in the making. Why, we even offered to give them the benefit of the darkness if *they* would give us the benefit of the light. And would they do it? They would not!"

And in characteristic fashion he was off again. This time to his estate, the Rancho Zorro, near San Diego. Doug has spent approximately eight weeks out

[*Continued on page* 72]

Mary and Doug—in the good old days of Pickfair romance. They constituted America's ideal couple

"I'll Marry an Actor!"

[*Continued from page 38*]

makes any difference in a marriage when the wife is more famous than her husband?"

"Oh, no," she said, quick to see what I was thinking. "When Grant and I were married he was much more famous than I and making a lot more money. But after we married the situation was reversed and I made three times as much as he. Still that never made any difference as far as I was concerned, and I'm positive it didn't matter to Grant."

"Where would you look for your ideal man?" I inquired.

Loretta was silent a full minute. All the sparkle and vivacity left her face.

"I thought Grant was my ideal when I married him," she said simply. "But it didn't work out that way. Really it was no one's fault. I was just a kid."

"You are still just a child," I added. "Why at your age most girls are still in school, and you . . . ."

"Yes, I know just what you are thinking," she interrupted. "I realize I'm different from the average girl of my age. I don't say I'm advanced ten years. It's not that. But when most girls are in the eighth grade, I was in pictures. And by the time I was seventeen, when I should have been in High School, I had been married and divorced."

No wonder life is a serious business for Loretta. Why she discusses the younger generation just as our grandmothers do today. Loretta has had the experiences of a lifetime. She has known the ecstasy of an elopement and the heartache of a shattered marriage. And at the same time she has the fame of a star and the admiration of thousands. Most young girls her age would have been embittered or else had their heads turned. But Loretta has her feet firmly on the ground.

"I believe many young girls marry just to find out what life is all about," said Loretta. "And then, when that first ardent love is over, they find there is nothing to keep the marriage going. And when there are children, that adds to the complications.

"Younger people take a broken romance so much to heart. They haven't the maturity nor experience to realize it was a mistake. Often those broken marriages ruin their lives. I could never advocate companionate marriage, but surely society will solve this problem of unhappy marriages eventually."

LORETTA suddenly seemed to realize the serious vein her conversation had taken, and she smiled impishly.

"A young married friend recently told me she considered sex the most overrated sport on earth!" she laughed. "Only young girls have to find that out for themselves."

But young as she is, Loretta is too well-balanced to allow one unhappy marriage to destroy her illusions.

"I owe so much of my philosophy to a Jesuit priest who happens to be one of the best friends I ever had," she explained. "When Grant and I were having trouble and separation loomed, I dramatized myself like most actresses and with many flourishes of my arms announced that I couldn't possibly bear it.

"But this good priest took me aside and told me that the world was not interested whether I could bear it or not. Then he told me if I would face my difficulties bravely people would sympathize with me and admire my courage in the face of heart-break. And that is why I still have illusions. That priest made me realize that I should never let one man destroy my faith in all mankind."

"You actresses have something to live up to," I remarked. "Do you realize you are a class apart as far as the rest of the world is concerned? You have glamour, fame and beauty—everything the average girl craves. And those average girls worship you. Just look at your little sister. *She* worships you!"

"Don't I know all that," explained Loretta. "Why that child watches every move I make. If I wear my scarf tied a certain way, the very next time I see her she has a scarf tied just like mine. The other night I took a cocktail before dinner, and as usual my sister wanted what I had.

"I poured a few drops of my cocktail in a glass and filled it with water. But little sister refused to touch it. 'You didn't put any water in yours, Loretta'," she pouted.

"I often wish that young girls could realize that actresses make mistakes just like anyone else," she continued pensively.

"I RECALL an incident so plainly at the time Grant and I were breaking up. One day a woman came to me. She was almost frantic because her only daughter, just sixteen, was determined to marry a man of whom she disapproved. The girl was so adamant she vowed she would elope if she couldn't get her mother's consent.

"'And when I tried to argue with her,' wailed the mother, 'she said, "Well, Loretta Young eloped. Why shouldn't I?"'

"Grant and I were not ready to announce our coming separation at that time. So you can imagine how that made me feel! But I begged the mother to tell her daughter to hold off at least two weeks to think it over. I knew by that time our separation would be announced."

I am convinced that it was not merely good luck that brought Loretta Young success. She has a goal toward which she constantly reaches. She works very hard and goes out to very few parties. And apparently she does not miss the social gaiety of Hollywood.

"When love comes to me," she smiled, "I will gladly give up my career if I must choose between marriage and a career. After all, I'm just an average, normal girl, and I want a happy marriage and children.

"I don't say what the man I marry will be like. I don't even know what I want him to look like. But I will know him when he comes along. And I'm sure that he will be an actor!"

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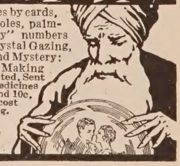

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She Walks Alone

[*Continued from page* 70]

of the last 104 at Pickfair. During all that time the rancho manager has been trying to corner him long enough to settle important details regarding the development of the property. "All right," said Doug finally, "I'll go down there for five days." Consequently the manager assembled horticultural experts, forestry men, noted engineers. Doug looked at the plans and surveyed the territory from a hilltop. He waved an arm. "Great idea," he declared. "Go ahead!" And thirty minutes after he had arrived he'd left!

He was to meet Mary in Chicago and they were to go on to New York together for a conference of United Artists executives. What was Mary's surprise to see him smiling on the station platform in Albuquerque when her train pulled in. Doug flew on East. He closed his part of the conference in an hour while the others took five weeks. At four that afternoon he decided he was going to Europe to work on another story. At midnight he sailed . . . Mary went down to see him off. It was the last time she saw him before making the announcement which rocked filmdom . . .

"A separation between Douglas and me is contemplated . . . if there should be a divorce the grounds will be incompatibility . . . Beyond that there is nothing to say."

And I doubt very much if Mary ever elaborates on that sparse statement to the press. What she has to say will be said in court—privately if possible. Her one thought is not to embarrass Douglas in any way.

THERE is a new dignity about Mary Pickford these days. She goes about quietly, smilingly, preparing for her new picture. If there is heartbreak behind that smile no one—not even her intimates—will ever know. Her closest confidant, the mother she adored, is dead. So Mary says nothing to anyone.

And Douglas? It is rumored of course that he will marry a titled English woman, cousin of the Prince of Wales. But Douglas is unpredictable. There is no more basis to that rumor than to the one that Mary and Maurice Chevalier will wed.

In the meantime the flag at Pickfair is hauled down. An end to Hollywood's most idealistic romance.

But the queen carries on—alone . . .

THE MAN HOLLYWOOD TRIED TO FORGET

Who is he? SCREEN BOOK tells all about him and his efforts to find a place for himself next month.

Watch for this feature!

"I've Stopped Planning Ahead"

[*Continued from page 23*]

her—or if I had not been actually working on the set of *Hold Your Man*. And Walter Winchell declares in his column that I said I'd never work with Clark Gable again. I'd rather work with Clark than with anyone else, and everyone around here knows it!

"Just this morning I received a letter from my grandmother in Kansas City. She's nearly frantic. For two days reporters have been besieging the house wanting to know where it was that I married that millionaire from Shreveport, La. Now if they'd be kind enough to introduce me to him. . . .

"In fact, it would be very nice if I were introduced to all these reported 'big moments' of mine. Last spring I really was. Down at the Miramar hotel in Santa Monica a drama editor brought Jay Widden, the orchestra leader, over to my table and said, 'Meet the man you're supposed to have been romancing with these last two months!' It would be pretty embarrassing if they were not all such good sports."

You can readily understand why Jean Harlow does not make dates with any one man! She either goes out with a married couple or two or three old friends.

"Orchestra men seem to be my weakness—if you can credit all you hear"—again that chuckle. "In Chicago where I was visiting recently they had me in love with a singer in one of the night clubs. 'Jean Harlow,' so the notices ran, 'is a nightly visitor at a certain supper club where she casts fond glances at the crooner . . . ' This is the story behind *that* rumor. The wife of the orchestra leader there is one of my best friends and I was staying at her house. Naturally we frequented that supper club. The crooner happens to have a voice of exceptional quality and if I was casting fond glances in his direction it was because I like good singing and good music!

"Queer things happened in Chicago that I want to set straight. For example, the morning before we left mother read a leading columnist's account of how I had failed to appear the night before at the Hollywood concession of the World's Fair. It stated that people had waited until one o'clock for me and had finally demanded their money back. Was Harlow getting hi-hat? What was happening to her? The truth was—*Harlow didn't know anything about it.* No one had asked me to appear. The Hollywood concession hadn't even been mentioned to me.

"And then one noon I was called to the phone and someone said: 'Why, Miss Harlow, we thought you'd be on your way to the American Legion luncheon by now. We've sold 2,000 tickets on the strength of your appearance here. Please come right over!' . . . I tried to keep calm but I've never been so furious. Was I a mind reader? How was I to know about it when I hadn't been informed? It's such things as this that put a player in the worst possible light with the public through no fault of his own."

Particularly maddening to Jean because keeping her word is a creed with her.

I was thinking that she was about the most extraordinary vamp in history when there was a terrific tumult on the lawn. Oscar, an animated muff of a dog, came streaking towards the door with Nip and Tuck after him. Jean rescued the little fellow and told the two kittens who had been at his heels to behave themselves. So they promptly climbed up the screen door and meowed at her. All three are a part of Jean's household—not a quiet part to be sure. But better than the fleet of ducks. She bought six of them. And the next morning found them in her swimming pool instead of the pond especially built for them. After she had shooed them out they were lost for two days. A loud disturbance on the adjoining estate solved the mystery. They'd appropriated the swimming pool of a famous banker.

No, there's no explaining Jean Harlow. At night when she enters a ballroom she looks like a Greek goddess . . . and the next moment she explains that she hates to wash behind her ears because it tickles!

She's the one person I know who can make "sniff" the most exciting game of the century. You take a cigarette paper and sniff it and whoever drops it first has to pay a penalty.

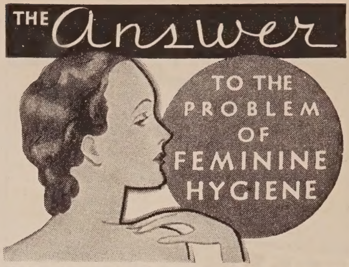
The only piece of jewelry she wears is a diamond and platinum slave anklet she bought herself. She baits her own hook when she goes deep sea fishing—and her chief aversion in life is to have a fly light on her.

"About the future," Jean was thoughtful now. "I never make plans ahead anymore. My contract with Metro is for seven years so I can see where most of my travelling will be confined to Culver City—although I do hope to squeeze in a trip to Europe soon and one to the South Seas. It's better really to let things shape themselves. If you try to keep to one plan you're closing your mind to other opportunities. It's so futile to attempt to map out the future. Who could have foreseen the events of the last year in my life?" A shadow crossed her face. And suddenly the thought came to me how greatly the tragedy of Paul Bern's death has matured Jean.

It has done something else for her as well. Through her own heart-break she's come to realize there is an oversupply of it in the world. Laughter is the tonic that's needed. And Jean has set out to create more of it both on the screen and in her private life.

FLEETING FAME

By Pictures and Words SCREEN BOOK Next Month will Show Graphically How Hard it is to Hold Success and Popularity in Hollywood. Watch for this Feature in November SCREEN BOOK.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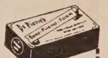

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Is Lilian Harvey Married?

[*Continued from page* 29]

That was the moment in which Lilian and Willy Fritsch were brought together in their work. Although they had been seen as partners much earlier, in silent pictures, as in *Ihr Dunkler Punkt* (Her Dark Point, but now, the glory of both grew in the world success of the first UFA sound films. They were the lovers in *Liebeswalzer* (Love Waltz) and already the film friends and admirers of Lilian's art agreed that such convincing play in the love scenes was inspired by a strong sentiment which actually existed. Harvey and Fritsch appeared to the world as the perfect love couple. Lilian retained her partner for many other sound films such as *Drei von der Tankstelle*, *Einbrecher* (Burglar), *Der Kongress Tanzt* (Congress Dances). She portrayed with Fritsch the "inseparable lovers." In German films this situation is unique, while in America it often can be seen, and separation frequently follows.

SINCE Lilian is no friend of gay society parties, she prefers to carry out her studies in her tasteful home. As her time is filled with work for numerous rôles which she usually plays in three versions—German, French, and English, from those studio films and a few private pictures the onlookers found further support for the legend. Often one sees a photograph of Lilian in intervals of work, Lilian in the parklike garden of her house, Lilian in her magnificent car, and always with Willy Fritsch at her side. They came from work, they allowed themselves a few minutes rest together, and always the indiscreet camera gave new support to the legend of the secret marriage.

Experience has shown that it is wise for the film producer to separate the lovers at the right moment; consequently, in the later productions, other partners were assigned to Lilian and Willy Fritsch. But they had been seen together so often that no one would believe that offstage they went separate ways. When Lilian left for America, the searchlight flashed on her. The world saw that she was weeping—tears of emotion, tears of pleasure for her new work. It was natural that in saying farewell, she should embrace the artist, the understanding Willy Fritsch, with whom she had worked in friendly comradeship.

The world has again brought forward this picture in support of the legend of the secret marriage. One regretted that these two artists, to whom imagination had imputed marriage, had suddenly to be separated.

So the legend of the marriage of Willy Fritsch, through his own definite statement, has been proved to be untrue. It remains to be seen whether it will later become a reality.

◆◆◆

Will's Daughter Wins Alone

[*Continued from page* 33]

studied no "dramatic art" and took no elocution lessons. Nor did she participate in any school dramatic activities. But quietly, on the side, Mary was studying the art of acting with teachers of her own choosing. She did not discuss her ambitions much with her school mates . . .

Last year she went to the Sarah Lawrence school in New York. When she came home for Summer vacation this year, her school mates and sorority sisters began to have some slight suspicion about her growing earnestness and ambition.

She confided to one or two of her closest friends that she wanted to try in some way to make a start in pictures. But she was shy about discussing it, timid about making the break. Will was aware of her desire by this time and he arranged for her to have a bit in one of his own pictures. But Mary was not to be babied in any such fashion! She declined that opportunity with earnest young scorn. Her father made one more gesture toward indulging her. He warned the Fox casting office that she might be down to try to get a job as an extra or something. It would please him if they would make some little place for her for a day or two . . .

Came the day when there was a call for pretty girls for tests at Fox for rôles in *My Weakness*, starring Lilian Harvey and Lew Ayres. Hundreds of girls applied. Dozens of girls were interviewed by Dave Butler, the director, and B. G. de Sylva, who had written the piece—a musical. Numbers of girls were given tests and eight girls were finally selected. Several of the eight were already well known in pictures.

But Mary Howard, blonde and slim and shy, was new. An unknown. "Looks all right," de Sylva commented to Dave. "Yes! Looks pretty good!" said Dave to de Sylva, when they ran the test.

She worked for several days, thrilled with the costumes for which she was being fitted, with the number of lines she was to be allowed to say in the picture and with the number of closeups for which the script called. She was still Mary Howard—unknown.

Then, inevitably, her little hoax was discovered. Someone recognized her and the next morning the papers had the story.

Someone asked Will how he felt about all this and he grunted, "I feel like one of the Barrymores—now that my whole family is getting onto the screen!"

But he is proud of her. Proud of her initiative and of the fact that she got her chance for herself and that she objected to having a place ready-made for her through his prestige. Since she has chosen to stand on her own feet, he is going to let her try to do it, watching, of course, to see that everything is as it should be!

She is a pretty thing, with her short, fine, yellow hair, her young blue eyes and her full lips above a pointed chin. There is nothing, that I can discover, of her wily, shrewd father in her face. But there must be some of his showmanship and initiative in her make-up somewhere!

Name This Thrilling Story

$350.00 in Cash Prizes!

I Will Pay $350.00

for 5 Best Titles for My New Movie Picture Story

I am writing a thrilling story which I hope to see produced soon by one of Hollywood's Famous Studios. I'm mighty proud of it and feel certain it will be a great film success. But it has no name yet. The title is almost as important as the story and plot, so I want to be sure that I pick a good title. What shall I name it? I need your help. What do YOU suggest? I am ready to pay $350.00 in cash for the 5 best suggestions—5 big Cash Prizes: $100.00, $75.00, $50.00, etc.

A Thrilling Experience

It makes no difference who you are or where you live—whether sales girl, housewife, or school teacher—mechanic, clerk, or farm boy—your idea may be better than anybody's and win First Prize. Any simple, easy title—either one, two, or three words such as "Betrayed," "The Stranger," or "Bound for Hollywood"—may win a big prize. The first suggestion that comes into your mind may be the winning one. Think how thrilled you would be if your suggestion were the winning one and your idea is flashed on the screen or appears in big electric lights in front of all leading movie houses throughout the country.

It Costs Nothing—Anybody May Win

You can't lose anything. There is no obligation on your part. A postal stamp for a letter or a mere 1c postal card with your suggestion is all you need to try your skill. Positively nothing to buy or sell to win one of 5 big Cash Prizes. You have heard of many folks who have won big Cash Prizes in similar offers—without experience—without effort—just for a simple idea. Now you may be a lucky winner, too, and how proud you would be!

5 Big Cash Prizes

First Prize	$100.00
Extra for Promptness	$100.00
Total First Prize	$200.00
Second Prize	$ 75.00
Third Prize	$ 50.00
Fourth Prize	$ 15.00
Fifth Prize	$ 10.00
Total Prize Money	$350.00

Simple Easy Rules

Only one suggestion is accepted from a family. You must be over 16 years of age and reside within the U. S. A. (territories excluded). $350.00 will be paid for the 5 suggestions selected by the judges as most suitable (see prize schedule). Your answer must be postmarked not later than February 15, 1934. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All name suggestions become exclusive property of C. Frederick.

Just Sending a Title Also Qualifies You for the Opportunity to

Win $3,500.00 Cash

in a gigantic Cash Prize Distribution in which my manager will give away a real fortune in Grand Prizes—$3,500.00 First Prize; $1,000.00 Second Prize; $500.00 Third Prize—225 Grand Prizes all at one time and thousands of dollars in special rewards besides. Everyone who takes an active part will be rewarded.

Think what $3,500.00 would mean in your life! Your worries gone. Your dreams come true. All the joy and happiness you have been longing for may now be yours. So qualify for this opportunity by sending me a title for my thrilling movie story.

C. FREDERICK
Dept. GA-306K
906 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio

$100.00 EXTRA for a Prompt Reply

I want your suggestion at once, therefore, I will add $100.00 to the First Prize making a total of $200.00 if your suggestion is the most suitable in the opinion of the judges and you have sent it within three days from the date you read this announcement. Act promptly. Send it right away. Promptness may mean an extra $100.00 for you.

YOUR PRIZE COUPON

MAIL IN ENVELOPE OR PASTE ON 1c POSTAL CARD

C. Frederick,
906 Sycamore St., Dept. GA- 306K
Cincinnati, Ohio

Here is my suggestion for a title to your Movie Story which may win $250.00 without cost or obligation on my part:

....

NAME ....

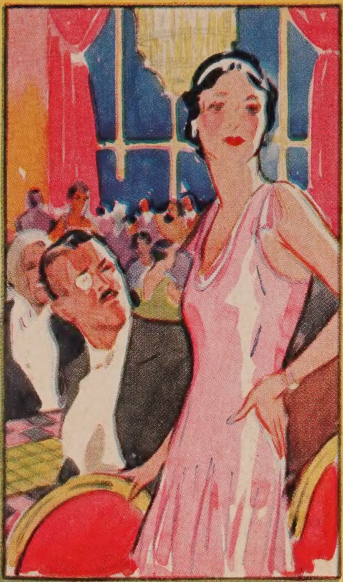
ADDRESS ....

CITY ....STATE ....

Date I read this offer..

Here's What My Thrilling Story Is About:

Mary O'Brien has left Broken Bow, Neb., with a small fortune bequeathed her by an aunt, to break into the movies. On the train she confides her ambitions to a friendly, familiar-appearing stranger who introduces himself as Montagu Bruce, a famous star. Another man on the same train who had taken a great liking to her, overhears her conversation with this stranger and warns her about getting confidential with men she does not know. Mary resents this advice telling him that she can take care of herself. The stranger induces her to go with him to San Morto, a Mexican border city, where he promises her a part in a new picture on which a unit is working at this time. Too late, she discovers she is in the clutches of a gang of crooks. Her admirer, who had cautioned her on the train and overheard her plans, follows and fights his way to her. After rescuing her, he reveals himself as the REAL Montagu Bruce and asks her to marry him. They lived happily everafter.



In France..

In Deauville, Paris and the other famous French cities, whose names are synonymous with style and beauty, the Marmola method is known and proved.

In Hawaii..

As in America, France and ten other countries, news of the success of Marmola has spread to remote Hawaii. They fight ugly fat this way.

In America..

Marmola was first used in America. You will find it in villages and cities throughout the breadth of the country and its use has now spread to 11 foreign countries.

Now Demanded the World Over..

This Tested Way To Reduce!

YOU'RE STILL AS SLIM AS A GIRL, HELEN, AND YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED 12 YEARS!
DON'T ENVY ME-TAKE MARMOLA IF TOO MUCH FOOD TURNS TO FAT!

FAT Hasn't Worried her for Years!

Ten years ago she learned to get slim and stay slim. Lucky people, those who do not have to fight fat all through the years. The multitudes who have known Marmola did not have to sit idly by while unlovely fat mounts. If food turns to excess, abnormal fat, you need go no further than to a good nearby drug store. The method discovered by others can be yours. Simply ask for Marmola.

Do you fear fat? Do you envy the men and women who "eat anything" without worrying about their figures? Would you like to normalize—without the necessity for undergoing dangerous starvation diets?

Then why not follow the lead of millions of other men and women? One reducing method has stood the test of time. First used in America, the demand for Marmola has spread throughout the world—to England, Scotland, France — to Egypt and South Africa — even to the countries of the Orient.

While useless fat remedies have come and gone, Marmola has become the tested international method of fat reduction.

The famous Marmola formula appears in every box. Back of this formula is the result of years of medical research and knowledge. The acid test of more than 20,000,000 boxes sold to the public offers even greater evidence of its effectiveness.

Marmola has only one purpose. It is intended for the reduction of excess, abnormal fat. Its formula includes among its 19 constituents, important vegetable and organic mineral substances. There are no torturous diets. Just ask your druggist for Marmola today and follow the simple directions in the box. You know you will be using the tested way.

Ask for Marmola at the nearest drug store.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets

MY ANSWER TO HOLLYWOOD GOSSIPS by CONSTANCE BENNETT

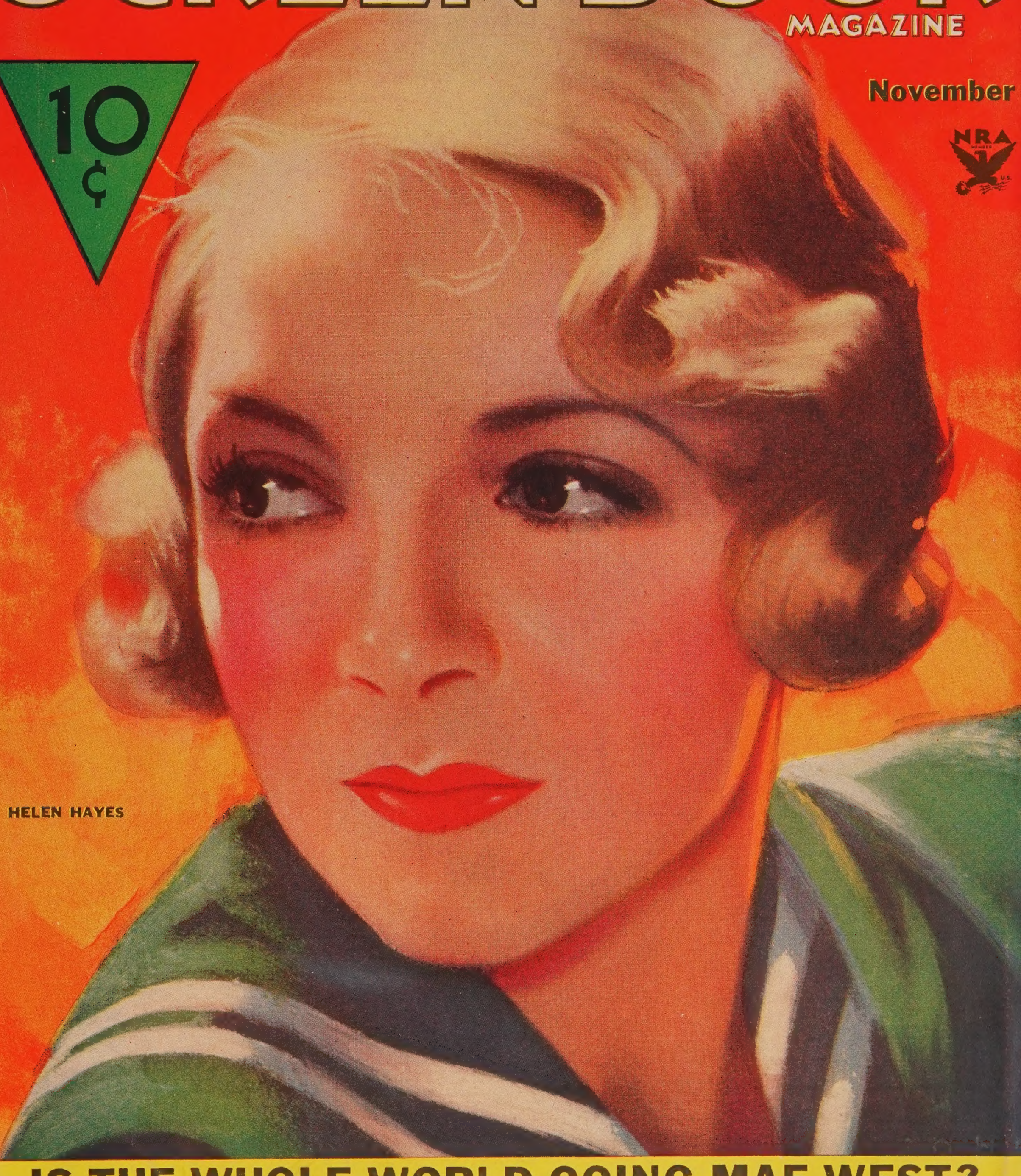
SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

10¢

November

NRA MEMBER U.S.



HELEN HAYES

IS THE WHOLE WORLD GOING MAE WEST?

HAIR that men admire

VENIDA WAVESET

FOR LOVELY, LASTING WAVES!

"Venida rules the waves"

Hair that is radiantly lustrous, soft and wavy, always perfectly groomed! That's the kind of hair men love—that's the kind of hair any girl can have by regularly using Venida Waveset. This superb waving fluid sets the hair in lovely natural-looking waves that last for days and days. It's non-sticky, non-greasy, very easy and most economical to use. Positively leaves no flakes! Large 50¢ bottle at drug and department stores; generous size at 10¢ stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau; guaranteed by world-famous makers of Venida Hair Nets, Venida Bob Pins, and the new Venida Oil Shampoo. The Rieser Co. Inc., New York City. Remember—Venida Rules The Waves!

VENIDA
WAVESET

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

She Buys Grand Clothes . . .

But her Teeth are Cloudy . . . her Gums Soft

and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

Of course, this woman wears the smartest, most flattering clothes she can buy. But she should never forget that sparkling white teeth are far more important to her attractiveness and good-looks!

Today—just before you put on that pretty new fall frock—take a mirror close to the window, and look at *your* teeth and gums. Do your teeth *look* clean? Are your gums firm and healthy?

For, if your gums are soft and tender, if they often leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush—your teeth will probably look gray and dingy. Moreover, "pink tooth brush" may lead to a serious gum disorder: gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. The best teeth you have may be endangered.

Your gums must be kept firm

Because today's soft, creamy foods do not exercise your gums sufficiently, you need to use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage to keep them healthy.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana, and clean your teeth the regulation way, brushing well. Then, with a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, *massage your gums.*

Do this today—tomorrow—*every* day—every time you clean your teeth. Ipana has ziratol in it, and this ziratol, with the massage, stimulates circulation through the gums. As your gums become healthier and harder, your teeth brighten. And you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."

NRA
MEMBER
WE DO OUR PART

IPANA

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK
BOTTOM ROLL

The "Ipana Troubadours" are back! Every Wednesday Evening—9:00 p.m., E.S.T. WEAF and Associated N.B.C. Stations

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor

Vol. XI
No. 4

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Miriam Gibson, Associate Editor

J. Eugene Chrisman, Hollywood Editor

The first exclusive portrait of Greta Garbo as she appears in *Queen Christina*. In this, she is reunited with John Gilbert. (See page 28)

- Kidnap threats continue to menace Hollywood stars. In addition to sending her adopted daughter back to Mexico, Lupe Velez has installed fifteen hundred dollars worth of ornamental but effective iron bars over the windows of her Beverly Hills home. Husky bodyguards are in demand. Mary Pickford is followed, when she drives about town, by a car loaded with men who know how to use their guns.

- After flitting hither and yon with various boy friends ever since her divorce, Dorothy Lee at last married Marshall Duffield, ex-football hero, in surprise wedding at Agua Caliente.

- Claudette Colbert has the record for recovering from an appendix operation. In less than two weeks after she went to the hospital, Miss Colbert resumed her place in Cecil B. De Mille's *Four Frightened People*.

- In spite of the fact that Carole Lombard and Bill Powell continue to be friends even after their divorce, there is not much chance of a reconciliation, according to both of them. Gary Cooper has been seen frequently escorting the beautiful Carole to the various late spots in Hollywood.

- Cy Bartlett and Alice White have once again resumed their on-and-off romance. They have been talking baby-talk to each other over supper tables here and there.

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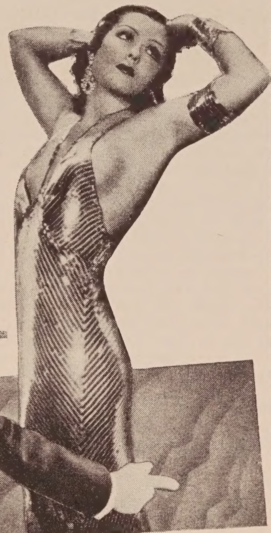
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

WHO CARES IF EAST IS EAST AS LONG AS WEST IS WEST

"Yes", says MAE WEST, "When I'm good I'm very very good but when I'm bad, I'm better . . so my next PARAMOUNT picture will be 'I'M NO ANGEL'. I wrote the story myself and it's all about a girl who lost her reputation but never missed it. Come up and see it some time"



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town!

LAUGHING SOUP

That's DUCK SOUP, the Four Marx Brothers' new PARAMOUNT picture. From Laughing Soup, a delightful concoction of music and merriment, girls and gags, to Nuts, the Four Mad Marxes, it is one long feast of fun.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

. . . and that word is "Polyandry"; which describes the situation existing between MIRIAM HOPKINS, FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER in PARAMOUNT'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING"; when Miriam finds that she has a "yen" for both of them. "DESIGN FOR LIVING", is directed by ERNST LUBITSCH from NOEL COWARD'S sensational play

ask when these PARAMOUNT PICTURES are coming to your favorite theatre

HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

Where SCREEN BOOK readers talk back to the stars

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Come one, come all—here's a chance to make some honest-to-goodness cash. Simply write a letter of not more than 100 words, expressing your opinions on stars and pictures. Address your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. The following awards are offered for the best letters each month. First prize: $15.00. Second: $10.00. Third: $5.00. Fourth: Five prizes of $1.00 each.

WANTS AFTER-MARRIAGE STORIES
($15 Prize)

A BUSY housewife who is also an enthusiastic screen fan would like to offer a suggestion. I am one of the fans who is delighted with the return of romance in the movies, but I have one fault to find with our love stories—most of them end just where I'd like to see them begin. Don't you love a book that begins with a wedding? Why can't we have a few more movies showing the "happily-ever-after?" I for one, thoroughly enjoyed Gaynor-Farrell's *Their First Year,* and wish we could have more along the same line. Most of us don't know nor care much about Broadway's hot-cha babies nor the bosses and "molls" of gangland; even some of the romances are terribly infantile. But a million housewives would rise up and bless the star who could make dusting seem romantic, budgets a lark, and demonstrate holding a husband instead of getting him!

Seriously, I believe the right treatment of the laughter and tears that go to make up home life would not only bring in the box-office receipts, but actually do much to cut down the divorce rate. It ought to be worth a try.—Mrs. S. Joberg, 419 Queen Anne Ave., Seattle, Wash.

TONIC FOR AGE
($10 Prize)

AS THE tide of time sweeps by taking romance, youth and possessions, we old folks experience much poignant loneliness. Our little boys and girls are grown now and perhaps far away. Friends are strangely scattered and memories dimmed.

Limping to the movies transforms my life.

Here the glamour, laughter, drama, romance and dreams flash before my dimming vision and stir the pulse. Interest in life, enthusiasm and new fortitude for daily chores is restored. I leave the theatre with a lighter step.

To me, the movies are a tonic, for old age. (P. S. Transcribed by my twelve-year-old grandson.)—Mrs. Elizabeth Caha, 2109 S. 58th Ave., Cicero, Ill.

HERE'S $5 FOR THE LICENSE
($5 Prize)

BEST of luck to James Cagney and Alice White, I owe them my entire life.

I'd been engaged (I thought so) to a fine girl for two years. Bashful, I never mentioned marriage, and we were drifting apart more each day.

One evening we bought a copy of SCREEN BOOK, and as we sat on the porch of her home, decided to see a film.

We went to see *Picture Snatcher* and she enjoyed the Cagney love scenes, and I noticed it.

Returning, I took her up on it, and copying after him, I popped the question.

Was my face red? She said that she had been waiting for such a type of love all along.

We're to be married in November, and we want to both give our announcement to SCREEN BOOK first. You were the cupid, and so reasonable at only $0.10.—James A. Davis, 5731 Maryland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A FEW WHYS
($1 Prize)

PLEASE do away with trailers. When one sees a picture after having seen the trailer of that picture, he feels an annoying familiarity with it.

Why try to "type" people? Every new girl is a Crawford, a Bennett, or a somebody instead of herself.

Why look for beauty? Look for real ability as displayed by lesser beauties such as Aline MacMahon, etc. They give real entertainment.

Why run pictures in cycles? *42nd Street* was popular not because it was a musical picture but because it was fine entertainment. Too much of anything is bad.

Why put out so many pictures? Why not fewer and better?

Why so many new stars? Why not develop the old ones. If Tallulah Bankhead had had a suitable picture she would have been a tremendous success. Where is Anna Sten?

Please let's have some good short comedies and more educationals.

I suggest better pictures for such stars as Greta Garbo, Sylvia Sidney and others. These actresses are drawing cards so anything is good enough. There you are, producers. What about it?—N. C. Coverley, 120 S. Serrano, Los Angeles, Calif.

MICKEY AND MINNIE PHFFT!
($1 Prize)

THERE have been so many separations among the married stars in Hollywood of late that grave fears are now felt for the continuance of wedded bliss among the Mickey Mouses.

In fact, it is rumored that the Pantry Press in next week's issue will announce that the two have separated. There have been inklings for some time that there was a rift in the loot, Mrs. Mouse having been heard to complain that Mickey was not bringing home to her all of the cheese he secured.

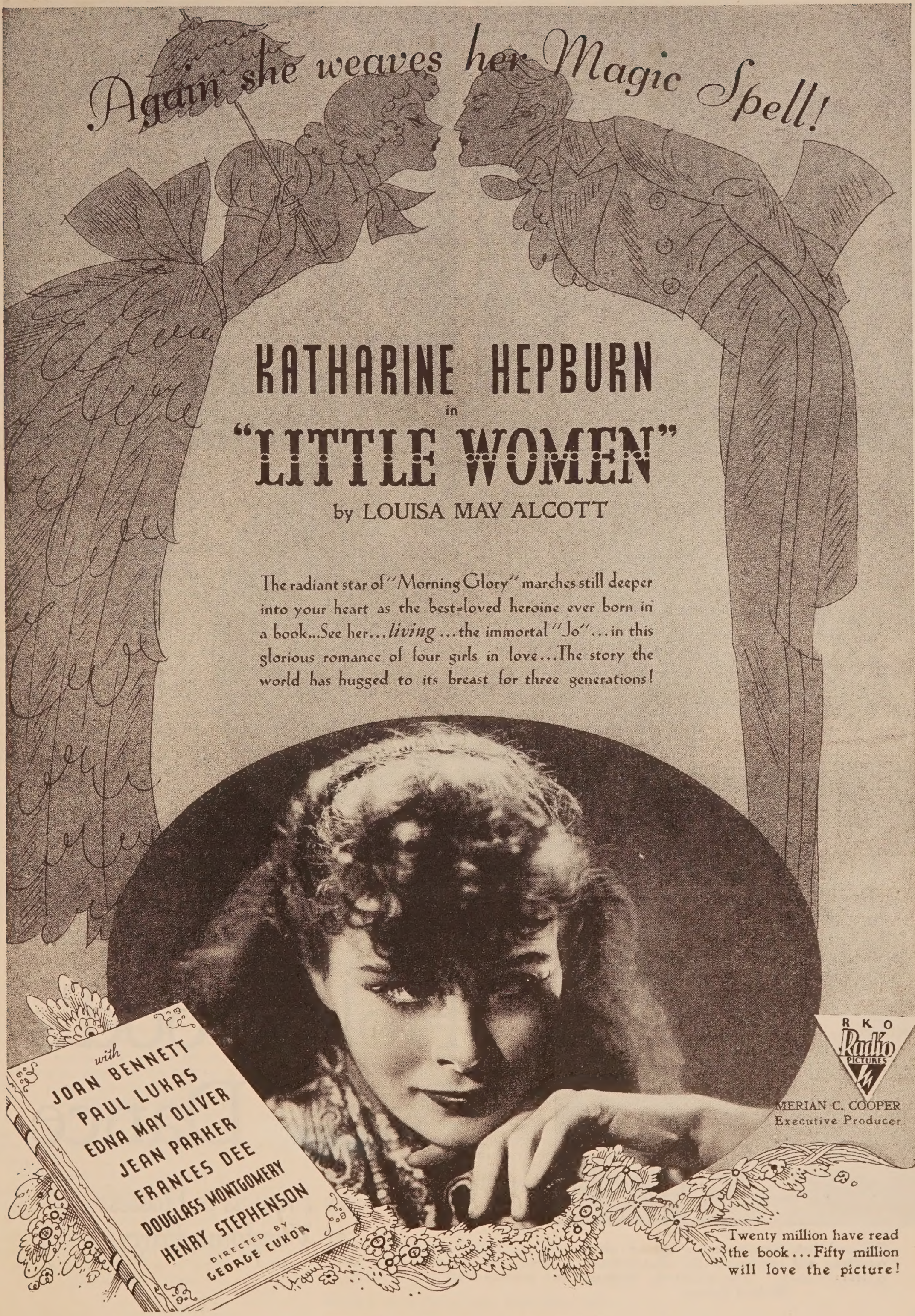
Should divorce proceedings be started by Mrs. Mouse, however, the public can rest assured that she will announce to the newspapers that she and Mickey are still the best of friends and will continue to be so after she returns from Yucatan where a divorce can now be secured for ten wrappers of the native chewing gum.—Fred B. Mann, 5959 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE FILM PARADE PASSES
($1 Prize)

AS THE cavalcade of film history thunders on, it is only fitting to pause momentarily to pay tribute to one of the greatest artists the screen has known. When the untimely final curtain rang down for Ernest Torrence, the industry lost a great actor and a good friend. For one, I have grown up with the first generation to know from childhood the splendor of films. Until now, Mr. Torrence has been as much a part of pictures as the name Hollywood.

The thunderous caravan passes on to new laurels, but the achievements of Ernest Torrence rest in the hearts of his admirers. He has joined the invisible choir of film celebrities who face other cameras in another Hollywood.—

[*Continued on page* 9]


Again she weaves her Magic Spell!

KATHARINE HEPBURN

in

"LITTLE WOMEN"

by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book...See her...*living*...the immortal "Jo"...in this glorious romance of four girls in love...The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!

with
JOAN BENNETT
PAUL LUKAS
EDNA MAY OLIVER
JEAN PARKER
FRANCES DEE
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
HENRY STEPHENSON
DIRECTED BY
GEORGE CUKOR

RKO Radio Pictures

MERIAN C. COOPER
Executive Producer

Twenty million have read the book...Fifty million will love the picture!

The hosts: Kay Francis and her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, actress and director. The barn dance was held at the Vendome Café and the restaurant's interior was converted into a good old-time barn

Above: Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent as a happy farm couple, belying all divorce rumors. The chickens and ducks were real, providing barn atmosphere along with cows and one lone donkey

Left center: Can a pumpkin accomplish what Hollywood has been trying to do since the divorce of Carole Lombard and Bill Powell? You never can tell what will happen at an old-fashioned barn dance

Tattered hat, torn overalls, ancient shirt, otherwise the costume of the always smart Gloria Swanson. The swain is husband Michael Farmer

Hollywood's Barn Dance

Kay Francis is Hostess at Vendome Party

Handclaps and Hisses

[*Continued from page 6*]

Robert Downing, 325 Second Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

VIVE CHARACTER ACTORS

($1 Prize)

THE best acting on the screen today is being done by character players. If you haven't the looks to class you as a beautiful feminine star or a handsome he-man actor, you sure have got to be right there with the old acting talent. Our sex appealing stars can go a long way on that quality and good looks, but the character actor or actress couldn't go very far without showing some genuine character delineation. Some of the "bits" by supporting players in pictures featuring great stars, steal the show when it comes down to real acting. These "bits" get the hearty laughs, bring the tears to the eyes, while said stars leave us cold.

Yes, the best acting on the screen is that done by the many good character players we are fortunate enough to have in most of our pictures. And here's an orchid—a bouquet of orchids—to them! How about an "All-Character Actor Cast?" Then we'd have a real picture!—C. H. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVIES IN AN OIL TOWN

($1 Prize)

NINE months of the year I teach in a booming oil town of two thousand population. Among this amalgamated populace are one hundred high school students. By way of entertainment our town affords four pool halls, four public dance halls, one church, and one theatre. Oil towns are much different from stationary towns but high school students are alike in their desire for amusement and fun. Our plan for salubrious amusement for the high school boys and girls is simple: We study the *Screen Book* each month and then ask our theatre manager to get the films which have been favorably commented upon. And I make no secret of the fact to my pupils that they may often learn more by going places with *Screen Book* than they will by taking notes in my Social Science class.—Tex Ann Aldridge, 522 S. Webster, Norman, Okla.

CHEERS FOR WALLY BEERY

(Honorable Mention)

ALL the world loves a lover—which is as it should be—maybe! But don't you agree with me that the Valentino-type of screen lover has carried off more than his share of laurels?

Why not laud Wallace Beery awhile—this great, husky man whose ship has made port because he had the nerve to pilot her through every ill wind. Not that he did it, we have heard, because ambition was the one aim of his life. No! Rather because he loved a good fight.

With marvelous versatility, Beery portrays villainous and sympathetic character rôles realistically. That *is* acting. Don't you hope, with me, that the screen will someday (real soon) acclaim him her most finished actor?

So, let's pause for a moment to take

[*Continued on page 74*]

DON'T BE SKINNY
HERE'S MY SECRET—

NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS *in a few weeks!*

Thousands who were once skinny praise quick way to get lovely curves and vital health!

I WISH I HAD YOUR FIGURE AND PEP!

Posed by professional models

STOP being ashamed of your figure—having people call you "skinny", and losing your chances of making friends on that account. Here's a new, quick, easy treatment that is giving thousands solid, healthy flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, strong nerves, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the healthy flesh you need. Do it *before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is positively guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Georgia.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Speaking of Pictures

The Adventurous News Cameramen—Orchids for Lady For a Day—The New Twentieth Century Company—Katharine Hepburn Arrives Definitely

By Frederick James Smith

YOU often hear of the dangers encountered by these modern soldiers of fortune: The news cameramen. There was no doubt about the perils facing the men who filmed the recent Cuban revolt that chased Machado from his palace in Havana. The hysterical mobs shot down Machadoists in the streets, tore palace furnishings to bits, ran, exultant and bloodthirsty, down the boulevards. The news men filmed all this, frequently in peril of their lives. They were pursued, pummeled, shot at, jailed—but they got their pictures.

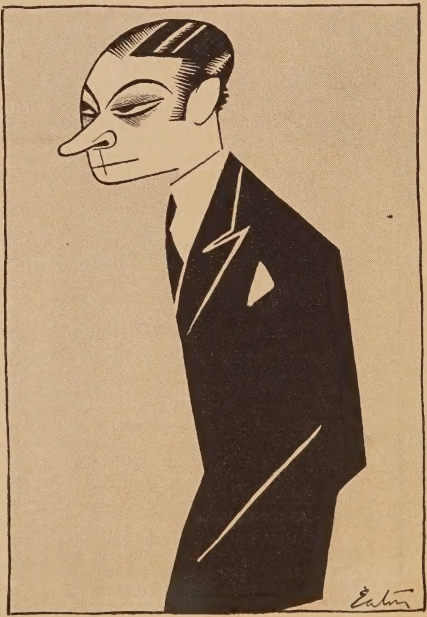
I doubt if there is any occupation left in this machine harassed world so fraught with adventure as that of the news cameramen. The next time you watch an exciting event on the screen give a thought to the man who was behind the camera.

I AM tempted to award—without waiting a moment longer—my personal gold medal for the best picture of 1933 to Columbia's *Lady for a Day*. Here is a gorgeous picture, humorous, touching, genuinely moving. And the story, by Damon Runyon, is one in a million.

A sodden, drunken old apple woman has maintained her daughter in a Spanish convent without revealing to what straits she has fallen. With stolen hotel stationery, she has posed as a wealthy recluse. Now her daughter is coming home, with the young Spanish nobleman she loves and her father-in-law to be. A happy, wealthy marriage is to be arranged. What is the old woman to do?

A racketeer decides that Apple Annie must live up to her story. He installs her in a lavish hotel suite, stages a family welcome. How this welcome grows until it literally lifts a whole city to finer, more generous thinking is beautifully worked out. All New York conspires to keep Apple Annie's glorious lie from falling down.

May Robson, veteran of the stage, is gorgeous as old Annie and there are fine performances by Guy Kibbee and Glenda Farrell. A word about Director Frank Capra, too. This Capra seems to be one of the most efficient, economic and competent directors in the business. And that to me is no new thought, for Capra has been steadily turning out fine films.



GEORGE RAFT
Next to be seen as Steve Brodie in *The Bowery*

THE success of May Robson in *Lady for a Day* is another instance of the industry's eternal quest for Marie Dresslers. Thus we have our Henrietta Crosmans and our May Robsons. But somehow our Marie remains undisputed queen of the screen.

By the way, I have had several letters asking for my selection of the best performances in *Dinner at Eight*. My personal vote goes to Marie Dressler, although Jean Harlow and Billie Burke give stiff competition. This episodic, theatric melodrama is grandly acted.

I HAND the year's endurance award to Samuel Goldwyn for his unwavering faith in Anna Sten. Some fifteen months ago he brought this young Russian from Europe and set her to work learning English from Hollywood tutors. Now she actually is at work on her first film, *Nana,* a romance of the grande boulevards of gas lit Paris in 1870. And Nana, let us whisper, will introduce that now forgotten shocker, the can-can.

It looks like a great film season from this distance.

THE screen is a stickler for realism. Thus, when you see *Dancing Lady,* you will observe Joan Crawford actually doing one of those "strip tease" acts in the burlesque sequence. These, dear Rollo, are the shock interludes upon which modern burlesque, such as it is, depends. The "stripper" removes her clothing, bit by bit, as long as the audience applauds.

OUR congratulations this month go to Irving Thalberg, who has returned from a rest and vacation abroad to resume production supervision at Metro.

Our congratulations, too, to the new producing organization, Twentieth Century, which has for its directing head, Darryl Zanuck, who contributed so much to Warner films.

This new company has some interesting plans. For instance, it will offer Connie Bennett in her first musical film, *Moulin Rouge.* This will be an unusual experiment for Miss Bennett. Twentieth Century is bringing George Bancroft back to the screen, too, and it

[*Continued on page 73*]

SCREEN BOOK

NOVEMBER, 1933

Figuring *the* Stars' Salaries

Huge Pay Checks May be Reduced by Government to Lower Theatre Admissions and Open Dark Houses—Why Some Stars Get Big Money

By Jay Brien Chapman

A CERTAIN male star who gets lots of fan mail, and personally reads more of it than any other screen idol I know, pointed to a big pile of letters he had just read.

"For the first time in my long career as a fan-mail reader," said he, "movie-goers *en masse* are demanding an explanation for big stellar salaries. They're even asking—some a bit peevishly—about *mine!*

"It had to come. Human beings demand reasons for everything now, even the weather! In here, they're asking me lots of embarrassing questions. What I do with my $5,500 a week? How come I get that now, when in my most *popular* days I got only $750?" He took one letter from the pile, hesitated a moment, then passed it on to me.

"Read this. It's the sort that almost brings tears to my eyes. It's from a typical fan—the kind to whom we owe the success of the whole industry."

I quote the letter literally:

> "Dear Mr. ———: I'm one of your most loyal fans, so feel free to bother you with a problem that must be troubling countless others. Our little town had two shows. Both are now closed. The managers said people wouldn't pay 25 cents admission, and when they charged 15 cents they lost money, even with good crowds. They said picture rentals were too high.
>
> "I read about you getting a new contract at higher salary, and other stars demanding more thousands weekly. The papers said all stars might strike, because of threatened salary reductions.
>
> "I don't begrudge you your fine salary, but with the closing of our nearby theatres, the only other is 16 miles away and charges 20 cents admission. We so far have managed to keep our little old auto, but there is engine and tire trouble all the time and it uses so much gas and oil. Getting to the show and back costs at least 30 cents, even if we have no breakdown or blowout. So we can hardly afford movies any more. My husband and I love them, and the children miss them terribly. All need them more than ever in these hard times, to cheer us up.
>
> "Don't you think all *big* salaries might be lowered—maybe to $1,000 a week? If what the paper says is true, you earn in one week *five times what most of us earn in a year!*"

When I had read the letter, the star handed me a clipping from *Variety*. I saw the connection immediately, for here is the skeleton of the long, scare-headed article:

"Picture scouts returning from Washington . . . report special records being kept of salaries which are out of proportion. . . . Top film salaries as much an official concern as minimum wage . . . 350 Hollywood salaries over $100,000 a year . . . before a major feature starts about forty-seven per cent of the budget is written off for salaries . . . this write-off is conceded tremendous . . . there will have to be an explanation."

Will Rogers—$15,000

Greta Garbo—$13,000

John Gilbert—$13,000

Chevalier—$10,000

Ruth Chatterton—$9,375

Will the Government Cut Hollywood Star Salaries?

Ann Harding—$9,000

Richard Barthelmess—$8,750

Mae West—$8,500

Ronald Colman—$6,500

Constance Bennett—$8,000

"You see what it's coming to?" the star asked. "Standardized salaries! Well, it can't harm *me*, personally. I was never so broke in the old days as I am now."

"Let me answer your fans in a magazine article," I challenged. "Tell me why you're broke, what you do with your money, and how salary reduction would affect you. I'll tell them."

"I will, but I can't let you use my name," he replied. "If you named me, an army of parasites that take most of my money away from me would be after my blood, next."

I SHALL quote other stars and many odd facts and figures on stellar salary problems in this article. The star I cannot name, however, gave me such interesting data that, despite his anonymity I am forced to quote him further:

"My relatives began the great migration to Hollywood when they first heard my salary had been raised to $2,000 per week," he said. "Most of them developed strange illnesses that keep them from earning their own livings. My former wife is supporting many of her relatives on the alimony I pay her, but some of them are still dependent directly upon me. My present wife's relatives are gradually arriving in golden California, too, like the '49ers! And my various friends, and relatives' friends are often thirsty, sometimes hungry, and occasionally in need of financial aid.

How Today's Stars Rank Differently In Salary And Box Office Value

Star	Salary	Salary Rank	Popularity Rank
Will Rogers	$15,000	1	2
Greta Garbo	13,000	2	3
John Gilbert	13,000	3	10
Maurice Chevalier	10,000	4	5
Ruth Chatterton	9,375	5	6
Ann Harding	9,000	6	7
Richard Barthelmess	8,750	7	9
Mae West	8,500	8	1
Constance Bennett	8,000	9	4
Ronald Colman	6,500	10	8

"Then there are the parasites of the acting profession. One is my agent, who battles my salary up so his commissions will be higher. Ten per cent—$550 weekly—goes to him. Another share of my salary goes to my direct employer, the studio executive who has me under contract to him personally, while sub-letting me, as it were, to the company that hires both of us. Then there's my press agent, secretary, stenographer, business manager; also a lawyer kept on a retaining fee basis. Besides this drain, I shell out to charity—a heavy item nowadays—and to Uncle Sam, for income tax.

"Of these, only an agent was bleeding me back in the days when I got $750 per week. I spend no more today on the little comforts and luxuries of life than I did then."

"So you're no better off?"

"If I am, I can't see it. Yet I'm powerless to change matters now. The parasites depend on me. I must go on earning a big salary."

A general salary reduction to $1,000 per week (in case the government sets such a top on movie salaries) might help rather than hinder stars' screen careers, he admitted.

"After all, real artists and troupers don't require riches for happiness, and our art seldom thrives on them. Most of us could struggle along on $52,000 per year. Our parasites might then have to work for their livings, but that would improve *their* health, too!

"My best work was done when I was getting less than a grand a week. Worrying about handling a quarter-million-dollar yearly income doesn't help one's screen work. It's too much responsibility for anyone of an actor's temperament. Clark Gable, in my opinion, was at his best when he was earning $750 weekly. Before Jimmy Cagney made Warners boost the ante from $450 to $3,000, he was a much more arresting screen personality. Ruth Chatterton was better in *The Doctor's Secret* and other early films, earning $1,500 weekly, than in recent pictures at about $9,000."

IT IS true in many cases that stars have received their lowest salaries when they were most valuable to their employers, and their highest salaries long after their value had diminished. This, many explain, is due to the signing of long-term contracts, with upward-sliding salary scales. Before the contract expires the star's popularity has time to wane, while the salary automatically increases on the agreed scale.

Some amazing examples are available. Charles "Buddy" Rogers rode to fame on *Wings* at $75 weekly, was paid $150 weekly during the months he reigned as the industry's most popular male star, and drew $2,500 weekly during the period of his decline to zero—when in despair he quit the screen for the stage. Corinne Griffith, Clara Bow and Greta Garbo got about $1,500 weekly at the time of their greatest fame, and their latest recorded salaries are $10,000, $4,500 and $13,000 weekly!

But why should popularity wane so quickly as some stars' popularity waned? "Buddy" Rogers lasted in top favor about a year. Producers don't anticipate such speedy declines, or they wouldn't write such contracts. The only obvious conclusion is that in many cases, a high salary robs the stars of their normal span of years in the limelight.

Stars like Richard Barthelmess can "take it." Big salaries haven't affected him adversely—and instead of fading in popularity, he has gained or held his [*Continued on page* 47]

The MAN Hollywood *Tried to* Forget

By Helen Starr

—*Wide World*

Paul Kelly ran into tragedy just as he was flashing to youthful success. Now Hollywood is giving another chance to this lad who was almost wrecked by fate. His is a dramatic real life story

HEARTLESS Town. A tag hung on many anecdotes emanating from the movie village. With a few supplementary kicks for the individual who is down.

But there are outstanding instances of intense loyalty to its own. Witness the case of that sterling actor, Paul Kelly.

For merciful understanding of the tragedy that overcame this young player we must go back. Years back to the day when an Irish lad of seven was thrown on his own. Casting about for means to earn his living he was attracted to the theater. Probably because he was born in Brooklyn, almost directly across the street from the old Vitagraph Studios, and since an infant had seen players going and coming in this fascinating new business.

Because Kelly was clever and talented and adaptable to the demands of the profession of acting, he made good as a juvenile player. His very first entrance was a proud one, for he marched across the stage of the Belasco Theater in New York as a drummer boy in the David Warfield production, *The Grand Army Man*. Genevieve and Vivian Tobin, now well known in the films, were also juvenile players in this production.

After that, every day he could absent himself from school, he played child rôles at Vitagraph with such luminaries as Norma and Constance Talmadge, Florence Turner, John Bunny, Flora Finch and Lillian Walker. The studio was practically his home until he was old enough for stock. Road companies. Vaudeville.

Among other touring companies in which he played parts were the Richard Mantell Shakesperian repertoire company. And Paul Kelly, like other troupers who have stormed the one night stands, came to know the abyss of theatrical experience.

Eventually he was recognized on Broadway. Played in a number of outstanding rôles on this critical street. Was in Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*. Played opposite Helen Hayes in *Penrod*. Had the leading rôle in the Owen Davis play, *Up the Ladder*, with Doris Kenyon. Next came *Whispering Wires* which ran a year on Broadway. Then, six years later, by sheer ability, he earned his first opportunity for pictures in Hollywood. The zenith of Thespian achievement in professional life of today.

Paul Kelly was an Irish lad caught in a great tragedy. Now he is trying to come back

STRONGER men than Paul Kelly have failed to ride the crest of success. For what tests Heaven demands of weak mortals here below! And Hollywood exacts a particularly stern toll of mere youth as to both character and ability.

Contrast the life of the road. And of the older, dingier cities of the east. Frigid depot lunch rooms at dawn. Abominable coffee. Questionable eggs.

The snail-like trains of the South. Always behind schedule.

That bitter backstage chill in the wintry North.

Pounding the hot pavements in New York each August to be sure of an engagement in the fall.

Shabby hotels. Soot and grime. The discomforts of a nomadic existence. Loneliness in a thousand strange towns.

Then Hollywood. Colorful. Cheery. Dazzling. Luxuriant beauty spread generously for newcomers with appreciation.

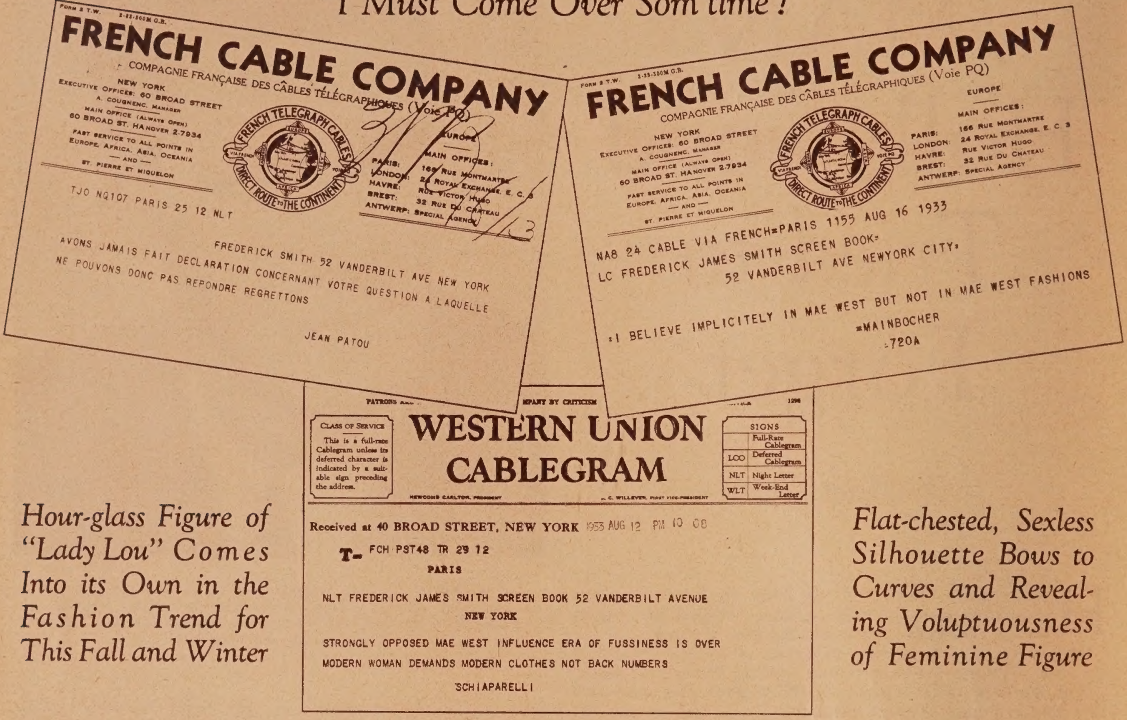
An enjoyable social life among congenial friends in artistic realms.

A home. To a youth in his early twenties who had traveled almost all his life, the handsome six room house Paul Kelly then rented in Hollywood, the new car he acquired, that skillful Japanese valet he engaged, must have offered a new sort of life little short of Heaven. And great success in pictures seemed just ahead.

To add to the apparent fulfillment of all his dreams he was madly, seriously in love. Is it any wonder that during this complete transition, Paul Kelly did [*Continued on page* 63]

"Thanks, Paris!" *Says* Mae West

"I Must Come Over Som'time!"



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STRONGLY OPPOSED MAE WEST INFLUENCE ERA OF FUSSINESS IS OVER
MODERN WOMAN DEMANDS MODERN CLOTHES NOT BACK NUMBERS

SCHIAPARELLI

Hour-glass Figure of "Lady Lou" Comes Into its Own in the Fashion Trend for This Fall and Winter

Flat-chested, Sexless Silhouette Bows to Curves and Revealing Voluptuousness of Feminine Figure

By LYDIA

When newspapers throughout the United States started advertising the fact that Fall fashions would follow the Mae West vogue, SCREEN BOOK *immediately cabled three of the foremost Parisian designers who had been quoted in newspapers as being in favor of this trend.*

Did they approve of this idea? Were women going to adopt the clothes of the gay 90's?

In answer, SCREEN BOOK *received the cablegrams reproduced above. Jean Patou minced no words. WE HAVE NEVER MADE STATEMENT CONCERNING YOUR QUESTION WHICH WE CANNOT NOW ANSWER REGRETS. Schiaparelli and Mainbocher joined Patou's thoughts in their telegrams. This, in spite of the fact that every American stylist, returning from the Parisian Fall Openings declared that curves and more curves, revealing lines such as* Lady Lou *displays are definitely part of the Fall fashion trend.*

Already, feathers are being shown as trimming on hats and gowns. Elegance in fabrics and style is the important note of clothes now appearing in the better shops. Mae West and her ideas have certainly been a fundamental factor in fashion designs for this Fall and Winter. Miss West, greatly flattered by all this, gives her ideas and appreciation of the subject in this exclusive interview.

Mae West's alluring curves have caused a furious controversy in Paris

PARIS has gone *Lady Lou* mad! She took the old town by storm. And such a storm—pins and needles flying in every direction. Sweeping, swishy flounces where there was nary a flounce before. Overnight the hour-glass figure came back into its own. Curves appeared for the first time in years. *Mon Dieu*—what a revolution in those dressmaking shops!

We thought the Garbo-Dietrich influence had stirred the French designers pretty deeply. Those slinky-winky clothes they gave us. Those Greta-esque shoulders that spread hither and yon. But that, my dears, was a mere breeze compared with the cyclone "Lady Lou" created.

If there was any doubt as to which was the style center of the world—Hollywood or Paris—the *Lady* in the

Characterizer of "Lady Lou" Appreciates Fact that Paris Coutouriers Follow Her Ideas in What Makes Women's Clothes Attractive

person of Mae West has definitely settled it. And here are Mae's re-actions, given for the first time, to the honor that has been bestowed upon her. No two women of history have affected fashion in so drastic a manner. She has swayed the style trend of three continents!

"Flattered? I should say I am! It's been almost as exciting as having *She Done Him Wrong* such a success," exclaimed Mae.

"But here's my theory: You can bet clothes make the woman—and there wasn't enough to these skimpy things the girls have been wearing to do 'em much good! I don't see why there can't be modified versions of Lady Lou's costumes, especially for evening. They won't kill the 1933 girl any more than they did the 1890 belle. She ought to be able to carry them as well as her mother did. Oh, I don't mean to go back into all that tight corseting. Heaven knows, I do not blame women to fight stays. But the big hats, the voluminous furs, the wide-spreading skirts, and the *curves*—if you think they don't make a woman attractive just ask any man.

"Now understand me, I do not mean any sudden swelling out. To the bulging bosom and bulging hips I say no! To graceful curves, yes. There is no use kidding ourselves: We're feminine and such things as bosoms do exist and they have come back. Flat chests are as taboo and outdated as yesterday's paper. The well-formed woman has nothing to be ashamed of—and she never bulges. She has taken the step from the straight lines that went with her post-war activity, to romantic padding. And because of it, I honestly think there'll be more home fires kindled throughout the country.

"Men, you see, have never gotten over their taste for sweetness and femininity. You can't be too picturesque and romantic-looking for them. And the best time is when your day's work is done. Dress up for your evenings.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if all this recent activity at the marriage bureaus was due to the new silhouette. Partly, that is. The NRA is responsible too. That's an unbeatable combination—a good job and a romantic figure. It's the fat bow-and-arrow boy's best aide!"

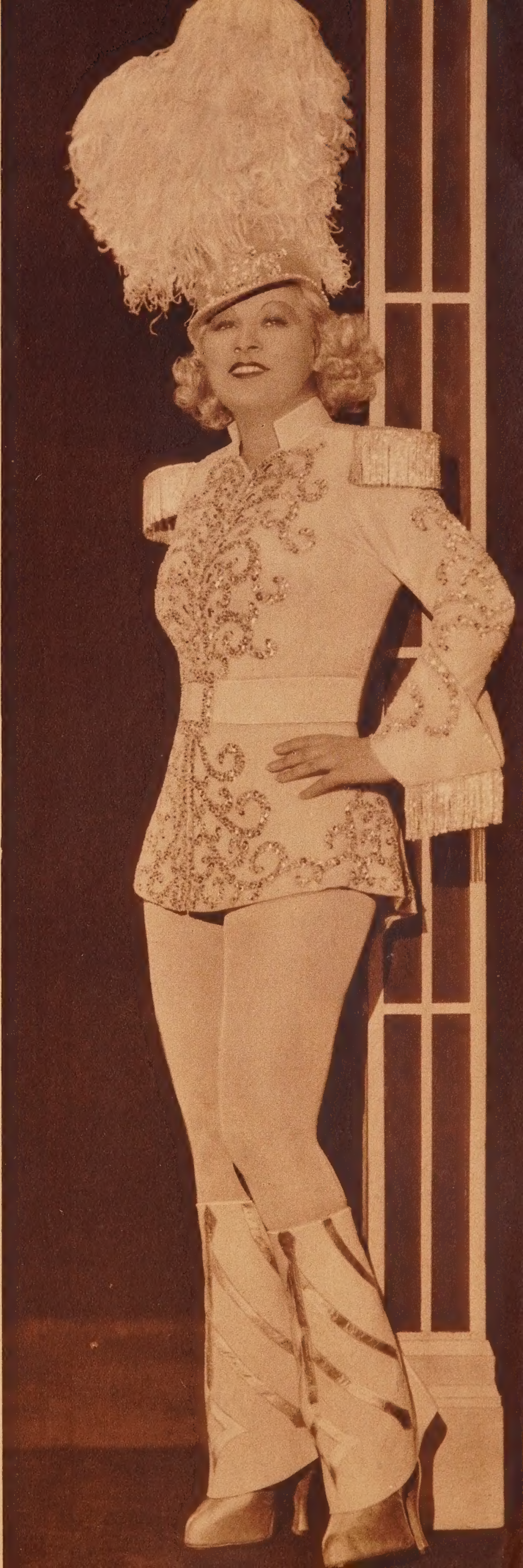
WHILE Paris goes Mae West, Mae herself goes romantic from morn to night. Not once has she been caught in tailored togs. Never does she appear in mannish suits.

"Certain types wear them beautifully," she admitted. "But not *my* type. I feel like five other people in them. Even when I was a youngster I fought against them. I remember mother buying me a nice little sailor suit when I was ten. And was I pleased? Did I like the pretty blue collar with the big red stars? I did not! I cried and cried until she took it back and got me a dimity dress with lace.

"Naturally, I'm not advising girls to go to their offices in frilly frocks. The more simple they dress there, the better taste they show. What I'm saying applies to your fascinating hours—not to those you spend in business.

"If you're wise, though, you'll change your personality with the five-thirty whistle. Get into something long and traily and pictorial the minute you enter the house. Something that makes you feel like a woman and a glamorous woman! It's true your street clothes have to be subdued to a certain extent but go ahead and indulge your fancy at home.

"Wear a red *robe de style* if it excites you; a sweeping, soft black velvet in which you're every [*Continued on page* 73]



"If you think curves don't make a woman attractive just ask any man," Mae West tells all women. And curves have appeared in Paris fashions for the first time. Mae's *Lady Lou* has become a criterion for coutouriers

All Over the HOLLYWOOD LOT

By Eric L. Ergenbright

Here are the two together again! Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Condraye has returned from a Bali expedition—returned to Connie Bennett and Hollywood. And they were *that* glad to see each other

A champion swimmer has become domesticated. Eleanor Holm is now Mrs. Arthur L. Jarrett, wife of a singer now performing in Hollywood. SCREEN BOOK wishes them great success on the sea of matrimony

HALF of the gals in Filmland are trying—albeit unsuccessfully—to imitate that sensual, swimming undulation which will go down in Hollywood's annals as "the Mae West walk." They reason—and not uncannily, either—that Diamond Lil's alternate listing to starboard, then to port, has played considerable part in her sizzling, sensational success. And now comes the pay-off.

One who should know the lowdown tells us in the strictest confidence that the voluptuous lady could not change that slithering swagger without also changing her height by more than four inches. According to our informant, she is in fact—and in figure—considerably less than five feet tall. Being rather robust in proportion, she ingeniously builds up her stature by putting many lifts in her shoes and wearing the highest heels ever seen in these parts. Hence the ankle-length gowns—and hence that teetering, teasing toddle that tantalizes all males into tantrums!

Verily, we of Hollywood have our little secrets!

Movietown Architecture

Speaking of secrets reminds me of the nifty coined by one of our local wits. He says that all up-to-date film stars now have their homes built with four-car garages and three-skeleton closets!

A Garbo Never Weakens

WHEN She-Who-Never-Speaks-For-Publication returned from Sweden, she granted a momentous, world-shaking, six-word statement to the press. "One never can tell, can one?" quoth she—and thereby bred hope in the hearts of all struggling scribes. Perhaps Garbo would relent and permit interviews!

Instead, the Sphinx has become more Sphinxy than ever she was before. Whereas once she went to the "shoppe" of her tailor to be fitted with the mannish trousers she affects, now, presumably, her tailor takes the pantaloons to her and fits them *en casa*, as we Californians put it. Because her old dressing room forced her to use a common entrance with other M-G-M stars, she ordered a change and now occupies the last and most isolated suite in the most secluded dressing room row. Her quarters are reached by a hidden, private stairway.

Eldorado! Greta can now enter and depart unobserved.

I wonder if Garbo knows the romantic history of her new dressing room. Few people do—least of all the wife of

That Mae West Walk has a Reason—Garbo Maintains Her Sphinx-like Attitude—Lupe Velez Continues to be the Talk of Filmdom—Max Baer Has Conquered Hollywood

a certain famous director by whose command the private stairway is said to have been constructed. When that director was a mighty pooh-bah at Metro, years ago, he was on very friendly terms with a one-time, beautiful star. The lady used the dressing room which now is Garbo's—and the director used the stairs.

Snubbed!

FROM Hollywood's most popular (for the moment) night-life rendezvous comes word of a moment dramatic.

At one table dined Lupe Velez with her Johnny. Nearby sat Gary—who once was hers but is no longer—talking with a party of pals. Johnny excused himself and left the room. Gary crossed toward Lupe's table. As he approached, Lupe arose, disdainfully turned her shapely back and walked away.

What's that ancient adage anent the woman scorned?

Lupe also looks at Hollywood with scornful, burning eyes—and her tongue drips venom when she speaks of the lads and lassies—especially the lassies—of Cinemaland.

"W'en I come 'ere from my countree," flames Lupita, "I doan know the Eengleesh so good. I go to the parties and these cats, they all tell me ter-r-rible theengs to say. (Here Lupe illustrates with the fluency and force of a Missouri mule driver.) I doan know w'at those words mean, but I want to be frien's, so I am like the parrot. I say them. Then evereebody laughs and says, 'Listen to Lupe, isn't she cute?' But they go away and tell people, 'Do you know that leetle guttersnipe, Lupe Velez. You should 'ear Lupe talk. She says the most vulgar theengs. . . .'

"They try to make a dam' fool of Lupe . . . and now I doan geeve them the chance again. I am not like they say! I tell them all to go to h—!"

Five years have passed, but Hollywood still chuckles at mention of the revenge Lupe exacted for an injury done one of her countrymen.

During the production of her first picture, *The Gaucho*, a Mexican lad, playing one of the vaqueros, was bitten by a horse.

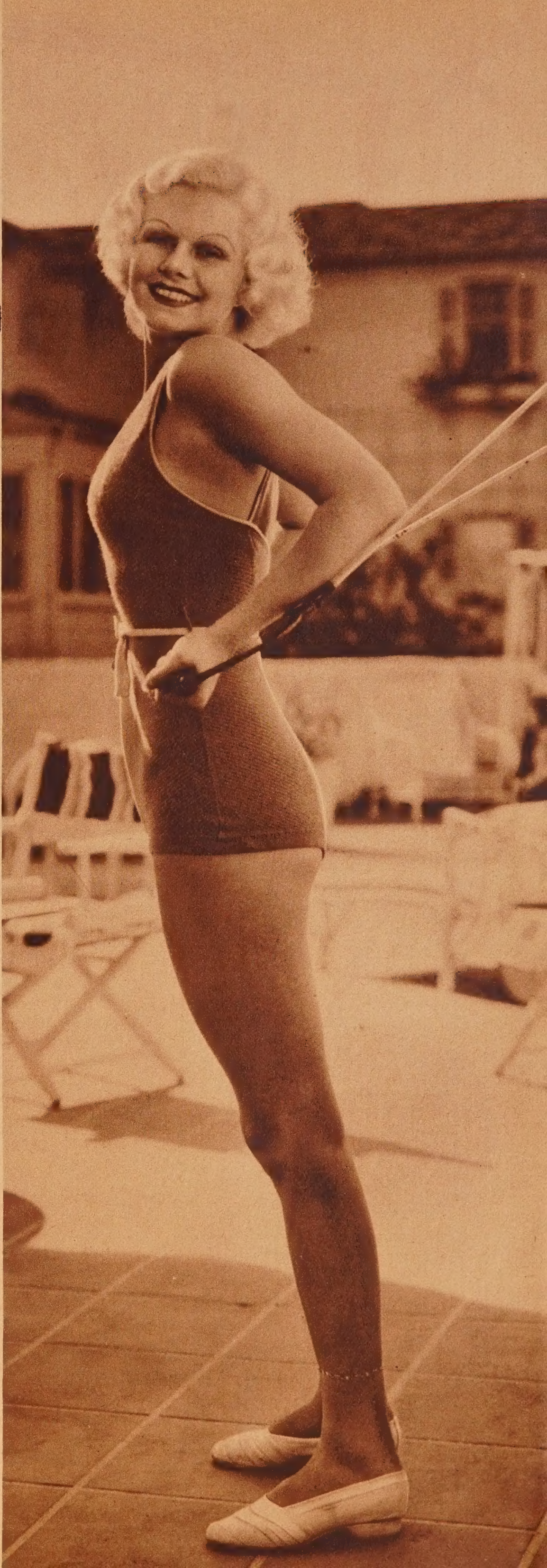
Lupe took one look at his bleeding wound, dashed across the set and bit the horse!

Not So Funny!

THE movie colony was thrown into near-panic when one Bob Holliday, a self-styled aviator, reported to police that he had uncovered a plot to kidnap Dick Barthelmess' daughter. Overnight, the homes of our stars were converted into armed camps—needlessly, as it turned out, for Holliday, when grilled by police, finally admitted that his "plot" was a hoax. He said he only intended it as a joke.

Such jokes are not appreciated in a town already terrorized by the kidnapping menace. The stars realize that they are very logical victims and they have taken

[*Continued on page* 58]



Jean Harlow believes in keeping fit. She believes in holding the figure for which she is so well known. If you haven't already seen her in *Dinner at Eight* you have a treat in store

3 BIG SONG HITS
"Gather Lip Rouge While You May"
"Be Careful"
"How Do I Look"

LILIAN HARVEY LEW AYRES

in

MY WEAKNESS

A sparkling romance of melody, beauty and fun

MUSIC!
BEAUTY!
ROMANCE!

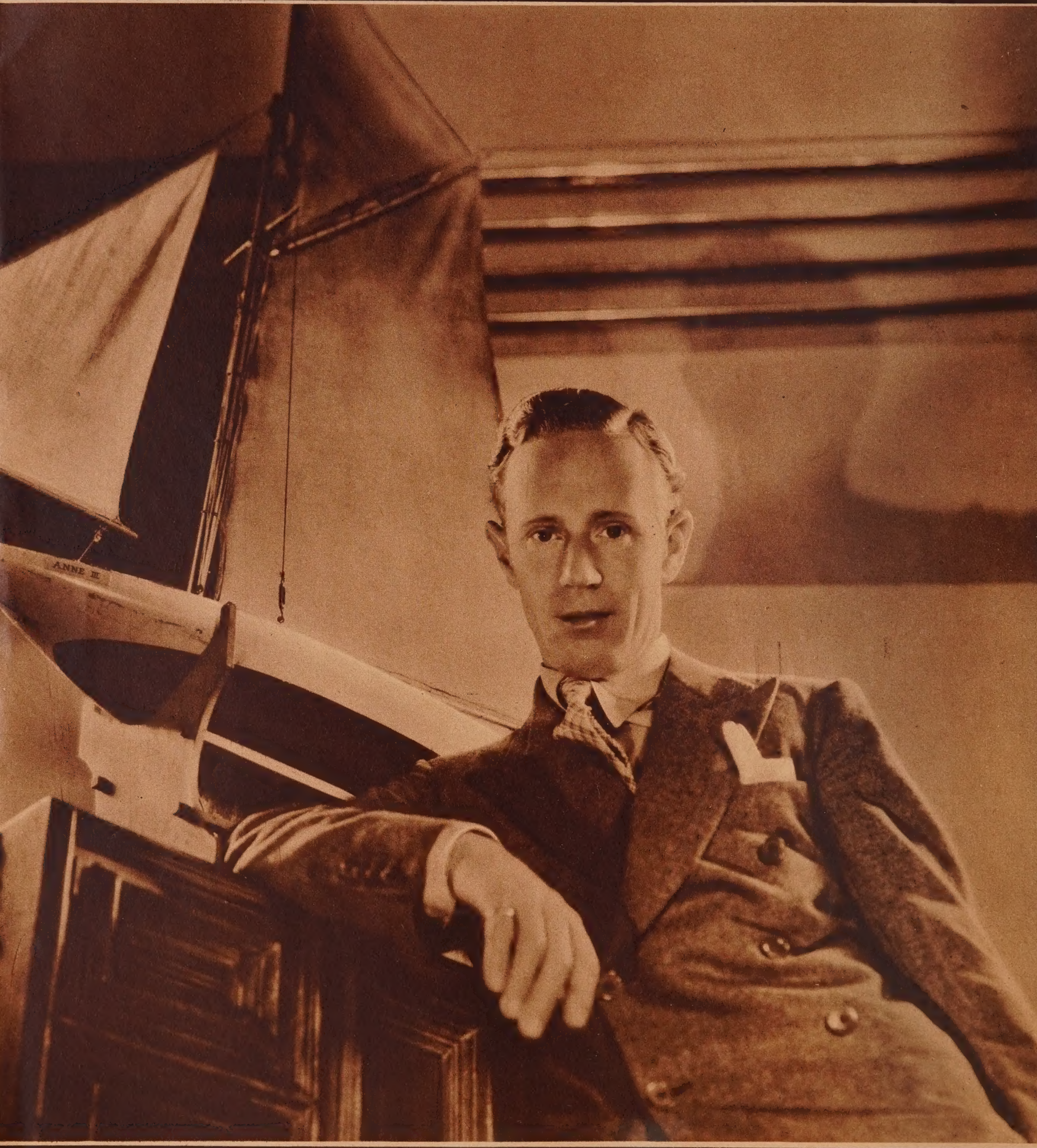
with

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
HARRY LANGDON · SID SILVERS
IRENE BENTLEY
and everybody's weakness
GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS
B. G. DeSYLVA Production
Directed by David Butler
Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and Richard Whiting. Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva

FOX

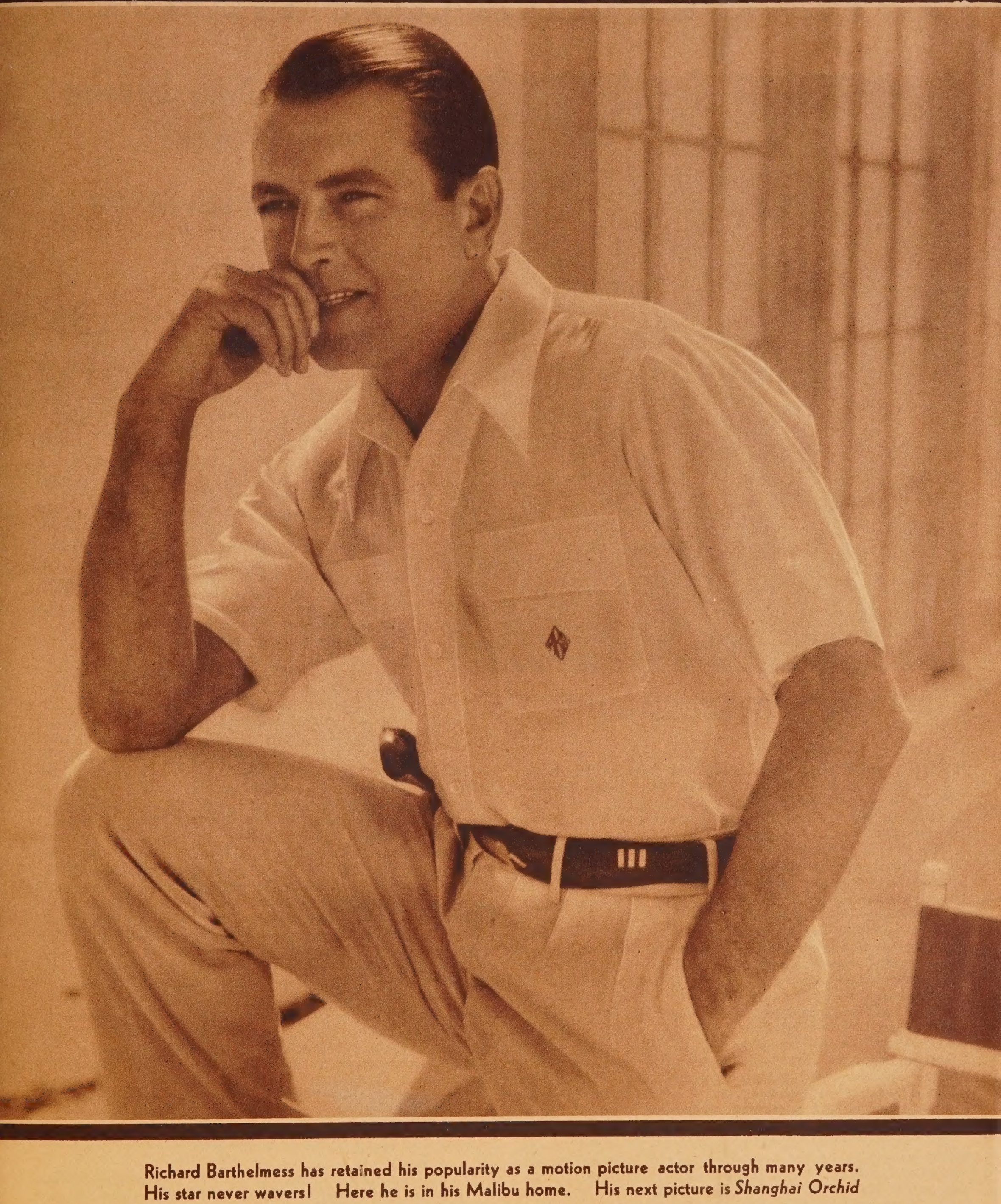
Beauty and Loveliness! Jeanette MacDonald has these feminine qualities in addition to a charming voice. She is the epitome of what every man, and woman, pictures as the ideal Princess

He Has Stolen the Hearts of American Moviegoers



Leslie Howard, that fascinating Englishman with worlds of charm, completed *Berkeley Square* before leaving for his native England. Upon his return to Hollywood he will do *British Agent*

He Has Held the Admiration of Thousands for Years



Richard Barthelmess has retained his popularity as a motion picture actor through many years. His star never wavers! Here he is in his Malibu home. His next picture is *Shanghai Orchid*

The Bennetts Answer

"I am not facing divorce," says Constance Bennett. "I am quite happily married"

"I Am Not Facing Divorce!"

By Constance Bennett

THIS magazine, in its September issue, printed two articles entitled respectively—but not respectfully—"Divorce: Is Connie Facing It?" and "Divorce: Can Joan Avoid It?" I read them with mingled wonder, understanding and disgust. Principally disgust!

The editors of SCREEN BOOK have convinced me of their sincere regret and promised a complete retraction. And to make assurance doubly sure, I am taking this opportunity to tell the public exactly how I feel about such malicious insinuation and misrepresentation.

Being a "business woman," I can understand, for instance, the purpose which inspired the editor to print such irresponsible rumors and ridiculous conclusions; I can understand the author's reasons for writing the article—and, having lived for four years in Hollywood, I certainly can understand the ease with which appropriate rumors were harvested. Hollywood produces a truly prolific rumor crop. Practically any rumor needed for any purpose can be had here for the asking—and the fact that most of them are stupid and untrue apparently enhances their value in the estimation of some editors. Those of us who are "public property" have become inured to reading about our own plans and actions long before the plans are born or the actions are performed.

My "wonder" was aroused by the fact that the author of that ingenious article carefully avoided me while collecting the "material," and by the further fact that her editors did not request its verification. Perhaps she decided that I would not know the truth of any rumors concerning myself; or, perhaps, she merely wished to save me the bother of an interview and believed that I would not be interested in an innocuous little article which glorified me as a triple-threat woman, a delightful combination of unfaithful wife, mercenary huzzy and social snob.

And imagine! For years I've been deluding myself, believing that I had honestly earned a reputation for dealing fairly and frankly with the press.

IT SEEMS that she was equally careful to avoid an interview with my sister, notwithstanding the fact that she actually quoted Joan!

Had she questioned me, I should have told her that:

I am not "facing divorce"; that, on the contrary, I am quite happily married and that my husband has failed to give me the least hint that *he* regards our marriage as a failure.

I should have "confessed" that I *actually was guilty* of planning a vacation trip to Honolulu and that my immodest plans included my maid, my secretary, one of my friends, her son and my son. And I would have assured her that so large a party would seriously overcrowd that mythical but oh-so-romantic "love nest on the beach at Waikiki." I should have confirmed the studio's announcement that my trip was deferred because of retakes, and I might have persuaded her to come on the set and be convinced that those retakes were a very sweltering reality.

For a person who is reported (truthfully, for once) to have a quick temper, I failed to be greatly infuriated by the rumors of my "Honolulu romance" and my "inevitable divorce." Such rumors have become more boresome than annoying. In the past four years, Hollywood's gossip-mongers have gleefully reported me as being in the arms of first one lover, then another. Anyone who habitually reads the fan magazine and newspaper chatter-columns might well conclude that I am a female Casanova, and that I cry my loves from the housetops.

The author of the imaginative masterpiece published in this magazine apparently was afraid to mention the name of the man who has been linked with me in the present barrage of romantic ravings. She meant Gilbert Roland. The rumors were first kindled by the hideously insinuating fact that he played opposite me in *Our Betters*, and they were fanned into a blaze when he escorted me to the Hollywood Legion fights and to a preview. Undoubtedly, it was our consciousness of guilt and our fear of gossip which prompted us to "hide-out" in such lonely places!

Frankly, I like Mr. Roland. I have reached the age of discretion, and I do not choose to become a recluse merely because my husband happens to be out of the city, or otherwise engaged, and because "people might talk."

ONE of the more unfortunate phases of a screen star's life is that it is easier to drive a famished cat away from a saucer of cream than to check the wagging

[*Continued on page* 59]

Hollywood Gossip

Joan Denounces Hollywood Gossip

By Muriel Babcock

"I welcome this opportunity to condemn the whole vicious circle of Hollywood gossip," says Joan Bennett

THE other day, Joan Bennett quite casually opened a copy of the September issue of this magazine and found, to her great amazement, she was reading an article entitled "Divorce—Is Joan Bennett Facing It?"

Joan was horrified, shocked, astounded.

More than that, she was furious.

She and Gene Markey had been married on March 16, 1932; they were happily married and the thought of divorce had never entered their heads.

In five minutes she was on the telephone, investigating, trying to find the source of the story, calling upon friends who might help her.

It was six o'clock in the evening.

I was sitting in the broadcasting chamber of KHJ waiting for Elissa Landi to go on the air, when an attendant tapped me on the shoulder and said I was wanted on the telephone.

"This," said a strained voice, which I did not recognize, "is Joan Bennett—something terrible has happened! Can you come at once?"

The "something terrible" was the article in the magazine which Joan resented, and rightly so. She and Gene immediately went about taking steps to refute the article, but anything like that, as you know, is like locking the barn after the horse is stolen. The damage has been done—in this case, not so much damage, for it seems as if nothing can effect the happiness of these two people—but hurt to them had been accomplished. They were both really shocked.

Other people near and dear to them were shocked and hurt, too. In fact, all Hollywood was aroused and indignant. Letters and telegrams and phone calls from people Joan didn't even know poured in, as well as from friends and business associates.

A FEW days later, Gene had a letter from his mother in Chicago. Now the senior Markeys are devoted to Joan. They love her very much and were amazed and troubled to read that Gene and Joan were considering divorce.

They didn't stop—as people outside Hollywood don't—to reckon with the vicious rumor mart of the town. They hoped the story was not true, but they couldn't understand why it started.

Gene sat down and wrote his mother a long letter. Joan did the same. They wrote to Joan's mother.

And they took steps to get in touch with the editor of this magazine whom I am told was also shocked and grieved to think that, through lack of careful editorial check, something had been printed that was not true to facts. Through her attorney, Joan told him she was prepared to take legal action.

He asked me to write this story and he asked Joan to comment—if she would—on the vicious circle of Hollywood gossip that attacks Hollywood homes, that causes heartbreaks and anguish of soul and mind, that is apt, in the case of married movie stars, to destroy confidence in one another. He wanted her to give the star's side of the story.

Meantime, further investigation of the story led to discovery of how it started.

[*Continued on page 62*]

RETRACTION

In the September, 1933, issue of SCREEN BOOK, there appeared an article entitled "Divorce! Is Connie facing it? Will Joan avoid it?" by Virginia Sinclaire.

Misses Constance and Joan Bennett insist that the double article is false and untrue, and injurious to their names and reputations. It appears to have hurt their pride and sensitiveness, all of which SCREEN BOOK exceedingly regrets. Consequently, we retract the said articles in their entirety.

In this same spirit of repentance, and believing in the bigness of their minds and estates, and likewise believing that any article submitted by them would point out with specificness all statements which they claim to be false, we gladly consented to run their two personal defense articles in this issue, with the hope that such articles would be free from all vindictiveness and vituperation. We present these articles as they were submitted to us.

If any mistake has occurred, we trust that these articles will clarify such mistake. We have never entertained the slightest intention to injure or harm the great Bennetts. We have always and now have great affection and admiration for them, and wish them well in all their undertakings—a wish which we trust is jointly shared by all of our readers.

MOVIE Eavesdropping

By Radie Harris

—Wide World

Ramón Novarro comes back from a four months concert tour of Europe with all sorts of souvenirs—from hats to pipes—gathered on the other side

Choosing the Nearest Ex-it

AT THE Stadium fights the other night the show going on inside the ring wasn't half as entertaining as the one taking place in the ringside seats.

In one corner sat Lupe Velez with Johnny Weissmuller. Directly opposite Lupe sat Gary Cooper. In another corner, facing Johnny Weissmuller, sat Bobbe Arnst and directly next to her were Boots Mallory and Cy Bartlett, whose seats were diagonally across from Alice White and John Warburton's.

Heigh-ho, if you must meet your "ex" in Hollywood, where, more appropriate than in a fight arena?

In Appreciation

"OH, YOU great big beautiful doll!"

About fourteen years ago Al Jolson was singing this popular song at the Winter Garden when he happened to notice a baby girl, sitting on her mother's lap, in the audience. Leaning down over the runway he promised that if she were a good girl all during the performance he would buy her that "great big beautiful doll" he was singing about.

The other day Ruby Keeler received a lovely gift from a fifteen-year-old fan. It was the doll Al Jolson had given her that matinée fourteen years ago and which she had cherished as a precious souvenir ever since.

But after seeing Ruby in *42nd Street* and *Gold Diggers* she felt that it now belonged to Al's own "great big beautiful doll."

A whole group were sitting around a table in the RKO commissary trying to help Merian Cooper think up a title for Constance Bennett's new picture.

"It's a spy story," explained Cooper, "but all the good spy titles seem to have been used already."

"How about *Mince Pie?*" was someone's brilliant suggestion.

—Wide World

Divorce in hand, Carole Lombard flew back to Hollywood from Carson City with Captain Roscoe Turner as her pilot. She was in a hurry to start film work again

SCREEN BOOK'S Broadway Commentator Visits the Film Capital, Tours the Studios and Reports the Surprising Sights that Greet her—Doing the Movieland Parties—Events Viewed at the Stadium Fights, from Behind the Sound Cameras, and along Hollywood Boulevard—And Some Brand New Stories About the Movie Famous

Which explains why the picture is being called *Without Glory.*

Re Chapeaux

PERHAPS the reason Joan Crawford looks so radiantly happy these days is because "one cannot pour happiness on others without getting a few drops on oneself."

Joan, who is always doing something sweet and thoughtful for everybody, added another *beau geste* to her long list when she presented her young sister-in-law with a millinery shop.

Very Good, Eddie

AT JEAN and Via Hersholt's dinner party the other evening, Peter Freudkin was revealing the fact that the leading man in his picture, *Eskimo,* is half Eskimo and half Jew.

Another flying star! Mary Pickford flew to New York to talk over the possibility of doing a stage play on Broadway this season. Interesting news, that

—*Wide World*

Jeanette MacDonald and Esmeralda, her pet kitten. Jeanette is under contract to do three singing films for Metro-Goldyn-Mayer and one may be *The Merry Widow*

"But how did a Jew get into that region?" John Miljan interrupted.

"Probably one of the 'Iceberg' family," Eddie Robinson piped up.

In a Garden

ONE of the most charming parties I have ever attended was given by Colonel and Mrs. Reginald Barlow in celebration of their thirtieth wedding anniversary.

In an exquisite setting of Talisman roses they re-enacted the same ceremony that made them man and wife thirty years ago. Claude Gillingwater, who was best man at their original wedding, and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, life-long friend of Mrs. Barlow, were their attendants.

Among the hundred guests who witnessed the lovely event were: Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Edward G. Robinson, Pat O'Brien, Frank Craven, Edmund Breese, Ned Sparks, Sam Hardy, Conway Tearle, Joe E. Brown, Warren William, Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee and the [*Continued on page* 69]

Just a Lad Who Packs a Sock

Max Baer, conqueror of Max Schmeling, is doing *The Prizefighter and the Lady* for Metro and he has won everybody in the studio with his pleasant personality. The other day he walked on the forbidden Garbo set and actually was given a shy smile by the glamorous Swede

SCREEN BOOK TABLOID

NOVEMBER, 1933

Out of Tragedy to Happiness

By J. Eugene Chrisman

IN SPITE of the fact that Hollywood, the place they call *Heartbreak Town*, has brought nothing but sorrow, disillusionment and discontent to thousands, it brought happiness to Helen Twelvetrees. She came to Hollywood a broken, tragic figure for whom the fires of romance had died. She remained to become a radiantly happy wife and mother. Helen Twelvetrees has reversed the usual order of procedure.

The press had assembled to see a studio preview of *A Bedtime Story*. Half way through the picture, a woman representative of a great newspaper syndicate who was seated next to me, turned to her neighbor and whispered,

"What has happened to Helen Twelvetrees? She positively radiates happiness. Marriage and motherhood must have worked wonders with her."

And the Helen Twelvetrees who appeared in the rôle of the nurse in *A Bedtime Story* was a new Twelvetrees. No longer did her fragile shoulders droop like those of an over-burdened Atlas. It was as though a shadow had been lifted and the radiance of a new soul were permitted to shine through.

"It's no secret and there's nothing mysterious about it," smiled Helen as I sat with her on the set at Columbia studios where she is making *His Woman*, a title strangely reversing that of her first big hit, *Her Man*. "Of course I'm happy. I think I'm really happy for the first time in my life. I have my husband, my baby and my career and what more could a girl want?"

But to understand Helen's present happiness, one must also understand the experiences which first brought her to Hollywood, a broken disillusioned girl. One cannot appreciate the sunshine without the rain and the earlier tragedy which all but wrecked Helen's life, brings a double appreciation of her present happiness.

Helen was but a child of sixteen when she married Clark Twelvetrees. She had been carefully raised in an atmosphere which, if it did not give luxury, was at least secure and comfortable. Then came her marriage and the drab routine of a small town stock company. The dirty ill-kept rooms, the failure of their combined salaries to make ends meet and the fact that Clark, himself but a kid, sought solace in the gin bottle.

And then, as if this were not enough, Clark's attempt at suicide when he leaped from the window of their room on the seventh floor of a cheap theatrical hotel in New York. Clark lived but Helen was at first accused of having pushed him from the window! Is it any wonder that when she came to Hollywood, after her separation from Clark, that she cared little what happened.

And Hollywood did not receive the little girl from Brooklyn with open arms. In three pictures for Fox she failed miserably to register. Then, at last, Edmund Goulding selected her for a rôle in *Grand Parade* which raised her to the ranks of stardom for Pathé.

But it remained for a picture called *Her Man* to really give Helen her opportunity. She knew that it was the hit of her career before the first week's shooting was over but that was not the greatest thing that *Her Man* was to do for little Twelvetrees.

PHILLIPS HOLMES was a member of the cast. One day, when he had a luncheon date with Helen, he absent-mindedly made another with a young real estate man named Frank Woody. Laughing it off, the three went to lunch together.

Frank Woody fell in love with Helen at first sight and she with him but the memories of that first unfortunate infatuation stood between them. Helen was afraid and why not? Woody was gentle, persistent and his wooing was a decided contrast to the impetuous ardor of young Twelvetrees. Helen decided to wait a year to be sure. At last they were married.

Hollywood turned up its nose in its usual cynical sneer. Another one of *those things*. Frank and Helen settled down in a home on Bristol Avenue in Brentwood Heights

[*Continued on page* 51]

Helen Twelvetrees, who appreciates happiness now, having suffered tragedy in early life

EXTRA

Garbo and Gilbert Together Again

By J. B. Lawrence

Not since *The Single Standard* have Greta Garbo and John Gilbert played together. This famous team will be seen in *Queen Christina*

JOHN GILBERT is to play opposite the glamorous Greta Garbo in *Queen Christina*. Garbo has been adamant about having none other than this famous lover as her leading man. She has overridden the objections of everyone.

It reminds us of those early days when Jack Gilbert chose Garbo as his leading lady in *The Single Standard*. She had been just another beginner then. She has risen to her high position through her work in her early pictures with him when he had been the biggest thing in Hollywood. Then, the Gilbert star began to set. The studio which had bound him with an iron-clad contract, found that they had built a Frankenstein's Monster in that contract—it was so well-constructed that they couldn't break it, either! So Gilbert worked out his days there, and was paid and paid through Jimmy Durante's nose—which is plenty!

They didn't want Jack any more. They made it plain. When David Selznick went there to become a production executive, he and another head man walked into Gilbert's bungalow on the lot, so the story goes. It was to be Selznick's new office—in a few weeks when Gilbert's contract was up. The two men were discussing locations of desks and ice-boxes when Jack walked in on them. They say he took one look and said:

"Please, gentlemen. The corpse isn't even cold yet!"

John Gilbert left. He gave up ambitions for an acting career and decided to become a writer and director. He had done both these jobs in silent pictures before donning the grease-paint.

Much was written in the daily press about Gilbert. It was told how he was working, for nothing, with Kenneth MacKenna, the director, to learn the directorial ropes all over again.

Maybe Garbo read those stories. Maybe she thought Jack had no money. That would have been a foolish worry because they say that Jack has salted away two million dollars in a trust fund that returns him enough interest to feed the Bulgarian National Guard.

Anyway, Garbo needed a leading man for *Queen Christina*. The studio wanted Ronald Colman but Colman didn't want the studio. Next Clark Gable was suggested but Garbo said nay. Everyone else in Hollywood from W. C. Fields to Jack Oakie were suggested and passed by.

Finally in desperation, someone thought of Laurence Olivier who looks like Ronnie Colman and they sent all the way to England for him.

They made tests of Olivier upon his arrival. And the studio heads turned grayer when Garbo turned thumbs down.

"WE'RE ready to shoot the picture," they argued. "You can't play both parts yourself. Whom do you want?"

The story is that Garbo said she wanted John Gilbert and no one else. Why, they had only let him out a few months before. But Garbo came back with Gilbert or no Garbo. When Garbo makes up her mind, it is no use arguing. And don't think the studio doesn't know it.

So pride was swallowed and Jack Gilbert signed his name to another contract—this time as writer and director as well as leading man.

I have a friend who is a big star and she told me, being in the know, that it was entirely graciousness on Garbo's part. Hollywood has whispered that Garbo, being a shrewd soul, realized the publicity value of getting Gilbert back but those who really know insist that it was her repayment to Jack for having given her a chance when she most needed it.

The stories of romance between the two probably will never again be heard. Jack is happily married to Virginia Bruce and his baby is his pride and joy. This chance of playing opposite the most glamorous figure in pictures is the only thing that has lured him back to acting.

Whatever the reason is, Garbo now rates a new title. No longer is she only "Garbo, the Silent." She is "Garbo, the Gracious."

★ ★ ★ ★ EXTRA

Anna Q. Nilsson in the brave days before her accident. When she first came from Sweden she worked as a nurse girl. Then she became an art model, next an actress in the old silent films

Anna Q Comes Back

Here is SCREEN BOOK'S 1933 Award for Courage

By Hal Hall

Anna Q. Nilsson as she is today. Not embittered by the disaster that almost ended everything, but hopeful of the future. She comes of hardy Viking ancestry and she admits no defeat

THIS is the story of a woman whose courage and indomitable will to succeed puts most strong men to shame. It is the story of a woman whose forefathers set forth in tiny boats and cruised the uncharted seas centuries ago when the most hardy sailors dared not go beyond sight of land; and through this woman's veins runs the same virile blood that coursed through the veins of her Viking ancestors who knew not the meaning of fear or defeat. Neither does she.

It is the story of Anna Q. Nilsson, who by an accident was wiped from the screen at the pinnacle of her success, and who has fought such a battle as few men or women are ever called upon to fight. While all Hollywood believed she would never even walk again she not only walks, but has come back to the screen, bringing with her a certain indescribable something that only years of suffering and struggle can give.

Five years ago Anna stood at the top rung of the ladder of motion picture fame. From the obscurity of a nurse-girl she had doggedly won her way to the screen, and there had gradually risen until, with her appearance in *Ponjola*, she scaled the heights. Anything she desired was hers. She had everything . . . striking beauty of face and figure . . . a personality that won the hearts of all who knew her personally and who saw her on the screen . . . a personality that was not lost when transferred to the celluloid film . . . a face that was a photographer's delight . . . unusual acting ability . . . wealth . . . a lovely home . . . countless friends . . . SUCCESS!

HER admirers were found in every country of the world, and two secretaries were required to open and answer the thousands of letters that came to her each week from motion picture fans.

She stood at the top rung of the movie ladder. Then an accident five years ago—a fall from a horse high up in the Sierra Mountains—wiped away her career, seemed to cloud any future. She apparently was hopelessly injured. Out of this living hell, she struggled for recovery. Meanwhile Hollywood almost forgot. Miss Nilsson learned to walk again, first slowly on crutches. Now she is trying a film comeback—and every fan in America is rooting for her

And then . . . one beautiful, sunny morning five years ago found her and a group of friends up in the High Sierra mountains. Laughing and joking, they mounted their horses and cantered away in the bracing mountain air. Somewhere along the trail they stopped to pick wild flowers. Anna jumped from her horse. As she did so it whirled and lashed out with its heels and caught Anna squarely on the hip. There was a sickening sound of snapping bone. With a cry of anguish Anna sank to the ground.

They brought her back to Hollywood where she was placed in a hospital and the broken bone was set. After weeks on her back she went home . . . and to a studio where she played in a picture. No one but Anna knew that she was suffering the tortures of the damned as she smiled into the camera.

"IT WAS simply a living hell," she said.

But Anna never flinched. Just kept at her job and said nothing until the picture was completed. Then she went home and waited, thinking it was merely the pain from a knitting bone. Weeks passed and her condition became worse. Another examination, and the X-ray showed that instead of knitting together, the jagged edges of the bone had decayed. She had staggered through that picture on a leg which one specialist said "simply could not have been used." But Anna is a "trouper," and a "trouper" never quits.

"I almost lost hope," she said, "when they told me that they would have to cut away the decayed section of the bone and try to graft a piece of bone, to be taken from my other leg, in its place. I had lost so much strength during the past months that the surgeon dared not operate

[*Continued on page 70*]

FLEETING FAME

Idolatry today, Isolation Tomorrow. That's the Dangerous Paths of Hollywood Glory

By Lew Garvey

Special Photographs for SCREEN BOOK *by Wide World*

"A HERO should die at the peak of his fame."

They credit that one to Napoleon at St. Helena. It is quite applicable to Hollywood and the famous of Cinemaland.

Many have mounted the pedestal of fame in very little time and with comparatively little effort.

Many have been shoved off that same pedestal in far less time than it took them to mount it.

Idolatry today—isolation tomorrow! And there is no more pathetic figure than he or she who was once famous.

In the heart of Hollywood, geographically speaking, though there are many who insist that Hollywood has no heart, a man of means and presumed showmanship, a few months since invested a most princely sum to house in a beautiful edifice what he chose to term a Motion Picture Museum and Hall of Fame.

He reasoned that a quarter of a million tourists, in addition to the more than two million inhabitants of Los Angeles and its suburb had at some time or other tried to gain admittance to a motion picture studio and failed.

He would give them the next best. A Hall of Fame where they could spend an afternoon or evening, after paying a nominal admission fee, and see a replica of their idols in wax together with many other intriguing things including interesting costumes and relics, authentic guns, swords, knives, armor, Indian, Spanish and Mexican relics and costumes and personal collections from many of the famous stars loaned for the exhibition.

So what?

THE Hall of Fame was opened with elaborate ceremony—it folded in less than two months due to lack of patronage. No one seemed interested in their idols.

We have it from good authority—one of the managers of the exhibit—that the first few days the museum was opened

Grauman's Chinese Theater. Hollywood, where the footprints of the ex-famous are on view

Napoleon said, "A Hero should die at the Peak of his Fame"—but he didn't know Hollywood

Out in a little Hollywood park is the Rudolph Valentino memorial, forgotten by the public. Little boys sail their boats on the pond close by, all oblivious to the last earthly record of the screen's most glamorous star. The pennies and nickels of Valentino fans built this memorial, which few ever visit

it got its greatest play from picture stars and near stars who came primarily to see if they had been accorded a niche in the Hall of Fame.

With its quick demise the owner decided to tour the country with the exhibit. No more was heard from him or it.

There were close to 150 replicas in wax of stars and players who were at the moment basking in the spotlight of fame.

Let's see how many have survived and how many are in comparative obscurity.

Douglas Fairbanks was there as *The Gaucho.* Doug is through in pictures.

Bela Lugosi as *Dracula.* Now playing occasional rôles.

McLaglen-Lowe and Brendel in their famous portrayals in *The Cock Eyed World.* Still going but almost forgotten.

Joan Crawford in *Rain.* Still tops but Sadie Thompson done the little girl lots of harm.

Clara Bow in *Call Her Savage.* The red head's come back not so fiery.

Conrad Nagel and Dolores Costello in *Glorious Betsy,* the first dramatic talking picture. Nagel has been playing Summer stock. Dolores retired, her own wish, to private life.

Warner Baxter as *Cisco Kid.* Still tops and *42nd Street* increased his popularity with film fans.

Garbo in *Romance.* Her long absence from the screen has not hurt her. Likewise the Mae West vogue threatens Garbo's stay on the pedestal.

Norma Talmadge in *The Dove.* Tremendously popular once—now almost forgotten as a screen personality.

May McAvoy in *The Jazz Singer.* Several attempts to come back have failed.

Betty Compson in *Great Gabbo.* Betty is writing a book. That's that.

Buster Keaton, a comic who may come back but it is doubtful.

Karl Dane in *The Big Parade.* Laugh that one off.

Madge Bellamy in *Mother Knows Best.* Playing an odd rôle in Poverty Row now and then.

Bessie Love. Out of the picture but still hopeful she may come back.

Clark Gable in *Night Nurse.* His vogue hasn't gained much.

John, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore in *Rasputin.* Still the tops for talent and going stronger than ever.

Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in *Min and Bill.* Still a prize team.

Jackie Cooper in *The Champ.* Another year and Jackie may be just a memory.

Now for a few more names of those who were in the Hall of Fame listed here without comment. Read them over and see if you don't agree that they are in eclipse so far as fame on the screen is concerned. Here they are:

Nita Naldi, Anna May Wong, Harry Langdon, Sheldon Lewis, Alec B. Francis, Vic Potel, Jackie Condon, Farina and Mary Kornman of *Our Gang* fame; Lewis Stone, Mary Astor, Buck Jones, Alberta Vaughn, Jack Mulhall, Lois Wilson—but why go on?

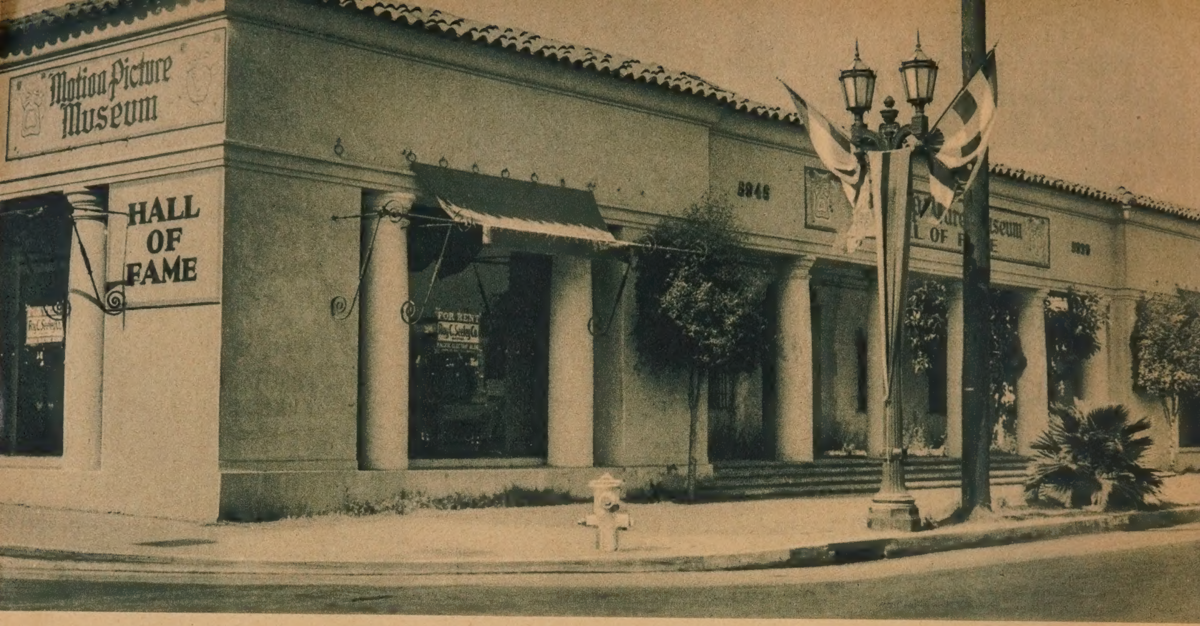
Rather let us take a walk up Hollywood Boulevard to the show place of the west, Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Before we take a look at the footprints in the forecourt of the theatre let us explain.

THE Hall of Fame that we just mentioned was the idea and the selection of a man whose judgment and whose showmanship could not begin to compare with that astute showman Sid Grauman so, obviously the ideas of the two men as to what constitutes fame are sure to be at variance.

Annually thousands upon thousands of visitors to Hollywood head for the forecourt of the Grauman's Chinese Theatre and there they gaze at the footprints and the autographs of celebrities.

In the several years that Grauman has owned and directed the Chinese theatre more than a score of stars have been in-



The Hollywood Hall of Fame, doors closed, uncut grass fringing the marble

vited to place their hands and feet in the soft clay of the forecourt and to trace their signatures to endure forever.

Grauman, a master showman, always puts this ceremony on big with the multitude assembled to see the epoch making event and to have at least a small part in it.

The names you see there are handpicked by Grauman. Now let's see how much lasting fame went with the ceremony.

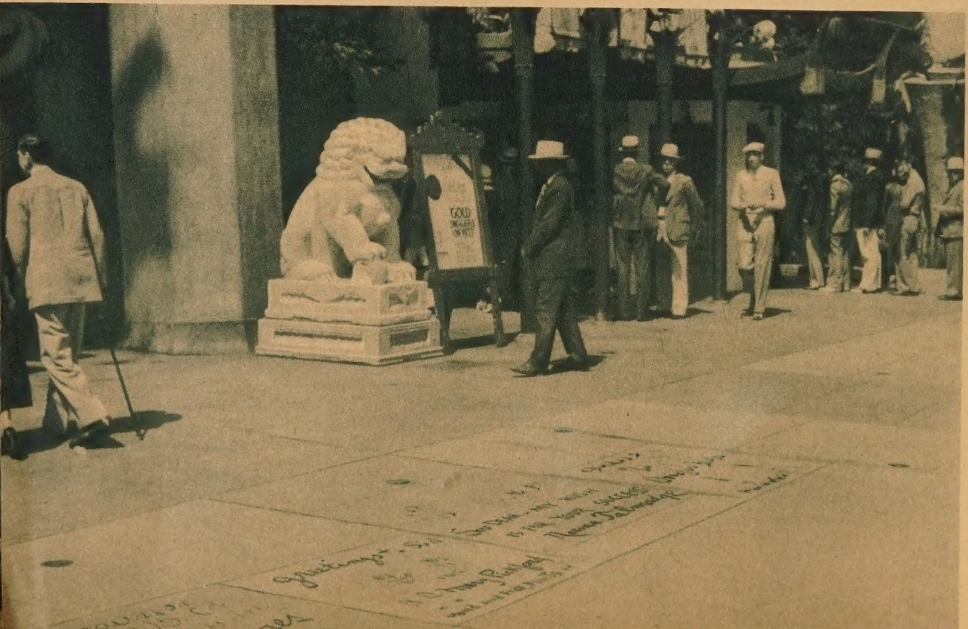
Here are the names imbedded in cement in the Grauman's Chinese forecourt:

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd, Janet Gaynor, Bill Hart, Colleen Moore, Raoul Walsh, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Pola Negri, Norma Shearer, Eddie Cantor, Jackie Cooper, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Tom Mix, Bebe Daniels, Diana Wynyard, the Four Marx Brothers, Gloria Swanson and Constance Talmadge.

Douglas is through with pictures; Norma and Constance Talmadge likewise; Bill Hart retired to his ranch long ago; Colleen Moore is trying hard to come back; Pola Negri, washed up long ago; Tom Mix, tried a come back but failed; Gloria Swanson may still bit it, try again; Jackie Cooper is growing up; while Diana Wynyard may never equal her work in *Cavalcade*.

The others are strenuously striving to hold their place but it's only a question of time for the public, that pays at the box-office, is fickle and there is a lot of truth to the old Hollywood saying that "a star or director is no better than their last picture.

[*Continued on page* 57]



A closer view of the famous footprints in the cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Close by are the footprints of Marion Davies, Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge

Who *Is* Frances Fuller?

A Successful Stage Actress Whose Break into Films Was by Coincidence

By Radie Harris

ONE of the first things I heard immediately upon my arrival in Hollywood was the shouting in the streets about Frances Fuller's performance in *One Sunday Afternoon.*

Who was she? Where did she come from? Everyone wanted to know. The question was not rhetorical because I took it upon myself to become her private Boswell.

Hadn't I seen her first Broadway appearance in *Front Page*? Hadn't I "clapped calloused mitts" for her subsequent performances in *Five Star Final, Animal Kingdom* and *I Loved You Wednesday*? Hadn't I enjoyed a heated game of ping-pong with her at the Hotel Algonquin one Sunday afternoon? And didn't I think her husband, Worthington Miner, one of the swellest stage directors Broadway has?

Of her early biography I also knew a few salient facts:

That she made her world début on October 4, in Charleston, South Carolina.

That her father was an electrical engineer and until her advent into the theatre, there had never been any blot on the family escutcheon.

That she attended finishing school at the Sacred Heart Convent in a suburb of New York and graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts where Helen Twelvetrees was also aspiring to emulate Dusé and Bernhardt.

That she played a summer stock engagement in Baltimore and in the same company were Katharine Hepburn, Mary Boland and Kenneth MacKenna.

That she appeared in Los Angeles four years ago in a play called *Night Hostess* and that the same film executives who passed her up in New York during the past few seasons suffered from the same acute nearsightedness then!

You see, Frances was not catapulted into her present Paramount contract by the astuteness of any film executive but by such a remarkable coincidence that it almost reads like a Ripley *Believe it or not.*

THREE years ago, David Todd a talent scout for Fox Corporation was in New York seeking an actress to play the title rôle in the screen version of Vina Delmar's *Bad Girl.*

Methodically, he went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, the kindergarten of the theatre, and studied the pictures of its graduates hanging on the wall. Pointing to the face of a black-haired, blue-eyed girl

[*Continued on page* 68]

Frances Fuller, whose first picture is *One Sunday Afternoon*, went to Hollywood for a holiday. A week later she signed a contract for the movies. Frances is the first member of an old Southern family to become an actress

Here they are! The "little women" who will appear in the screening of *Little Women.* Left to right they are: Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, and Jean Parker playing the rôles of Jo, Amy, Meg and Beth respectively. This picture promises to be one of the best bets for the coming season

SCREEN BOOK'S Roving Camera

Wait until you see *Footlight Parade*, Juliette Ware, caught in this graceful position, is one of the highlights of this coming musical revue in which the unique dancing plays a large part. The rôle she plays in this picture is a direct contrast to the type of thing Juliette has been doing heretofore

Contrary to belief, Marlene Dietrich continues to effect masculine attire. Here is the beautiful Marlene at Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes. She is due to make two more pictures under Director von Sternberg

More *Footlight Parade*. Consuello Baker, Pat Farr and June Glorey make up part of the chorus which plays such an important part in this musical extravaganza

Heather Angel, that English girl with unusual piquant beauty, is shown in her first swim suit. Heretofore she has shied away from such informality. Miss Angel is appearing in Leslie Howard's *Berkeley Square*

Here she is, the little lady who has been held in seclusion for nearly two years. Anna Sten has been going through a round of lessons in completely mastering the English language

"I Am Afraid *of* Nothing"

Anna Sten, Hollywood's Great Mystery Woman, Has Overcome Everything to Become a Star

By Jerry Lane

FOR fifteen months there has been an Unknown causing a stir in Hollywood.

Some said she was as voluptuous as an houri. Some that she was a glorious young savage from the steppes of Asia whom Sam Goldwyn was endeavoring to have tamed sufficiently to vibrate on the screen. Others claimed the blood of Romany ran in her veins.

And me—I believe there's a little truth to all of it. I have just met her, this Anna Sten. Right now I wish to declare myself . . . she's going to be Hollywood's pet surprise package!

You don't *think* Anna Sten; you *feel* that presence of hers the instant she approaches. A warm radiating presence which has all the strength of animal magnetism in it—with the cool intellect of young Russia behind.

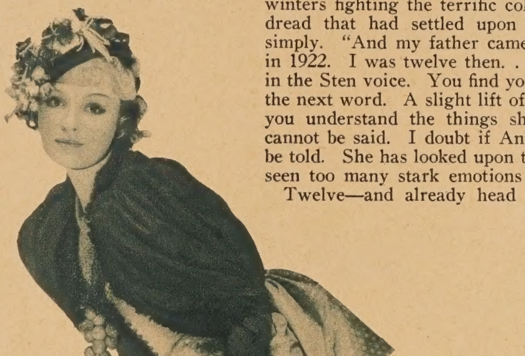
For Anna is the first star of the Soviet Republic to enter Filmdom. We have a surge of White Russians all over the place. Have had for the last fourteen years. She introduces the new order. The magnificently vivid peasant tasting freedom.

"This is my first interview," she said quietly, gazing at me with those gray-blue eyes that suddenly take on the color of wet slate when she's excited. I don't believe she had wanted to talk. Because without a single American production behind her, she felt there was little to say. But over hot coffee and a one hundred per cent American hamburger, we both waxed loquacious.

"Have you ever seen a great bear dance and the puffs of his breath turn to frost?" she mused. "Or watched a white deer flash across frozen snow? Those are the first things I remember. That, and catching hold with both my hands to my father's two big fingers and trying to follow him around in a dance."

He was gay, her father. A sort of troubadour who went around the countryside singing and teaching Ukrainian folk dances. Her mother, who was part Swedish, had stage aspirations which were abruptly frustrated by the arrival of two daughters. Anna was the eldest. Girls grow up quickly during the stress of war when life is keyed so high. She sensed the tragedy in the air when her father marched off, a musket on his shoulder. There were years of working in the fields, winters fighting the terrific cold. Fighting, too, the nameless dread that had settled upon Kiev. "I was born there—" simply. "And my father came home to die there. That was in 1922. I was twelve then. . . ." There's a haunting quality in the Sten voice. You find yourself straining eagerly to catch the next word. A slight lift of shoulders, a slow gesture—and you understand the things she leaves unsaid. Things that cannot be said. I doubt if Anna Sten's entire story will ever be told. She has looked upon too much raw, quivering agony; seen too many stark emotions released.

Twelve—and already head of the family. There was an ailing mother to provide for and a baby sister. And this to be done in the midst of a world gone mad.



Nana, shame on you raising your skirts! Here is Anna Sten in the title rôle of the picture *Nana*

BUT the excitement caught at Anna. I think she has never known fear. One noon she was tending the dingy office of the local newspaper, *The Truth in Kiev*, while the editor went to the tavern. Quite casually, to amuse herself, she re-arranged the art set-up of a page. The editor, coming in unexpectedly, roared at her from the doorway. Ran across the room and struck her aside. Then he saw her work. He calmed. "From now on you shall handle the art," he announced.

And Anna did, for half of every day. The other half she spent rehearsing a group of children in plays and studying. She had organized the group as a result of the success they'd had in a school pantomime of one of Hans Anderson's fairy tales. Anna had played the lead.

With the coming of winter more money had to be earned. The paper paid her next to nothing and she had sold the last of the family possessions—a miniature of her [*Continued on page 67*]

—*Freulich*

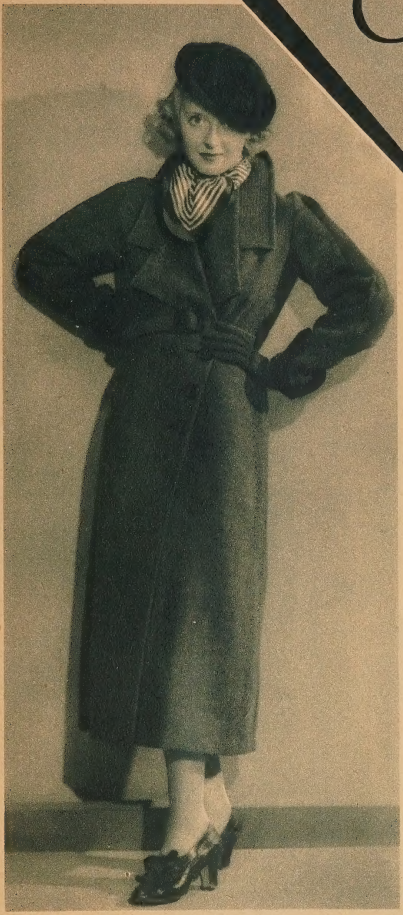
A ballet costume disclosure of June Knight, the Universal blonde starlet, as she will appear in a new film called *The Indecent Age*. This will be June's third picture

CHARM

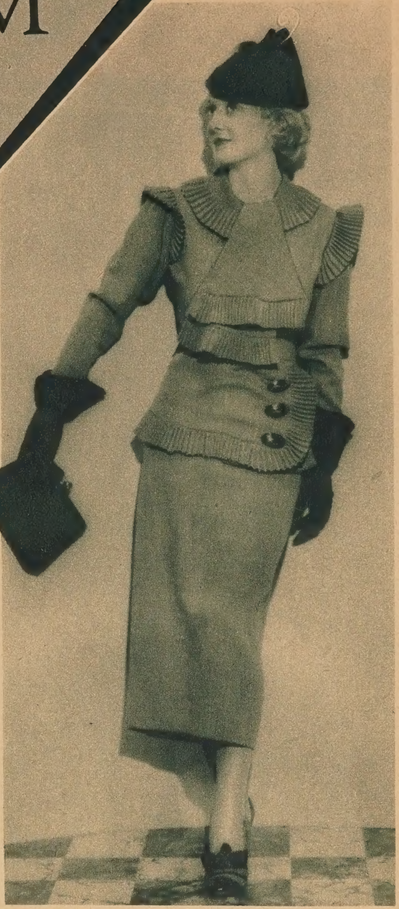
Edited by

MIRIAM GIBSON

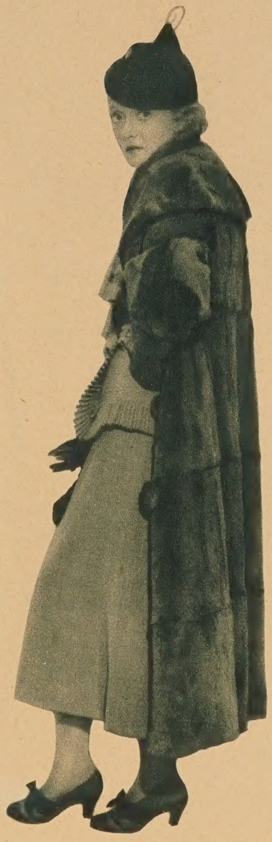
Bette Davis Goes to Football Games



Bette Davis has selected this "in-between type" football costume. The tailored coat is of mixed brown tweed, beret of brown angora, scarf of striped brown linen, brown gloves, brown lizard oxfords



Bette Davis' frock is of wool crepe, woven half and half in brown and gray. Accessories include purse of brown polo cloth, oxfords of gray suede and brown kid, brown gloves and hat



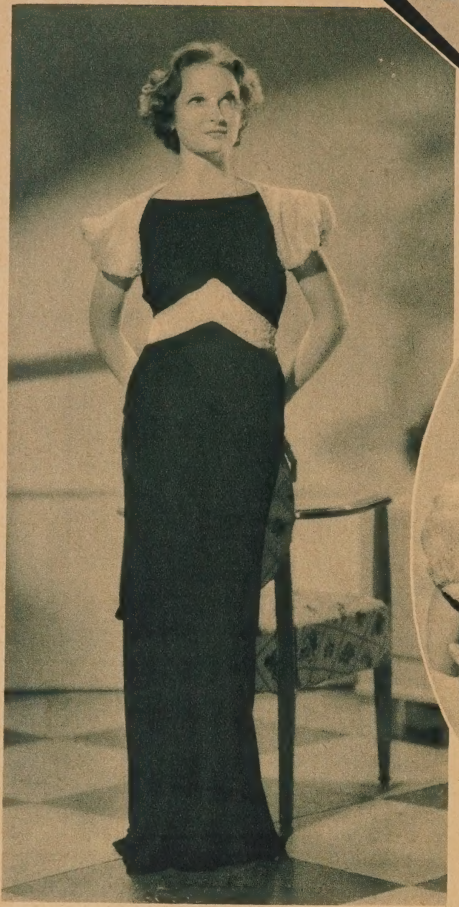
For cold football games, Bette Davis wears a long coat of brown lapin

With the costume above, Bette selects brown fabric gloves with taffeta cuffs and a brown stitched velvet hat with curly quill in orange and green

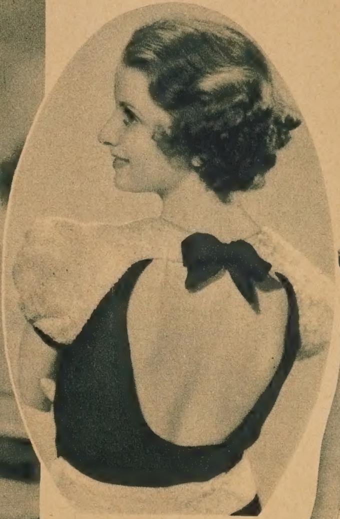
With the costume above, Bette wears brown fabric gloves with ribbed velvet cuffs, brown zipper purse of polo cloth, and beige linen handkerchief

CHARM

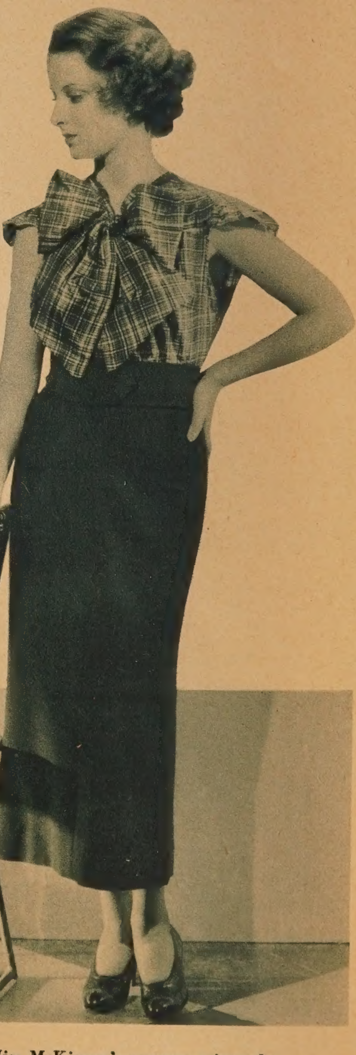
Velvet All-Important. Suede for Hats. The Stars Obey These Fall Commands



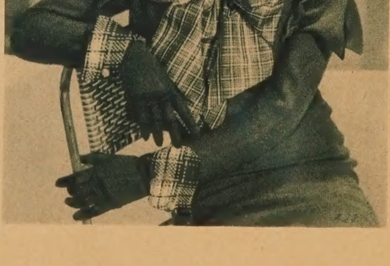
Florinne McKinney, in *Beauty For Sale*, wears a black velvet gown. The sheath-line is preserved despite a tunic. Puffed sleeves and an inserted belt are embroidered with pearls



Back view of Miss McKinney's velvet gown. The decollete has an interestingly naive neckline



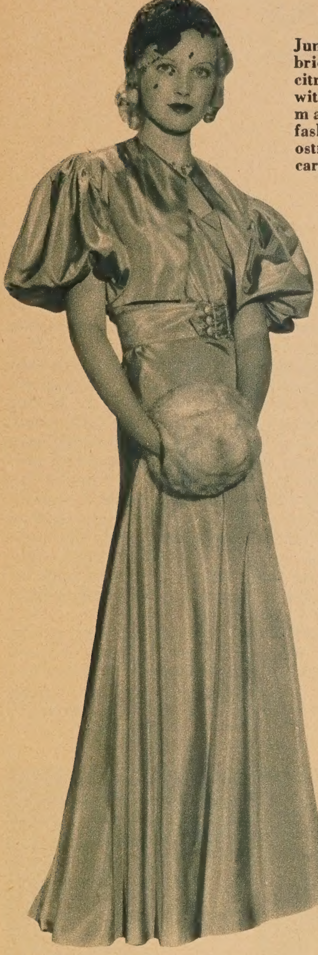
Here is Miss McKinney's costume minus the jacket. The skirt is of bottle green light wool crêpe. Her taffeta blouse is of brown, green and beige plaid. Notice the graceful way in which her shoulders are covered



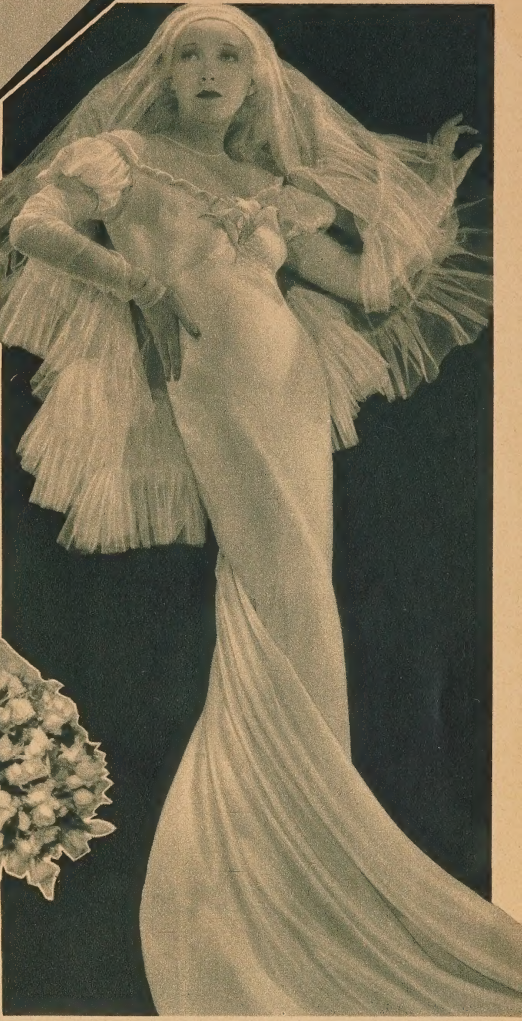
Florinne McKinney wears a jacket frock of bottle green crêpe. Her hat is of suede. The gloves, of suede cloth, have wool plaid cuffs, the kitty bow on the blouse matches the cuffs

CHARM

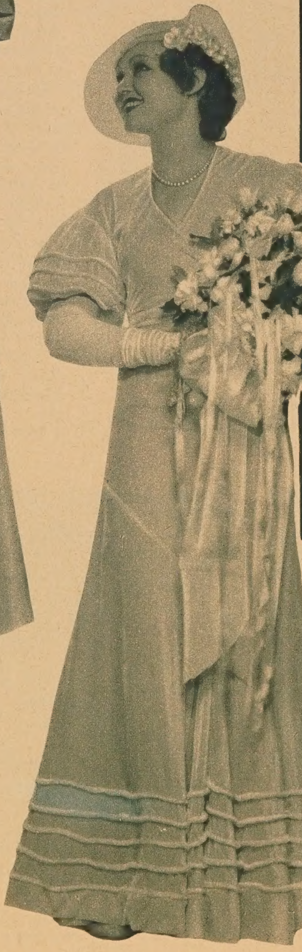
Helen Twelvetrees Shows a Smart Wedding Gown with Clever Bridesmaids' Frocks



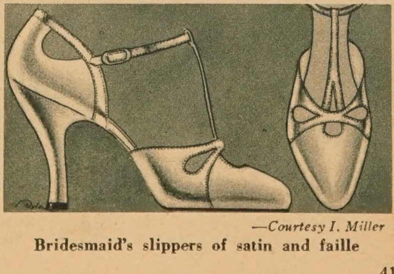
June Vlasek wears a bridesmaid's frock of citron colored taffeta, with a tiny jacket to match. Her hat is fashioned from brown ostrich and net. She carries a hand muff of beige fur



The Modern Bride. Helen Twelvetrees shows sheath-line gown of bisque satin with puffed short sleeves, with tight long sleeves and yoke of net. A short circular veil, worn over the face, is bound at the forehead with three silken cords



Lona Andre models a frock of pale green velvet with corded hem and sleeves. Her hat is in the same hue of meline with velvet flowers. She carries yellow roses



—Courtesy I. Miller

Bridesmaid's slippers of satin and faille

CHARM

Beauty *and* Fall Parties

After the Ravages of Summer Your Complexion Needs Careful Attention for Social Engagements

By Janet Lynn

ALTHOUGH the wise woman is well-groomed at all times, she pays especial attention to her dress, coiffure and make-up for parties. Women are usually the center of attraction at social affairs so they should make the most of these golden moments. No matter how tired you are, never, never skimp or hurry your preparations for a party.

Have your hair done the day before the party is to take place so that you will not have this added responsibility on the day of the affair. Your hair will look softer, more natural, too, the day after it is done. Beg your hairdresser to create something different from your prosaic, everyday coiffure. Something romantic, a bit dashing. For instance, you might have your hair waved straight back off the forehead with no part and have the ends piled high on your head in a myriad of fluffy curls. Or, if you are accustomed to wearing your hair severly plain around your face, indulge in a few featheredged curls at the temples. If the party is to be a very dress-up event, you might tuck a small jeweled ornament in your hair. It will lift your coiffure out of the commonplace at once.

Florinne McKinney adopts straight hair, curled ends, for a new coiffure

Whether you shampoo your own hair or have it done at a beauty shop, you will want to do honor to the party by having a perfumed shampoo and rinse that will leave your hair with an aura of fragrance as well as with heightened sheen and brilliance. You can purchase a rinse of this kind in two shades, henna and camomile. The former is most suitable for reddish, brown and chestnut hair, while the latter is just the thing for blonde hair. One shampoo and rinse packet costs only 25 cents, a small amount considering what it does for your hair.

Now for your skin. If it is dull, sallow, coarse-pored or thick looking, a good mask treatment for about 30 minutes will give it clarity and color. Apply the mask a half-hour or [*Continued on page* 60]

There is nothing like a few drops of perfume to give a well-groomed feeling to Florinne McKinney

Florinne McKinney wears curls around the face and a braided halo for a "different" party hairdress

CHARM

Sally Eilers Presents

One of the Smartest Fall Dresses Has Been Copied for SCREEN BOOK Readers in This Pattern

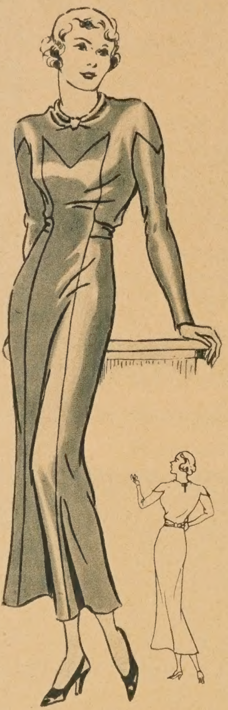
THERE is no reason why each one of us may not dress smartly and becomingly this Fall and Winter. Never have styles been so practical and at the same time unusual. Sally Eilers has given us a charming frock. The drop shoulders are *the* latest. High necklines are almost imperative for chicness this season.

Although a high neckline is usually unbecoming to most of us, the one chosen by Miss Eilers is soft in its shirring—the usual severity eliminated and the charm of the dress preserved. It is becoming to all, miss and matron.

This frock is attractive in silk or wool. The model selected by Miss Eilers is made up in bengaline. Satin is another fabric to which this gown may be adapted. Velvet, than which no material is more stylish this year, would be stunning in this fashion.

Pattern B210 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards of 39-inch material. This dress is inexpensive to make if the pattern is followed carefully and accurately. Simplified instructions, which accompany each pattern, are easy to follow and make the results sure.

IF YOU have not already ordered SCREEN BOOK'S New Fall Fashion Book, be sure to do so *right now*. This book contains ideas for the wardrobe of children, juniors, misses and the matron. Practicality is combined with smartness. And ordered with the pattern, the price is only 10c. Is that too much to spend to save extravagances in your wardrobe?



Pattern B210 may be worn sleeveless. It is equally smart in satin or sheer wool

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept., 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed .... send me Sally Eilers' dress, No. B210. Size

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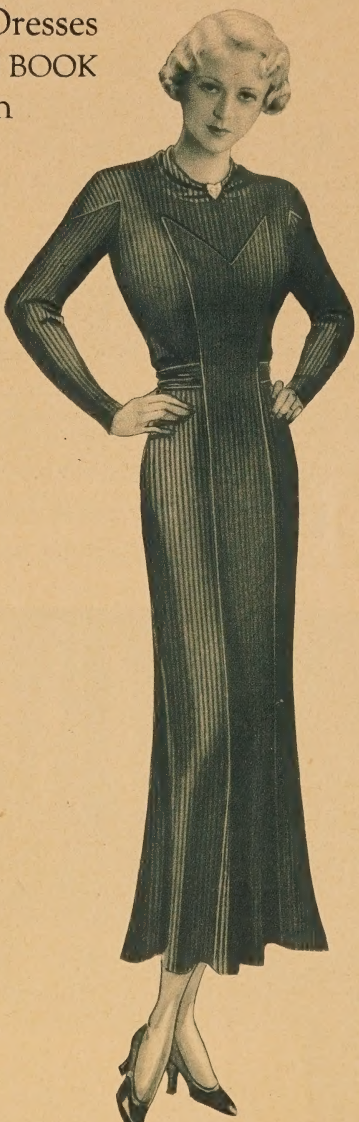

Sally Eilers has selected this bengaline frock with charming high neck

CHARM

Adrienne Ames Gives A Buffet Supper

This Is the Favorite Type of Entertaining in Filmdom

"SOMETHING must be done. We're so woefully tired of the usual thing." Thus the Hollywood society nibs must have thought too loudly and sadly last month, for something unusual did happen. The ambitious and lovely Adrienne Ames gave the season's most exquisite *coup de maitre* of buffet suppers.

Tables were set in the interestingly decorated dining room of her palatial Beverly Hills home, colorful with pastel linens and centerpieces of rainbow flowers and candles. The dinner service in ivory and gold china was complemented with blue and crystal glassware.

Canapes prepared by the colony's favorite caterer, Victor Hugo, were served preceding the buffet dinner and gave a hint of the delightful cuisine to follow. There were anchovies, fresh Beluga caviar and chutney. Other special appetizers were made of chopped chicken livers or sausage rolled in dough and toasted.

The buffet dinner would have done justice to the discriminating taste of a gourmet!

One of the masterpieces of cuisine was a silver platter of stuffed mushrooms. This is made by cutting off the mushroom stems, chopping them and frying them with Virginia ham in butter. With this the mushrooms are stuffed, then topped with cheese, and served in a cream sauce.

Another favorite dish was Spaghetti Victor Hugo which features a special sauce. Bacon and onions chopped fine are fried and mixed with tomato sauce. To this are added smoked ham shanks and carrots and onions, both pierced with cloves. After cooking thoroughly, chopped meats fried in butter complete the sauce.

The elaborate menu also included veal scallopine marsala which is flavored with sherry wine and enchiladas Mexicaine. Among the cold meats were stuffed breast of lamb, ham, tongue and fillet of beef. The tongue was outstandingly attractive with decorations of flowers visible through a transparent gelatine mould.

Combination salad, potato salad and eggs vinaigrette were followed by a wide selection of desserts including chocolate cake, montblanc, Venetian tarte, almond tarte and assorted French pastry. Demi-tasse, of course, completed the service.

Adrienne Ames knows that the arrangement of silver is an important factor in the appearance of a buffet table

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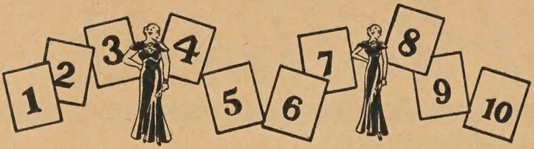

You will find this the IDEAL *way* TO REDUCE . . .

YOU *can be your* SLIMMER SELF *without* DIETS, DRUGS *or* EXERCISE!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"... writes Miss Healy..."It massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away" ... writes Mrs. McSorley . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian... and so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

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- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny...try it for 10 days...then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage!

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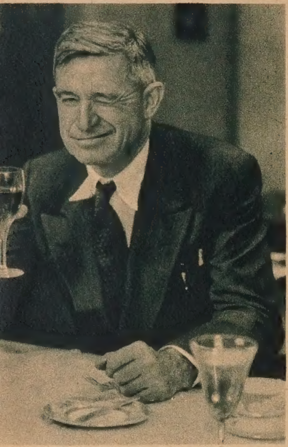
The New Pictures

The Movie Previews as Viewed

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AND HIS STUDIO SPIES

[*Continued on page* 48]



DOCTOR BULL

Fox

Will Rogers in a human interest rôle typically Rogers in appeal. The story concerns a small town doctor in Vermont and is a simply-told narrative of life in a New England hamlet. Devoid of romantic appeal. The star, however, dominates the film from first to last and, in attending the picture, you can be assured of seeing Rogers in a characterization worthy of following his farmer in *State Fair*.

SHANGHAI MADNESS

Fox

Rousing melodrama from first to last, this carries appeal for those who like their action fast and furious. Spencer Tracy is dismissed for disobedience, after fourteen years of service, from the U. S. Navy. Adrift in Shanghai, where no one will give him a job, he finally lands as gunner on a gun running Chinese river boat, captained by Eugene Pallette. Fay Wray lends attractive aid.

TURN BACK THE CLOCK

Metro

Here you see a man actually living his life over, as he would have gone through life had he married another girl and gone into business with her father. He knows what already has happened to him in the other life and through this fore-knowledge becomes one of the big men of the nation. Lee Tracy plays this man who projects himself into what-might-have-been. Unusual.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING

Fox

Janet Gaynor's coyness is under wraps here. She'll win you all over again as the little Irish girl whose existence is sorely troubled because the man in her life is the one her sister is engaged to marry. The story has long been a favorite on the stage, and it should be as successful a screen play. Warner Baxter shares co-starring honors with Janet. You'll either like this a lot —or not at all.

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD

Metro

Carries the spectator through three generations of a theatrical family, starting at Tony Pastor's of New York, and following the careers of Alice Brady and Frank Morgan and their children and grandchildren down through the years. A graphic history of the theatre, with a fascinating story that will appeal strongly to every class of fan. Miss Brady gives a priceless performance

DELUGE

Metro

A marvel of photographic and miniature art. *Deluge* should chill you and thrill you to the point of almost incredulous amazement. The first half shows the wiping out of most of the world through earthquake, tidal wave and other forces of nature, while the last concerns what happens to the few people left on earth. The early scenes of the world's destruction are really breathtaking.

Figuring the Stars' Salaries

[*Continued from page* 12]

own year after year. However, he is an exception to prove the rule. And so do cases of long-enduring popularity on relatively *small* salaries—of which there are many examples. Gary Cooper on his long-enduring $1,750 is an excellent one.

Odd facts about Hollywood salaries abound—enough of them to make anyone who investigates them dizzy. See if there's any rhyme or reason to these statistics:

Clark Gable at his popularity peak got $750 weekly; the Mary Brian of a few years ago, a mere ingénue of little box office appeal, got $1,250. When Clara Bow and Colleen Moore were tied for top value as box office attractions, several years ago, Clara was getting under $2,000 weekly, Colleen over $10,000!

Today, Mae West, one newcomer from the stage, gets about $8,500 as a film star; Katharine Hepburn, another newcomer from the stage, gets about $1,500 as a star. George Raft got $350 a week while making his first featured vehicle, *Night After Night,* while for playing the fourth-ranked part, little more than a "bit," Mae West got $5,000 weekly! Marie Dressler tops today's box office favorites and ranks far above Wallace Beery, but her salary is about $3,000 weekly; his $2,000 per week more!

Thomas Meighan made his great fame on a small salary, but in attempting a come-back when—it proved—he no longer had any drawing power, he got $12,000 per week.

Edward Everett Horton gets $5,000 per week for "supporting" many a star such as Marlene Dietrich, who receives $3,500 weekly.

Usually there is an explanation for such startling discrepancies, but not always the sort of explanation that is going to satisfy Wall Street, film company stockholders, or Washington. Colleen Moore, for instance, was wife of John McCormick, head of production for First National, when she drew $10,000 weekly, but Clara Bow, the more popular actress, had left B. P. Schulberg's guiding hand, so she got less than $2,000 weekly!

Dolores Del Rio's former salary, split with Edwin Carewe, director-producer, was $98,571 per picture; Joan Blondell's, in which no producer shared, figures about $4,500 per picture. Yet Joan's box office pull is somewhat greater than Dolores'.

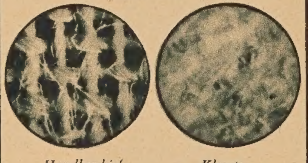
SOME writers have labelled various high-salaried stars of limited box office value "prestige stars." If it were true, as they claim, that the Barrymores, John McCormack, George Arliss and Greta Garbo—some have even named Ruth Chatterton and William Powell—get big salaries merely to gratify their employers' vanity or to attract intangible returns by shedding glamour on the producers' product in general, Wall Street would be peeved and Washington—urged by stockholders if not by theatre patrons—might investigate.

Fortunately, it is not true. The acting of the Barrymores has brought in profits on pictures which might otherwise have showed loss. George Arliss'

[*Continued on page* 49]

Hands catch GERMS as they slip through handkerchiefs!

WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE



Handkerchief magnified 64 times *Kleenex magnified 64 times*

See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show handkerchiefs leave approximately 1000 times as many germs on your fingers as Kleenex does. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

KLEENEX catches and holds germs; they can't escape to contaminate and infect.

GERMS slip through the tightest weave of linen or cotton handkerchief as through a sieve, contaminating everything you touch.

As long as that cold hangs on, use sanitary, disposable Kleenex only! Kleenex, far closer in texture than any handkerchief, stops germs, holds them fast; keeps fingers non-infectious.

Why add to cold misery?

And it's damp, rough handkerchiefs that add so much to the misery of a cold, by constant irritation. Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. It is always clean and dry. You use each tissue once, then destroy it.

The Kleenex patented pull-out carton assures economy. Hands cannot mess up other sheets in the package, or take out more than required.

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Kleenex is so absorbent that it *blots* all impurities from the pores.

Pay no more than 25 cents

Kleenex now comes in regular-size packages, in rolls, at 25c; also in extra-size tissues—and now, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerfs, smartly-bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. . . . Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

Pay no more than 25c for Kleenex

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

The New Pictures

[Continued from page 46]

NIGHT FLIGHT

Metro

Night Flight, dealing with the first flying at night of a mail plane in the Argentine, is second only to *Grand Hotel* and *Dinner at Eight* for big names. John Barrymore heads the cast, in the rôle of director of the air lines whose tyrannical tactics in keeping his men in the air end tragically for Clark Gable and Leslie Fenton. Helen Hayes is seen only momentarily as the latter's wife, and in even smaller rôles are Robert Montgomery, Lionel Barrymore, Myrna Loy and William Gargan. One of the film's main features is the fact that it is loaded down with Hollywood's most famous players.

MYRT AND MARGE

Universal

If it weren't for Ted Healy and his trio of stooges, *Myrt and Marge*, co-starring the two radio favorites, would be pretty dull. The narrative of a stranded musical comedy troupe has been done many times before. Myrt and Marge play themselves. Whatever appeal they exert over the ether (and that's a lot) fails to respond in pictorial form.

BEAUTY FOR SALE

Metro

Beauty for Sale has drama and tragedy. Madge Evans really is featured but she shares interest with Alice Brady (fine comedy here) and Otto Kruger, whose performances will be remembered. Much of the action unfolds in a smart beauty shop, with Madge one of the operatives, Kruger in love with her and Alice Brady his high-strung frau.

PENTHOUSE

Metro

Gangsters . . . but with a new flavor. Warner Baxter plays a criminal lawyer who saves a big-time gangster from the chair and a member of his own strata of society from a similar fate. A large cast, headed by Myrna Loy and Nat Pendleton, lends interesting support, with Charles Butterworth, Mae Clarke and Phillips Holmes excellent.

TORCH SINGER

Paramount

Dramatic, hot, sentimental, maudlin . . . that's *Torch Singer*. It's all about a poor chorus girl whose baby out of wedlock is turned over to the charity institution in which it was born, because the mother cannot provide for its upkeep. She signs the child away . . . then becomes the most torrid singer in New York, notorious, sought after, popular.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Paramount

This retains all the charm and simplicity of the original play. Gary Cooper stars and makes the character of Biff Grimes a memorable figure, while little Frances Fuller, of the New York stage, will win everyone by her wistful and sympathetic performance. The picture takes its title from Cooper, a small town dentist, looking back upon the years one Sunday afternoon, as he prepares to give gas to the man who stole his gal. Audiences will enjoy every moment of this tale that takes one back to the 'Nineties.

Figuring the Stars' Salaries

[*Continued from page* 47]

$80,000 per picture—now, I believe, $60,000—is no bad investment; he has a dependable following even in the depression, and his pictures usually return profits, if fancy sets and expensive supporting casts aren't indulged in to provide an appeal that his fine acting alone should supply.

McCormack was like Amos 'n' Andy, a gamble; the radio stars returned a profit, and thanks to the famous tenor's popularity in English colonies, so did he. The salary stakes risked were $500,000. An equal amount was gambled and lost on Al Jolson in *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!*

Of course it is absurd to consider Garbo, Chatterton and Powell as "prestige" stars. Part of Garbo's salary might be charged off to free advertising given her by writers in magazines and newspapers. The same can't be said of Chatterton and Powell, who are small space-grabbers.

Further evidence that big salaries aren't absolute essentials for stellar happiness and artistic progress is given by wise and enduring favorites such as Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Richard Barthelmess, and several others. Their huge incomes for years have gone more or less automatically into investments and trust funds, via reliable financial agents. This leaves the stars with relatively small incomes for current use—their actual living scale would average well under $1,000 weekly.

Many another star, while drawing over $1,000 per week, has voluntarily lived on what the average American professional man of any sort—doctor, lawyer, preacher, engineer—would consider a very modest budget. The rest, week after week, went into savings accounts, to repose there untouched. Those I happen to recall who have done this for a year or more without interruption include Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, and Florence Vidor.

Miriam Hopkins told me recently that she has only $25 weekly for her personal needs, and that her household is maintained on an equally modest budget. The rest of her salary is banked, thus sparing the wise little star all distraction that business problems might cause. She scarcely knows at a given time, what salary she's drawing! And she assured me that she would be perfectly satisfied to live on a weekly sum of between $50 and $100.

SOME startling salaries are paid popular "free-lancers." ZaSu Pitts, once getting nearly $5,000 per week, was often in such demand that she had to "lap" pictures (work in one film in the daytime, and in another at night), drawing full salary in each! So did Betty Compson, a few years ago, while drawing about $3,500.

Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen, popular free-lancers, draw about $5,000 weekly. Wheeler and Woolsey individually get the same as each of the Marx Brothers, it is said—$100,000 per picture for the comedy pair, and $200,000 per picture for the fraternal quartette! Gloria Swanson probably refused the largest long-term offer ever made—$20,000 weekly. That was when she went into her own productions—saddling herself with business worries that,

Nothing Like It!

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

greater protection — untold extra comfort

EVERY woman will greet this news gladly. Kotex—your favorite sanitary protection—now gives far greater service because of the Patented Equalizer—a specially-processed center. Read just what it does. An intimate explanation is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness; how the pad is now able to give you greater protection with less bulk.

No pad can be like it!

Examine this new Equalizer. It may look simple, but that processed center took 2½ years to develop. Imitations can be made. They will be made. But they cannot be the same—and this is why: this pad took months and months of research to develop; a board of three hundred women tested it, medical authority of high repute checked their findings; AND the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 for the use of Kotex, exclusively.

Ends, of course, "phantomized"

Rounded ends serve a purpose; but they must also be flattened and tapered, so that the "phantom" effect is certain. In Kotex this is done.

And all the other great advantages are retained—softness, absorbency, disposability, and the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection. You want all these features. In Kotex, and Kotex only, do you get them.

You will want to try the ***Kotex narrow adjustable belt***... the final perfection in sanitary comfort ... designed to give wearing ease never before possible.

Pay no more than 25c for either size of Kotex

When Greater Protection is needed . . .

USE SUPER-KOTEX

There are two or three days when you need *more* protection; no one size of pad can serve you perfectly at all times. Use SUPER-KOTEX for those days. It costs no more, now, than the regular size.

NOW SAME PRICE AS REGULAR KOTEX

Illustration and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

SUCCESS!
Marchand's Assures Lovely Light Hair

Reliable, Skillful, Beautiful

RESULTS

with MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash

"SUCCESS!" the user of Marchand's exclaims to herself joyfully, when she sees the results. *Hair looks lovely—just the right shade—brought about in just the right way.* For hundreds of girls this success with Marchand's has led to other successes—in friendships, love and marriage.

If your blonde hair has darkened, restore warm youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully, and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light, pretty hair. Results are careful, refined—pleasing to refined girls.

If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern magic beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your face and complexion. Many chic shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

MAKE DARK HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS INVISIBLE!

—with Marchand's. The Quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

Your Name ....
Address ....City ....State ....
Druggist's Name ....
Address ....

Figuring the Stars' Salaries

[*Continued from page 49*]

of course, sapped even her strength and talent. Tom Mix topped all cowboy salaries on record with the $10,000 weekly of his hey-day.

There are some oddities, too, about *small* salaries received by popular players. Adrienne Ames is said to get only $100 weekly; Buster Crabbe got $50 during most of his work on *King of the Jungle*, and finally was raised to $100. Johnny Weissmuller got $250 per week while making his hit in *Tarzan*. And for years Richard Arlen worked uncomplainingly—and to the decided profit of his employers—for $500 weekly. And Kay Francis got the same amount for an almost equal period, while enjoying a popularity probably as great as at present.

The one star in the movies whose talents for business and actual liking for the game seem to go hand in hand with her artistic ability is Mae West—and she is one of the few who is getting a *top* salary at the *height* of her screen popularity!

"Oh, yes, I got only $5,000 a week for *Night After Night*. My new contract with Paramount, however, provides for a big increase," Mae declares with obvious relish. "No, movie money doesn't seem so awful big to me. When I produced my own plays, my percentage was often $10,000 a week."

And at this writing Mae is wondering whether she should do thirteen radio broadcasts for the paltry sum of $60,000.

The Kid Director

MERVYN LEROY, the perennial kid director, was directing some tremendous mob scenes on location at Seattle for *Tugboat Annie*.

The dock, milling with thousands of extras, was roped off and guarded by policemen with strict orders from Mervyn that under no circumstances was anyone allowed through.

A few minutes later Mervyn left the dock to talk to someone and when he tried to get back, all entrances were barricaded.

"We have Mr. Leroy's orders to let no one through," he was told.

"But I am Mr. Leroy," Mervyn retorted indignantly.

The policeman looked at Mervyn who, for all his thirty-one years, still looks like a High School juvenile. "Oh yeah? Now I'll tell one!" he sneered.

And for an hour the company was kept waiting while Mervyn waited to be rescued by someone who could vouch for his identity!

Mervyn is now growing a mustache to hide that school boy complexion.

Things We Want to See

CLAUDETTE COLBERT as Cleopatra.

Joan Crawford dancing with Fred Astaire in *Dancing Lady*.

The $75,000 swimming number staged by Busby Berkley for *Footlights On Parade*.

Mack Gordon and Harry Revel's songs in *Sitting Pretty*.

Jean Parker's death scene as Beth in *Little Women*.

The comedy capers of Sid Silvers, Charlie Butterworth and Harry Langdon in *My Weakness*.

Ernst Lubitch's direction of *Design for Living*.

Out of Tragedy to Happiness

[*Continued from page 27*]

and went about the business of making their marriage a happy one. Frank discarded his real estate business and took over the management of Helen's affairs.

And then Helen learned that she was to be a mother. Her cup was overflowing. They went East, to Brooklyn for the happy event and in October, 1932, the baby arrived. Returning to Hollywood, Helen signed a long term contract with Paramount and *A Bedtime Story*, with Chevalier, was her first assignment.

"I was surprised at myself when I saw the first rushes," she admits, "I knew that I was far more happy than ever before, but I was astounded that it should reflect to such a degree from the screen."

Helen believes that one of the greatest mistakes that a girl can make is to marry too young.

"At the age when I first married, no girl can possibly know her own mind. The hero of her dreams at that age would be a man she wouldn't look at five years later. She thinks of romance and none of the practical business of marriage and of course, except in exceptional cases, it doesn't work.

"Frank has made me happy where Clark failed because he is a man I can admire and respect, as well as love. He is kind, considerate and patient and he is not a boy."

No movie household in all Hollywood lives more quietly than that of the Frank Woody's. Anna, the nurse who took care of Helen as a baby, is both nurse, manager and major domo.

"We almost never go out in the evenings," said Helen, "because we enjoy being at home too well."

"I DON'T see anything unusual about our marriage or our happiness," said Frank Woody to me as we sat in his office in a Hollywood office building. "Making pictures is a job just like any other job. It's when both husband and wife lose themselves so completely in the movie atmosphere that they can find no other interests, that marriage out here fails. Helen and I don't allow ourselves to do that.

"I take care of her affairs and at home we seldom mention pictures. When we go vacationing, we pack into the mountains and never go to Caliente or the places where picture people congregate. Helen had a terrible experience for a young girl and I'm glad that I can make her happy, that's all."

Those who remember Helen in her older pictures, *Her Man* and *Millie*, watch her the next time she is on the screen and see if you don't agree with me that her happiness is evident. In *Heartbreak Town* where so many find only disillusionment and sorrow, Helen Twelvetrees has found her happiness.

In *Screen Book*
Next Month
THE DRAMATIC STORY
OF RICARDO CORTEZ

COMING TO YOU!

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

Made with Genuine Olive Oil—It's

NON-DRYING

(Leaves Beauty-giving Natural Oil in Scalp)

NON-SNARLING

(Leaves Hair Soft, Lustrous, Easy to Comb)

YOU'VE got it Coming to You. A superior new Castile Shampoo, bringing new beauty and health to your scalp and hair. There's too much alkali in ordinary soaps and inferior shampoos. They dry out the scalp—resulting in unhealthy dandruff and lifeless looking hair.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo

1. Contains rich, life-giving olive oil, nourishing to the scalp.
2. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, easy to comb.
3. Conditions hair for waving and dressing.
4. Best for children's tender scalps and hair.
5. Will not lighten the hair or otherwise change its color.
6. Low enough price to make use of ordinary soap unnecessary.

Your Druggist May Not Have Marchand's Castile Shampoo on Hand Because It Is A New Product

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

SEND US 35c FOR A REGULAR SIZE BOTTLE

Fill out coupon. Also give your dealer's name and address. Send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your shampoo—35c enclosed

Name ....

Address .... City .... State ....

Druggist ....

Address ....

In the background of the new Lilian Harvey-Lew Ayres musical film, *My Weakness,* are some of the loveliest girls in Hollywood, center of world beauty. Above: Jean Allen, svelte, graceful, charming

Above, Barbara Weeks, selected for her chic, her style, her smartness. Described as "tomorrow's word in correct grooming." Miss Weeks has been a leading woman in her own name

3 Reasons *for* "My Weakness"

Irene Ware (above) was selected to lend glamour to the decorative film. When you see *My Weakness* watch for the three beautiful girls on this page. And there are many other ornate girls in the film

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

•

I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS—
NO WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?

What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capiliaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become conjested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

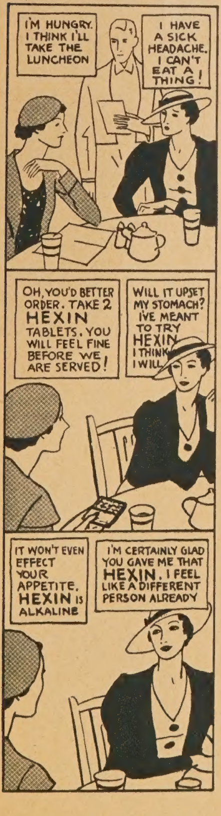
◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆


I'M HUNGRY. I THINK I'LL TAKE THE LUNCHEON
I HAVE A SICK HEADACHE. I CAN'T EAT A THING!
OH, YOU'D BETTER ORDER. TAKE 2 HEXIN TABLETS. YOU WILL FEEL FINE BEFORE WE ARE SERVED!
WILL IT UPSET MY STOMACH? I'VE MEANT TO TRY HEXIN I THINK I WILL
IT WON'T EVEN EFFECT YOUR APPETITE. HEXIN IS ALKALINE
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GAVE ME THAT HEXIN. I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON ALREADY

HEXIN
HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
HEXIN
Much Quicker Relief

HEXIN, INC.

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HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago F-5133
Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.
Name..............................
Address..............................
City.................... *State*....................

Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

"What A Beautiful Baby!"

That's what they said when the Stork Stopped at the Anderson Home in Nashville

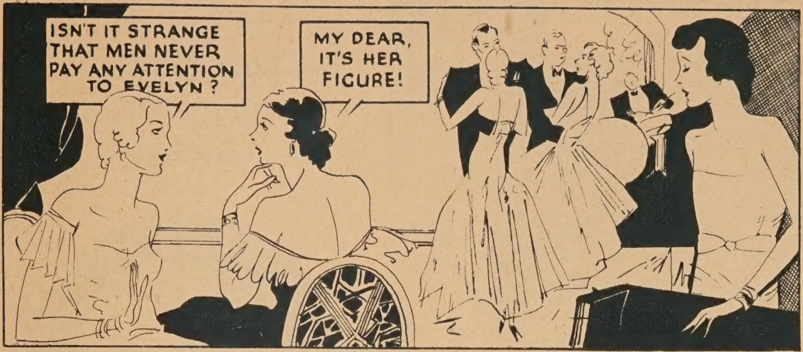
By John Harris

A LITTLE less than a year ago, an unknown little girl from Nashville, Tennessee, stepped from the Santa Fe *Chief* at the Los Angeles station. A lone publicity man, slightly bored, escorted the girl and her mother to a studio car and whisked them off to Hollywood.

Not for little Launa Anderson, or Lona Andre, as she has since become known, was the fan-fare of trumpets, the flash of the camera lights and the adulation of frock-coated studio officials. She was just an unknown little Southern girl, runner-up in Paramount's *Panther Woman* contest and didn't mean a thing. Just another of those thousands of girls who make their way to the Magic City, cling a few months to the ragged edges and then return to marry the [*Continued on page* 61]

Lona Andre—real name Launa Anderson; home, Nashville, Tenn.—is the newest Hollywood beauty. Now Paramount is engaged in giving poise and style to its discovery, believing that there is every chance she will develop into a real star of the future

HOW ONE GIRL FOUND ROMANCE


ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT MEN NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO EVELYN ?
MY DEAR, IT'S HER FIGURE!

A *Whispered* REMARK THAT CHANGED A GIRL'S LIFE!

SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS !

Are You Flat-Chested?

Give Me 30 Days To Prove I Can

INCREASE YOUR BUST MEASURE

LOVE, Romance, Popularity—all are attracted by *feminine charm.* And the outstanding charm of beautiful womanhood is a full, shapely bust. Lovely, rounded curves are the vogue. The straight-line figure is hopelessly "out."

Do you lack the allure of a shapely, well-developed figure? Is your bust small, flat and drooping? Are you embarrassed when you appear in a low-cut evening frock or a bathing suit? Let me show you how to fill out your form to fascinating curves. Let me show you how to add inches of firm, rounded tissue to your bust. No matter how small and undeveloped your bust may now be, my famous Miracle Cream treatment will quickly increase its size and mould it to lovely, arching form.

ADD 1 to 3 INCHES

One woman writes: "My bust was so thin and undeveloped that I was positively ashamed of my figure. I had tried everything without success. Then I decided to make one last try with your Miracle Cream treatment and I am certainly glad I did. My bust soon began to fill out nicely and now it has increased to attractive size and shapeliness. I never dreamed that a well-formed bust could make such a difference in one's appearance."

THANK GOODNESS FOR NANCY LEE'S MIRACLE CREAM TREATMENT

DEVELOP YOUR BUST THIS NEW, EASY WAY

Thousands of women all over the world have used this safe, simple home treatment to develop the bust. Will you give me 30 days to prove that I can give *you* a full, beautifully modelled bust? Take advantage of my special offer now. Mail the coupon below and see how easily you can add one to three inches of shapely beauty to your bust measure. Sagging contours are lifted, flabby tissues are made firm and rounded. Soon your breasts will stand out in exquisite beauty.

INSTRUCTIONS
Nancy Lee Miracle Cream

FREE: *A Beautiful Form*

My new illustrated book tells all about this new easy way to develop the bust. It is yours free. And here's my great special offer that brings you the Miracle Cream treatment to try for yourself: **send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and valuable instructions—free book included.** Don't delay—mail the coupon or write TODAY—before this wonderful offer is withdrawn.

The Charm of a Beautiful Bust

NANCY LEE, (Dept. P-11) 816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-11
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and instructions with Free Book—in plain wrapper.

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Town ....State ....

Over the Air Waves

The Latest Radio News of Interest

By The Tuner-Inner

Vera Van is a popular radio singer. As a child, she studied dancing, singing and became a vaudevillian. Thence to radio

Shirley Howard used to be a newspaperwoman. With the advent of radio, Miss Howard decided to turn to radio. Having a lovely voice, she became a radio singer

Leah Ray, blues singer with Phil Harris since he began, has gone with him to Chicago. Miss Ray's contract difficulties with Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel are settled

WHEN it comes to hard luck tales, the story of Phil Harris, the crooning young Lochinvar who came riding out of the West to conquer Manhattan and after a few weeks turned around and went West again, takes the blue ribbon.

For a long time fortune had smiled on him. He had been the darling of the movie colony at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood's Ambassador Hotel. He had appeared in a picture, *Melody Cruise*, which had done a lot to build him up.

But the minute he came into New York, fortune began to pucker up her forehead. It all started the night of his opening at the Pennsylvania Roof. The master of ceremonies introduced the Hollywood crowd, but forgot, for some reason, to introduce the Broadway crowd. And the Broadway crowd walked out in a body and a huff. Then there was a mix-up about his publicity. Some six assorted persons all claimed to be representing him at the same time.

Just when he had gotten that all straightened out, along came the manager of the Ambassador Hotel and slapped an injunction on Leah Ray, his popular blues singer from Virginia, claiming she had jumped her contract.

Well he finally got *that* straightened out. But when the editors saw his picture, sent to their desks they said, "What? Harry Richman again?" And promptly buried it in the files. Then some carping critics pointed out that he sounded like the late Bert Williams.

So in spite of the fact that his deep-voiced style of crooning was making a great hit with the radio fans, Harris was getting more and more fed up with the Big Town. Finally he packed up his orchestra, lock stock and bird whistle, and moved out to the College Inn, in Chicago, from whence he will still go out on the air, and where he hopes to find the natives more appreciative.

Paul Whiteman is worried. Not long ago he succeeded in reducing his blimpish bulk from 303 pounds on the hoof to a trifling 193. Now he can't stop;

[*Continued on page 72*]

Fleeting Fame

[*Continued from page 32*]

AT THE beginning of this article we quoted Napoleon to wit: "A hero should die at the peak of his fame."

Now we are ready to prove that Napoleon was wrong in at least one instance.

In a little park called De Longpre Park just south of the Hollywood Athletic Club there stands a memorial to Rudolph Valentino.

It was sculptured by Roger Noble Burnham, an artist of international fame.

It was paid for by monies contributed by admirers of Valentino from all over the world. Pennies, nickels, dimes for the most part were the contributions. For three years the money poured in to a committee which was headed by S. George Ullman, Valentino's long-time best friend and business manager.

Political pressure was brought to bear to keep the statue out of the park but the committee won.

It stands in this little park today and, though it is the only memorial to an actor in any public park in the world, it is not listed in the guide books, few ever visit it and those who live in the immediate vicinity of the park offer but little information to those who might ask.

Valentino is just a memory but more than that to just one little woman who visits the crypt in Hollywood Cemetery which houses his remains and at the door of that crypt each day the little lady comes and lays a rose.

No one of the attendants question her. She offers no information.

But she has not forgotten Valentino.

And speaking of dethroned favorites it would have been well for some of them we could mention, but won't, had they heeded the advice of the late Wilson Mizner who said:

"Be nice to those you meet on the way up because you will meet the same people on the way down."

◆

Gracie Allen's "Stand-In"

A BEAUTIFUL but dumb screen player (no it isn't Gracie Allen!) recently returned to Hollywood from her first visit to New York, where she had the time of her young life.

"Don't you find Hollywood awfully anti-climatic after New York?" she was asked.

"Oh no, change of climate never affects me," was her retort.

Economy Wave

DOROTHEA WIECK, Paramount's new German importation, was having a private telephone installed in her dressing room.

The Fraulein couldn't decide where she wanted it placed and after much vacillation, finally decided to put it on her dressing table.

"Of course you understand there will be an extra service charge of $6.75," she was informed.

Fraulein Wieck hesitated for a moment—"I guess maybe I don't need a phone a while yet, ya?" was her retort.

NOW *You* CAN REDUCE a *Bulging* CHEST-LINE

New Discovery Slenderizes Oversize Bust—Takes Off One To Three Inches

IS YOUR figure marred by a heavy, sagging bust? Does that embarrassing chest-line bulge make you self-conscious and ill at ease?

Now you can *reduce* an oversize bust. You can take *inches* off your chest-line and remould your form to trim, rounded shapeliness. The wonderful FORMULA-X treatment is made expressly to correct this unsightly figure fault. All you have to do is apply Formula-X compound, follow the easy, pleasant instructions and soon the flabby fat begins to disappear. Your bust actually becomes smaller, firmer, more shapely. Sagging tissues are restored to the high, arching position that is so smart and attractive.

A Trim, Shapely Bust for You

It takes just a few minutes a day at home to apply the FORMULA-X treatment. It is as easy as A-B-C, absolutely harmless and so effective! You will be amazed at the rapid and gratifying results. You will rejoice in the marvelous improvement in your figure as your breasts grow girlishly slender, beautifully rounded.

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER

INSTRUCTIONS and TREATMENT
Formula X

Convince yourself that you can take inches off your bust. Accept Special Introductory Offer: Mail the coupon or write, enclosing only ONE DOLLAR and I will send you the FORMULA-X treatment—by return mail, in plain wrapper. This sensational, money-saving offer has never been made before, so send AT ONCE.

BETTY DREW
799 Broadway (Dept. P-11) New York, N. Y.

BETTY DREW, Dept. P-11
799 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once, in plain wrapper, your famous FORMULA-X treatment. I enclose special price of only $1.00 in full payment.

Name ....

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EVERY WOMAN Should Know THIS SECRET « « «

STOP BEING FRIGHTENED BY THE CALENDAR

When so many thousands of women can now depend on our New S. P. RELIEF COMPOUND

Use it when nature fails you. Often successfully relieves some of the longest, unusual, unnatural cases many in 2 to 5 days with no ill after effects. We positively stand in back of our promise as to U. S. P. Standard Quality. No danger by using it. No inconvenience or interference with everyday duties. It is the real reliable compound that often produces the most unbelievable and most remarkable results. Thousands of women use it regularly now because it is a superior product. Furthermore every married woman should give it at least one fair trial before using anything else. The proof is—you don't have to suffer or be discouraged anymore. *All orders shipped, rushed same day received in plain wrapper.* Worth $5.00. Send **$2.00 Box.** Double Strength, **$3.00; 2 for $5.00.** Trial Size 25c. Free Booklet.

Snyder Products Co., Dept. 25-Q, 1434 N. Wells, Chicago

Write for FREE BOOKLET

Here is the proof
Mrs. Walker of New York says: "They are a blessing to every woman." Mrs. Bauch of New York says: "There is nothing like them. Send 2 more boxes." Mrs. Green of Kentucky says: "I can say it is the most wonderful treatment ever was sold. Will tell all my friends." Mrs. Dorn, Minn., says: "I think they are wonderful and the price is low."

A PRIZE FIGHTER LOOKS AT HOLLYWOOD

Max Baer, the heavyweight who upset Max Schmeling plans, has been making a movie and in this feature—to appear in the December SCREEN BOOK—he will tell you all about the movie colony, as he sees it.

All Over the Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page* 17]

every precaution to guard themselves and their families. Already more than one hundred and sixty bodyguards are employed by famous stars, directors and executives. Ann Harding, for instance, has three armed retainers, one of whom is in constant attendance on her baby daughter.

Imagine!

IT'S downright cruel to find a laugh in a man's suffering, but really, that news note, reporting the talkative Lew Tracy ill with laryngitis, is the height of something or other. His plight must have been as bad as that of the poor devil who had inflamatory rheumatism and St. Vitus dance at the same time.

Heart Throbs

MAE CLARKE and Sidney Blackmer are seen together nightly in Hollywood's places-to-dance, the while Lenore Ulric is suing Sid for divorce . . . it's beginning to look serious between Arthur Lake and Betty Furness . . . and between Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who are working together at Radio Pictures . . . Mona Maris is still receiving her daily orchids from Director Reuben Mamoulian . . . it looks like a real romance between Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames now that Adrienne's stock-broker husband is in the discard . . . Ivan Lebedeff is squiring Wera Engel . . . the rumors of an engagement between Myrna Loy and Ramón Novarro are cooling . . . Maurice Chevalier is being noticeably attentive to his new leading lady, Jacqueline Francelle . . . you can offer a bet that Richard Cromwell wants to marry Katherine De Mille and find no takers . . . Madge Evans and Tom Gallery still go places together but deny an engagement.

A Divorce Remedy

IN CASE you're interested, Gloria Stuart's "trial separation" from her sculptor husband, Blair Newell, is working out beautifully. They're seen together every night.

A Conquering Hero

MAX BAER has taken Hollywood by storm, and the powers-that-be at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are optimistically predicting that he will be a smash hit on the screen.

He's had forty-seven battles in the prize ring and Allah alone knows how many private fights. He's come out of them all without a blemish. He looks more like a matinée idol than a heavyweight contender.

Before he arrived in Cinematown, he told sports writers that he would "probably make one movie, with Joan Crawford or Jean Harlow as leading lady." Never having met him, Hollywood laughed at his presumption. Having made his acquaintance, Hollywood now believes that both ladies would jump at the chance.

As a matter of fact, Lupe Velez (I can't keep that gal's name out of this column) seems destined for the assignment—which is fitting and proper, for the little Mexican chili pepper is the hottest fight fan in this fight-mad town.

Incidentally, Max has been on the verge of divorce for so long that he should feel perfectly at home in Hollywood.

Culture to Burn

HAS anyone told you about the femme star who set out to acquire a load of culture?

She studied diction, voice control, Emily Post and contract bridge. Finally came the hour of her social triumph. She was invited to an ultra-ultra bridge tea. Picking up her first hand, she glanced at it and then drawled in just the proper tone of boredom:

"I'll paass—what do youse do?"

Parental Objections

THE officials of Fox Studios are trying to persuade Will Rogers to permit his daughter, Mary, to play opposite him in his next picture. They have argued and begged, but to date the Rogers sales resistance has shown nary a flaw.

Mary slipped over a fast one on her paw when she went to the studio, incognito, and landed an important bit in a recent production. Will says he has no objections to her becoming an actress but he doesn't want her hurried into leading rôles, merely because she happens to be his daughter, before she has proved her ability and earned the promotion.

Here and There

AL JOLSON and Joseph Schenck played a round of golf at the Rancho Country Club for such heavy stake that even the case-hardened caddies are still gasping . . . Greta Garbo, with fine disdain for regal trappings, has been wearing a sweat shirt and flannel slacks while rehearsing her *Queen Christina* rôle . . . Dorothy Wilson, the ex-stenographer who was hailed as a coming star after her "discovery" just one year ago, has been released from her contract by Radio Pictures . . . the street corner gossips are giving odds that the wedding bells will chime for Dorothy Lee and Marshal Duffield before Christmas . . . they've been showing an ancient, European-made Garbo picture in Chicago with a "For Men Only" come-on . . . Those beautiful chorines who cavort in Joan Crawford's new Opus, *Dancing Lady*, were selected from thousands of applicants, but they only earn forty bucks a week, which goes to prove that beauty's cheap in Flickertown . . . Martha Sleeper joined the cast of *Penthouse* and superstitiously bet ten dollars on a race horse called Penthouse—he won the race and paid her $280 . . . Alice White and Johnny Warburton are hoofing-it every night at Hollywood's places-to-dance. . . . Ramón Novarro, just returned from Europe, sporting around the lot in a sleeveless sweater and a plaid, Highland bonnet . . . you should have seen Fay Wray, clad in the hoop skirts of Civil War days, trying to drive her Ford roadster.

She Got the Job

IT HAPPENED in Hollywood . . . A famous producer had advertised for a secretary and was interviewing the first applicant, an intelligent, attractive girl who seemed made-to-order for the position. Finally he asked her if she enjoyed reading.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "I'm very fond of good books."

"What have you read recently?"

The young lady blushed, said that he might think her a blue-stocking, and admitted that she had been reading George Eliot . . .

"That's fine," enthused the big shot. "I'm heartily in favor of the five-foot shelf. I think it should be in every home!"

Guess Why

SPEAKING of producers, our local witster, Jack Cluett, opines that the quarters of a certain studio executive should be called the "affront" office.

The Show Case

MIMI JORDAN, asked to describe her sensation when attending her first première, said that it reminded her of her professional début.

It seems that Mimi, obliged to contribute to the support of six sisters and a brother, won a London beauty contest. In order to collect the cash prize, she had to sit in a glass cage eight hours a day for six days while the crowds at a fair gaped admiringly at her scantily clad figure.

Did You Know . . .

THAT Ed Wynn refuses to pose for portraits without his grotesque make-up . . . that ZaSu Pitts and Pert Kelton are to be teamed by Radio Pictures in a series of feature length comedies . . . that John Gilbert is returning to the screen as Garbo's hot-cha Spanish lover in *Queen Christina* . . . that Myrna Loy posed for the statue which stands in front of the Venice, California, high school . . . that Joan Crawford's next picture will probably be *Pretty Sadie McKee* . . . that Evelyn Venable, Paramount's new find, is one of the "Venables of Virginia," that she had memorized several of Shakespeare's plays at the age of eleven and that she scored a sensational success, at eighteen, as Ophelia in Walter Hampden's production of *Hamlet* . . . that Helen Hayes attended dramatic school for two full years after her name was in lights on Broadway . . . ? ? ? ? ?

It Looks Serious

THE Hollywood Know-it-alls are freely predicting that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone will "I do" one another within a week after Joan's divorce from Doug, Jr., becomes final.

Joan has executed a right-about-face, dropped her aspirations to studious dignity and become again a night life addict. Night after night she and Monsieur Tone are to be seen in the fashionable cafés—the Cocoanut Grove, the Colony Club, the Vendome and the Miramar. They almost invariably go as a two-

[*Continued on page* 65]

The Bennetts Answer

[*Continued from page 22*]

tongue of the cat's two-legged sister in Hollywood.

I think, however, that to broadcast those rumors in print revealed remarkably poor editorial taste, as well as a rather uncomplimentary estimate of the public's intelligence.

It is difficult for me to excuse the publication of certain other rumors which were used to garnish and sensationalize the article in this magazine. They were vicious and absurdly untrue. I resent them bitterly, and I want to answer them once and for all.

It was insinuated that I married the Marquis de la Falaise because I wanted to "spite Gloria Swanson" and because I wanted a title for the sake of "social prestige."

I did not meet Henri de la Falaise until after he had separated from Gloria Swanson—and I have never met Miss Swanson! I do not care one iota for social prestige and I have only the heartiest contempt for social climbers. Under the circumstances, please do not charge me with snobbishness if I point out the fact that I do not need, and never have needed, a title to give me social entree.

A still more vicious insinuation was that my husband married me for money. If only the author of the article had paused in her joyous work of vivisection long enough to make the most casual investigation, she would have discovered the asininity of that charge. Without being a Croesus, the Marquis de la Falaise had no need of a marriage dowry.

THE rumor that before our marriage, I forced my husband to sign a legal paper, relinquishing all claim to my property, is too ridiculous to warrant an answer. Really, it never occurred to me—but since the press is now rushing me into the divorce courts, and since a divorce rumor is invariably succeeded by "another marriage" rumor, and that, in turn, by another "newspaper divorce," and so on, *ad infinitum*, I should keep the trick in mind.

Seriously, I wonder if the person, or persons, who edited that article actually believed that it contained some element of truth. The most charitable supposition is that he did, but, if so, it seems strange that he should take such infinite pains to accredit every libelous statement to poor old Dame Rumor! How often, in the history of Hollywood, has that much-maligned lady been "put-on-the-spot" by a reporter who was willing to override the limitations of good taste, truth and good judgment for the sake of sensation!

NEXT MONTH'S

Issue of

SCREEN BOOK

will give one of the favorite menus used by the stars for that important Thanksgiving Dinner.

Three Paramount Stars Tell

HOLLYWOOD'S

Make-Up Secret

WHEN you marvel at the beauty, the charm, the personality, of Helen Twelvetrees, of Adrienne Ames, of Judith Allen . . . remember, that make-up is something different in Hollywood. The secret is color harmony make-up . . . harmonized color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, who for twenty-odd years has created make-up for the stars and studios of filmland. ★ *Learn how you may enhance the charm of your beauty as famous screen stars do.*

Powder

★ A color harmony tone in face powder that blends beauty with complexion colorings . . . that clings for hours . . . that actually creates a satin-smooth make-up . . . that is soft and fine in texture. The color harmony shade for Helen Twelvetrees . . . blonde hair . . . blue eyes and fair skin . . . is Max Factor's Rachelle powder. And to complete the color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Vermilion.

HELEN TWELVETREES, Featured in Paramount's *"Disgraced"* Using Max Factor's Face Powder

Rouge

★ A rouge in color to harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth, as fine as finest skin texture, it blends and clings just as you would want it to. The color harmony shade for Adrienne Ames . . . light brownette, medium skin and blue eyes . . . is Max Factor's Carmine Rouge. And, Max Factor's Brunette Powder and Max Factor's Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick complete her color harmony make-up.

ADRIENNE AMES, Featured in Paramount's *"Disgraced"* . . . Using Max Factor's Rouge

Lipstick

★ Lip make-up to accent alluring beauty must be in color harmony . . . and to keep lips lovely, must be permanent and uniform in color, smooth in texture and moisture-proof. For Judith Allen, to harmonize with her light brown hair, creamy skin and hazel eyes, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Vermilion is correct. And, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder and Blondeen Rouge complete the color harmony make-up.

JUDITH ALLEN, Featured in Paramount's *"This Day and Age"* Using Max Factor's Lipstick

★ LIKE THE SCREEN STARS, you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. ★ Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for personal make-up advice and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in* COLOR HARMONY

★ NOW FREE YOUR COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART ★

MAX FACTOR—*Max Factor's Make-up Studio,* Hollywood, Calif.

PLEASE send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48 page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

☐ Check here for Purse Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, and enclose 10 cents for extra postage and handling. 5-11-72

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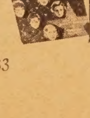


COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Beauty and Fall Parties

[*Continued from page* 42]

so before you take your bath so that the immediate effects of it will last well through the party. There is a fine pack on the market that is inexpensive but very thorough. For those whose skin is always dry, sensitive and flaky, a muscle oil "bath" will leave the skin smooth and velvety for the evening. Just apply a light muscle oil generously and leave it on for about an hour.

I presume, of course, that before applying your pack or oil you will have groomed your eyebrows carefully, weeding out any stray hairs. A soothing cream, such as those used for sunburn preventives, applied on the skin around the brows will make the process painless and will also prevent that swollen and "plucked" look.

If you are wise, you will also have seen to your nails by this time. If you disapprove of colored nail polish for business and every-day occasions, you must thrust aside that Puritanical whim for parties. Scarlet nails that exactly match lipstick, dancing slippers and gloves, in striking contrast to a white satin gown, give the final touch of gaiety to a colorful and distinguished ensemble.

All of this reminds me that I have discovered a lovely nail polish. The fact that I have just discovered it does not mean that it is new and untried. It is one item in a line of old and famous manicure necessities, but I had never used any of them. Now I find that the polish is offered in 25 cent sizes, something unusual among high grade enamels. There are seven glorious shades of this polish, and along with each bottle comes a fashion color chart showing how each of the seven shades looks when on your nails. Another innovation that makes this line of manicure accessories a real "find" is the extra-large size bottle of liquid polish remover, at the same price as the polish itself. I'll be glad to tell you the name of this paragon of polishes if you will drop me a line.

The bath preceding a party should be soapy, scented, slow and luxurious. This type of bath will not only make you sweetly clean and fragrant, but it will raise your spirits and renew your energy, if you are tired—and not too enthusiastic about the prospects of a night of revelry. Follow the bath with a cool rinse or shower to pep up the circulation. If you are going dancing, shake a dusting or deodorant powder on your feet and in your slippers so that your feet will be comfortable all evening.

Any superfluous hair, especially if you are wearing a low-cut evening gown should be taken care of before the bath, of course. And after your bath, there is the matter of a deodorant. Be sure to use one that is reliable and that will give you protection throughout the evegether with the crowded, warm quarters, ning. The excitement of parties, tomakes it doubly necessary to guard against perspiration odor. For this reason, the new deodorant compact recently introduced seems designed especially for the party-goer. This clever little gadget looks just like a face powder compact, quite small and flat enough to tuck away inconspicuously with your lipstick and comb in the smallest evening purse. And there it is, all evening, like a life saver, whenever you want to slip away and pat on some more of the powder to preserve your freshness and daintiness. This powder not only deodorizes perspiration, but also checks it locally. It has been tested and found absolutely harmless to fabric, so you can use it while wearing your grandest and most delicate party gown. The price of the compact is only 50 cents. I shall be glad to give you the trade name.

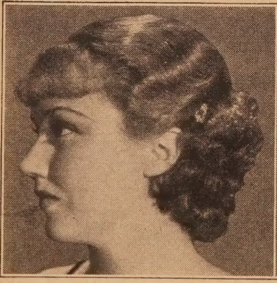
With your bath and other preliminaries over, you are now ready to slip into your loveliest lingerie. After your undies, hose and slippers are donned, comes the all-important rite of making up. The ordinary foundation creams and powders should be discarded for more permanent and flattering ones. I suggest a tinted foundation cream that will match your skin tone, yet carry it out in a much smoother, more porcelain-like manner than your usual street make-up. These preparations come in cream and liquid form and they are meant to be applied not only on your face, but on your neck, shoulders, arms and back, if you are wearing an evening gown.

One manufacturer has a foundation cream in four shades, to match his powder tones, to be used as a base for face powder and rouge. And then, for the arms, neck and back he has a liquid that comes in the same shades as the foundation cream and the face powder. When it is smoothed on, there is no line of demarcation between the face and the skin below it. After your foundation is applied, then apply cream or liquid rouge. Even though you do prefer compact rouge for ordinary occasions, you need cream or liquid cheek rouge at parties, especially those held at night, for the cream and liquid varieties are much more permanent and give a higher glow to the cheeks. If you wear only dry rouge to a party you will look pale and ill before the evening is even begun. And if you do attempt to renew your dry rouge, you will probably be in a hurry and smudge it or get it on unevenly.

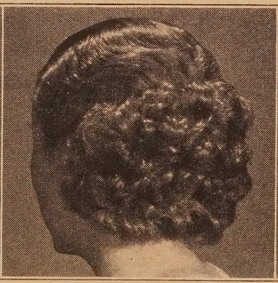
By all means, wear some kind of eye make-up at parties, if only a dab of cream on eyelids and lashes. Preferable to this, however, is the use of eye-shadow in an alluring shade, mascara and eyebrow pencil. You will not look in the least artificial, if you apply these beautifiers carefully. If you were not endowed with long, curly lashes, you ought to wear artificial ones, especially to gala affairs. When they are applied expertly they can be lovely. I have seen them, too, when they looked ridiculous. It is all in the application. Of course, I am referring to the kinds that are applied a lash at a time to your own lashes.

One more thing before you slip into your dress, snatch up your bag, gloves and wrap and dash off. Perfume! Spray it on your hair and your skin. Dab it on your eyebrows, wrists and the palms of your hands, and then you will be a perfectly attired party girl, and for you, at least, the evening will be a glittering success.

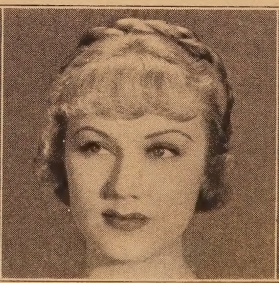
Have you a personal problem to be held in strictest confidence? Janet Lynn will gladly give you free counsel if you will address her at *SCREEN BOOK,* 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (U. S. postage only.)



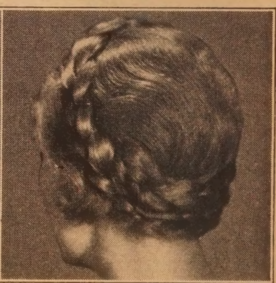
Fay Wray chooses curly bangs to soften a high forehead. And for a party she wears a jeweled clip—a new and smart note



And here is the back view of Fay Wray's party coiffure—millions of little ringlets up the back of the head with a soft wave



It is great fun to change the arrangement of your hair. This one, with a halo-effect, gives Fay Wray that "melting" appeal



The back view of Fay Wray with two braids wound as a halo. Notice how neatly every hair is in its own particular place

What a Beautiful Baby!

[*Continued from page* 54]

boy who works in the hardware store.

The studio officials saw Lona as just an ordinary girl, without anything to mark her except the strange, slanted eyes which had won her a place in the *Panther Woman* contest. The all-seeing eye of the motion picture camera, once turned upon the girl from Nashville, saw her as a beauty, perhaps in another year or so, one of the truly great beauties of the screen and even today, young, untried and lacking poise, without a doubt the most beautiful girl in all Hollywood.

MANY beautiful women have come to Hollywood. As the magnet draws the needle, Hollywood draws beauty. Beauty of the ordinary or garden variety is a drug on the market at the studios. Many girls, to the eye, ravishing beauties, become almost hideous on the screen and others, they are called *camera miracles*, are transformed by the alchemy of modern photography, into the great Madonnas or Circes of the screen.

Lona Andre is such a *camera miracle*. Off screen, she is pretty, attractive but not beautiful. She has the same pointed face, broad forehead and slanted exotic eyes which have brought Myrna Loy to the verge of stardom. In fact she is often mistaken for Myrna, even by the latter's friends, so marked is the resemblance. Lona is pretty, but hardly as beautiful as any one of a thousand girls who work in the chorus of Hollywood musical comedies for $50.00 a week.

But put Lona before the camera. I don't have to tell you what it does to her for you have noticed her in more than a dozen pictures including *The Woman Accused, College Humor* and *International House*.

It did not take studio officials long to discover her. Within a week of her arrival, having failed to secure the *Panther Woman* part in the *Island of Lost Souls*, she was cast in *The Mysterious Rider*, a Western with Kent Taylor and Randolph Scott. The first day's rushes were thrown on the screen. The following day, Lona was called to the office of a high studio executive.

"We believe you have something," he told her, "a sort of beauty which is a rare thing, even in Hollywood. We're going to give you a chance. You are young, inexperienced and you lack poise, polish. You'll be given an opportunity to learn these, and more but its up to you. Many girls have the possibility of stardom, beauty, brains, ability but few of them have the guts, to be plain, to give what it takes. It's up to you."

LONA'S career as a beauty began that August morning when the neighbors in Nashville began dropping in at the Belmont Apartments, 16th Avenue South, to see what the stork had worked off on the Andersons. Paying far more attention to the nourishment available than to the neighbors, was small Lona. In one breath, the neighbors cried,

"What a *bee-u-tiful* babee!"

One of her mother's brothers, having no girl friend to wave her soldier boy goodbye, pinned a picture of the baby

[*Continued on page* 66]

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Address ....

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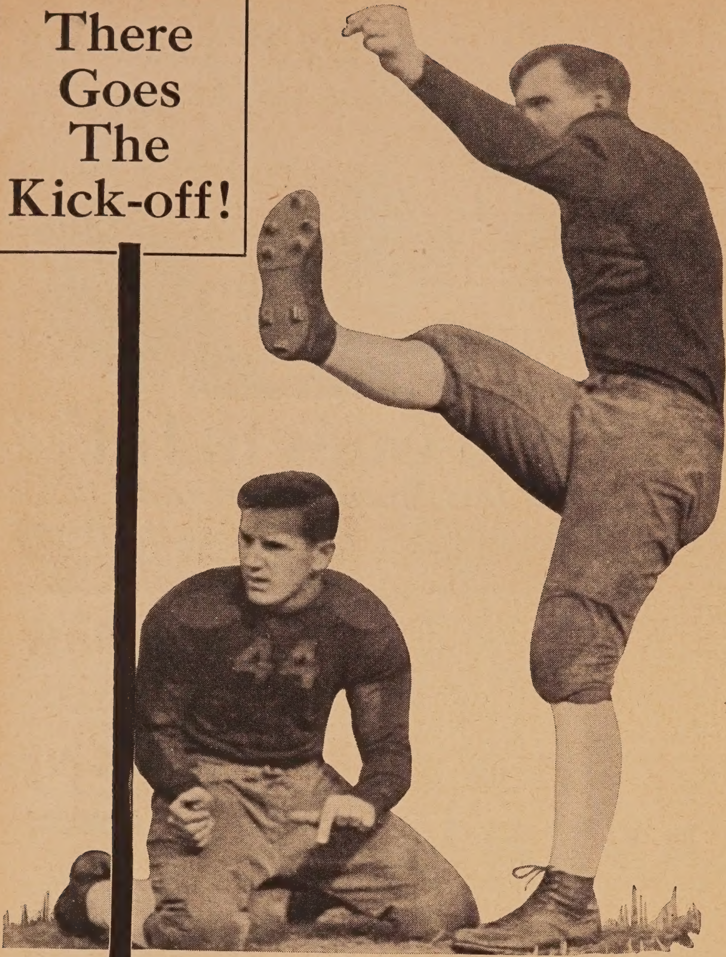

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RUTH ETTING'S LIFE STORY

The Bennetts Answer

[*Continued from page 23*]

Months ago, Joan was guest of honor at an Assistance League luncheon. Now the Assistance League of Hollywood, as you may know, is a charitable organization which turns all its profits on meals or sale of art goods to charity. Motion picture stars consider it a privilege to help the Assistance League in its worthy work, having their pictures taken lunching at the League.

On this particular occasion, a news photographer asked Joan if she would pose with a young leading man lunching there. Joan graciously consented. She knew the young man because they had made a picture together. Her acquaintanceship with him, however, was only business.

A CAPTION writer for the news photographer's office, whom I would call not only stupid but spiteful minded, sent the picture out all over the country with the title "Another Hollywood Romance—are Joan and Gene breaking up?"

The Assistance League, the occasion for taking the picture, was not mentioned. Just the statement, the two were lunching together—which was not true, and the question asked, where is Gene Markey?

It was malicious, horrid action. Because he couldn't think of anything bright to write, the caption writer had made up a divorce rumor. And that, I have an idea, is the way many of the rumors about Hollywood picture people start—in somebody's low but fertile imagination.

In due time, the picture arrived upon the desk of the magazine editor and that's how he got the idea for the story which was printed in this magazine and which has so outraged Joan, a vast circle of friends and members of her family.

What has Joan to say?

She says: "I think it is time that something is done to stop malicious and spiteful rumors that are disseminated by people who apparently enjoy scurrilous gossip and untruths.

"I have never been more furious than when I read this story about Gene and me—never!

"I didn't know the writer of the article. I had never met her, never made any of the statements attributed to me, and could not understand, and cannot now, why anybody would be permitted to circulate untruths, viciously false, printed insinuations about me, just because I happen to be in motion pictures.

"I was particularly upset because of the untruths and nasty things said about my husband. He was grand about the article, tried to console me, said that it didn't matter. But it does matter to read horrible things about you and your wife.

"I welcome this opportunity to condemn the whole vicious circle of Hollywood gossip and rumor and to say that whenever the opportunity arises, I for one, propose to nail on the head any or every untruth that is spoken or written about me."

I think Joan is right. I've been reading stories for years which put happily married couples of Hollywood "on the spot," and attacked their right to happiness.

Maybe she and this magazine can start a "new deal."

The Man Hollywood Tried to Forget

[*Continued from page* 13]

not quite keep his head? So many of us, when the pinnacle of success is in our grasp, make an error which brings some tragic climax into our lives as it did in the life of Paul Kelly. A climax that in this case sent the youth to San Quentin Prison. Held by judge and jury responsible for the death of a man I am positive he never intentionally meant to kill.

SOME years ago, when I was writing at the Universal Film Company in New York City, a scheming promoter rushed down to the Carolinas after a sensational murder trial and brought pretty Beulah Binford to the metropolis. Beulah, a young, attractive country girl had shot and killed the wealthy married man who had seduced her. She was exonerated of the charge, and the promoter, due to the enormous publicity the case had received, thought he could make money by exploiting her in theatricals.

At that time, the motion picture business had no Czar. There was no Will Hays office in existence to stop film companies who might wish to star the girl. And Beulah had beauty of face. Grace of figure. Undoubtedly she would have screened successfully. Might have been trained to act.

But even that long ago, film companies demurred. She had never had experience in the theatre. Why exploit her *because* of her crime?

And when a picture career failed utterly to materialize, kindly Carl Laemmle, realizing there was no alternative but the streets for the penniless girl, offered her a position as an office filing clerk at Universal. She accepted with heartfelt gratitude. Grasped at this straw of respectable work the president of Universal offered her and forgot a career for which she had no aptitude or training.

Only a year later, a handsome college youth out in Wisconsin was tried for the murder of a co-ed. Although evidence against this youth was almost overwhelmingly strong, he was exonerated. A well known newspaper woman who then wrote a column of advice to the lovelorn—and who should have known better than dabble in side-lines—put the accused youth under contract, brought him to New York, and peddled him about the picture companies.

The day she called with the prepossessing lad at Universal, officials of the company were in conference. I remember that when a message of her purpose was sent in to Carl Laemmle, that the president of Universal did not even leave the conference to discuss the matter. He merely sent out word that the offer was impossible of consideration.

Clara Smith Hamon came to Hollywood after she was exonerated of the murder of Jake Hamon, wealthy Oklahoma oil man. An ambitious Hollywood director prepared a screen play with Clara in the leading rôle. But the picture never secured widespread release.

THERE have been other instances of individuals, attaining sensational headlines due to criminal proclivities, seeking sudden unearned wealth via the screen.

Mr. Laemmle and other picture officials, then and now, realize they are in the *theatrical* business. The business of providing entertainment by buying the best stories obtainable. Engaging the finest directors and technical staffs. Casting their pictures with professional players who have proved their ability on stage or screen. These officials are justifiably indifferent to sensation seekers.

For there is a vast difference between the exploitation of a personality *because* of some relation to a sensational crime, and the casting of a player who has invested years in training for his work. And who, by all the laws of right should earn his daily bread in the line to which he is adapted.

Fatty Arbuckle was given an opportunity to direct pictures for several years and recently to play again in Warner comedies because, before his tragic trouble in San Francisco, he had spent years in the theater and made good as a popular idol on the screen. Recently, just when his comeback was assured, he died.

I COVERED the Paul Kelly trial in Los Angeles for an Eastern newspaper syndicate. Before and since I have attended many murder trials and I am neither sobby or sentimental concerning the majority of the accused. But I have never attended a trial where I heard more expression of sympathy, of deep regret, concerning the tragic predicament in which the accused—the promising young actor, Paul Kelly—had suddenly found himself.

A man is known by his friends.

And what an array of staunch and loyal theatrical friends rushed to the aid of Paul Kelly. There was lovable, popular Tom Meighan. Matt Moore. Owen Davis, the playwright. Lewis Milestone, the well known director. James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. John Bowers. Margaret de la Motte. And many others, then prominent in the studios.

W. I. Gilbert, one of the greatest criminal lawyers in this country, and incidentally, the lawyer who in that other case successfully transported Aimee Semple McPherson from ocean to desert and safely home again, was engaged to defend young Kelly.

To briefly outline the tragedy that almost wrecked this actor's career.

PAUL KELLY had known an actress named Dorothy Mackaye since 1917 when they had played together in a stage production in New York. I do not know how many years he had been in love with her. Surely, he had no conception then that this love would inspire the great dramatic crisis of his life.

Their paths separated, as professional paths do. And three years later when Dorothy was playing in a musical piece called *Blue Eyes* in New York, she married Ray Raymond, leading man of the show. The Raymonds had a little girl they named Valeria.

Professional work took the Raymonds west. A theatrical colony had its nucleus in Los Angeles and massive legitimate theaters were being built overnight, demanding eastern talent for their stages.

Dorothy Mackaye, herself a capable actress, charmed Pacific Coast audiences in *The Dove* with Richard Bennett. Just previously she had appeared in leading feminine rôles in *The Son-Daughter* and

[*Continued on page* 64]

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30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15		30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15		33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15		35x5	3.95	1.55
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15				
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15				
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15				
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The Man Hollywood Tried To Forget

[*Continued from page 63*]

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Her husband Ray Raymond, for years a musical comedy and vaudeville star, toured the west about this time in *Castles in the Air.*

Paul Kelly was in Hollywood in 1927 and played in several pictures, among these *Slide Kelly Slide* with William Haines. He happened again to meet Mrs. Raymond — Dorothy Mackaye— and whatever interest this couple had previously evidenced in each other flamed anew. Like all Irishmen, Kelly loved romantically and deeply and this to him was a serious affair.

DOROTHY MACKAYE could not have been indifferent to his interest for Kelly was—and is—handsome. Six feet tall. Broad and strong, he weighs two hundred pounds. He has a fine shaped head, boyish profile, with a face undeniably good natured and Irish in front view.

He has vibrant and glorious health. Is witty, sociable, lovable as attested by his many friends.

Back in New York, Kelly has an equally stalwart brother, a lieutenant on the police force in New York. He has an attractive and devoted sister who came West for the trial and fought to keep up his courage all during his trouble. For never before had Kelly been in the hands of the law. Or since.

Dorothy Mackaye's show and her husband's both played in San Francisco at the same time. Then her company returned South for a Los Angeles engagement three weeks before Raymond's show closed for the season.

During these three weeks, Paul Kelly, the handsome juvenile was often seen about the stage door after performances. Dorothy laughingly wore a slave bracelet she said Paul had given her. And in fun, signed messages and notes to Paul, "The Elegant Mrs. Kelly." From the start, Paul Kelly, he later disclosed, was seriously in love and wished Dorothy Mackaye to become his wife.

THE night of April 15, 1927, Ray Raymond returned home and asked the colored maid, Ethel Lee, if his wife and Kelly had been going about together. The tactful maid said she knew nothing. When Dorothy returned to the house, Raymond forbade her seeing Kelly again. She replied that Paul's friendship meant much to her and refused.

Saturday, the next day, about six in the evening, Paul Kelly aroused by gossip he had heard, telephoned Raymond. "I understand you have been saying things about me and want to 'get me.' I'LL be glad to oblige you. I'll be right over."

And very foolishly he went.

A fighting Irishman defending the reputation of the lady he loved!

The men argued. There were blows. The maid, an eye witness, was the star witness for the prosecution.

Dorothy Mackaye later found her husband huddled on the floor unconscious. He was removed to a hospital. Without ever regaining consciousness, died the following Tuesday.

Paul Kelly was arrested on manslaughter charges just as he was leaving his home to sign a long contract with a picture studio.

According to court testimony, Kelly frankly admitted he had hit Raymond "because he talked about us." He added that Raymond accused him of being in love with Dorothy and he had replied, "You're exactly right!"

Dorothy later admitted, "My husband was unkind to me and my home was unhappy. My friendship with Paul was so beautiful—the one bright spot in my life—and I did not want to give it up."

"Had you thought of marrying Paul if you were free?" she was asked.

"Paul was a serious minded boy," she had replied. "He talked of marriage, but it was so remote I didn't even think about it."

There were lengthy arguments. To the effect that Ray Raymond was suffering from other ailments. One of these might have caused his death.

PAUL'S staunch friends took the witness stand and testified to his previous exemplary conduct. Convinced the majority of listeners that this was no crime of deliberation. But to no avail.

Paul Kelly was first sent to San Quentin. Later, Dorothy Mackaye did a term in the women's quarters of the same prison. But because there was reasonable doubt as to the causes of death and certainty that it was unintentional, these two were shortly released on probation.

They were soon married and both have been successful in returning to stage work.

Kelly's first play after his ill-fated venture was the enormous stage success, *Bad Girl,* taken from the Vina Delmar book. He and Sylvia Sidney both scored hits in this piece.

He next played in *Hobo* and *Adam Had Two Sons.* Played in a picture with Fifi Dorsay in *The Girl from Calgary.* This last season he was engaged for the Theater Guild production in *The Pure in Heart* and also appeared in the Ben Hecht-Gene Fowler comedy, *The Great Magoo.*

Dorothy Mackaye has played in a number of stage productions since her incarceration and also sold the screen play, *Women they Talk About,* to Warner Brothers as a starring vehicle for Barbara Stanwyck, the story being a disclosure of life of women in prisons.

Recently, when Paul Kelly was touring with Lenore Ulric in *Angel,* Joseph M. Schenck and Darryl Zanuck signed him among other Broadway notables for the Walter Winchell story, *Broadway Through a Keyhole,* to be made by Twentieth Century Pictures.

Other famous folk in this same cast are Stuart Irwin, Texas Guinan, Russ Colombo, Constance Cummings, Frances Williams, Abe Lyman and his band, Eddie Foy, Jr., Hugh O'Connell, Gregory Ratoff and Barto and Mann. Lowell Sherman directs.

Paul Kelly is a different youth than came to Hollywood six years ago. He is serious. Mature. Has a real understanding of life and its values. He has already made a place for himself again on the stage. He wants nothing so much as to repeat this success on the screen. To follow the business of acting—the only one he has known since the immature age of seven.

Will his picture public be tolerant? Kind? Share Hollywood's sympathy for the mistakes of its own? We hope so.

All Over The Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page* 58]

some, and no one, watching them, can deny the reports of romance.

Wrecked at Last

AFTER more than two years of off-again, on-again sparring, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson are definitely headed for the divorce courts—another marriage gone smash in a year which has witnessed the collapse of an appalling number of film colony marital idylls!

According to those who claim to be "in the know," Hoot's prodigal extravagances have played a big part in their troubles. He's a relic of Hollywood's earlier, more improvident days, one of those two-fisted spenders who believes in scattering a fortune to the four winds and forgetting the possible rainy day ahead.

The most unfortunate element in their pending divorce is the fact that Hoot's small daughter idolizes her step-mother. And the further fact that Sally worships the child.

Methuselah

SPEAKING of divorce, Carole Lombard's back from Reno with her girlish freedom and an ingenious explanation of her divorce.

"Bill (Mr. Powell, if you don't know your Hollywood marriage records) is forty-two years old—I am twenty-four. He's lived his life—I have mine yet to live."

Tsk, tsk, Miss Lombard! To hear you talk, one would think that a forty-two year old man must have been born back in the Paleozoic!

News Note

THERE'S no prospect of idleness for Ramón Novarro. After finishing his current assignment, *The Cat and the Fiddle,* he's to star in *Laughing Boy* and, as soon as that is "in the can," he will direct and star in a second Indian opus, tentatively titled *The Sad Indian.*

In view of the trouble which has accompanied every effort to screen *Laughing Boy,* perhaps Hollywood is justified in prophesying that Ramón will be in just the proper mood by the time he starts work on *The Sad Indian.*

Progressive

AS LONG as Tallulah Bankhead favors us with an occasional visit, Hollywood will be able to make conversation.

Just now the boulevardiers are talking about one of her parties—and her swimming pool capers. "They say" that Tallulah plunged into the pool three times during the course of the merriment. The first time she was clad in a formal evening gown, the second time she wore a very daring pair of pajamas, and the third time—but here I blush modestly and can write no more. The fact is that the third time, there was nothing to write about.

The Champ

ALTHOUGH it's not of world-shaking importance, Mae Murray has outdistanced all competition for the Hollywood witness-stand-sitting championship. One of our mathematicians recently computed her score and announced that she has been involved in twenty-seven lawsuits, is now being threatened by the twenty-eighth and is herself preparing to file the twenty-ninth.

From the Casting Office

CLARK GABLE is to be starred in *China Seas* immediately after the completion of his work in *Dancing Lady* . . . Ronald Colman is coming back to Hollywood, but, to date, he has not decided whether he will continue in retirement or make another picture . . . with Wally Beery starring in *Viva Villa,* George Raft gone Mexican in *The Trumpet Blows* and Ricardo Cortez flirting with the rôle of the bandit chieftain, Sandino, in *The Nicaraguan,* the screen has certainly turned to Latin America for locale . . . Radio Pictures plans to team Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in a nerve-tingling tale entitled *Stingaree* . . . Edward Everett Horton and Edna May Oliver, May Robson and Polly Moran, and ZaSu Pitts and Pert Kelton are Hollywood's latest laugh-teams . . . Evalyn Knapp has gone serial-queen in a new version of *The Perils of Pauline,* one of Pearl White's most popular chill-and-thrill producers in by-gone days . . . according to Paramount's casting director, every actress in Hollywood, excepting Mae West, Allison Skipworth and Baby Cora Sue Collins, has applied for the title rôle in *Alice in Wonderland,* but, to date, none has been chosen . . . Myrna Loy will play one of the leading femme rôles in Max Baer's opus, *The Prize-fighter and the Lady* . . . Helen Jerome Eddy is making a screen comeback in *A Man's Castle,* co-starring Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young . . .

Safety First

W. S. VAN DYKE, who likes to give parties on his roof garden, has taken out liability insurance to protect any of his guests who lose their balance and fall off the roof. Which should not only give you an idea of his thoughtfulness as a host, but also a high opinion of his hospitality.

Fore

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It seems that Katharine Hepburn, before becoming Allah's gift to the motion picture producers, was runner-up for the Connecticut links crown.

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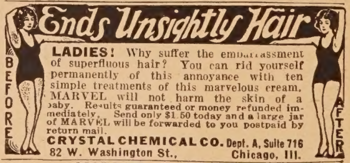

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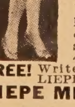

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What A Beautiful Baby!

[*Continued from page* 61]

Lona beneath the khaki of his uniform, next to his heart and there it remained through the mud and blood of the Argonne. Thus Lona helped make the world save for Democracy and the magic of her beauty was begun.

By the time she had reached the age of one year, the fond mothers of Nashville were refusing to enter their offspring in baby contests. What was the use if Mrs. Anderson was going to enter Lona? At the age of three she was adjudged the most beautiful child in the State by the State Fair judges. Lona had begun to click.

At grade and High School, the boys agreed with the neighbors who had leaned over Lona's crib to exclaim,

"What a *bee-u-tiful* babee!"

Her dramatic talents too had come to the fore and she graduated from pin shows, given in the Anderson garage, to high school dramatics. She was an excellent scholar but she was also an avid reader of fan magazines.

"I used to jes' devour them," she informed me as we sat on the wide porch of their home on Canyon Drive while her admiring mother and two sisters, not to mention three boy friends, enthusiastically assisted Lona in her first interview. "I reckon there wasn't a girl I knew who didn't dream of coming to Hollywood and being a picture star."

But, had it not been for the mother, Lona might never have stepped within those golden gates that guard the studios. One morning, as she glanced at the Nashville paper, she saw the announcement of Paramount's *Panther Woman* contest. Lona was just leaving the house, on her way to school,

"Come back here, missy and fill in this coupon," called her mother. Even had she then realized that in Nashville alone, 25,000 girls would clip that coupon and that in the nation more than 5,000,000 would enter, she would have still felt that her baby could win.

"I can't, mother," Lona paused at the door while Fate, the rascal, chuckled in his sleeve, "I'm late now for school."

But Mother Anderson insisted and Lona came back. The coupon was filled out, with hope in the mother's eyes but for Lona, it was blah. Hollywood . . . movie star . . . what chance did she have?

Then came her selection as the candidate from Nashville. The Anderson household held its breath. Mother Anderson, she of great faith, began to arrange the affairs of the string of beauty shops which had supported them since the death of the father.

Then, at last, a ticket to Hollywood and a contract! Lona was too stunned to feel.

"I RECKON I was just plain numb," she admits, "and I still couldn't believe it."

And so, with her mother, Lona came to Hollywood. At first no one paid much attention to them but after the rushes of *The Mysterious Rider* and Lona's conference with the studio official, they realized that it was time to begin work in earnest. The other two sisters were sent for and a house rented. The Anderson family settled into the business of making their favorite daughter a star.

The road to stardom, despite the beliefs of silly little girls who have never been in Hollywood, is no primrose path. No laborer in the ditch, no slavey in the kitchen works harder or puts in longer hours. It is a road filled with heartaches and disappointments and few ever reach the glorious summit but the combination of Lona's Swedish and English blood had given her courage and tenacity and she hung on.

In Paramount's dramatic school, she was taught the art of acting. By the hour, she learned lines, listened to her instructor and then, for a few blissful minutes each day, she rehearsed with some young leading man, such as Randolph Scott or Cary Grant.

In the establishment of the costume designer, Travis Banton, she was studied for clothes. Banton was enthusiastic about his young patron,

"Lona possesses the ideal face and figure of perennial youth. She is wise enough to avoid all sophistication in her personal wardrobe and thus achieves a look of enchanted April. There is little doubt in my mind that with a little more experience and developing, she will become one of the real beauties of the screen. She has that natural flair for clothes which is so essential and I know that I shall some day be proud that I designed her first gowns for the screen."

Dancing and gymnastics, exercises to mould her growing figure into the firm lines of lovely womanhood were also a part of her daily regime. At the big Paramount gym, under the care of an expert, she did her daily dozen, swam and tossed the handball. The dancing teacher demanded an hour each day and there were a multitude of other demands upon her time.

HOURS of experimenting by Helen Pursley, Paramount hair-dresser, at last developed the ideal frame for that lovely face,

"Lona's beauty is too great for us to spoil," says Miss Pursley, "so we spent days experimenting. Now we keep her hair fluffy and full about her face. Usually it is caught back of the ears to permit the line of cheek and chin to show but the hair at the back is long and is permitted to fall in soft curls to within an inch of her shoulders. When she wears the small, smart hat, this is tucked up under, otherwise the effect would not be good."

Experiments too were made in the make-up department until at last just the right shading of rouge, lipstick and powder were devised.

Lona was learning the hard path to stardom and space does not permit a resumé of all her studies. Since she managed to play in eleven pictures during the first ten months of her training, one sees that she has had little time for night clubs, boy friends or play.

"I never realized how much work it was," she told me, "but it's worth it. I'd rather be a great star than to marry a millionaire and I wouldn't marry one anyhow."

"I Am Afraid of Nothing"

[*Continued from page 37*]

mother. The man offered her a mere two kopeks for it. Two kopeks for her mother's picture! Anna kicked him—but she took the money. She had to. The doctor had ordered a special kind of food for her mother and the baby needed fresh milk. To supply them, she obtained work in a restaurant as a slavey. Mountains of dishes to wash. Greasy floors to scrub. And one night a burly roustabout spilled soup in the main dining room and Anna was called in to clean it up. The corn-yellow pigtails twisted about her head and her slender little figure caught his eye. He lunged toward her. The others applauded wildly as he kissed her brutally. But he had reckoned without the Sten. Make a fool of her? She bit him and escaped, her eyes twin fiery agates. Then she began to dance around him. Like a teasing, tempting little fox with a clumsy bear. The people had left their tables now and were herded close.

"She dances as if she were a she-devil," said one. Anna was mimicing the lout now—and occasionally darting in at him, using apiece of soap as a sword. She had the crowd with her. She knew it. It gave her a thrilling sense of power she had never experienced before. That night was, in a fashion, the Sten début as a finished actress. . . .

As the months went on, food gave out in Kiev. The restaurant closed. Anna went foraging over glistening white miles to neighboring towns. There was no single bright spot in those two difficult years. The only outlet from a too harsh reality that she and her little band of half-starved gamins had, was their "theatre." Anna's time was divided between rehearsing them and keeping the bodies and souls of her family together.

Suddenly life took on a new meaning. One of the state-endowed theatrical companies of Stanislavsky arrived in town.

Immediately Anna sought out the director. Pleaded with him to witness a performance of her little troupe. She managed to impress him to such an extent that he appointed one of his helpers to coach them in Hauptmann's play, *Hanneles Himmelfafrt*. Anna was given the principal part—and that paved the way for her to enter the Film Academy nearby.

RUSSIA was in the throes of artistic resurrection with Moscow the focal point. Anna, at eighteen, determined to lay siege to it. She joined one of the minor Stanislavsky companies that was headed that way and one day she appeared at the doors of the great Sovkino studio. They took her in. They tested her—but there was no rôle for her. One of the directors glanced at her sharply. "Are you afraid to cross the wastes at this season?" A blizzard shrieked against the window panes but the Sten only smiled. "I," she said tranquilly, "am afraid of nothing . . ." There might be a rôle for her, it seemed, in one of the companies working in the Crimea. And on that slim chance Anna started off.

Most of her clothes she wore. A red dress, a yellow one, a great brown petticoat, two shawls. It was warmer and easier to carry. The trip became something of a nightmare. First, a train that crept along in which you froze, then long treks on foot through blinding storms—and the last of the journey in an ox cart . . . But Anna arrived.

The manager took one look at her, bundled up as she was, and moaned. "Fat as a beer barrel. You won't do. Go 'way!" She caught at his sleeve as he turned. "Stand still," she directed. And she began to strip until she stood revealed, a lithe young figure with the supple grace of the born dancer. Her red lips taunted him, scorned him. "Go into the next room! Get to work!" It was almost a shout.

Four pictures she made. Propaganda pictures on the order of *Moscow Laughs and Cries*—which was to win her stardom later. The officials of the Meschaprom studios back in Moscow saw them. They sent for her. Her subsequent productions met with high favor locally but it was when she made *The Yellow Ticket* that the world began to hear of Anna Sten. The year before she had married an assistant director. A handsome chap who took the Sten by storm and fury. But she hadn't lived with him six months before she realized he was not and never would be the right mate for her. Very simply, according to the new code, they were divorced.

Then Meschaprom conceived the idea which was to change her life. She and her director, Feodor Ossip, would go to Berlin where they'd have more facilities to make films for the Soviets.

Anna had brought her mother, long since recovered in health, and her young sister to Moscow and there was great rejoicing in the Sten home that evening. A foreign country—a new world opened.

But she had not been in Germany a day when all plans were altered. The films would not be made just then. In another six hours both she and Ossip had signed with the Terra organization, instead of returning to Russia. She was to do *The Brothers Karamazov*. It meant learning the German language—the pronunciation and how to read it—within a week. But if death could not daunt her, certainly a thing like that could not. In a week Anna was speaking German.

That picture—perhaps you remember the furore it caused both here and abroad. One of those productions which cast an international spell.

Offers flowed in to the madcap from Kiev. She entered into a year's contract with the largest studio on the continent—Ufa. She should wear sables now, they assured her. Ride in specially constructed limousines. Anna shook her head. Her sweaters and flannel skirts were good enough; when she couldn't walk there was always a taxi to hail. Child of the earth. Cosmic.

LATE one afternoon her taxi went on a joy ride of its own while Romance perched on the running board. It skidded and went sailing into another car. A car driven by one Dr. Eugene Frenke. He assisted her out and they dropped into a tea shop to recuperate. Within ten minutes she knew the Thing had happened. She was in love the way

[*Continued on page 69*]

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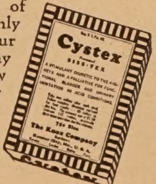

Who Is Frances Fuller?

[*Continued from page 33*]

whose freshness and charm reflected in her clear cut features, he exclaimed, "There's my girl if I can find her! Who is she? And where is she now?"

Of course, she proved to be the heroine of this story and was then acting at the Cort Theatre in *Five Star Final.*

Todd made a test of her which was simply swell but when the rôle was cast Sally Eilers was given the part because she was a screen name. It was for this same reason that, despite her equally swell tests for *Animal Kingdom* and *I Loved You Wednesday,* that Myrna Loy and Elissa Landi recreated on the screen the rôles Frances had originated so successfully on Broadway.

Small wonder then, that when her husband, Tony Miner, was signed to an RKO contract and left for Hollwood last June, she accompanied him with no thought of a screen career for herself! That this is not the usual line of bunk handed out by every stage actress who comes to Hollywood without a contract is evidenced by the fact that she left behind her adorable three-year-old, Peter.

She merely looked on this trip as a delightful holiday spree. She contemplated long idle days on the beach, acquiring a fresh new batch of freckles to span the bridge of her impish nose. It would be fun seeing Leslie Howard, Helen Hayes, Lee Tracy, Arthur Byron and other friends from the New York stage. If she thought of a studio at all, it was merely as a place to have lunch with Tony.

But to paraphrase the old saying—"Fate moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform!" Exactly a week after her arrival, Fred Datig, Paramount casting director, was off duty because of ill health and pinch-hitting for him was the same David Todd, who had tested Frances three years ago in New York.

One afternoon (no, this time it wasn't Sunday!) someone who thought that Worthington Miner was working at Paramount called to inquire for him.

"I don't know where Miner is," Todd answered, "but I'll try and locate him immediately—I want his wife!"

He neglected to add that his motive was "strictly honorable"—what he wanted her for was to play the leading rôle opposite Gary Cooper in *One Sunday Afternoon.*

There will be lots of casting directors who will be wanting Frances Fuller when they have seen her exquisite performance in this picture but it will have to be through the special permission of the autograph owners, Paramount Publix, who have her John Hancock on a five-year contract.

There is one clause, however, in this contract that Frances dictated herself—the one permitting her to return to New York every year for a stage play.

LUNCHING with her in her charming yet modest home (not a sign of a swimming pool—or a pink tiled bathroom!) soon after my arrival, she explained her reasons for this stipulation. "I discovered in my first picture how easy it is to 'slough' on the screen. If you don't play a scene correctly the first time you know you don't have to worry because it will be shot again and again until it is perfect. On the stage there's no second chance. Either you hit it right the first time, or you're just out of luck. There's no going back, until the following night when the same audience isn't there to see you do it. For this reason you try much harder and there isn't the opportunity to grow stale."

Just how sincere Frances was when she voiced this opinion was proven when, despite the fact that with the release of *One Sunday Afternoon,* she was Hollywood's newest sensation, she returned to New York to appear in the stage production of Claire Kummer's new comedy, *Only With You,* which also served to bring back Roland Young, Elizabeth Patterson and Laura Hope Crews to their first love.

If the play is a success, Frances, "in person, not a motion picture," will remain on Broadway until Spring when she'll return to Hollywood to become an actress of Paramount importance again.

At the time of our luncheon date, *One Sunday Afternoon* had not as yet been released and Frances was not giving out any interviews, because, as she explained, "in case I don't click any advance bally-hoo will sound so silly."

So, although this is the first magazine article published about Frances, it really isn't an interview. I haven't once mentioned her blue eyes, like pools of Mediterranean Sea, or hailed her as a potential Helen Hayes. I'll leave that for you to discover when you meet her for the first time in *One Sunday Afternoon.*

Because I know that when you do, you'll be wanting to meet her every week day, too!

"My Battle Against Death"

As told by Clark Gable

The popular actor recently had a narrow escape from death during his serious illness. What did he think about when life itself seemed in the balance? Mr. Gable will tell you all his reactions in a remarkable story in

The December SCREEN BOOK

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page 25*]

Misses May Robson, Mary Forbes, Anna Q. Nilsson and Helen MacKellar.

He Knows His Hollywood

PERHAPS no story better exemplifies the true Hollywood psychology than the following tale:

Two actors fresh from Broadway were visiting Hollywood for the first time. Boarding a street car they asked the conductor to let them know when they reached the Warner Brothers' studio. But the conductor, who must have been from New York, was very churlish and rude.

The one actor was all for punching him in the jaw but his friend restrained him.

"Control yourself," he admonished. "You forget this is Hollywood. That street car conductor might be your director tomorrow!"

Thissa and Thatta

MAE CLARKE and Sidney Blackmer are "learning to croon a sentimental tune" . . . keep both your eyes on Jean Muir, whose screen début is with Paul Muni in *The World Changes*—that girl is Going Places! . . . of "Universal" interest is the news that Marian Nixon sailed for England to play opposite Jan *Be Mine Tonight* Kiepura . . . wonder if being in Europe again will revive any memories of her honeymoon trip with Eddie Hillman five years ago? . . . Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins, who are playing opposite each other in that ultra sophisticated comedy, *Design For Living*, spend all their leisure moments on the set swapping stories about their babies (shades of Noel Coward!). . . . the romance of Muriel Kirkland and Frederic Kruger is THAT fortissimo . . . as soon as Dick Arlen completes *Captain Jericho* and *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, he and Joby are plotting their first trip abroad . . . take it from this ringside observer that Joan Bennett gives the finest performance of her career as Amy in *Little Women* . . . and now it is Sally Clarke that Billy Bakewell is moonstruck about . . . congratulations to Warner Brothers for putting Laura LaPlante back on the screen again . . . she's making a picture for them at their English studio . . . Benita Hume, who, incidentally, looks so much younger off the screen than on, is temporarily deserting a Hollywood career in favor of a London marriage with Jack Dunfee . . . everyone at the Fox lot is simply cuh-raazy about Lilian Harvey "on account of" she's such a peach to work with . . . if Katharine Hepburn's performance in *Morning Glory* doesn't capture the Academy award there just ain't no Santa Claus! . . .

Scene In a Day

FLORENCE VIDOR, Gloria Swanson, Michael Farmer, Billie Burke, Aline MacMahon, Eddie Robinson, Frances Fuller, Dorothy Arzner, Katharine Hepburn, Claire Luce, Jobyna Howland, Eddie Cantor, Jeanette MacDonald and Miriam Hopkins among the film colony turn out for Jascha Heifetz' concert in the Hollywood Bowl . . . Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Tallulah Bankhead, Elizabeth Allen, Helen Mack, Tom Douglas, Helen Twelvetrees and Ken Murray applauding Lyle Talbot's brilliant performance in *One Sunday Afternoon* . . . Mervyn Leroy, Glenda Farrell, Jack Pearl, "Skeets" Gallagher, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Jack Oakie, Mae Clarke, Sidney Blackmer, George Stone. Carl Laemmle, Jr., Edmund Goulding, Estelle Taylor, Helene Costello, Adolphe Zukor in the midnight crowd at the Colony . . . Lew Ayres, Ginger Rogers, Nick Stuart and Bobbe Arnst "quartetting" at the Roosevelt patio . . . your scribe signing off to dine chez Claudette Colbert . . . and more anon.

◆

"I Am Afraid of Nothing"

[*Continued from page 67*]

she had dreamed of being all her life. The doctor was a lawyer and architect—and surely a superb lover. Very soon they were married.

Having fulfilled her European obligations and completed *The Tempest* with Emil Jannings, Anna accepted Goldwyn's offer to come to America. The doctor accompanied her.

No sooner had she stepped ashore than myths rose up about her. Rumors spread. "Why doesn't Anna Sten appear opposite Ronald Colman in *Cynara* as she was scheduled to?" people began to ask. And later—"Where is this Sten? *Is* there such a person? She's been here a year and a half and Hollywood has not seen her." To all of which Anna shrugs gently—and laughs.

She has been going through the most careful course of preparation for her American début that any star has yet undertaken. There have been tests—sixty-five in all—studies, lessons of all kinds to acquaint her with our customs.

I saw her first at a symphony-beneath-the-stars in the Hollywood bowl, simply devouring with rapt expression a Tschaikowsky concert. Her face in the half lights might have been sculptured in Trieste marble. That artist-photographer Steichen says it is one of the three most interesting on stage or screen. Joan Crawford's face and Katharine Cornell's he elects as the other two.

Nana is to be the Sten's first picture here. Already it is half completed. "I like her," frankly. "She is not one of your pretty dollies. She is red-blooded and human. She fights her way from the streets to being a courtesan in silks and hides all the hurts—and *laughs.* Oh, that Nana takes from life what she wants of it." And so too, I think, does Anna Sten.

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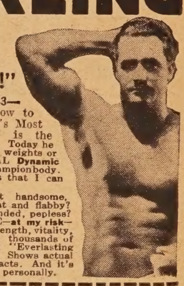

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Anna Q. Comes Back

[*Continued from page* 29]

until I had regained some strength. So they put me to bed and kept me there for nine long months while they built up my system so I could stand the shock of the operation.

"Then they said they were ready. They gave me the anaesthetic and when I came out of it I was in a plaster cast and was told I would be there indefinitely."

For eight months Anna lay in that cast unable to move a muscle. But she smiled through it all . . . and planned what she would do when she got well. Talkies had come in and the silent pictures had departed since she met with that accident. There was much work to do to prepare for the new order of things. Anna started studying, reading everything that would help her. Scores of Hollywood's greatest figures came to the hospital, sat by her bed and gave her words and smiles of encouragement as she told them of her work plans. But they shook their heads sadly after they had closed the door and were out of her sight. No one thought she would ever EVEN WALK again . . . no one but Anna.

HOLLYWOOD forgot that Anna was a woman of the North . . . a daughter of the Vikings. They forgot that she had won her success by dint of struggle and power of will.

Hollywood did not know, or those who did had forgotten, that Anna had come to America from Sweden on a visit when she was but thirteen years old, and rather than go back to a life that held no future, had run away. A stranger in a strange land, unable to speak except a few words of our language, with no money in her purse, she stepped out alone. No one knows just how she did it, but she found a job as a nurse-maid with a family in Brooklyn. There she stepped into the servant class in order to some day have the opportunity of satisfying a gnawing ambition that burned within her childish heart.

She saved the few dollars she received as nurse-girl and when she had sufficient to pay a few weeks room rent in a cheap rooming house she quit and started looking for another job. She was a strikingly beautiful creature with a wealth of blonde hair and a complexion that was like the blush of a rose, so it was little wonder that as she was walking down Broadway on her way to answer a want ad a strange man should stop her and ask her if she had ever posed as a model for artists.

"Oh, yes," she answered, although she had never seen the inside of an artist's studio. Lucky for Anna, it was a real artist who had stopped her, and she got the job. In a short time her fame had spread in the artist colony and she was posing for Stanlaws, Flagg, Fisher, Underwood and other famous artists. She became New York's favorite blonde model. Alice Joyce was the reigning brunette, and that led Anna to pictures.

Alice was also posing for still photographers. One day one of them told her he wanted a blonde model. She took Anna along and she got the job. Executives of the old Kalem company saw her picture and gave her a job in their studio, and Anna was on her way to motion picture success.

GRIT, . . . determination . . . courage . . . call it what you will . . . Anna had what it takes to stand alone against the world and win. And so, while Hollywood sighed, shed a few tears and declared she was all through, Anna was thinking otherwise.

"At the end of eight months they took me out of that plaster cast," she said. "Oh, but it was heaven to have that plaster removed. But they kept me in bed for another six months. I'll admit that there were times that my courage ebbed to almost nothing. My fans did not forget me, however, and as I lay there in bed and read through thousands of their letters my courage welled back. They told me they wanted to see me on the screen again, that they wanted to hear my voice on the talking screen. Would I please hurry and get well! There was nothing else for me to do.

"Those fans of mine who wrote me such lovely letters will never know what they meant to me during those long months of suffering. You sort of expected your Hollywood friends with whom you had worked would come to see you, would send you flowers; but when a man or a woman who had only seen me on the screen wrote words of encouragement . . . well that means more than one can explain. That's real friendship. It makes you stop and think . . . makes you realize that there are REAL people in this old world."

After twenty-six months in bed Anna was finally home and hobbling about on crutches.

"I was on my feet!" she almost screamed. "I was winning my fight. So I decided to take a trip back to Sweden while regaining my strength. When I returned I was ready for work . . . eager for work . . . I thought all I would have to do was step right into a job.

"It is hard to believe, yet true, all those Hollywood people who had come to the hospital and had sent me flowers and had told me what they would do in giving me work when I recovered seemed to have forgotten me. Month in and month out I tried for a job. But the executives hid behind the statement that I had done nothing in talking pictures. Of course I hadn't. How could I, when I was in a plaster cast!

"I knew I could do just as well in the talkies as I had in the silent films, for my voice is particularly adapted to the requirements of sound recording. And I had not been idle while ill. I had not been wasting my time.

"WHILE I lay on my back I had been reading, studying, preparing for what I knew would have to be done. I had practiced voice. And I had gained something through my suffering that I knew would make a better actress of me than I had ever been before. One has to suffer to understand. I had suffered, and I had gained through that suffering. I had developed powers that had been unknown to me before. Little did the executives seem to know or care. And they seemed to forget that

I had thousands of friends throughout the world who were waiting to see me on the screen again, if only to hear how my voice sounded in talkies.

"I couldn't understand it all. People who I had helped in the past patted me on the shoulder, put their arms around me and said a lot of sweet things; made a lot of promises and . . . did nothing. I am not complaining. I am just telling you what happened.

"I wouldn't be downed by refusals and disappointments. I kept trying, and finally was given the lead in a stage play, Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*. How I enjoyed it! The smell of grease paint . . . living in the land of make-believe . . . I was home again, if you know what I mean. It was glorious!"

Anna was magnificent in that rôle. Hollywood predicted that she would soon be back on the screen. But not a producer gave her as much as a nibble, although she had proven that she has a beautiful speaking voice and had lost none of her old poise and personality, and read her lines with a remarkably intelligent understanding.

"When I finished that stage work and received no encouragement from picture producers," she continued, "I was more determined than ever to succeed in a comeback. I saved my money in the days when I was working, so have not had to ask anyone for financial help. It is a good job I did. I could retire right now and forget all about work. But that is not my way. *I have made up my mind that I am going to come back in pictures if it takes me the rest of my life to accomplish it! They can't lick me!*"

Take it from this writer who has known Anna for years, she meant what she said, and when she sets out to do something she never stops until she has done it. She has always been famous for her grit. Take for example, the time years ago when she was playing in a picture in which she was supposed to run a locomotive through a blazing forest fire. At first it was thought a stunt woman should do it. But the producer wanted closeups of Anna in the engine cab during the action.

"We don't need a stunt woman," Anna exclaimed. "I'll do it if you will give me a contract that will assure my mother a life income if I should be killed or hurt so I cannot go back on the screen." That was how dangerous the job was.

Well, something went wrong with the timing arrangements and the thousands of gallons of gasoline with which the trees and the track had been drenched were ignited too soon. Anna, at the throttle of the locomotive, with the engineer crouched in the bottom of the cab, and the leading man acting as fireman, found herself in the midst of an inferno. Flames scorched her face, burned her hair and hands and arms, set fire to her clothes. Finally, she was forced to let go the throttle in order to battle the flames that were roaring about her face, and the engine stopped in the middle of the flames.

At the other end of the track, beyond the flaming forest, the producer and other white-faced executives and members of the crew waited, cold with fear. They knew something had gone wrong, but no one could enter that hell of fire. The engineer scrambled up and grabbed the throttle and had started the engine again . . . and suddenly it appeared like a flaming engine of death from out the burning woods.

OUT of the blazing cab fairly flew the blonde Anna, with her clothes aflame. She was not scared . . . she was just mad . . . mad at the cowering executive who had put her in that spot and whose arrangements had almost cost her her life. The executive fled as she charged at him in her wrath. Others grabbed her and took her to the emergency tent where her burns were treated.

When she had quieted down the producer reappeared, put his arms around her, told her what a wonderful woman she was, and promised he would never forget what she had done for him and his company.

"I reminded that producer of his promise," said Anna, "but he only patted my hand and told me that he surely would see that I was given consideration for a part. That's the last I've heard from him."

But Mervyn LeRoy thought of Anna. When they were selecting the cast for *The World Changes* at Warner Brothers studios, Mervyn, the director, asked for Anna for one of the rôles. And when that picture reaches the screen Anna's thousands of fans will see her for the first time in five years.

"It isn't much of a part," said Anna, "but it is A PART! It is the chance I have been asking for. I am not asking for big parts. I don't ask them to star me. I will take the tiniest of 'bits.' I have learned that we must work for what we get, and that the mere fact that I was a big figure in the past apparently means nothing to the industry today. All I want is the chance to appear. Mervyn LeRoy is the man who has given me my first chance. He is the only one who remembered."

And when word was passed through the Warner studio that Anna was coming back the electricians and grips and property men and carpenters who had known her in the old days sent word to her of their happiness. The day she appeared on the set for the first time she was greeted with a cheer that shook the studio.

"Anna has come back!" they shouted, and tears came to her eyes.

"Yes," said Anna, "I have started, and nothing is going to stop me. I'm coming all the way back, if it takes a lifetime."

She seems to have gained something that is hard to define. There is a look in her eyes that was not there before; a softness that speaks of understanding. She has not aged.

"How have you kept so young looking through it all?" I asked.

"By right thinking and by proper study," she replied. "You know, right thinking will pull you through anything."

She should have added that other quality that has played such a big part in her life . . . courage . . . intestinal fortitude.

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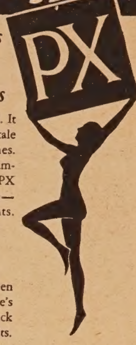

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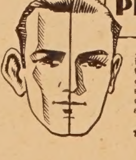

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Other features in this issue.

Publicity Bride . . . Married to a Party Husband . . . Mine for a Night.

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The Romantic Story of Jack Dempsey's Cinderella Bride
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Mine For A Night

Over the Air Waves

[*Continued from page* 56]

although he has given up his salads for steak and french frieds, he is working so hard that he recently dropped ten more pounds in two weeks and is still going down. Before long he will only be a shadow of his formal self.

While the enthusiasm for reducing was still on him, he made Ramona, the featured singer on his hour, go through the same rigorous course. He told her she had to lose forty pounds. She did it, all in three weeks too, while singing out in Cleveland, just by following the Whiteman diet.

BERT LAHR, who was pinch hitting for Eddie Cantor last Summer, and who will be on the Chase & Sanborn tea program during the next few months, has two secret accomplishments. He can look as cross-eyed as Ben Turpin and he can talk German dialect like Jack Pearl. In fact Jack Pearl taught him how to do it. That was long ago, when they were both burlesque comedians and Bert had to fill in for Jack on the bill. Bert is also an accomplished amateur boxer. He works out in a gymnasium every day with the men who train some of the big fighters. Maybe he's getting ready to take on Winchell.

Julius Tannen, whom you will hear this winter on the new and enlarged Linit Bath Club program over the Columbia chain, is a business man who got into clowning as a hobby. He still owns a furniture store in Manhattan. He started out in amateur theatricals it seems. Then word about him got around town, and after he closed up his furniture store at night, he used to go down and inject his patter into Earl Carroll's *Vanities*. He looks more like a business man now than a comedian, with his conservative clothes and silver rimmed pince-nez. He has two sons in college too. But he is a furious "ad libber." He can talk for any length of time on any given subject. The only difficulty is getting him to stop.

There is a little note of tragic irony behind the two minute dramatic burlesques that Gracie Allen is inserting into her broadcasts. When Gracie was the youngest of the trouping Allens, she dreamed of doing things just like that—seriously. She saw herself as the Bernhardt of the future. Now she is kidding them. Well, maybe life makes comedians of us all, or something like that.

BELIEVE it or not, Gertrude Niesen learned those hotcha torch songs of hers at her mother's knee. Her mother, who has never been connected with the stage herself, is a quiet Brooklyn housewife. But she knew that was the sort of thing the public would go for. Gertrude began singing and doing her imitations in New York night clubs not so very long ago. One night some of the Columbia executives heard her and signed her up. This Winter, besides being on the air, she also has a nice part in the Broadway play, *The Party*, with Mrs. Pat Campbell.

Deems Taylor, who has been making quite a reputation as master of ceremonies on the Whiteman Hour, is probably the most versatile man in radio. He got his start in life as editor of a house organ for an electrical company. Although hitherto he has been best known as one of the outstanding American composers, he is also a well-known writer and is a practicing commercial artist in odd moments.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ, the orchestra conductor, tries out his programs on a strangely assorted board of critics. Every Summer he spends his week-ends in the remoter fishing villages of Nova Scotia. Most of the fishermen who must remain on their vessels for weeks at a time off the grand banks, have radios on board. They take notes and make suggestions on the Kostelanetz programs and have them ready for him when he comes. He also frequents little out of the way restaurants in New York to get similar reactions, and gets suggestions regularly from several old trusties serving out their terms in an eastern state's prison.

ALTHOUGH most noted singers appear on the same program with an equally well-known orchestra leader, these leaders do not actually conduct while they are singing. The reason is that these singers must have someone to wave the baton while they are on the air who is familiar through long experience, with their little idiosyncrasies and peculiarities. Since the lineup is very often shifted, these unsung heroes go along with them to step into the program anonymously whenever they are needed. Fannie Brice and Al Jolson, for example, have the same leaders who used to conduct for them in the old days when they were on the stage.

Being an orchestra leader or a crooner, incidentally, is a big business in itself. Rudy Vallée has three secretaries, a librarian and an assistant conductor, all on his personal payroll. Rubinoff is now Rubinoff, Incorporated, with a large and busy office to look after his personal affairs. Among other things they get out a weekly newspaper for Rubinoff fans. It has quite a circulation. That's where the money goes!

Nat Shilkret, whose band is on the *Evening in Paris* program, is an adept spur-of-the-moment composer. When no number can be found to fit one of the spots on his program, he'll sit right down and write one in a couple of hours. One night the music got lost half an hour or so before time to go on the air. That didn't bother Nat any. He sat right down and wrote out several pieces to take the place of the missing ones.

FIRST jobs: F. Chase Taylor, Colonel Stoopnagle, demonstrated the diavolo at Chautauqua, N. Y., for fifty cents a week; Betty Barthel played the piano in a gymnasium. Vera Van was earning $100 a week as a toe dancer before she was seven. Ted Husing was a payroll clerk for the New York Steam Corporation. Nino Martini coached singers at the Russian Grand Opera House for 450,000 rubles a week, in other words, $12. Howard Barlow passed out handbills. Mary McCoy played the piano in a movie house.

"Thanks, Paris!" Says Mae West

[*Continued from page* 15]

inch the lady of mystery. Incidentally, your Chosen One will love it! He doesn't want to see you always in practical dresses. And don't wait until you go to a dance to dress up. Get hubby into the habit of seeing you as an altogether different person after dinner. Somebody out of the dream world that even the most mundane of men imagine. Reserve those few evening hours exclusively for him—and slip into the most enchanting outfit you can think of.

"It pays to be a sweetheart as well as a wife!"

Mae's own lounging robes are the completely feminine and charming kind. Where other stars get into a comfortable old wrapper or pajamas between scenes she dons a white satin and chiffon creation. The slip is of heavy white satin and the chiffon is draped over it in enticing folds, and there's a train. Mae dotes on trains. She has them on all her evening gowns and on her hostess gown of tearose georgette and lace—a billowy affair that floats about her like mist.

"You can quote me as saying," she observed with a throaty little chuckle, "that I'm a leader in the long skirt movement! I love 'em. I wore them even during the epidemic of knobby knees, when every hem was sawed off at the worst possible place. You might have had perfect limbs but those skirts did nothing for them. And if anything was wrong with your nether extremities you could just as well have advertised the fact on twenty-four sheets!

"I bought just one of those short-skirted horrors—and gave it right away. For years I have worn my dresses all the way down to my instep for every hour of the day and I expect to continue doing that little thing. And if there are any doubters who think there's something knocking about my knees, let them see *I'm No Angel.* I wear tights in that!"

FLAT heels, stiff materials and abbreviated skirts of any sort are conspicuously absent from Mae's life. She goes in for everything that is graceful. Soft, sheer velvet is her pet passion. She believes it will do things for the figure that nothing else will do. "And satin," she informed me, "makes curves more alluring, especially in shaded light.

"As for colors—red, black and white are my favorites. I don't think there is anything in the world so romantic as white satin—particularly on pale blondes and very tanned brunettes.

"Shell pink does the trick for what I call the pastel blondes and if a red-head wants her man to pop the question, just let her wear chartreuse silk!

"Elegance—that's a grand word. I'm glad Paris is using it to express the keynote of the latest fashions. And I'm thrilled right to my three inch heels that Lady Lou started it all. A fuss and feathers period will revive the flagging spirit of any woman. No harm done if we go glittering for a while, and mark my word, it will make new women of us.

"I'd say that all of us are divided into two classes; those who would sacrifice becomingness any day in the week for smartness and are always up on the newest fad. They dress to please their fifty million sisters.

"The other class dresses to please men—and they're in the majority by far. I think they are more individual in their style but maybe not quite so smart. Sure, I belong to the latter class. You do too probably. Wouldn't you rather have hubby say, 'Gee, you look like a million,' than have praise from Mrs. Smith next door?

"And now those French designers—and the ones here in Hollywood—have given us our inning. You can wear those enormous black velvet hats with the ostrich fronds dripping around the brim to your heart's content. And are they flattering! Veils also are in vogue and that's a boon. Every tiny crossbar in them spells mystery. Hats are my hobby—and these new ones do things for your profile.

"Chic versus coquetry. And this is coquetry's round in the fashion ring. So I say for Lady Lou—*thank you, Paris!*"

◆

Speaking of Pictures

[*Continued from page* 10]

has signed George Arliss and will offer him as the great financier of Frankfort, Rothschild.

KATHARINE HEPBURN definitely arrives with her new film, *Morning Glory,* the saga of a stage-struck girl who struggles through heartbreaks to success. Zoe Akins' story has a singularly refreshing and poignant mood but it is the glamorous quality of Miss Hepburn's performance that lifts it into the rare and unusual. This quality has been aptly described by Dick Watts, Jr., the film critic, as her "gallant splendor," and I can contribute no better phrase. Watch for the few seconds where Miss Hepburn does a bit of the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet*—and does it with indescribable loveliness.

149,854 paid $101,149 in a single week at the Radio City Music Hall to see Miss Hepburn in *Morning Glory.* Garbo could do no better than that.

WHILE I am on the subject of charming screen events let me mention Walt Disney's Silly Symphony in colors, *Lullaby Land.*

Here, with haunting whimsy and rare imagery, is depicted the phantasmagoria—from don'ts to musts, from the menace of scissors to the perils of curling irons—that must run through a baby's mind. This is all told, in music and drawing, with an unforgettable touch of poignant fantasy.

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Handclaps and Hisses

[*Continued from page 9*]

off our hats to good old Wallace Beery!—Edith Tarr, East Jefferson, Orleans, Ind.

COMFORT FOR MARY

(Honorable Mention)

THE great esteem I hold for Mary Pickford is not to be judged by the length or literary merit of my letter.

Now is the time for movie fans to write and tell Miss Pickford of their love and appreciation for her work and what she stands for on and off the screen.

At the age of eight I watched and laughed with her and Brother Jack as they swiped delicious looking pies from convenient window sills. I cried and suffered with her through *Secrets*, and as long as we both shall live I hope to see her sincere performances and read of her many activities in Hollywood.

Long life to Mary—yes, and much—oh very much, happiness too.—Ahm D'Lay, Baltimore, Md.

STAGE VS SCREEN

(Honorable Mention)

HAVING recently seen the movie versions of *Reunion in Vienna* and *When Ladies Meet*, both of which I also enjoyed in their very successful original stage versions, I am tempted to make the recurrent but ever-interesting comparison between the youthful talkies and their ancient sire, the legitimate theatre.

If ever two movies could convince the skeptical of the talkies right in the theatrical sun, these two could. They met the stern challenge of the stage and emerged victorious, equal in every respect but one as a medium of excellent entertainment. That one exception is, of course, the absence of the personal relation between actor and audience. But this loss is more than made up for by the screen's limitless opportunity to present settings that for naturalness, size, splendor and variety, can never be even attempted on the largest stages in the world.

The brilliant acting of Lunt and Fontanne found its match in the incomparable Barrymore-Wynyard team in *Reunion in Vienna*, while in *When Ladies Meet*, the cast headed by Montgomery, Harding, Brady and Frank Morgan made new acting history.—Ida Sissman, Arlington Apts., East End, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Germany Calls Home Its Screen Stars

The German Government is reported to have summoned its native born stars home. SCREEN BOOK will tell you what Berlin and Hollywood thinks of this situation next month.

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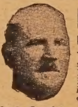

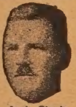

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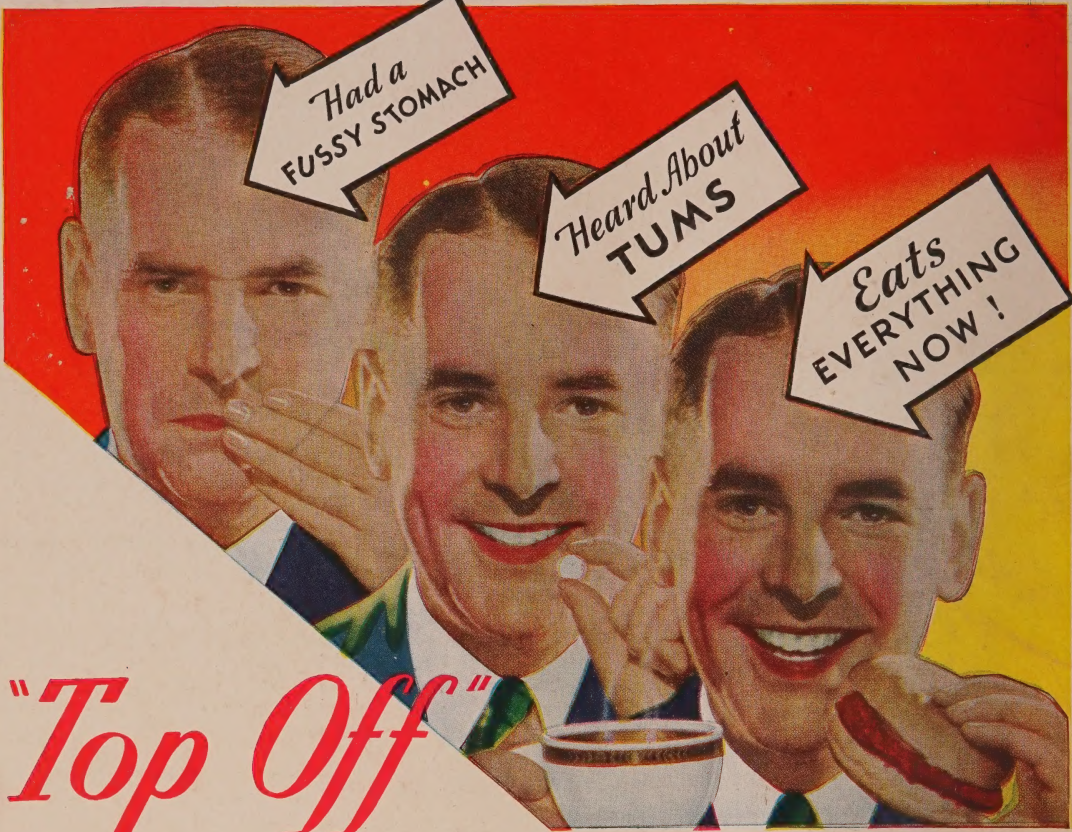

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